

## Durham E-Theses

---

*The juvenilia of Mrs Humphry Ward (1851-1920) : a diplomatic edition of six previously unpublished narratives derived from original manuscript sources.*

Boughton, Gillian Elisabeth

---

### How to cite:

Boughton, Gillian Elisabeth (1995) *The juvenilia of Mrs Humphry Ward (1851-1920) : a diplomatic edition of six previously unpublished narratives derived from original manuscript sources.*, Durham theses, Durham University. Available at Durham E-Theses Online: <http://etheses.dur.ac.uk/1123/>

---

### Use policy

The full-text may be used and/or reproduced, and given to third parties in any format or medium, without prior permission or charge, for personal research or study, educational, or not-for-profit purposes provided that:

- a full bibliographic reference is made to the original source
- a [link](#) is made to the metadata record in Durham E-Theses
- the full-text is not changed in any way

The full-text must not be sold in any format or medium without the formal permission of the copyright holders.

Please consult the [full Durham E-Theses policy](#) for further details.

The copyright of this thesis rests with the author.  
No quotation from it should be published without  
his prior written consent and information derived  
from it should be acknowledged.

THE JUVENILIA OF MRS HUMPHRY WARD (1851 - 1920):

A DIPLOMATIC EDITION

OF

SIX PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED NARRATIVES

DERIVED FROM

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT SOURCES.

In Two Volumes

Volume One

Gillian Elisabeth Boughton

1995

Ph.D. Thesis

School of English Studies

University of Durham



18 MAR 1996

THE JUVENILIA OF MRS HUMPHRY WARD (1851 - 1920):

A DIPLOMATIC EDITION

OF SIX PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED NARRATIVES

DERIVED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT SOURCES

In Two Volumes

Ph.D Thesis 1995

Gillian Elisabeth Boughton

This thesis is made up of three parts: the first sets out a general introduction and an essay expounding the editorial practice reflected in the main body of the work. The second part is an edition of previously unpublished Juvenilia derived from original manuscript notebooks preserved in the Honnold Library, Claremont, California. They are early narratives by Mary Arnold, who became Mrs Humphry Ward on her marriage in 1871. Her novels were highly influential in the late Victorian period both in England and in the United States of America. She continued to write fiction until her death in 1920.

The narratives edited in this thesis were written between the years 1864 and 1870. They are: A Tale of the Moors (1864); Lansdale Manor (1866-67) and Ailie (1867-68), found in separate manuscript notebooks. A Gay Life, Believed Too Late, and the fragments Vittoria and A Woman of Genius taken together, are all found in the same notebook bearing the date 1869. Each text is accompanied by an essay which explores some of the literary influences which played upon it and the evolution of themes which continue into the major novels of the 1880s and 90s.

The third part of the thesis contains previously unpublished short extracts from the Juvenilia written by members of the Arnold family of earlier generations: Appendix A, 'The Fox How Magazines' (1838-40), includes writing by her uncle the poet Matthew Arnold and Appendix B, 'The Gossip' (1819-20) by Mary Penrose before her marriage to Dr Arnold. Appendix C sets out some of Mary Arnold's letters, diary items, essay notes and verses from the years 1856 - 1870. Appendix D is a bibliography of the books to which she refers in her surviving Juvenilia. All these provide a context for her fiction.

---

Dedicated to

my parents

John and Elisabeth Boughton.



The Juvenilia of Mrs Humphry Ward (1851 - 1920):  
a diplomatic edition of six previously unpublished narratives  
derived from original manuscript sources.

In Two Volumes

INDEX

Volume One

<u>Part I</u>	<u>Pages</u>
Index	i - ii
Declaration of copyright	iii
Acknowledgements	iv
Introduction	1 - 6
Editorial Practice	7 - 19
Editorial Symbols	20
 <u>Part II</u>	
Chapter one: The Text of <u>A Tale of the Moors</u> (1864) (MS Honnold WARD: Box VII, Volume 1.)	21 - 38
Chapter two: Literary Aspects of <u>A Tale of the Moors</u> (1864)	39 - 52
Chapter three: The Text of <u>Lansdale Manor</u> Script A. (MS Honnold WARD: Box VII, Volume 2.)	53 - 116
Chapter four: The Text of <u>Lansdale Manor</u> Script C. (MS Honnold WARD: Box VII, Volume 4.)	117 - 206
Chapter five: The Text of <u>Lansdale Manor</u> Script B. (MS Honnold WARD: Box VII, Volume 3.)	207 - 219
Chapter six: Literary Aspects of <u>Lansdale Manor</u> .	220 - 236
Chapter seven: The Text of <u>Ailie</u> (MS Honnold WARD: Box VII, Volume 3.)	237 - 333

---

## Volume Two

Chapter eight: Literary Aspects of <u>Ailie</u>	334 - 346
Chapter nine: The Text of <u>A Gay Life</u> (MS Honnold WARD: Box VII, Volume 5.)	347 - 386
Chapter ten: Literary Aspects <u>A Gay Life</u>	387 - 399
Chapter eleven: The Text of <u>Believed Too Late</u> (MS Honnold WARD: Box VII, Volume 5.)	400 - 443
Chapter twelve: Literary Aspects of <u>Believed Too Late</u> .	444 - 449
Chapter thirteen: The Texts of <u>A Woman of Genius</u> and <u>Vittoria</u> (MS Honnold WARD: Box VII, Volume 5.)	450 - 453
Chapter fourteen: Literary Aspects of <u>A Woman of Genius</u> and <u>Vittoria</u>	454 - 457
Chapter fifteen: Conclusions	458 - 461
Part III	
<u>Appendices:</u>	
A: The 'Fox How Magazine'	462 - 469
B: 'The Gossip' - Mary Penrose's writing	470 - 494
C: i) Mary Arnold's early letters.	494 - 502
ii) Material from WARD, BOX VII, Volume 1.	503 - 518
iii) Material from WARD, BOX VII, Volume 3.	519 - 556
iv) Material from WARD, BOX VII, Volume 5.	557 - 564
D: Bibliography of Mary Arnold's reading	565 - 573
Manuscript Sources and Abbreviations	574
Footnotes	575 - 612
Bibliography	613 - 638

---

### Declaration

No material in this thesis has been submitted for a degree in this or any other university. It is not based on joint research or collaboration with any other scholar.

### Statement of Copyright

The copyright of this thesis rests with the author.  
No quotation from it should be published without her  
prior written consent and information derived from it  
should be acknowledged.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many people contributed to this thesis, directly and indirectly.

Dr Geoffrey Ivy and Professor J.R. Watson, my academic supervisors in the University of Durham, gave me the support of their scholarly experience, insight and judicious encouragement. I am also very grateful to Mr Alan Piper for his advice on questions related to editing and to Professor Tom Craik for invaluable and generous help in deciphering resistant readings.

I would like to thank the Librarians of Durham University Library; the British Library; The Bodleian Library; The Brotherton Library of the University of Leeds; the Armitt Library in Ambleside; Camden Public Library; the National Library of Ireland; the Library of University College, Dublin, and the University of Ireland, Dublin; the New York Public Library; the Libraries of the University of Rome, and of University College, London; the administrators of Somerset House, London and the Public Records Office, Four Courts, Dublin; The Principal and Fellows of Pusey House, Oxford; the Warden of St Deiniol's Library, Hawarden and the Trustees of Dove Cottage in Grasmere. I am indebted to the librarians in charge of the Special Collections of the Honnold Library, Claremont Colleges, California, especially Mrs Harvey-Sahak, Mrs Jean Beckner and their assistants, who were exceptionally welcoming and supportive.

My distant relatives the late Mr John Doggett, Mrs Nora Potter and Mrs Mary Barker in Tasmania sent photocopies of Public Records and local publications and took an interest in the early stages of the work.

Mary Caroline Moorman's friendship and scholarship, as well as fascinating memories, were very important in challenging some of my ideas about Mrs Ward, her grandmother. She offered me access to all the surviving letters from her own mother to Mrs Ward and encouraged me to examine the Juvenilia of earlier generations of the Arnold family which were in her possession.

My mother, Elisabeth Boughton, funded the visit to the Honnold Library in December 1994 which enabled the drafts derived from photocopies to be checked authoritatively and for this I am profoundly grateful to her.

The errors which have survived proof reading are mine alone.

## PART ONE

### INTRODUCTION

Mrs Humphry Ward was one of the most serious and influential English novelists of the 1880s and '90s, and continued to produce works of fiction until her death.

Three special reasons exist for clarifying and publishing a diplomatic edition of her earliest surviving stories. The first is the vitality and inherent interest of each of the surviving narratives as fictional works. The second concerns the radical changes of tone between narratives, reflecting very closely the style of the writers whom she admired most at that moment and on whom she clearly modelled herself. The third is the emergence in her earliest writing and throughout the *Juvenilia* of themes which bear a direct relationship to the main preoccupations of her mature fiction.

Of subsidiary but unique interest from the historical point of view is the status enjoyed in the Arnold family of juvenile writing, whether poetry or prose. Evidence of this survives from three generations, providing the context for Mary's own early literary endeavours.

### CHRONOLOGY AND SURVIVAL OF THE TEXTS

The surviving manuscripts are found in notebooks which are now in the possession of the Special Collections, Honnold Library, Claremont Colleges, California. The earliest narrative, A Tale of the Moors, is dated August 1864 in Mary's own hand. The story was therefore written when she was thirteen. The latest date, which may not in fact be the latest moment of composition of the last notebook in the series, is November 1869. At this time Mary lived in Oxford, where she was married in 1871, and after that



date she produced no published or unpublished fiction for ten years.<sup>1</sup>

Five notebooks survive of Mary Arnold's Juvenilia. Since not all the narratives within these notebooks are complete it is likely that more writing existed originally but that it has not all survived.

The survival of the early writing was a reflection of the fact that the Arnold family prized and kept the literary efforts, letters and poems of family members. Ownership of the Juvenilia of Mary Arnold remained within the family until the five notebooks were acquired by the Honnold Library in the 1970s from her grand-daughter Mary Caroline Moorman (1905 - 1994).

Appendix A contains extracts from the 'Fox How Magazines', which date from 1839 to 1842. Since March 1994 these have formed part of the archives of Dove Cottage Museum, Ambleside. The 'Fox How Magazines' contain poems, translations, journal items and narratives written by Matthew Arnold and his brothers and sisters, including Mary's father Tom, the third child and Dr Arnold's favourite son.

Appendix B of this thesis comprises extracts from two volumes of 'The Gossip' written between 1819 and 1820 by a group of friends including Mary Penrose, who later married Dr Thomas Arnold.

#### FAMILY AND LITERARY BACKGROUND

Mary's mother, Julia Sorell, was born and received her early education in the narrow colonial environment of Van Diemen's Land. Her grandfather was the first Lieutenant Governor and Julia occupied a privileged position at the peak of a highly stratified and inward looking society. In a small country she was famous for her beauty,

her courage in bringing her younger brothers and sisters back from Europe when their mother, Elizabeth Sorell, abandoned them there during their schooling, and her taste. Perhaps unfortunately for her family, this included a compulsion for the best whatever the cost. She became engaged to a series of men before Tom Arnold arrived in 1850, two of them the eldest sons of the Governor of the day. Her name was linked with the recall of the Governor Sir Eardley Eardley-Wilmot<sup>2</sup>, although this seems to have been something for which she could have had no responsibility. She was engaged to be married to his son and apparently occasioned scandal by driving alone with him. The morality of a penal settlement with a military garrison and strongly marked social strata was punitively harsh. Unfortunately for Tom Arnold, serious doubts about the wisdom of his relationship with Julia reached his mother and sisters at Fox How just before news that he had married her. One of the narratives of Mary's Juvenilia, Ailie, contains a similar blackening of the name of a central character based on hearsay, this time in a letter from India. Julia had a passionate, volatile temperament. Many of Mary's heroines bear correspondences with her. Symbolic transcriptions of many of the scenes of her life appear in Mary's later novels.

Mary's father had been a Classical scholar at Oxford and after years of teaching eventually became one of the pioneers of English Literature as a University discipline. But for his religious scruples he would have stood for election as the first Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. He ended his career as Professor of English at the National University of Ireland in Dublin, a colleague of Gerard Manley Hopkins. As a young man his best friends had been the poet Arthur Hugh Clough and his own brother

the poet Matthew Arnold. Mary, who lived in Tasmania until her fifth year, watched the excitement of her father's response to letters arriving from England and his absorption in closely argued points relating to poetry and the general political and religious questions of the day.

Her own early letters and, by analogy, Lansdale Manor Script A, show that Mary was ambitious to be useful to her father in his literary work. Despite her absence from home, at boarding school, she appealed to him for copying work, for which he paid her. Surviving essay fragments suggest that she modelled her formal literary critical essay style on his. The manuscript texts reveal that she had mastered basic editorial techniques before she was fourteen.

When the family settled at Oxford Mary attended her uncle Matthew's lectures. He held the honorary post of Professor of Poetry and his writing provided some of the most trenchant criticism of the day. Mary mastered the language of abstract argument and the main themes of religious and philosophical controversy. This early precocity may paradoxically have lulled her critical sense and perhaps proved a disadvantage towards the end of her literary career, when she tended to fall into stereotyped ways of thinking and failed to take account of new intellectual currents after the 1890s. The arguments which she writes at the age of fifteen, between the heroine Edith Lansdale and her cousin Margaret Percy in Lansdale Manor Script C are telling and courageous.

Mary was, perhaps tragically, familiar with religious controversy and survived the pain of the experience of living as a child in a household divided along the lines of religion. Her brothers were educated as Roman Catholics after her father's controversial



conversion<sup>3</sup> and she and her sisters as Anglicans, following her mother's furious and passionate reaction and insistence that she could never relinquish Protestantism. It is this emotional experience which underlies the best of her writing in Robert Elsmere and Helbeck of Bannisdale. It appears in symbolic form in her first story.

#### MARY ARNOLD'S EARLIEST FICTION

Mary's earliest surviving sustained prose narrative, A Tale of the Moors, (1864) is 5,127 words long and occupies 44 pages of a notebook. This is of almost identical dimensions to the "Fox How Magazines" which were produced in the holidays at the Arnold family home Fox How, Ambleside, by her father, her uncles and aunts as children.

A Tale of the Moors is a highly coloured Romantic piece, strongly influenced by the poetry of Byron, Tennyson and Scott and the novels of Bulwer Lytton, Grace Aguilar and Miss Porter. The second, most frequently rewritten narrative, with interestingly elaborated episodic alternative elements within the overall scope of the story, Lansdale Manor, Scripts A, B and C (written and rewritten during the years 1866/67) is 47,997 words in total length, and occupies two complete large notebooks and some pages of a third. There is general critical agreement<sup>4</sup> that it reflects the literary influence of Charlotte M. Yonge.

The most complex of the narratives edited in this thesis, Ailie, which was probably written between the summer of 1867 and during some part of 1868, is incomplete, but as it stands is at least 30,000 words in length.

The 1869 notebook contains some of the most interesting narrative development

with at least three discrete fictional works: A Gay Life, a story of 11,007 words; Believed Too Late, which is 8,113 words in length, and Vittoria, a fragment of 690 words.

Elizabeth Gaskell and George Eliot, as well as Tennyson and others of Mary Arnold's favourite writers, have left an unmistakable mark on these four stories. Clearly each of her fictional narratives was a serious creative endeavour, taking weeks, possibly months, to write.

The six early narratives were not Mary Arnold's first literary efforts. Some of the poetry, diary entries and essay plans which make up the Commonplace Books containing the narratives are found in Appendix C with extracts from her letters, the earliest of which were dictated and written down for her by her grandmother and aunts.

The central focus of this thesis is a diplomatic edition of five substantial stories: A Tale of the Moors; Lansdale Manor; A Gay Life; Believed Too Late; and Ailie. The sixth, the fragmentary Vittoria is considered together with A Woman of Genius which is only one sentence in length. Two of these narratives were unsuccessfully submitted for publication<sup>5</sup>. Textual difficulties and narrative dynamics are discussed in the essays and footnotes accompanying each text. Each narrative is set out in the following pages in chronological order of composition, in so far as this can be reasonably established. The writing is highly original, its derivative aspects are significantly related to nineteenth century literary sensibility, and its relationship to Mary's later writing is instructive.

## EDITORIAL PRACTICE

### 1.1 THE MANUSCRIPT TEXTS

Mary Ward's early stories are now held in the Special Collections Department, Honnold Library, Claremont Colleges, California. The Juvenilia form a comparatively small part of the Ward Collection - Part II.

The early unpublished narratives are well preserved in bound notebooks which also contain a considerable amount of other material, including scattered diary entries, poetry, and essays on subjects given to her for study or arising out of her reading. Some of this material is fragmentary without continuity and this suggests the possibility that some narrative material might have been continued or completed in another notebook or on loose sheets which have not survived. At the same time two of the stories in bound notebooks have extra loose sheets pasted into them as part of the narrative, indicating that the writer was careful to preserve anything she regarded as essential. The act of writing in the bound notebooks and the fluid continuity of the main body of the narratives give a strong feeling of commitment to the discipline of writing fiction. The narratives which I have set out to transliterate into typewritten scripts are described in the following way by the Honnold Library:

A Tale of the Moors (1864) notes and drafts in an octavo volume  
Lansdale Manor (1866 - 67) drafts in three volumes, quarto  
Ailie (1867) notes in a quarto volume with 10 torn-out leaves inserted  
A Gay Life (1869) notes and drafts in a quarto volume  
Believed Too Late (1869) notes and drafts in a quarto volume  
A Woman of Genius (1869) fragment of a story in a quarto volume.

The four page narrative Vittoria, which follows A Woman of Genius in the last notebook, is not described separately by the Honnold Library. It is untitled. However it has been transcribed in this thesis.

A Tale of the Moors (1864) is found in the notebook designated WARD, Box VII, Volume 1. The three extant versions of Lansdale Manor (two of which also bear the title 'Alford Rectory') are found in WARD Box VII, Volumes 2, 3 and 4. In this thesis they are described, as scripts A, B and C and are discussed in the appropriate chapter. Lansdale Manor is exceptional on account of the fact that two notebooks, Volume 2 (script A) and Volume 4 (script C) are given over exclusively to the narrative. No other material appears in these two volumes and the progression of the narrative is closest to that of a conventional printed book.

Ailie, which was begun in 1867, is found in WARD, Box VII, Volume 3. A Gay Life, A Woman of Genius, Believed Too Late and Vittoria are contained in WARD Box VII, Volume 5, along with an interesting piece of description on the subject of Fox How, the Arnold family home in Ambleside. The narratives are all written in the author's own hand, in ink, on blank notebook pages without margins.

In editing and presenting the manuscript texts in typescript I have followed a policy of fidelity to the original text, with all its inconsistencies. Editorial interpretation, set within square brackets, has been kept to a minimum. Mary's own corrections, therefore, occasionally present problems. Her editorial ability was considerable but inevitably her concentration sometimes lapsed and,

in particular, deletions and interpolations above or below the line of writing are vulnerable to inconsistency.

## 1.2 THE DATING AND TRANSMISSION OF THE TEXTS

The early narratives which comprise Mary Arnold's unpublished Juvenilia were written in her own hand in bound notebooks, at least one of which was given her as a gift from a relative. The date of composition is sometimes given with the title or the dedication of a story. Sometimes it can be deduced from diary entries surrounding the narrative in the same notebook. Dates for the early narratives suggest that the stories were holiday writing, possibly as a distraction, but also a reflection of Mary's current reading and literary aspirations.

There is no evidence that the stories were circulated beyond Mary Arnold's family circle, though they seem to have been part of the literary life of her grandmother's home at Fox How, where the juvenile productions of her father, aunts and uncle Matthew Arnold were kept until the house was broken up on the death of Dr Arnold's youngest daughter Frances, Mary's Aunt Fan, in 1923. Then they passed to Mary Ward's eldest daughter Dorothy Ward and on her death, in 1963, to her niece Mary Caroline Moorman.

## 1.3 HANDWRITING AND ORTHOGRAPHY

Whereas the first unpublished story which makes up the Juvenilia, A Tale of the Moors (1864), was written when she was thirteen, the last, a fragment, Vittoria, was written when she was almost nineteen, in 1869. A maturing development in handwriting, as well as an increasing sophistication in spelling and punctuation

and to some extent in vocabulary takes place during this period, although the majority of her habits of writing remain consistent.

#### 1.4 CHAPTER HEADINGS AND NARRATIVE CONTROL

Mary was not consistent in the capitalisation and underlining of chapter headings but handwriting size, angle and ink flow sometimes suggest that she finished one chapter and immediately wrote the heading for the next, before breaking her concentration. This is an interesting reflection on her characteristic intellectual organisation, anticipation and control of narrative.

#### 1.5 PARAGRAPHING

In the manuscripts, paragraphing is not indicated by indentation but by beginning a new line at the margin. Direct speech is also very often (but not invariably) indicated by a new line, begun at the margin.

Mary was not unusual in this ambiguous form of paragraphing in the manuscript texts. Jane Carlyle also ‘displays a .. tendency to leave space at the end of a sentence to indicate the end of a paragraph without indenting her next sentence for the beginning of a new paragraph.’<sup>1</sup>

#### 1.6 PAGINATION

When the Honnold Library acquired the Ward papers, including these notebooks, each page opening was numbered in pencil by Norma B. Cuthbert at the top right hand corner of the right hand leaf of each page opening (double page spread). The Honnold page number, and any other number which appears in the original text, is surrounded by brackets in the typescript thus: {32}. This pagination has

been kept in the transcripts which follow, along with Mary Arnold's own pagination, where it can be seen. Her policy was not consistent throughout the notebooks and occasionally a page number can appear which bears no obvious relationship to other pages, although it may reflect a numbering system of her own.

She sometimes, as for example in Volume 2, Lansdale Manor script A, numbered every page, both left and right. The transcript therefore records two consistent series of page numbers. Very rarely two pages were turned over at once when she came to write the narrative and Mary herself gives an editorial note, demonstrating that she herself was responsible for numbering pages and had possibly numbered them before beginning to write.

The Honnold pagination reflects the fact that Mary tended to write within page openings rather than from verso to recto. (A 'page opening' may be visualised as a double page spread.) Within each page opening Mary frequently completed the right hand page first and then the left hand page. Nevertheless she proceeded in a conventional manner through her notebook from page opening to page opening.

The policy of indicating each page by the superscript 'l' for 'left' and 'r' for 'right' has been followed in the typescript to identify each page, e.g. 6<sup>l</sup> and 6<sup>r</sup>.

## 1.7 SUCCESSION OF THE NARRATIVE THROUGH THE NOTEBOOK

The succession of the narratives falls into two categories:

### 1.7.1. Conventional progression from left to right in uninterrupted succession

throughout the notebook

Two of the notebooks, volumes 2 and 4, both containing very well presented copies of Lansdale Manor, follow a normal progression through the book.

Although they both show frequent evidence of careful deletions and corrections, these are clearly intended to be finished copies, as can be seen by the elaborate dedication at the beginning of Volume 2. Mary also prepared a special label for this volume, which is affixed to the front cover. Volume 4 bears Mary's initials in gold leaf stamped into the cover. Both these notebooks bear the close relationship to the printed book which Mary's grandmother's album 'The Gossip' demonstrates. The progression of the narrative through the pages is that which is normally found in a printed book except that in Volume 4 Mary wrote only on the right hand side of each page opening.

1.7.2. Unconventional progression in Commonplace books

In her working notebooks Mary imitated the usage found in the Fox How Magazines, written by her father's generation in the school holidays. This was to begin one narrative or series of narratives on the first right hand page immediately following each end cover and proceed towards the centre of the notebook. In the case of the Fox How Magazines, dating is very clear. For example the Fox How Magazine for January 1840 begins at one end of the notebook and the Fox How Magazine for July 1840 (the Magazines were written only in family holidays) at the other. There are blank pages in the middle of the book since neither progression is complete. In these circumstances it is simple to designate the



earlier progression the A progression, and the later in time (the notebook turned upside down at the final end cover and therefore in reverse) the B progression.

While Mary Arnold often dated her writing, she did not do so invariably and she often put the A and the B progressions to different uses. For example she might devote the A progression to poetry and fiction and the B progression to historical or literary essay drafts. The notebooks which contain both A and B progressions in this case are Volumes 1, 3 and 5.

The only surviving notebook containing George Eliot juvenilia follows the same practice, so perhaps it was a common nineteenth century habit<sup>2</sup>.

Dates which appear in the text frequently provide evidence that each progression proceeded chronologically, so that a piece of writing which appears towards the centre of the notebook, some way into either progression can not be of an earlier date than a piece of writing at the beginning of that progression. It is far more problematic, very often, to judge the relative dates of pieces of undated writing in the same notebook which appear in opposite progressions.

Within the A progression or the B progression in any particular notebook, some narratives, for example A Tale of the Moors, were written conventionally, following the normal succession of left to right. Others, for example Ailie, proceed, within each opening (double page spread), from right to left. The first four pages of A Gay Life and Vittoria, provide examples of both usages, covering four sides, which follow the order 1<sup>l</sup>, 1<sup>r</sup>; 2<sup>r</sup>, 2<sup>l</sup>.

The position of each narrative within its respective A or B progression in

the volume in which it is found is described clearly in the apparatus relating to it in the thesis.

### 1.8 PAGE REFERENCES

The Honnold Library has numbered each page opening rather than each page (see paragraph 1.6 on page 9 of this thesis). Because of this it has been necessary to devise a clear system to indicate the beginning of each new manuscript page in the typescript text. This has been done in a way which retains the Honnold page address and adds a reference to signify the beginning of a left hand page.

The left hand page opposite each numbered right hand page does not normally bear any separate mark in the manuscript. However the beginning of each left hand page has been indicated in the typescript, separately identified in the typed text by an italicised number within editorial brackets, e.g. [*6*<sup>l</sup>].

Where the book is turned upside down for narratives which follow the B progression, and therefore the Honnold page opening number also appears upside down, double editorial brackets have been introduced. Thus ‘[[*4*<sup>r</sup>]]’ indicates that the page forms part of the B progression but that its address, the right hand page of the fourth page opening, is located by reference to the only numbering available, that provided for the A progression. It is in fact the right hand page of the A progression upside down.

### 1.9 WORD DIVISIONS AND END-OF-LINE HYPHENATIONS

Mary Arnold frequently split words, particularly in her early stories. Sometimes she used a hyphen and sometimes she did not. She wrote right up to the edge of

the page, sometimes cramming her words downhill at a sharp angle. Words which were split at line endings in the original manuscript have been rendered unbroken in the typescript. The exception to this practice occurs only where a divided word occurred at the bottom of a verso page and continued at the beginning of the first line of a numbered right hand page, where the number in brackets indicating the beginning of a new page of manuscript takes priority over the completion of the word.

#### 1.10 HANDWRITING

Mary wrote with a mature, well controlled, fluent hand, reflecting intelligent organisation and considerable confidence in her material. On occasion the writing is clearly copied from another draft or, in the case of script C of Lansdale Manor, another complete version of the story. On occasion it is apparent that the emotional or dramatic tension of the story is reflected in psychological and physical harmony with the onward rush of her handwriting and an increased tendency to run her words together. For this reason, which is potentially one of literary interest, I have made the decision to indicate with a single stroke ‘|’ the fact that words have been run together in a continuous flow of inkstrokes.

The shape and relative size of individual letters in Mary Arnold’s script remain very consistent throughout the six years represented by these texts. Only one letter changes in formation from the beginning to the end of the narratives: the letter ‘t’. In Vittoria, the last narrative, a horizontal stroke is frequently omitted from lower case versions of this letter. In earlier stories, the horizontal

stroke of her letter 't' is so long that it frequently carries into the next word.

#### 1.11 SYMBOLS, UNCONVENTIONAL LETTERS AND ABBREVIATIONS

Mary's familiarity with fairly sophisticated literary and editorial conventions is clear from the first story. Her use of the ampersand was frequent and consistent throughout her writing.

Internal evidence from Lansdale Manor, particularly from script C, dated January 1867, when Mary was fifteen, shows that she read German. Her use of the double 's' form in the title 'Miß' appears to date from this time, although surviving letters from an earlier date both in her own hand and that of her aunts and grandmother attest to the same habit. There are a few examples of 'Miss' in L.M. script C.

In writing the titles 'Mrs', 'Mr' and 'Dr' she raised and underlined the final letters, following the conventions of the time. I have reflected her usage in this as in every other case, as with all other characteristics of her writing, in the following texts.

Her punctuation of foreign phrases is normally conventional, although she makes mistakes with French accents, like any schoolgirl.

#### 1.12 DELETIONS

Mary very often corrected her writing as she went along but it is also clear that she then carefully re-read her narrative, perhaps some hours or days later, since the pen nib used for corrections was sometimes of a different width than that used for the original writing. She normally used a single line for a deletion, with the

result that the original words are most often clearly legible. Deletions have been indicated by pointed brackets in the typescript texts which follow. Occasionally she deleted very heavily, scoring out each letter of the word with an individual short stroke. Where this occurs it is not always possible to recover the original meaning.

### 1.13 CORRECTIONS

Mary's corrections or expansions of the original writing seem to be predominantly stylistic or dramatic in character, or for the sake of consistency where it appears that she altered the name of a character half way through a story as a result of a lapse in concentration. One example might be the confusion between the names Edward and Ernest in early versions of Lansdale Manor, and another the fact that the invalid elder sister who narrates A Gay Life is referred to as Betha, Madge and Margaret (although clearly the last two are compatible). This evidence makes clear that she tended to keep the number and names of characters fluid in her mind as she developed the narrative, a point of some literary interest.) She set out her corrections in interlinear writing first above the line, then, if she needed extra space, below it. Interlinear corrections have been indicated by curved brackets. An asterisk before the brackets indicates that the interpolation occurred below the line.

Sporadically, Mary employed a carets sign. Where she has done this, it is indicated by a solidus '/' in the text. It is not surrounded by editorial brackets since it represents a sign Mary herself wrote in the form of an inverted 'v'. Her

sign could not be reproduced in the typeset symbols at my disposal.

#### 1.14 PUNCTUATION

Mary Arnold's punctuation has been reproduced exactly as it appears in the manuscript text. Very occasionally, where the meaning would otherwise be ambiguous, an apostrophe or comma has been added in italics within editorial square brackets.

There are very few full stops in the first three stories. On the other hand grammatically complete sentences are frequently signalled by a following initial capital letter. The writer's policy is therefore economic, consistent and unambiguous. The absence of full stops has been retained. A double space has normally been introduced to suggest the probable beginning of a new sentence where no punctuation exists at all in the original manuscript.

A superscript dagger <sup>†</sup> has been introduced where the punctuation in the manuscript does not conform to conventional English usage.

Mary employed double quotation marks to indicate direct speech in a very arbitrary way, especially in the early stories. They may appear at the beginning and at the end of direct speech, at the beginning only or at the end only. On rare occasions they follow the German usage, appearing at the bottom of a line at the beginning of a passage of speech.

Dashes are inconsistent in the original. Normally they seem to go along the base of the line of writing, and where that has been so, it has been indicated in the text. However sometimes they appear at normal height and sometimes at

greater than normal length, either for dramatic or underlining purposes.

Commas, question marks, exclamation marks, semicolons and colons are normally employed conventionally in the original manuscript.

On rare occasions, a broken line beneath a variant deletion indicates that Mary restored it in the original text. Restored deletions have been clearly indicated in the typescript.

#### Editorial emendations

All emendations have been enclosed within square brackets. The use of [sic] has been kept to a minimum.

Emendations fall into the following categories: a) missing or illegible words or parts of a word;

b) missing apostrophes, or, occasionally, a comma or other stop required to make sense of a long sentence or phrase

c) indication of the end of a manuscript narrative or a displaced passage.

d) indication of the end of a section of handwriting in the original script, whether because the strength of ink flow, shape, size or angle of the written script has clearly or probably changed, reflecting a break in concentration, a lapse of time or a technical problem involving nib, pen or ink.

## EDITORIAL SYMBOLS

In transcribing from the notebooks I have used the following conventions:

[ ] : editorial emendation or comment in italics within it;

[*om.:word*]: a word has clearly been omitted in the original manuscript;

[?:word]: an uncertain reading;

[§]: the end of a flow of ink or change in size, shape or consistency of script;

[...]: an illegible word or words;

<word>: deletion;

{word}: an interpolation above the line; \*{word}: an interpolation below the line;

word|word: the writer's pen does not leave the page between these words, so that  
they run together in the original

[36<sup>l</sup>] or [36<sup>r</sup>] The beginning (top left hand) left or right hand leaf of a page opening  
following the A progression of the manuscript  
notebook in which the narrative is found.

[[84<sup>l</sup>]] or [[84<sup>r</sup>]] The beginning (top left hand) left or right hand leaf of a page  
opening following the B progression of the manuscript  
notebook in which the narrative is found.

{{32}} The page number given in pencil by the Honnold Librarian at the time of  
the acquisition of the manuscripts when the notebook is  
following the B progression; i.e. when the actual  
numeral appears upside down.

†: an aberrant punctuation mark.

¶: an error in spelling in the original manuscript.

/: Mary Arnold wrote a carets sign in the manuscript.



## PART TWO

### Chapter one

#### THE TEXT OF THE NARRATIVE A TALE OF THE MOORS (1864)

[[37/]]<sup>1</sup>

#### A Tale of the Moors

It was a hot summer's day but the sun's burning ray could not penetrate through the thick foliage of a beautiful avenue of acacia trees under which the coolness was delicious after the hot and dusty highroad. Under these a young girl was walking with evident signs of fatigue. She was dressed in the picturesque Moorish costume with the short tunic and the graceful scarf & heaa[d]dress<sup>¶</sup>. Her {features} were beautiful[/y] moulded and the complexion was beautifully white & transparent while shading her high & delicately chiselled brow were silken tresses of golden [om.: hair] falling in graceful confusion over her form. Her eyes were of a liquid blue shaded by long [[36/]] lashes At intervals she raised them and looked round with an anxious look as if seeking for somebody At length aproaching<sup>¶</sup> footsteps were heard and presently a young man of about 20 came in sight all breathless with the haste he had made.

Oh! Nina cried he "I bring such news The King and queen of Castile are coming against us with their whole army. By this time he had overtaken Nina and was walking beside her telling his story in gasps until he was obliged to stop from sheer exhaustion.

Oh! Alfonzo you never mean it said Nina eagerly "it cannot be true"

But I tell you it is true I heard it from Sancho Keeper of one of the gates and he says they are {{36}} [[36/]]<sup>2</sup> just ready to set out"

“But if Granada is taken Alfonzo said she her countenance changing.

“Taken! do you think we shall let it be taken! Of course not what on earth put that into your head Nina.

I don’t know I am sure said Nina reassured by the confidence of her companion “but come let us hasten home as my father will be waiting tea for us. So saying they quickened their pace and scarcely a word was spoken till they arrived at the<ir father’s house> house of Nina’s father Alencar the recorder of the laws of the National assembly<sup>3</sup> Alfonzo was the son of an extensive wine dealer and becoming enamoured of Alencar’s [[35<sup>r</sup>]] beautiful daughter asked and was now her intended husband When they entered the house they found the evening meal laid out in a verandah hidden from the view of passers[-]by by a thicket of flowering shrubs. They sat down and began to give an account of what they had heard of the coming war but they found Alencar already knew more than they did as he was present at the meeting of the Assembly.

Have[you heard also” said Alencar that people say there is a Spanish spy in the town” A Spanish Spy! said Alfonzo & Nina at once but how did he know the password and how can he have got in without”

“It is suspected that he has accomplices in this town but it { {35} } [[35<sup>l</sup>]] is not certain. As for me I have my suspicions and I’ll venture to say I know more about it than anybody in this town but this is no time to excite the populace with a public trial & to divide them into <a f>factions when we should all be united in our country’s cause so that it shall rest a profound secret with me unless it is necessary to reveal it or at least till the war is over”

Alfonzo and Nina would have questioned him further but they saw it would be no use so they changing [*sic*] the subject and talked on <through> till it was time to retire. They little dreamed however who had heard their conversation or they might not have spoken so freely for that [[34<sup>7</sup>]] dark figure outside the thicket intently listening was none other than Precio the famous Spanish spy.

---

[§]

## Chapter 2<sup>nd</sup>

It was midnight. The mosque clock had chimed the hour of twelve when a man closely muffled and with a black mask threaded rapidly the streets leading to the south end of the town till he stopped before a house which was one of the worst in the row. [§] He knocked and with due precaution was admitted by a woman who led him into a low ill-furnished room. [§] There sitting by the fire was a man of about fifty or more attired in a very picturesque manner. The face was striking but the eyes were the most remarkable feature †they were black and {{34}} [[34<sup>7</sup>]] piercing and seemed to read you through. He turned slowly round and said sharply You are very late Signor, “You will not wonder when I tell you what has caused it” said the other looking cautiously round the room and speaking very low “We are on the eve of discovery.” What! said the owner of the house turning [§]<sup>4</sup> and facing him How! & Who! Alencar the recorder said Precio slowly.

The check of the other blanched & he exclaimed in trembling accents “Then it’s all over with us

“Why what a coward you are Don Pietro all of a sudden, said Precio do not you see what

we are to do Why what is the mat= [[33<sup>7</sup>]] ter with you are you stupified [sic] or not?

Well what are we to do replied Pietro with a hollow attempt at mirth which failed signally but prepare for the axe tomorrow.”

Thank|you said the other with a sneer I have no wish to die so soon, but seriously the way is very clear all we have to do is to cast their suspicions back on themselves of course.

“It’s all very well to talk but how is it {to be} done Precio said the other rousing himself

Precio drew his chair closer and commenced speaking in a low whisper. And here we will leave them as the issue of their conversation will be seen in the course of the tale;

but we will pass up the narrow staircase and enter a low room where before the open

{{33}} [[33<sup>7</sup>]] casement with her head on her hands sits a young girl whom few could

pass unnoticed<sup>¶</sup>. The graceful veil was thrown back while the silvery radiance of the

majestic moon gave an unearthly appearance to a face almost heavenly in its spiritual

beauty The forehead was high and arched while the large black eyes so exquisitely soft

and yet kindling into fire when excited bespoke a soul spotless in its purity. But tears

were glistening now in those beautiful eyes and sad thoughts occupied her mind.

My father oh! why did that hateful spy ever come near thee to stain thy patriotism & to

alienate thy love from thy daughter. Oh! if he would but fly with me from here to

Granada [w]hat misery [[32<sup>7</sup>]] might be spared us! Perhaps he would yield to me yet. I

will go to him and beseech him to fly with me But if not the duty to my country forbids

me to conceal it any longer. So saying she rose and flinging off the loose white wrapper

which enfolded her she neared to her couch.

<sup>5</sup> {{32}}

[[32<sup>1</sup>]] [\$] Chapter III

It was the dawn of early morn. Inez had already risen and was listening with a trembling heart to the sounds in her father's room beneath. At length she descended and on enter<ed>{ing} the room she saw Don Pietro in his armchair looking over some papers. She advanced towards him and said striving to speak playf{ully} "I am come to ask you a boon. Father you will not refuse me. Oh! father grant it me."

"What is it Inez" said Don Pietro looking astonished at the increased earnestness of her manner.

Father" and her head bent [[31<sup>7</sup>]] lower and her sweet voice grew tremulous "Father Oh! fly with me break with Precio" then as she observed {that} the face of her father grew darker and his black eyes flashed her voice grew touching in its entreaty. Spare me Oh spare me the agony of choosing between my father and my country" She ceased. Don Pietro burst from her and paced the room with rapid and angry strides. Inez remained kneeling as before with her head bent on her hands. At length Don Pietro spoke in a tone hoarse with suppressed rage. "You know<sup>6</sup> not what you ask I cannot draw back whether I would or no and his voice grew fiercer {{31}} [[31<sup>7</sup>]] Keep this secret and you are safe; betray it and by heaven I will take a horrible revenge. Inez rose and with a look of utter misery quitted the apartment<sup>f</sup>. She threw herself on her couch too heart-broken to speak or to move but one thing was clear that her father had refused her {and that her} way would henceforth be one of difficulty and danger.

[§]

Chapter 4<sup>th</sup>

There was a great crowd gathered in the marketplace of <Granada> Valetta listening to the harangue of an orator which seemed to move them greatly. Just at this morning [*moment*] Alencar entered. A low hourse<sup>¶</sup> murmur ran through the crowd and such exclamations as “there is the villain” [[30<sup>¶</sup>]] “Let us hurl him from the battlements” were heard on all sides and Alencar found himself the centre of an immense crowd regarding him with ferocious looks and threatening gestures “What is the matter good people let me pass”

Let you pass indeed a fine nidea [*sic*] villainous traitor was hissed in his ear by a man close by”

A slight shriek was heard & a girl beautiful to excess rushed from the crowd exclaiming in wild accents “It is not him indeed it is not Yonder is the Spanish Spy [§] He is innocent oh! believe me.” All eyes were turned in the direction of the orator but he had dissappeared<sup>¶</sup> A wild cry of pursuit was raised. {{30}} [[30<sup>¶</sup>]] Alencar was released and the multitude left the piazza in the direction in which they supposed the Spy to have gone. Inez alone remained standing with her eyes fixed on vacancy and her countenance white as marble. Alencar advanced towards her but he arrived only to receive her fainting form in his arms in a long and deathlike swoon.

She was conveyed to his house where she was tended [§] with the greatest care by Nina

---

<sup>7</sup> It was the †alcalde’s chamber Don Pietro under the feigned name of Don Conez had come to take his revenge. The revenge that he had vowed should be so terrible. The

Alcalde a pompous [[29<sup>r</sup>]] man had just finishing [*sic*] writing and pushing away his papers he said in a tone of would-be dignity “Now Signor I am at your service. Don Conez bowed low and thus he spoke. “Signor the duty I have to perform is painful. I had an only daughter as I thought beautiful and by one fondly beloved What was my anguish and my sorrow to hear yesterday morning from her own lips the astounding news that she was not my daughter but the daughter of a Spaniard of noble birth. We were at a village in Spain I and my wife <we> before the proclamation against the Moors and a Spanish nobleman and his wife came to lodge at our house. My wife & the signora were both confined together. My wife’s was a puny {{29}} [[29<sup>l</sup>]] sickly enfant<sup>e</sup> while that of the Signora was a fine healthy girl. My wife was then nursed by an old servant who also helped the attendant on the Signora del Valdos by keeping the night watch. Being passionately attached to our family she conceived the idea of changing the children knowing that the health of my wife which was very delicate would be much impaired by the trouble and anxiety that the care of this sickly child would entail upon [*om.: her*] the change was effected by herself and was know[*n*] to none other living person These facts {were} communicated to my apparent daughter by this servant on her deathbed and yesterday evening you may guess my grief and horror when [[28<sup>r</sup>]] coupled with these assertion[s] she added the assurance that she could not act against her country and that {as} she was Spanish her influence and her interest could not be on the side of Granada. Signor painful as may be the duty I think it right to request that she may be kept in confinement at least till the war is over. [§] Here the Alcalde interrupted him. I suppose you are aware that the punishment of all Spaniards found in this {city} is death. My Lord

said Don Conez feigning a groan for my country all is easy<sup>8</sup>. He then gave the necessary information respecting her place of residence He and the guards were dispatched immediately

---

{{28}}

[[28<sup>l</sup>]] [§] Chapter 6<sup>th</sup>

Inez was reclining on the couch in the verandah listening with delight to a volume of poems that Nina's sweet voice was reading. She had never mentioned her father nor asked to be taken {to him} during all that time of suffering for she thought that suspicion would rest on him on account of the emotion she had shown & she hoped that when she was fully recovered she might return without disclosing her residence and by increased love and submission seek to appease his displeasure. Ah! how little she knew that father's heart Suddenly the reading was interrupted by the sound of many feet. They neared the house & Nina started up saying she must [[27<sup>l</sup>]] go and see what was the matter. Inez was left alone when the door was thrown suddenly open and Alencar stepped into the verandah. His brow was stern his look was grave and with bent brows he gave Inez the following paper to read. "We arrest {you} in the name of Boabdil All-powerful sovereign of the Moors being convicted of treason against the city and inhabitants of Granada [§] and of espionage on our movements. Inez started turned pale and compressed her white lips tightly. It is false she said as if the words were wrested from her. "Unhappy girl said Alencar these are the officers yonder is the writ My roof can no longer shelter thee Inez resigned herself passively {{27}} [[27<sup>l</sup>]] to the officers.



Mechanically she threw the graceful scarf over her shoulders and descended the stairs without a tear. Calmly she traversed the street and entered the piazza (Marketplace) and soon the prison was reached. A gloomy building. Full many an inmate had its dreary walls enclosed and could they speak what histories of woe and crime might they not discover. Inez turned \*{without} one look on the world one look on the snowy mountains of Nevada and with a firm step<sup>9</sup> she crossed the threshold. It might be never to reissue.

### Chapter 7<sup>th</sup>

It was the palace halls of the Alhambra that miracle of eastern <story> splendour. Chandeliers of richest <spe> glass-work hung [[26<sup>r</sup>]] from the fretted ceiling with their thousand torches reflected with <{dazzling}> <such> splendour on the carved walls of azure scarlet and gold that the eye was dazzled by the brilliance. Through a long vista of arches one saw dimly the Hall of the Lions with its pure white marble marble [*sic*] pavement and its crystal fountains with orange trees bending o'er the water..

At the end of the first hall was a platform covered with crimson cloth and chairs of state on it, a semicircle of raised seats below and in front of these a space carpeted with black cloth. The hall was rapidly filling and {the} time was near when the prisoner was expected. At last the measured {{26}} [[26<sup>l</sup>]] tread was heard and in procession the train of the prisoner entered the hall. All eyes were turned to the prisoner many with admiration all with pity. The simple robe of black serge set off to advantage her slender figure. Her long dark hair was her only coif and contrasted with {the} marble whiteness of the features. She took her place and now they waited the King. Soon a small door on

the right was seen to open and Boabdil last of the Moorish Kings attended by his nobles  
stept upon the dais in {all} the pride and pomp of Eastern magnificence. The  
proceedings were opened by the accuser coming forward and stating the impeachment.  
Don Pietro advanced from the crowd. The cheek of Inez blanched still whiter [[25<sup>r</sup>]] but  
no sound {was} <to> heard. Briefly he stated what we have already told steadily  
averting his eyes from the prisoner. After the accusation the judges called on the prisoner  
for the defence. [§] Instantly every trace of depression vanished proudly she threw back  
her head and calmly and unshrinkingly met the gaze of her judges. My Lords never till  
this moment did I know that I was Spanish It is false I have been true to Granada true to  
what I believed my country Deal with me as you will I am innocent and ye & my  
accuser shall rue the day when ye decided otherwise Inspired as a prophetess she stood  
the lustrous black eyes {{25}} [[25<sup>l</sup>]] dilated, the <curved> delicate nostrils curved one  
arm raised as she pointed to the skies. Suddenly her bright heroism vanished the head  
sank lower and the words came bursting from her And I have none to weep me the grave  
my home the earth my friend<sup>10</sup> — No and her countenance grew dazzling in its  
unearthly radiance their<sup>¶</sup> is a heaven above where the wicked cease from troubling and  
the weary are at rest<sup>11</sup>. She was silent and the whole hall waited in breathless  
expectation<s> but the guards advanced the procession formed and proud and beautiful  
Inez passed her craven {father} forth<sup>12</sup> into [[24<sup>r</sup>]] the deep dark night.

### Chapter 8<sup>th</sup>

A bridal procession moves slowly to the sound of music up [om.: the] tessellated  
pavement of the mosque. Nina radiant in girlish {beauty} lovely<iness> showers of

golden ringlets falling {round her} and a cloud of white floating round her enhancing her loveliness. And Alfonzo walked beside her proud and happy beyond measure The few words were spoken and they were one for ever.

-----

The alarm bell rang through the city and the cry of a herald resounded through the <city> {streets} To arms to arms the Castilians are on the city let us conquer or die” and men were arming and women {{24}} [[24<sup>h</sup>]] were weeping and Inez our heroine how is she occupied Preparing for the execution on the morrow she kneels in earnest prayer yes prayer to the God of the Christians for in the recesses of her dungeon she had found some scattered leaves of the Bible precious indeed were these to her and {the} God of the Christians became her father her saviour. To morrow shall that fair form be resting in the dust never to rise till the day when all shall wake Let us see.<sup>13</sup>

-----

[[23<sup>r</sup>]] Chapter <1>9<sup>th</sup>

It was the dawn {of} early morn many people might be seen hastening towards {the ramparts} all armed and all evidently unusually grave. On the eastern rampart a scaffold was erected all the fatal emblems of death were there the axe the block the headsman. - but where was the victim Alas the question was too soon answered. Inez with her attendants appeared in sight all in black except Inez who on account of her youth and beauty was allowed to wear a white {veil} She was on the scaffold {now} and kneeling she closed her eyes in prayer {{23}} [[23<sup>h</sup>]] All was silence except an occasional mouvement<sup>6</sup> in the camp of the enemy & the sounds from the streets beyond Suddenly a

distant shout burst on the air another and another followed The attention of all was turned to the quarter from whence the sounds came. Nearer and nearer came the shouts of terror mingled with shrieks and cries and voices were heard above the din of tumult exclaiming Save yourselves the wall is breached the foe is on us. Terror was depicted on the faces of those on the rampart. They could see the glitter of the spears they could hear the shrieks of the dying A panic seizes them \_\_\_\_\_ they fly - - - -

St Iago of Castile! the King & our Lady! so shouted a young cavalier impetuously leading his men on the enemy Furiously they charged, firmly were they withstood, but numbers gained the day, and driving back the retreating Granadans the young commander spurred on through the piazza to reach the other end of the town. Why does he suddenly rein in his horse so suddenly as to throw him on his haunches {on what} <why> are his eyes fixt in rapturous surprise. There on the rampart kneels Inez the setting sun's golden rays are on her head give [*sic*] her face an {un} earthly brilliance her slight & symmetrical<sup>fl</sup> form in relief against the evening sky & the {{22}} [[22<sup>l</sup>]] exquisite rapt look {of} prayer in the upward glance of her soft black eyes might indeed draw in admiration that imaginative Spanish youth. But the still rigidity of the figures startled him and riding gently forward he dismounted and softly approached. Lady" said he. Slowly [§] the beautiful apparition turned The eyes dilated and <fe> insensible she fell into his arms.

#### Chapter 10<sup>th</sup>

A large cavalcade is winding its way over one of the steep mountain passes of the Sierra

Nevada. Foremost rode our young hero Don Vencino moody oppressed no longer the gay thoughtless soldier of yesterday Then bound Don Pietro and Precio, 3<sup>rd</sup>ly a train of litters which [[21<sup>7</sup>]] with one exception contained the Granadan female prisoners That exception was Inez who was being conducted in all honour to the Castillian<sup>6</sup> court there to become a ward of the crown They stopped for the noonday meal <at> in a glade at the foot of the mountain. A clear stream ran rippling {through it} falling in mimic cascades and tiny waterfalls. Respectfully the knight approached the litter of Inez and asked if she would dismount His question was answered in the affirmative and the knight busied himself in preparing a couch for her Their repast consisted but of dried meat and fruits and as they lay reposing watching the shadows and the sunbeams on<d> the trees around and soothed {{21}} [[21<sup>7</sup>]] by the rippling music of the stream [<?:stre...> *one word badly blotted*]. Don Vencino broke the silence by asking Inez to sing. Modestly she complied and taking the richly inlaid guitar she sang in a clear soprano the following words.

[§] “No more the snowy glaciers frown”

“No more the precipices rise

“But from the mountain’s summit winding gladly down,

“Softly we repose neath sunny skies

— — — — —

“’Tis so in life the mountain steep once past”

“Heaven smiles bright and trial is forgot”

“Never despair though long delayed Joy comes at last”

Look fo<a>rward and up<sup>ward</sup> and fear thou not”<sup>14</sup>

— — — — —

The knight sighed deeply but> [[20<sup>7</sup>]] [§] taking the guitar gently from the hand of Inez  
he struck a few rich chords and sung [*sic*].

“There be none of <sup>†</sup>beauty’s daughters  
With a magic like to<sup>†</sup> thee  
“And like music on the waters  
“Is thy sweet voice to me.  
“When as if its sound were causing  
“The charmed ocean’s pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming  
“And the lulled winds seem dreaming

- - - - -

“And the midnight moon is weaving  
“Her bright chain o’er the deep;  
“Whose breast is gently heaving,  
“As an infant’s asleep:  
“So the spirit bows before thee  
“To listen and adore thee;  
“With a full and<sup>†</sup> soft emotion,  
“Like the swell of <sup>†</sup>summer’s ocean.<sup>15</sup>

x x x x x x x

There was a long a deep silence Evening had fallen on the scene {{20}} [[20<sup>l</sup>]] the sky had that clear transparent etherial blue peculiar to those southern climes, the <trees> leaves scarcely moved and threw long shadows on the sward the very stream seemed to have a softer rippling a more subdued cadence They were alone. The glorious eyes of Inez were suffused with tears a sweet trembling smile was on her lip and in her heart ah! what was there! And the knight's brow had a gentler aspect and the stern mouth wore {a} thoughtful & sad expression. And what was it that formed the mystic charme<sup>fl</sup> of this evening hour to these young impressible children of the sunny South It was Love, love the great en= [[19<sup>l</sup>]] chanter, love the mighty tran[s]former. It was late very late when the parting words were spoken and Inez entered the tent appropriated to her. How bright was the future how joyous the present, how radiant the dreamland of youthful love.

---

## Chapter XI.

The court of Spain was at this time established at Cordova and the gaieties {of a court} were strangely mingled with the restrictions of a citadel. The disclosures of Don Pietro had proved Inez to be of noble birth and she had been formally recognised as a ward of the Spanish crown. And to day she was to be present at a {{19}} [[19<sup>l</sup>]] presentation and [?.ta] [to] take her place as one of the queen's ladies and to reign as the ideal of loveliness in the gay circles of a court. How well the flowing white drapery became the commanding yet sylp[h]-like figure<s> How admirably the glossy wreath of scarlet geraniums twined with la{r}ge and brilliant pearls became the small and queenlike head

---

the glossy abundance of jet-black hair As [*om.: the*] sene[s]chal announced “The Lady Inez every eye turned in wondering at so lovely a vision [§] Slowly gracefully she bowed to Isabella of Spain and was moving to take her place amid the maidens [[ 18<sup>7</sup>]] that surrounded the Queen's chair {when} one of the gentlemen in the king’s circle turned casually, his eye fell on her, colour vanished from lip & brow. Rushing from the ring he clasped Inez to his heart <and> while his choked voice exclaimed “My daughter! my long lost daughter. Overcome with emotion, his head drooped on his {daughter’s} shoulder and those two united ones were clasped in a fervent fond embrace. The King was the first to break the silence. Hé what is this Signor Marquiso this is too much to withdraw from our authority the loveliest and youngest of our court. But can you prove that this really {{ 18 }} [[ 18<sup>7</sup>]] [*om.: is*] your daughter. The Marquis’s only answer was to draw from his breast a small & richly set miniature and hand {it to the King}. Her poor mother”. †he mused in a smothered voice The King gazed at it for some time There is indeed an extraordinary likeness but further {proof} is wanted before your daughter can be legally surrendered to you. Don Vencino<’> stepped forward and said “The supposed father of the lady is here perhaps he can supply the link in the evidence which is wanting. Don Pietro was admitted and easily identified the Marquis Loyola as the man who had lodged in <t>his house and also the min=†[[ 17<sup>7</sup>]]iature of the Marchesa. And Inez for the first time knew the luxury of the parental <em> love and the calm yet deep felicity of domestic ties.

## Chapter XII

The camp of Cordova lay shadowy and white in the moonlight all was hushed in silence



and in sleep and as it w<h>ere

“God alone was to be seen in heaven<sup>16</sup> What a wonderful elixir is night! What heart is not elevated by communion with its purity its silence its fusing of the Finite with the Infinite the consciousness that the Eternal Mind alone is keeping watch over Earth.

The snowy summits of the Nevada showed in distant {{17}} [[17<sup>l</sup>]] relief {against} <of> the clear sky. Who is it that at this lonely hour paces the outskirts of the camp with unequal steps It is {the} young knight struggling with his love. [§] How could he [,] he fortuneless though brave and distinguished in arms aspire to [om.: *the*] hand of one who was now the richest as well as the loveliest heiress /{in Spain} As he walked in a tumult of conflicting thoughts the knight saw a dark figure approach from the camp towards him. Signor said a low voice You are wanted It is a case of life and death Follow” The knight complied for something within told him that the crisis of his destiny was approaching and it was with a beating heart that he followed [[16<sup>l</sup>]] the steps of the messenger through the deserted camp. They arrived at a small tent, on its outskirts when the guide lifted the entrance curtain and motioned to Henrique to enter. The tent was dimly lighted; on a couch of skins lay the dying Don Pietro, and by his side soothing cheering tending, the being he had so wronged so injured Inez <Montera> Loyola. The dying man raised himself as Don Vencino entered and thus brokenly addressed<sup>¶</sup> him I have sent for you Henrique de Vencino that in my last hours I may {do} something towards towards [sic] atoning for a crime which I|trust is now forgiven and promoting the happiness of one who is very dear to me Signor il Marquiso said he turning {{16}} [[16<sup>l</sup>]] to the Marquis Will you not ratify the clasp of these {hands} will you not soothe

my dying hours with the assurance that Inez Montera shall ere long become Inez Vencino” Imploringly he spoke. A deep crimson blush overspread the cheek of Inez a deadly paleness chilled the brow of Henrique as Don Pietro drew the burning hands together. The Marquiso read it all, {all} the love and happiness that hung on his word and [om.: his] deep voice trembled perceptibly as he said “May the blessing of God be with you my children and hallow your union And then in the presence of Death the betrothal vows were said and with high and holy feelings [[ 15<sup>7</sup>]] those young hearts pledged eternal love.

.....

To install Nina and Alfonzo in a comfortable home was one of the first acts of Inez’s married life and thus we leave the Gentle Nina the Earnest impassioned Henrique the pure the high souled Inez knowing that sorrow had purified and refined them & that the gold had come forth brighter and purer from the furnace of affliction

The End

M.A. October 24<sup>th</sup> 1864.

## Chapter two

### LITERARY ASPECTS OF A TALE OF THE MOORS (1864)

#### 2.1 THE MANUSCRIPT

A Tale of the Moors is found in a bound octavo manuscript notebook<sup>1</sup>, designated WARD, Box VII, Volume 1 by the Special Collections Department of the Honnold Library, Claremont Colleges, California. The story bears the following inscription in Mary's hand at the end: 'M.A. October 24<sup>th</sup> 1864.' It is the earliest fictional prose extant by Mary Arnold.

#### 2.2 CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE ORIGINAL WRITING OF THE STORY

The narrative A Tale of the Moors is followed by a diary entry recording a visit Mary Arnold made December to the vicar of Shifnal and his wife, whom she regarded with passionate affection<sup>2</sup>. Mary's life at this time, at Rock Terrace School for Young Ladies, a boarding school in Shifnal, seems to have been dogged by illness. Several letters<sup>3</sup> survive from this period. Mary was culturally at odds with many of the other girls at Rock Terrace and her poverty proved a source of humiliation. Tom Arnold moved her to a school more suited to her intellectual talents, Miss May's School at 1, Rodney Place, Clifton, Bristol, by the summer of the following year, 1865.

The narrative, handwriting, spelling and punctuation of A Tale of the Moors all show idiosyncratic but effective economy. Mary's authorial habits are unusually mature for a girl of thirteen, establishing characteristics of re-reading and correcting with great care, a method which remains essentially unchanged in later writing. Some passages show considerable emotional concentration: the handwriting dashes on, with visibly

impatient stress in the shape of the letters and the number of corrections written into the line of composition, which were clearly undertaken as she went along in her urgency to satisfy her sense of involvement in the atmosphere. One such passage is that in the ninth chapter evoking scenes of terror on the battlements as the battle begins while Inez and her attendants are on the scaffold where she awaits execution at dawn.<sup>4</sup>

### 2.3 NARRATIVE CONTROL

Whether instinctively, or by design, she sets herself technically the discipline of writing a self-contained episode within each of the twelve short chapters. Each chapter develops a self-sufficient scene, the arena of action for a carefully limited number of characters, playing out dramatic tensions in a clearly differentiated way and often ending on a strong upbeat with an exhilarating dramatic tone, or occupying moral high ground.

Philosophically, the world she creates can ultimately be described as 'comedy' containing intense, potentially tragic conflicts, all of which are triumphantly resolved. She narrates in the first person plural, with confident authorial intrusion into the fictional world, effectively in control as if directing a cinematic production:

And here we will leave them as the issue of their conversation will be seen in the course of the tale; but we will pass up the narrow staircase and enter a low room where before the open casement with her head on her hands sits a young girl whom few could pass unnoticed.<sup>5</sup>

### 2.4 THE SPANISH SETTING

Mary's choice of setting, Moorish Spain, just before the Inquisition, owes something to her reading of Byron, Longfellow, Aguilar and Bulwer Lytton as well as French and Spanish mediaeval history.<sup>6</sup> The dark tragedy and the late Gothic character of the

Spanish plots of Aguilar and Lytton, as well as the Spanish translations and poetry of the Inquisition period written by Longfellow, were perhaps implicitly redeemed, as fit reading for a mid-Victorian child, by their apparent historicity. The dramatic conflicts often involve religion. In several of the plots, the inheritance of a profound but hidden difference of religious conviction, and the refusal to compromise the integrity of a religious and, in the case of Judaism, also a racial position leads to death. The predatory orthodoxy of the later Spanish Inquisition provides a terrible and permanent source of extreme tension in the novels of Aguilar and Lytton. Mary lightens the drama in her narrative by choosing not a Jewish but a Moorish origin for her heroine, and further, enabling her to convert to Christianity at a central point in the action so that, in this story, religion is not a central issue. Even the Moorish origin is finally harmonised and commuted into identification with the prevailing culture when it is revealed that the heroine is of noble Spanish birth.

A personal motive for reading in this late Romantic subgenre may be adduced from the fact that Mary believed at that time that her mother, Julia Sorell, was of Spanish Huguenot descent.<sup>7</sup> Julia had adopted continental tastes after the period of her education in Brussels<sup>8</sup>, a time of confusion because her mother Elizabeth Sorell disappeared with an English Colonel, apparently abandoning her children, a deeply disturbing event which Mary was later to explore in disguised form in at least one of her novels<sup>9</sup>. Julia's looks were striking and her feelings could be intense and volatile, suggesting a continental temperament, so that she perhaps stressed her 'foreign' antecedents to protect herself in part from her own emotional vulnerability and the social stigma attaching, particularly in

the mid-nineteenth century, to women who exhibited uncontrollable outbursts of anger.

Mary's temperament as a small child resembled her mother's and her father wrote home to his mother that even he could not control her<sup>10</sup>.

Julia's marriage to Tom Arnold seemed at first to give her stability. When he began to be attracted towards Roman Catholicism, however, tensions in the family group resulted in a situation where Mary's relationship with her mother became problematic. When Tom was away on his extended visits inspecting schools in remote parts of Tasmania, Mary was sent to stay with her godmother Mrs Reibey, at Entally, a large country house some miles distant from Hobart. It was seriously proposed that she might be adopted by the Reibeys<sup>11</sup>. Further separations followed after the family's move to England, when Mary was left with her grandmother at Fox How while her parents and the younger children went to Dublin. They told her that she would be following them later<sup>12</sup> but it is not clear that she ever visited them there and very soon she was a pupil at a weekly boarding school in Ambleside, visiting her grandmother one day a week if the weather was clement. Mary's letters to her mother at this time show a longing to please her and to be reunited with the family<sup>13</sup>.

The choice of a Spanish setting for this story, and her reading on Spanish themes in general, may have been prompted by a need to understand the origins of psychological difficulties on the part of the adolescent Mary. Physically she resembled her mother and may have experienced anxiety about inheriting Julia's difficult temperament.

## 2.5 REALISM AND FANTASY

Within the narrative of A Tale of the Moors, realistically researched geographical and

historical details relating to Granada, the Sierra Nevada, Cordova and Castille, inform a context for fabulous elements such as cradle-swapping and dramatic switches of identity and moral tone between the characters. Examples of extreme tensions, given free and dramatic play within one scene or character, include: traitor and loyal servant; compromised domestic security and loneliness and danger; paternal rejection and revenge; condemnation at the scaffold and the devoted embrace of a lover; alienation as a ward of the crown, and adoption as a legitimate heiress; loss of love, and death bed reconciliation. The choice of an historical setting which is split in religious and political allegiance, Moorish Spain, is a fascinating one, given the radical divisions of allegiance which conflict in Mrs Ward's later novels.

The handling and careful shaping of the pattern of characters and plot, involving pairings and contrasts held together by reasonably convincing dialogue, shows technical awareness as well an instinctive commitment to building up a complex narrative. This is particularly apparent in the contrasts between the two young girls, Nina and Inez.

The complex composite development of the role of 'father' also anticipates the power of fathers over their daughters in later novels. In this story the traitor father Don Pietro acts against Inez under the assumed name of Don Conez; the Spanish noble father the Marquiso di Loyala restores her to his family, and she experiences vicarious fatherly security in the household of the Moor Alencar, although she is denied its protection once she is pronounced a traitor. Alencar, a senior statesman of the Moorish community, also balances the paternal protection offered to Inez by the King and Queen of Spain at the end of the story. There is a stability about Alencar which compensates for some of the

more mythic elements of the story as well as introducing a figure of Arnoldian moral tone. Finally, Mary chooses to refer to 'the God of the Christians' as Inez' 'father' at the moment of her greatest desolation and danger, the night before her planned execution.

The earliest habits of fiction which are recorded in any of Mary Arnold's later writing appear in her novel Marcella. According to this account the rebellious, lonely heroine Marcie Boyce evolved a method of surviving the illness and isolation which was imposed on her in the sick bay at school by inventing for herself an involved fantasy of which she herself was the heroine:

So she presently learnt, under dire stress of boredom, to amuse herself a good deal by developing a natural capacity for dreaming awake. Hour by hour she followed out an endless story of which she was always the heroine. ... she was in full fairy-land again, figuring generally as the trusted friend and companion of the Princess of Wales - of that beautiful Alexandra, the top and model of English society, whose portrait.. had attracted the child's attention once, on a dreary walk, and had ever since governed her dreams. <sup>14</sup>

There are several interesting points here. Firstly, Mrs Ward was later to use the analogy of dreaming as the closest she could find to the act of creative literary composition in the critical essays which she appended to her major works in the Westmoreland Edition (1911).<sup>15</sup> Secondly, the adolescent Marcie 'was always the heroine' of her story, a natural escape from tedium and stress for a young girl but one not without significance for Mary Arnold's fiction in general, and for the first two stories of her Juvenilia, A Tale of the Moors and Lansdale Manor, in particular. Finally, and specifically in relation to A Tale of the Moors, Alexandra of Wales, as represented here, is not far from the distant royal figure of Queen Isabella of Spain, where Inez was 'to be present at a presentation and to take her place as one the queen's ladies and to reign as



the ideal of loveliness in the gay circles of a court... amid the maidens that surrounded the Queen's chair'<sup>16</sup>. This suggests a tendency to fantasy and aggrandisement, which her nephew Aldous Huxley was later to deplore<sup>17</sup> in the social settings of some of her late novels, which appeared to him so remote from the circumstances of her real experience. Virginia Woolf's diaries reveal a contempt for the same phenomenon<sup>18</sup>.

## 2.6 THE PLOT AND THE ROLE OF THE HEROINE

The development of the role of the heroine within the narrative is split unequally between two characters. Throughout the chronological series of early stories, Mary continues to experiment with the dramatic focus of her heroines. In this respect the earliest and the finest phase of her writing, between the novels Robert Elsmere (1888) and Fenwick's Career (1906), have a great deal in common and differ from the exhausted and un inventive final phase of her fictional output.

The first significant female character is an uncomplicated Moorish girl, Nina, who is engaged to be married to Alfonzo. She is the daughter of Alencar, a senior Granadan civil servant. Nina's career is gentle and domestic, ultimately protected by the grander Inez. Inez, whose 'spiritual beauty'<sup>19</sup> marks out her character as 'the pure the high souled Inez'<sup>20</sup> is victim of a cruel conflict.

The narrative is carefully shaped: Nina begins and ends the story, appearing in chapters 1; 6; 8 and finally and briefly at the end of the last chapter 12. Her less dramatic role provides a domestic, companionable foil for Inez, to whom she shows kindness, reading poetry to her. Inez first appears in chapter 2; then in chapters 3;4;6;7; the second half of 8; 9;10;11 and 12. Initially, Inez is presented alone and then in five telling and

dramatic settings: heroically and publicly set among the ugly crowd in the streets of Granada; as a lonely victim of false accusation brought to the Alhambra, a splendid setting for her trial, and for her proud resolve when condemned; then condemned to the scaffold on the battlements of Granada, distinguished by her white veil; singing with her lover in the beautiful natural landscape of the Sierra Nevada; picked out by a dramatic recognition amid the glittering court of Queen Isabella of Spain at Cordova. These settings combine Mary Arnold's reading and her fantasy.

Inez' idealism is Byronic and several of the scenes in which she is depicted are reminiscent of those given to William Wallace in Jane Porter's The Scottish Chiefs. The fact that his fate attracted Mary's imagination is attested by a poem which she composed called "Wallace's Execution", which also appears in this notebook<sup>21</sup>. He, like Rienzi, is presented as noble hero betrayed by their lesser compatriots. They both pay with their lives, whereas Inez is spared.

## 2.7 LITERARY INFLUENCES

Independent evidence relating to Mary's reading at about this time is cited by William S. Peterson as Bulwer Lytton's Leila: or the Siege of Granada (1838)<sup>22</sup> and by John Sutherland as Grace Aguilar's The Vale of Cedars (1850)<sup>23</sup>.

Both Lytton and Aguilar preface their novels with quotations from Byron, whose influence can clearly be seen in the choice of the historical subject of Rienzi. Mary chooses a lyric by Byron as the serenade sung to Inez by the young Spanish knight. There are trace phrases reminiscent of the style of Coleridge, Tennyson, Gray, Scott, Matthew Arnold, Shelley, Longfellow and Emily Brontë in the narrative.

Mary gives an account in her later novel Marcella (1895) of the heroine Marcella

Boyce's reading at school:

But at thirteen - what concentration! what devotion! what joy! One of these precious volumes was Bulwer's 'Rienzi'; another was Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs'; a third was a little red volume of 'Marmion' which an aunt had given her. She probably never read any of them through - she had not a particle of industry or method in her composition - but she lived in them... She had no gift for verse-making, but she laboriously wrote a long poem on the death of Rienzi.<sup>24</sup>

There are sharp differences between the fictional Marcella and Mary Arnold but the similarities are instructive. Mary Arnold was thirteen at the time of the composition of A Tale of the Moors in 1864 and her poem on the death of Rienzi immediately precedes the manuscript text of the story in the notebook. It is clear that she was familiar with Scott's narrative poetry and that the first novel by Aguilar which attracted her had Scottish history as its subject<sup>25</sup>. Jane Porter's five volume historical novel The Scottish Chiefs (1810) is vital and energetic in its style, and it is apparent that Mary modelled some of the writing of A Tale of the Moors on that book.

Mary was unlike her heroine in that she was a successful poet as a child. She earned her father's discriminating praise for verse making<sup>26</sup>. Furthermore it is clear from her letters that she was a conscientious and systematic reader, frequently mentioning poems which interested her and several times questioning her father on points which puzzled her<sup>27</sup>.

Sir Walter Scott's narrative poem Marmion is quoted by Mary's grandmother in one of her contributions to 'The Gossip'<sup>28</sup> (1820). Her grandmother's writing and favourite poetry were well known to Mary. Marmion seems in many ways a strange

choice of favourite narrative for a thirteen year old girl but in one respect it may prove to have been profoundly influential. There are two heroines in the poem: Constance, whose life is sacrificed half way through the action, and Clara who after trials and separations is finally united with her lover.

Constance's behaviour before her condemnation and execution, innocent of crime, is strongly reminiscent of Inez' heroic words before her Moorish judges:

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:  
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;  
.....Her figure seem'd to rise more high;  
Her voice, despair's wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy.  
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;  
With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
Gaz'd on the light inspired form,  
And listen'd for the avenging storm;  
  
.....From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
Of execution too, and tomb,  
Pac'd forth the judges three...<sup>29</sup>

Inez encompasses the fate of both Constance (in principle) and Clara (in practice) during the course of the narrative. It is instructive to note that she is the victim, not, as in Marmion, of a perfidious lover, but of a perfidious father. The dynamics of this fascinating tension may be seen to be worked out in her maturity in Catherine Elsmere and Laura Fountain.

There are clear evidences of various kinds to demonstrate the influence of Bulwer Lytton within the narrative of A Tale of the Moors<sup>30</sup>.

The influence of Grace Aguilar's novel on A Tale of the Moors is also apparent. Like Leila, the heroine of Aguilar's novel The Vale of Cedars; or The Martyr is secretly a

Jewess, fatally segregated from free participation in the Spanish society which surrounds her, although a beautiful, passionate and idealistic, much admired member of it. Bulwer Lytton's Leila converts to Christianity but Marie, the heroine of The Vale of Cedars refuses to do so, even under the considerable incentive of the love and protection of Isabella of Spain. She holds out even under threat of torture from the Inquisition, to which Isabella reluctantly consents, in order that Marie, who is dear to her, may be saved from damnation. Still Marie refuses baptism, with the result that her final death is hastened by the physical torture she experiences at the hands of the Inquisitors, though she is rescued and taken back to her remote home, the valley of the title, by a cousin disguised as a friar.

The novel opens before her fatal ancestry and religion are revealed and we find her rejecting her noble, courageous and faithful lover, Arthur Stanley, an exile from the court of Richard III of England. She refuses him enigmatically, though in a way which uncannily anticipates Laura Fountain's ultimate rejection of Helbeck. The extract begins with Arthur's puzzled question:

"...wherefore join that harsh word 'sin', with such pure love, my Marie? Why send me from you wretched and most lonely, when no human power divides us?"  
"No human power! - alas! alas! - a father's curse - an offended God - these are too awful to consider, Arthur... There is a love, a duty stronger than I bear to thee. I would resign all else, but not my father's God." <sup>31</sup>

The curse hangs over Marie's race and religion, against both of which there is a deadly prohibition in Spain at the time of the Inquisition. Her lover finds her adamant against his appeal and she, like Leila, dies at the end of the novel, cradled in her lover's arms. Incz' fate is far more fortunate; her rejection, conversion and condemnation at the

scaffold occurs at a mid point in the narrative, allowing space for a reversal, recognition and final integration into life by the end.

Mary's letters home mention her reading in Longfellow<sup>32</sup> and, particularly, her enthusiasm for Tennyson<sup>33</sup> at this time.

## 2.8 THE ROLE OF THE FATHER IN THE NARRATIVE

The most complex psychology in the story concerns the relationship between the father and the heroine, Inez. The status of Inez' father undergoes a shift in every chapter in which he appears. Each shift is clearly marked and completely explicable within the dynamics of the narrative. Inez is the earliest of the heroines who labour against the background of parental disgrace and public prejudice or condemnation. Marcella Boyce, Julie le Breton (the heroine of Lady Rose's Daughter, 1903) and Diana Mallory (Diana Mallory, 1908) are three very clear later examples.

The subliminal substitution of father protector for father traitor or the father who gives love and the father who destroys it, is a profoundly interesting anticipation of the problematic roles in their daughters' lives of Stephen Fountain, whose memory at the end of the novel is the catalyst for Laura's suicide, and Richard Leyburn, Catherine Elsmere's father, whose training and scrupulous conscience holds back his daughter from identifying with her husband in his religious doubt, thus daunting their marriage.

Mary Arnold dodges the problem in one sense by finding that the traitor father with a cruel heart was not Inez' father after all. When she is claimed by her real father, the Spanish nobleman, she 'for the first time knew the luxury of the parental love and the calm yet deep felicity of domestic ties.' At the time when she herself was writing the

story, she was separated from her family.

## 2.9 THE NARRATIVE'S SIGNIFICANCE FOR A PERSPECTIVE ON LATER WRITING

Inez is a heroine because she takes a risk involving her own safety when she publicly denounces a spy. Her idealism is Byronic as is much of the ultimate inspiration for the story. Mary's writing of this narrative is not episodic like the Brontë children's Juvenilia, but in this respect their Romanticism bears comparison.

Inez' patriotism is at the hidden cost of her love and loyalty to her father, with whom she has privately pleaded to mend his ways and fly with her. He rejects this desperate appeal with anger which destroys her hope in the last words of the third chapter:

Keep this secret and you are safe, betray it and by heaven I will take a horrible revenge. Inez rose and with a look of utter misery quitted the apartment. She threw herself on her couch too heart-broken to speak or to move but one thing was clear that her father had refused her and that her way would henceforth be one of difficulty and danger<sup>34</sup>.

Inez never publicly denounces Don Pietro. She hopes 'by increased love and submission' to redeem the situation later. His subsequent denunciation of her to the Moorish authorities leads, as he knows it surely will, to her condemnation and execution. Only fate intervenes.

The significance of this idealist stance at such high emotional cost is profound. An example of the rejection of a heroine by those whom she had reason to hope would understand, love and accept her, after the innocent exercise of her own conscientious, apparently uncompromising and rebellious refusal to compromise her integrity, is found in almost all Mary Ward's novels. It invariably leads to loneliness and suffering:

examples might be Marcella and Catherine Elsmere; and to death in the case of Laura Fountain.

Other devices used by Mary Arnold appear in later novels, principally the death-bed reconciliation of two lovers. Often this is done, as in Marcella, in a very straightforward way, leading to happiness and stability but in the case of Helbeck of Bannisdale, for example, Augustina's attempt at reconciliation between Alan and Laura has tragic consequences.

#### 2.10 AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL CONNOTATIONS

If it is possible to make an analogy between Mary's own experience and the plot of A Tale of the Moors, one must look back to her childhood home, Hobart, Tasmania, the Protestant country where her father's Roman Catholicism and his friendship with the minutely Catholic minority proved so destructive to her peace as a child. When she arrived in England at the age of five she stepped into the 'intellectual aristocracy' of her Arnold inheritance. Two starkly different societies both had legitimate claims upon her.

#### 2.11 CONCLUSIONS

A Tale of the Moors has been described as 'pre-adolescent' in its uncomplicated sexuality and attractively direct and fiery action. The writing itself shows superb control and zest. Her mastery of external detail is ambitious and well researched but not over self-conscious. Her dramatic sense is clearly evident, and her handling of chapter breaks shows a natural sense of economy of form. It is clear that she enjoys the act of writing and that she is already choosing material of some psychological complexity which provides groundwork for the substantial themes in her later novels.



Chapter three

THE TEXT OF THE NARRATIVE LANSDALE MANOR (Script A)

To  
dearest Grandmamma<sup>1</sup>  
this  
Early literary attempt  
of  
Her eldest grandchild  
is  
affectionately  
inscribed

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
..

Aug 6th-----Aug 28th

1866

[\$]

$[1^1]^2$       Lansdale Manor

A

## Children's Story

 $\{1\}$ [1<sup>r</sup>] Chapter I

“Why doesn’t Sarah bring the candles. It is so <late> dark I cannot see to read any longer Really she might know that when it gets as late as this we want candles”

“Bother|candles. Come here Edie & sit with us <and> leave the grinding alone for a few minutes at any rate. I never saw such a girl. You’re at it all day long. Swat, †Swat swat from morning till night. Do be a rational being for once there’s plenty of room here Isn’t there Low<sup>3</sup>, and we[*om.*: *’re*] having such fun Do come, there’s a good Edie?†”

“Come along Edie there’s plenty of room was echoed by a number of voices  
There you see I can’t now” said the first speaker in answer to this clamorous invitation  
“It’s no use now the candles have come and I really must finish this book. Papa says it  
must go back to the library <sup>24</sup> this week.” and Edith Lansdale drew her chair closer to the  
light put both elbows on the table, and became in a few moments to all  
appearance completely absorbed in her book.

A few grumbling remarks as to her unsociability greeted this movement from the merry party round the fire, but the subject was soon dropped in the excitement of a merry game

of proverbs now engrossing the little assembly. \_ Edith Lansdale was the eldest of a large family, though she was in truth little fitted for the part. Now having passed her fourteenth birthday she {was} of little more importance to the comfort or happiness of those around her than when she had lain a baby in her mother's arms. She was not wanted, and had she been called to an <for> early death not one of her family or friends sincerely as they would have {3:2}<sup>5</sup> mourned her could not [*sic*] have said with truth that in any essential point the comfort or happiness of their lives was diminished by the event. Edith Lansdale as yet knew not the happiness of feeling that her presence was in any degree necessary to the well-being of others, in short though possessing great powers of influence, unusual talents and opportunities she had as yet failed to find a field for them. And was a being without settled aim or purpose in the work of life. From earliest childhood she had shown herself thoughtful & intelligent beyond her years, displaying an {extraordinary} <passionate> love of reading of all sorts, a passion which grew with her growth and ripening with her years, till at the time we introduce Edith Lansdale to our readers, her health might even have given <a>way beneath so much mental pressure and consequent {4} loss of exercise had it not been for the judicious care of a wise and tender father. He was an active hard-working clergyman in one of the sea <sup>†</sup>side parishes of Devonshire possessing private property apart from his living, and in easy if not affluent circumstances. Moorbeck was a lonely spot far removed from any large town, so that the family at the Rectory had always had [*sic*] {been accustomed} to find {their} amusements or occupations within the walls of home, varying their quiet uniform life with expeditions to one o<f>r other of the remote moorland parishes under their father's

care, every family in which had often experienced the sympathy & kindly help of Mr Lansdale and his family. Th<is>e family consisted of five junior members viz two girls and three <gir> boys<sup>6</sup> of whom as we have mentioned Edith was the oldest. Next to her came Edward then {5:3} Arthur & Percy and lastly a sweet baby girl<sup>7</sup>, the pride and darling of the whole household and for whose sake Edith would even leave her beloved books. M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale was a confirmed invalid, few and far between indeed were the gala days when she was <mom>{temp}orarily strong enough to spent [sic] an hour downstairs in the evening gladdening the hearts[of all around by [om.: the] sweet sunshine of her calm loving presence. So much for the general history of the Lansdale family We will now return to|the schoolroom, {where we left Edith busily engaged in reading}, a pleasant room <with> \*{having} having rather too much luxury about it however to|suit its designation <&> {fitted} with <with> wide low windowseats and Oriel windows, and strewed over in very homelike fashion with the various belongings of its youthful occupants. The juveniles were at present alone & {this evening} the group round the fire consisted of the {6} three Lansdales Edward Arthur & Percy, and two cousins Grace & Hugh Percy who were staying at|Lansdale during the|absence of their father and mother on the continent \_ The game was carried on for some time with great fun & spirit, but at length Edward a handsome looking boy of thirteen threw himself in a recumbent attitude on the hearthrug, and {exclaimed} <said with an> alarmingly<sup>2†</sup> yawning<sup>1†</sup> as he spoke “Oh! I say I’m tired of this Edith” he continued shout<ed>ing across the room. “Edith have you seen Miß Manning yet”?<sup>†</sup> “No” was the absent reply. Just like you! Of course you were out of the way You always are when you’re wanted.

---

It's {nothing|but} <always> those disgusting books I declare I'm sick of the very sight of them. Here Edward perceived he was wasting his reproaches on a deaf ear so he turned towards {7:4} Grace Percy hoping to|find in her a|more congenial listener. "<Mamma> Papa dragged me in to say How [*om.: do*] you do, so I had a look at the old lady. "Pon my word though I think she looks awfully jolly if it was'nt<sup>†</sup> for her curls and her pale face."

Where is she now Edds" enquired Arthur

"Oh Mamma's got|her somewhere or other she is safe not to come down for another hour. At this moment the quiet entrance of the lady alluded to startled the speakers from their unpicturesque though doubtless comfortable positions on the hearthrug<s>, and the whole group stood confused & shy as the stranger [*om.: came*] towards them. <Her pleasant friendly greeting soon set them at their> [§] She had apparently past [*sic*] the years of youth & maidenhood, and was in the prime of womanhood. Though not exactly pretty, there {8} was a charm about her kindly grey eyes and sweet prim mouth, that prevented one's perceiving that the features were not quite regular and the face a little too|long. She was tall & stately and her figure every movement of|which had its own peculiar grace & dignity, looked this evening to|peculiar advantage in a <rich> dress of black satin whose soft rich folds shewed off to perfection<sup>^</sup> the white throat and delicate hands investing her with something of the character of an old picture.

<Her quiet f> {It} was not long before Miß Manning[ 's] <for> quiet friendly greeting {for she it was as I [*sic*]<sup>8</sup> our readers have doubtless guessed} set all at their ease but few more moments of everyday question and answer passed before her eyes as|they wandered

over the room fell on Edith as she sat at a small table within the deep recess made by one of the Windows her hands over her ears, and her attention in- {9:5} tently fixed upon Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

"Oh! there is your sister" said Miß Manning I did not notice her here. Do not disturb her" she added as Ernest<sup>9</sup> was about|to|shout across the room to|her "it will do very well by and by."

But the strange voice had already roused Edith's attention, and as she at length|rose, the consciousness of such a dereliction from the dignity of a Miß Lansdale as to|have allowed a stranger to|remain unwelcomed for full five minutes flushed her cheek with crimson, and gave to her manner an awkwardness it was in general far from possessing "Oh never mind" {replied} <said> Miß Manning gaily as she caught the half-uttered apology and observed with pity poor Edith's evident confusion "I do not wonder you forgot every thing else, with such a delight as that {10} and she glanced at the book Edith still held. A few more words set them on a pleasanter footing, & as Ernest felt somehow as if Miß Manning might hardly appreciate any pleasantry at Edith's expense just then she soon recovered her [§] self-possession <and> {so far as to} join<ed> in the conversation.

Miß Manning" vociferated the fair haired five year old Percy from his stool by the fire "We'll take you down to|the|beach to-morrow It is very nice there and I'll show {you} the boat Ernie made me it's such a beauty.

The coast is very beautiful here" interposed Edith "do you sketch Miß Manning?" [§]

"Not enough to|do justice to|such scenery as I {understand} <here> you have here" was

{the} reply and {at this moment} <here> Ernest broke in

“I say Edith” \_ Can {you} never begin a { 11:6} sentence without “I say” said Edith impatiently

Oh bother Edith what does it matter|what I say you always try|to|put|people on their ps and qs

Did you never hear the story of M<sup>rs</sup> Jenkins and her footman” said M<sup>r</sup> Manning smiling  
No do tell us was the|clamorous response

M<sup>rs</sup> Jenkins was a lady who could never express her thoughts without|the prefix I say”, & one fine day she was informed by some quondam friend that her footman had repeated this fact in her { viz in her friend[ ’s} hearing {whereupon} the irate {M<sup>rs</sup>} Jenkins rang the|bell & when her footman appeared addressed him as follow[s] “I say Thomas they say you say I say “I say” to every word I say now if I do say “I say” to every word “I say”<sup>†</sup> it does not become you to|say { 12} I say “I say to every word I say.

A good deal of laughter followed and when it was ended Ernest continued

Well but [*om.: what*] I mean to|say was do you not think Papa would let us have a picnic on Ley Cliff now Miß Manning is here although we do have fires in the evening the|days are sometimes as warm as summer It’s only the 2<sup>nd</sup> of October we ought to|be able to have one.

“Yes it would be very nice if Papa would let us Miß Manning will <let us> {you ask} Perhaps he will say <sup>†</sup>Yes if you ask.

“Oh I think you must do that yourself You see I cannot advocate the|beauties of Ley Cliff as I have never seen them -

Well then Edith shall ask Edith always likes picnics because she gets|so much time for reading

Very well said Edith rather reluctantly “ { 13:7} I will ask Papa at breakfast to-morrow but I do not think he will<sup>10</sup> consent.

“It is not very likely he will if you look so glum You’re never up to anything I never saw such a girl” grumbled Ernest as he retreated for the usual evening hour of study.

---

Chapter II. [§]

Well, I don’t know I’m sure said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale next morning in answer to|Edith’s petition “we must ask Mamma about it. I do not see why you should not do it {myself} <yourself> with such weather as this” he added glancing at the bright sunshine & blue sky without.

“Please Papa! dear Papa we’ll be so good & take all manner of wraps with us if you { 14} ’ll let us go

I daresay! and {we} shall have you all in bed to|breakfast the {next} morning with a petition from Eliza “Please Sir the young ladies say they feel so queer, that they sent me to ask you {to|send} their breakfasts up to|them ” I warn you a cup {of} strong senna tea will be the only consolation I shall give you in such a case” A grimace and a loud oh from Master Percy interrupted his father and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale continued with a merry gesture of mock pity in the direction of the speaker “So now you may choose whether to|stay at home like rational beings or a picnic with Senna-tea in the distance



The pic-nic! the picnic Papa You wont have any senna tea to|give us Papa Ho ho  
vociferated Arthur pushing himself between Miß Manning and Edith. {I heard M<sup>rs</sup>  
Archie tell Mamma the other day the jar was empty} Whereupon such a clamour  
e<scaped> {nsued} \*{?<sup>11</sup>arose} that M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale {15:8} stopped his ears and laughingly  
made his escape from the room.

In a few minutes he returned to announce M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale's consent provided the day was  
fine and they took plenty of wraps. So it was settled that if|the next morning gave  
promise of a fine day there should be a picnic on Ley Cliff a spot about <3 quarters of a>  
mile {& a half} from the|house. This was on Monday and Tuesday morning following  
was as sunny and & cloudless as heart could desire. At ten o'clock a small waggonette  
came to|the door into which the party packed themselves as best they might, Edith  
carrying books as usual, Miß Manning, Archie the nurse holding the baby Ethel, Percy  
Grace {&} M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale went inside, while Edward, Arthur & Hugh possessed  
themselves of the box where they were jammed in such {16} apparently imminent danger  
of falling <f> that good fidgetty M<sup>rs</sup> Archie sat on thorns all the way in spite of the  
assurances of|her master that they could not possibly come to any|harm.

It may seem strange to|our readers that we have not yet mentioned the|function Miß  
Manning was to|exercise in the Rectory household for as our readers have doubtless  
guessed she was neither a|guest nor relation of the Lansdales. In early years Emmeline  
Manning had been the school friend and companion of M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale then the young &  
beautiful Margaret Sorell<sup>12</sup> and by her uniform kindness & affection towards her timid  
and delicate companion laid the foundation of a strong attachment which was in no way

diminished when Margaret|Sorell became M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale. When that happy event { 17:9 }  
took place; Emmeline was busily and happily fulfilling the duties of eldest daughter in a  
large family of straitened means, the principal stay & comfort of an ailing mother, &  
looked up to with reverence & love by every member of the family As time went|on one  
by one the brothers went into the world & the sisters married. <Lan>An epidemic raging  
in the town where they|lived carried off M<sup>r</sup> Manning in a few days. Then it was that the  
<quiet> flame of quiet self-denial which had so long burnt in modest silence burst forth  
into a brighter & more <enduring> {noticeable} light. A young & rising barrister,  
touched by the devotedness of the daughter to the mother & won by her gentle  
cheerfulness, & ready sympathy made a proposal for her hand. Had she been without  
[om.: dependents] the|offer would have been doubtless accept[ed] for Emmeline had { 18 }  
long been attracted by M<sup>r</sup> Desmond's chivalrous manner & impetuous nature but when  
she was gone what was to become of her aged invalid Mother whose unwearied nurse  
she had been for so many years. So the dream of happiness was to [om.: be] {quietly}  
laid aside, neither forgotten nor morbidly remembered, leaving behind it no trace of  
bitterness, no regret that could be visible to|the loving eyes that watched, only a deeper &  
more child-like dependence on the Divine, and a tenderer sympathy with the sorrowful &  
the afflicted.

And again {the} quiet <lif> years sped on, <bis> till <on> one summer morning /{some  
few months before our story opens} on the Rectory breakfast table there lay a black-  
edged letter|announcing to M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale the {<un>} death of M<sup>rs</sup> Manning, a  
happy<iness> release after so many years of|weariness & pain and the consequent

loneliness of her daughter. {19:10} It was not long before an answer /{went from the Rectory} came full of gentle tender sympathy, and enclosing a pressing invitation that “dear Emmeline” would make Lansdale <Rectory> her home at least for the time. To this /{kind proposal} Emmeline gratefully consented provided she might undertake the vacant task of governess to {the} younger members of the family, an office which she found was still unfilled when M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale’s letter came. And so it was that Emmeline Manning became domiciled in the Rectory bringing with {her} a cultivated refined mind, and a heart full of love & gratitude to|the Heavenly Father whose love had been <a lov> her guide & stay|through life. Now we think our readers must know [*om.: all*] that is necessary for them with regard to <M> the {new inmate of} <governess at> the Rectory and we will /{return to} the merry<ing> pic-nic /{party} from which {20} we have made so long a digression. A drive of about half an hour through {some of} the beautiful wooded valleys abounding in that part|of Devonshire brought them to|the sea-coast and finally to Ley Cliff where they|were to|meet for dinner & tea. When the waggonette|had been at length unpacked both|of its living and inanimate contents the party dispersed in different directions; the {younger} <children> members under good M<sup>rs</sup> Archie[ ’s] care to|explore a wooded ravine not|far distant <ravine> in search of nuts while Edith wandered away to|find some quiet place for reading, Miss Manning took|out her sketching things and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale taking a book seated himself beside her Edith directed her steps towards towards [*sic*] a broad walk along the cliff called the North walk where she knew of several {21:11} sheltered seats, wherein to|establish herself & her book. She had not|long found one and given herself up to the enjoyment of the prospect of some

two hours quiet reading when the unwelcome voice of Percy roused her from her Elysium<sup>13</sup>.

“Sister Edie Papa said I might come to you” panted the little fellow breathless with the ascent from the ravine as he {approached her retreat}

“Why did you not stay with Papa” was the somewhat cross reply. “I came here / {on purpose that I might} <to> read in peace.” [§]

You always say that Edie” returned the little boy {discontentedly} as he sat down to recover breath but Edie did not hear him, she was already {re-}absorbed <again> in the adventures of Cortez.

Percy sat still for a little while <completely absorb> quietly enough, employed in sucking his thumb & kicking the stones from {22} the path over the cliff, but at last tired of the silence he broke it by exclaiming. “Look Sister Edie what a big flower” and <t>he pointed to a gigantic fox-glove<sup>†</sup> growing a little way down the cliff Please get it for Percy and he looked imploringly & coaxingly in her face

Don’t tease <me Percy>” returned Edith impatiently “You know Papa does not like us to go near the edge.” This was true but without approaching the edge in any manner that might be dangerous her long arms could easily have reached the flower had she so willed it, and a a [sic] few minutes afterwards how bitterly did she regret having refused poor little Percy’s request.

As he heard the answer, the child {turned away} with a disappointed look in his clear blue eyes, that would have probably touched her into compliance {23:12} had she not

consistent with safety. Its aspect here was not precipitous enough to terrify him, and with the {unreasoning} obstinacy of children he said to|himself “Percy will have that big flower.” From the|edge of|the North Walk the ground sloped sharply downwards for some fifty yards ending at last in a precipice 200 feet in depth & composed of loose earth and stones, among /{which} grew at intervals rank herbage and quantities of the beautiful foxglove. Little knowing the unstable nature of the ground, Percy put cautiously down first one foot & then the|other, resting them [*om.: on*] a stone a little way down, and leaning forward to|grasp the coveted foxglove {24} when he felt the stone slipping from under him. A sudden shriek of terror startled Edith from her seat, and who can describe her horror as she saw her brother vainly striving to|regain his footing - - slipping slowly but surely downwards towards the|fatal precipice.

Edie Edie help me Papa! Papa” he shouted with all the strength of his little|voice I will! I will! I am coming Percy try to|catch hold of something” and as she spoke Edith made a step downwards but the unsteady footing told her how utterless [*sic*] useless any attempt on her part would|be to|save him. Percy’s shrieks grew louder and sharper with each succeeding slide {& Edith had hardly time to|call loudly for help} when unable to|save himself {from the swiftness of the descent}, his head struck against a projecting stone, and losing the|little control over hi<s>|self {movements} which he had {25:13} hitherto maintained with a sharp cry of pain, he let go the slender hold by which he had for a moment|steadied himself. With a sickening shudder Edith made another {effort} [*om.: to*] descend, when a firm swift {footstep} <approa> made her look up Papa <L> Papa! Unable to|speak she pointed shudderingly she pointed [*sic*] to|a low

furze bush {where} held for a moment by whose prickly boughs M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale perceived his son pale motionless, blood flowing from a wound in the temple Without another word he began the descent with a firmness of footing that seemed to|Edith's strained eyes almost miraculous. The furze had already given signs of yielding M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale was but just to [*in*] time as he hastily raised the|body of the|prostrate boy and prepared to|retrace his steps [§] Slowly, and with great difficulty he made {26} his way up, it seemed as if they could not possibly reach the top, but thanks to|a sureness {of} footing and strength of|limb gained by an early life among|the Scottish Highlands, it was at length attained and with a heartfelt "Thank God" M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale laid his burden beside|the pale & trembling Edith. Catching him in her arms, Edith pointed to|the closed eyes & discoloured temple. "Miß Manning has some eau de Cologne. Let me take him. You are out of breath Papa."

<Mr> No you are not strong enough" and as he spoke M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale took the little boy from her trembling arms, and strode along with hasty steps towards the rest of the party. Edith followed sad at heart for the accent of sternness in her father's voice struck her with such a sense of painful remorse, that she involuntarily {27:14} shrank back as they neared the|others now busily employed in setting the|table for dinner. There was a general exclamation of terror as they came in sight and the younger ones {dropping <letting> baskets & knives in dire confusion} <came> crowded round their father, {an} eager question on every lip, but M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale put|them quietly aside and walked quickly onwards towards Miß Manning who was sketching at some little distance. {leaving} Poor Edith <was left> to|answer the numerous questions showered upon her

Percy said he was going to {you} Edith did he fall when he was with you

Yes faltered Edith "I did not see him he wanted to|gather a foxglove

You did not see him! exclaimed Ernest Oh I know now You would not even stop  
reading to|look after him. Percy's life was nothing to|you so long as you could read [§]  
{28} in peace"

Hush Ernie Hush Look how pale she is" whispered Grace \_ but Edith had already called  
pride to|her aid.

"I did not know I was responsible for my actions to a brother younger than myself she  
said haughtily, moving away in obedience to|a signal from Miß Manning {leaving Ernest  
still more indignant at her apparent want of feeling}. Percy had at length {given signs of  
life} <opened to [sic] his eyes> and was now lying on Miß Manning[ 's] lap, so different  
from the bright Percy of an hour ago {as she saw} that the tears rushed into <her>  
{Edith[ 's]} eyes and were with difficulty kept back.

Will you please gather some of the|shawls together /{dear} said Miß Manning as she  
approached "Your father is gone to|see about the waggonette, and it<s> hurts Percy to|be  
moved

May I go home too" asked Edith as she {29:15} set about executing the order  
I should think so dear certainly, <replied> and Miß Manning glanced pityingly at <t>her  
pale cheek & quiver<ed>ing lip, you do not seem very fit to stay, but your father thinks  
the others had better remain here at least till after dinner quiet will be [om.: the] best  
thing for him now poor little fellow". The gentle words and sympathising manner struck  
an answering chord in Edith's heart but there was no time for the confidence that rose to

her lips, for /{ Miss Manning had hardly finished speaking when } <at this moment> the waggonette drove up, and dismounting M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale took Percy <from her arms as> {while} Miß Manning got in {and arranged the|wraps Edith handed her}. He said nothing <as> when {that} Edith silently took <a> {her} seat <beside her> but|tenderly placing his boy on the couch of shawls prepared for him at Miß Manning's side mounted the box, and they were soon driving quickly {30} towards home.

Not a word was spoken on the drive. Once or twice Percy moved uneasily as if in<v> vain [*pain*] but he did not speak, or seem at all conscious of|his whereabouts. At length the|white gates|of the Rectory came in sight; and in a few minutes Percy had been lifted out and carried upstairs to the nursery where M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale[ 's] maid helped Miß Manning to undress him M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale hardly waited<ing> to see him in safe hands before he again rode off in search of medical advice.

Not a word of reproach or anger had Edith heard from him, and yet she knew perfectly well, that the|book in her hand had told him to|whom in great measure the accident was to|be attributed How she wished he would have spoken even an angry reproach she could have {31:16} borne better than that cold silence. Weary and sorrowful she left the nursery feeling she was of no use there and sought her own room. Here she threw herself on a low sofa and gave {full} sway to|the remorseful thoughts which overwhelmed her. For the|first time the evil of the life of intellectual selfishness she had led for so long made itself apparent to|her. For the first time the sight of the closely written manuscript on the writing|table and the bright dreams of fame & wealth which they suggested failed to|satisfy her conscience or <failed> to remove the stinging sense of selfishness which



before had been always obviated by the \*{¿†reflection} easy resolution {self assertion}  
"If I do not read now, I can never be an authoress and I <shall be able to h>elp [*sic*] {it  
will help} Papa much better than if I only did little everyday things" [§] For the first time  
Edith Lansdale felt {32} the truth of the inspired words "No man liveth to himself & no  
man dieth|to|himsel<sup>f</sup>"<sup>14</sup> No, no one has a right to|set aside his or her duties to the world  
<to th> in which God has placed us, <in order> {for the chance} <to fulfil> of filling  
them with interest at some future time, not even for a day or an hour is anyone justified in  
"living to|himsel<sup>f</sup>". [§]

---

### Chapter III.

The sound of footsteps in the hall roused Edith from the long & painful reverie into  
which she had fallen, and presently she heard the voice of M<sup>r</sup> Carlton, medical attendant  
as well as personal friend to the family, inquiring in a subdued key how the accident had  
happened<ing> I cannot tell you {exactly} was the answer and Edith recognised her  
father's voice. He must have slipped and in his fall struck against {33:17} some sharp  
stone or rock. When I arrived he was lying insensible at some little distance down.

Was no one with him?

Edith. She was reading and did not look after him as she ought to|have done. Poor child!  
this is a heavy punishment for her neglect, and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale sighed heavily.

Is he in the nursery" enquired M<sup>r</sup> Carlton as|he paused at the head of the staircase for  
directions

Yes this way! and then came the sound of an opening door, and then a long silence Edith

could bear it no longer Sinking on the sofa she shook from head to|foot with those long shuddering sobs which only great excitement or great sorrow can produce, and when they ceased she lay still utterly faint & weary from exhaustion {34} & want of food. Soon the waning light told her that it must be very nearly tea time, and then the sound of carriage wheels and the opening of the front door announced the return of the|others. Waking to the consciousness that she could not long enjoy the <...[heavily deleted ?: anxious> {luxury of being} alone Edith slowly and wearily rose, and lighting a candle prepared to change her dress for tea. She was smoothing her hair when some one knocked gently at the door. Edith gave a low "Come in" and turning round saw that it was Miss Manning. I came to tell you dear that|Percy is now asleep, and we hope doing well though there is a good deal of fever about him still. The fall brought on concussion of the brain and he was very sick not|long after you left the nursery {35:18} [§] But my child she added as the light fell on Edith's pale cheeks & <red> {heavy} eyes "we shall have another invalid to|nurse if you do not take care of yourself. Had you not better go to bed. you do not seem fit to join the others at tea. Let me help you to undress.

The tears sprang to Edith's eyes thank you she said falteringly I should like it but - and here a feeling that now she had no claim to sympathy or consideration, {from others to|whom she had shown so little} struck her painfully and it was with great difficulty she added "If Papa would not mind I think it would be the best thing.

I am sure your Father would think [om.: it] the|best thing too. If he could [om.: see] th<ose>at <pale> {white} <face> {cheeks} & red eyes. You will be fit for nothing tomorrow if you do not rest, and I am looking forward to|your help with poor little Percy"

Edith's face cleared a little but she {36} made no answer and Miß Manning proceeded to help her to undress talking cheerfully and soothingly the while though monosyllables seemed the only response Edith had strength to make. Very quick were Miß Manning's operations, and when the dressing bell rung [*sic*] Edith was already in bed <M> As Miß Manning bent over her for the Goodnight kiss she kept her a moment to whisper "Do you think Papa will come?"

If you wish it dear I am sure he will" was the gentle answer "Shall I tell him you would like to say Goodnight to him?"

If you please" said Edith in a choked voice turning away her head as she spoke.

Goodbye then dear for the present I shall come in again before I go to bed to see if you are all right." †and with a warm pressure {37:19} of the cold damp hand she held Miß Manning left the room leaving Edith soothed & comforted she hardly knew why. As she crossed the hall she met Ernest who stopped her to ask where Edith was

She is in bed by my advice I did not think her able to sit up.

"No wonder she does not want to meet us muttered Ernest indignantly "Miß Manning do you know that it was all Edith's fault."

I know that she was reading and did not take the care of her brother she ought poor girl she is suffering bitterly for her {momentary selfishness} & neglect. We should not judge a deed by its consequences, Ernest. Anywhere else Edith's neglect might have been harmless and yet the evil of the act have been just the same in God's eyes."

Ernest made no answer but quickening {38} his pace entered the schoolroom where tea <ha> was waiting on the table. Miß Manning's entrance was of course the signal of

course [*sic*] for a burst of questions as to Percy's well-doing, and it was not till satisfied on this point that any of them had time to remark Edith's absence.

Isn't Edith coming to tea Miss Manning asked Arthur {looking up} from the {huge} folio of Brown Jones & Robinson<sup>15</sup> he was perusing for the thousandth time.

Tea is ready Arthur and she is not here you had better draw your own inferences returned Miss Manning gaily busily dispensing {cups of tea} A low grunt was all Arthur vouchsafed in reply as he slowly & lazily took his place at the tea-table, which expression of dissatisfaction<sup>¶</sup> was immediately afterwards put into words by Ernest who exclaimed even more bitterly than the occasion seemed {39:20} to require Edith needn't expect me to pity her. She never takes the slightest notice of us when there is anything the matter, so if she is ill she had better keep it to herself. It is all her own fault. Here he caught Miss Manning's eyes fixed on him with such an expression of grave surprise that he involuntarily sunk [*sic*] beneath them and relapsing <he> into silence he hastily finished his tea and without having spoken another word left the room as Mr Lansdale entered it in a turmoil of conflicting feelings For a long time Edith's indifference to {the pleasure or pursuits} [*om.: of*] himself and the rest of the family, and growing absorption in her own intellectual occupations had vexed and irritated him. As long as he could remember she had been his favourite sister, many an instance he could recall of their childish {40} days of indulgences shared and baby griefs lightened by participation, and the contrast {between those early times} with the indifference and coldness of later years, only made his reflections more bitter & indignant as he paced the terrace in the deepening twilight

She does not care for any of us” he exclaimed half aloud, “her books are far more to|her than anything we could ever do or say <Now> I suppose <when> {now} she has nearly killed Percy, <she’ll> {it <wi>’ll} be a little better for a few days - at the week’s end it will be just the same as ever. “A younger brother” am I? Well Edith you shall have your wish I will leave you to|yourself You care very little what I do! - <I will be still more indifferent> why shouldn’t I do the same? - and the impetuous <so> boy mastering his passion with a strong effort put his hands and [*sic*] behind him and walked quickly up and down {41:21} for some little time till he was calm enough to join the party in the schoolroom again.

M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale, on entering the schoolroom looked around in {search} [*om.: of*] Edith. Not seeing her he sat down, and absently took the cup of tea Miß Manning handed to|him. At first he slowly sipped the lukewarm beverage, then as if struck with a sudden resolut<e>ion hastily finished the cup and rising bent towards Miß Manning and said in a low voice. “Shall I find Edith in her room

Yes was the reply in the same tone. “She was tired & faint and I thought bed the best place for her. She wished to|see you very much she added in a still lower voice

Poor child I am afraid she thought me hard<ly> on her” and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale moved away with a long weary sigh, and crossing {42} the hall into the passage where was Edith’s room gently opened the door

Are you asleep Edith?

No Papa <was the answer> {<replied Edith> said} <in> a /{low} choked voice M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale drew a chair to|the bedside and neither of them spoke for a few minutes then

laying his cool hand on her aching forehead M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale bent towards her and said in a tone whose {crein} tenderness & pity <was unmistakeable> {were equally discernable} “My poor Edith”

<“Oh Papa {Papa} was all that Edith could articulate> it was so different from what she had expected, <and> the unexpected accent of kindness loosed the hardly sealed fount of tears anew, and it was some little time before she could find voice to answer /{and then only to cry} <Oh Papa Papa I dont deserve”> {- Oh Papa! Papa! indeed! -}

M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale understood the cry “I know all you would say my child continued he with the same rare accent of tenderness Edith so seldom recollected having {43:32} heard {from} him. I know that under God this accident is to|be mainly attributed to|your careless selfishness - I know that if I had {not} comitted<sup>n</sup> the folly of trusting <Ernest> {Percy} to|your care he might have been at this moment bright and happy at the schoolroom tea-table” - but I know too how much you are suffering, and it would need a harder nature than mine not to|forgive fully and freely all that you could wish forgiven my poor child I fear there is still greater grief in store for you - Did Miß Manning tell {you} D<sup>r</sup> Carlton’s opinion

“No!” and Edith sprang up in bed with pale cheek & quivering lip” she - she said he was going on well” - the threatened sob was resolutely forced back and she went on in a voice unnaturally cold & clear “What is it? have I killed him? is he - is he †a fit of cold shuddering shook her from {44} head to|foot and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale began to fear that excitement and remorse were making her seriously ill

No! no! Edith Thank God not that I had better tell you at once M<sup>r</sup> Carlton thinks there

is no danger either to|life or reason but|he told me before leaving the room that for <many {years> a long time } to|come {probably} his health mentally & bodily must show the consequences of today's shock. With great care the effect may pass off before he reaches manhood and I shall look to|you for help my {Edith} in <amusing and looking after him> /{carrying out the necessary precautions}” The last words were spoken almost cheerfully but Edith heeded them not, she had heard only the first part of|her father's <face> speech, and covering her face in irrepressible agitation {emotion} she exclaimed almost violently Oh it is hard! it is hard for those few minutes !! Instead of answering {45:23} M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale threw over her shoulders the|pink flannel dressing gown that was on the bed and {putting} his arm round her drew her close to|him. Was it indeed {only} the evil of a few minutes my child do you think <a few> {some} months ago you could have let self indulgence so gain the mastery even for a few minutes In itself it might indeed seem a trivial fault did I not know it to|be an evidence of something radically wrong. For months I have noticed how indifferent to|family duties and affections, this indulgence of your favourite passion has made you But I do not want to|scold you dear if the events of to-day do not teach you the lesson of not living {for} ourselves we must learn at some period of our lives, I fear nothing I can do or say ever will.

Edith knew his words were true, and looking {46} up to|him with eyes hardly yet free from tears she said humbly & sadly in strange contrast to|the violence of her previous words "Papa I think I have begun to learn it To-night has taught me more of myself than I ever knew before Oh Papa help me! it will be so difficult now If I had begun before! - none of them care for me now! not even Ernest!-

You know where to find help my Edith” <replied> was the reverent reply “Yes” said Edith in the same low trembling tone Papa will you say that hymn, your favourite that you said last Sunday”

Still keeping his arm round [*om: her*] M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale repeated that beautiful Olney hymn “Quiet Lord my froward heart<sup>16</sup>” /{with an earnestness of tone that lent an even greater charm to the words} and when it was ended there was a silence in the room /{for a little space}, then loosing his hold M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale laid his child gently back on the pillows {47:24} and imprinting an earnest kiss on her forehead still in the same silence left the room.

{In the darkness & silence which succeeded} <then> amidst her now quiet tears Edith {found courage to} look<ed> her sorrow bravely in the face, and in the power of <her> a higher Might resolved to bear the Cross & {through His mercy} win the Crown

#### Chapter IV    [§]

The next morning the news of Percy w<as>ere <still> {more} favourable, The knew those around him and was a little more like his own bright little self and almost his first enquiry had been for “Sister Edie”

“She has a bad headache my boy, and is not up yet” replied his father who had come into the nursery for a short visit before breakfast.

“Give her Percy’s love, {& tell her} Percy’s sorry he teased her yesterday when she wanted to read” do you think you [*she*] will come & see me to-day” {48} M<sup>r</sup>

Lansdale[’s impression was that she {would} most certainly come but he merely said stooping to kiss the<his boy as he spoke> {little} wistful face “I will ask her my pet; and



I do not think she will say no. But hark Percy there is the breakfast <table> bell, what will [*om.: Miss*] Manning say if Papa is late. There will [*om.:be*] nothing for naughty Papa but dry bread and tea without sugar” and with a long face of comic disgust M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale left the room followed by little Percy’s laughing eyes and went downstairs to the schoolroom where the whole party generally met for breakfast & tea When breakfast was over, and the children were about to|disperse to their different occupations and amusements M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale called them back to request|that they would make no unkind allusion to|the occurrences of the previous day in their Sister’s presence {49:25} “She is far from well and I wish you all to|forget <that s>her share in yesterday’s accident as quickly as possible”.

No allusion could be too unkind for her” muttered Ernest indignantly breaking through the restraint his father’s presence usually imposed on his words & actions.

At any rate Sir replied M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale sternly it is not your place to|make them and if I find you have harrassed<sup>n</sup> or vexed Edith in any way you will hear of it again I can tell you” and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale taking up the newspaper soon appeared absorbed in its contents. Soon afterwards the|others|left the room, Grace to|sit with Edith, and Hugh & Arthur for the workshop where a wonderful boat was in process of making thus|leaving M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale [*om.: and*] Ernest alone. The former looked up to see whether the room was clear and the<y>n <laying> putting down his newspaper {50} walked to|the chimney piece against which Ernest leant pretending to read.

Laying his hand on the|boy’s shoulder he said gently “what makes you so unforgiving {and unkind} towards poor Edith this morning Ernest”

Ernest made no answer but kicked the fender more vehemently than ever The question was repeated and then lifting his head he looked half defiantly in his father's face and said "I did not know I was either Sir"

That is a quibble Ernest" returned M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale {impatiently} You could not think your speech {just now} indicated a kind or forgiving spirit, and again I ask you what cause have you for such bitterness"

Cause enough I should think replied Ernest gloomily, and making a vain effort at self control he went on impetuously "I do not see why we should care for her comfort {51:26} when she is perfectly indifferent to|ours. She may|be sorry for it now but I don[ ]t [om.: think it] makes up for the long time she|has <looked upon> {treated us} as brute|beasts for the|sake of her destestable<sup>¶</sup> books"!†

Am I to understand the|first person plural in your speech as merely a mask for the first person singular" inquired his father looking searchingly<sup>¶</sup> in the boy's face

Think it what you like I do not care" replied Ernest passionately his cheek flushing at the implied accusation [§]

That was not a very respectful answer Ernest said his father quietly "Your excitement|makes you forget yourself or I should not pass it over so easily but however as you do not seem inclined to|hear reason on this subject, all I have to|do now is to|lay my commands upon [om.: you] to avoid taunting or wounding your sister in any way and remember {52} I shall expect my commands obeyed. You may go now if you have anything to do"

M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale's {indignation} might have been roused by the answering look of defiance

on his son's face as he slowly left the room had he not noticed that the bright eyes were {unusually} dim, and the firm merry mouth had an odd quiver very unlike the proud self-contained Ernest. As it was on his {side the} interview terminated more in|pity than in anger; but at the same time M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale felt that he did not quite understand his <un> son: /{the unrepented obstinacy} of today revealed him in a new light and the father felt it would indeed need a wise head and tender hand to guide that strong|will and impetuous nature aright.

So ruminated M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale as he leisurely mounted the staircase on the way to|his {53:27} wife's room, but it was a family rule to|leave all grave looks at the|door of “†the Mother's sanctum and therefore it was with brow sunny & cheerful as ever, as he bent to|kiss it[s] inmate and her little charge \_ Master Percy whose sofa had been moved into his mother's boudoir, where he was revelling in petting and picture books of every descriptions [*sic*] He looked very <back> pretty and fragile as he lay back on the pillows, enjoying the never-forgotten thumb, and with the other hand lazily pulling the tail of a little grey kitten whose life he must have made a burden to|her, for though fond of the creature in his way, <Percy> {its tyrannical little master was} never so happy as when teaching it to perform impossible antics or exhibit tricks no cat in creation ever attained to unmercifully pulling her tail if she failed to satisfy his freaks. {54} however Tooley (as the|boys insisted in calling her despite Percy's indignant protestation “It's not Tooley at all it's Timbuctoo. Papa told me the name and I christened her with the painting-water so you can't call her Tooley) was having an easy day of it for Percy was as yet hardly strong enough for even the exertion of|teasing His fair golden curls were

brushed back beneath the bandage over the left temple <and> the rosy cheeks were very pale and there were dark circles round the large blue eyes \_ altogether he looked a fit inmate of that invalid room, and a fit companion to its invalid occupant.

Three years ago when travelling in Switzerland with her husband, M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale was thrown from her horse<sup>17</sup>, <and> injuring the spine in such a manner as to entail permanent weakness <of> {in} the vertebral col- {55:28} umn, and consequent loss of health. Now for three long years Margaret Lansdale had {not} assumed other than a recumbent position; when her general health permitted she was able to bear being moved from one room to another, but that was all & she knew that would be all if not for life at least for many years to come. And yet “the Mother” was the sunshine of the house, she shared in all the youthful griefs & pleasures of her children { & household, there was no one in the Rectory that did not feel sure of her love and sympathy but it was } for her husband that her sweet blue eyes wore their most winning smile, & her voice its gayest tones to him she was helpmeet, counsellor confidante while looking up to him with a loving almost childlike reverence very sweet to witness She was younger than M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale by many years, and the pet name of “Childwife”<sup>18</sup> he had given her when they married was not yet dropped between them, his manner towards her had still much of the caressing tenderness {56} of the lover, with an undercurrent of deep strong feeling, visible at times, and whose evidences were very precious to the gentle spirit in whose hand lay the power of unlocking its recesses.

“†The Mother's boudoir was by general acclamation considered the prettiest in the house.

The walls were deeply panelled with light oak and crowded with the choicest & most

beautiful pictures, for the most part engravings of scriptural subjects, omitting however those which from their solemn or appalling {nature} did not seem fitted to|<th> a room of ordinary family intercourse \_ light walnut tables covered with books & knick-[k]nacks of|every discription<sup>n</sup> abounded, in one corner stood a piano, in another a writing table, an inlaid work table and Davenport in another {third} and drawn {up} near the fireplace was the easy invalid sofa where in the prettiest {57:29} of morning wrappers, and {<folds>} the warmest of grey shawls round her shoulders lay M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale on the morning we are writing of, occupied with her work, which with|her {other} books {she was reading} stood on a little table within reach of her hand.

As her husband entered she met him with her usual sunny smile of greeting and as he|kissed her she exclaimed

So here|you are at last Henry. Within the last ten minutes Percy has asked exactly sixteen times when Papa was coming

“The little rogue! he|has had more than his share already before breakfast \_ How do you get on my boy

Percy better now” replied the little fellow “<Percy wants> When is Edie coming to|see Percy

As soon as she is up, {my pet} I am sure she will come You must try and wait patiently till|then for Sister Edie is not very well today [§]

{58} Will she come and lie in Mamma’s room like Percy

I think three sofas would be rather too much of a good thing what do you say Mamma! I daresay Edith <will> {can} have Mamma’s easy chair if she would like to|sit here. But

look here Percy” and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale drew out of his pocket a children’s picture book bright in <its hideous covering of> {with} every colour in the rainbow

“There[ ]s a sight for sair een, <and a goodly feast of the horrible for thy infant imagination> and opening the book, <with an alarming grimace> M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale exhibited a huge picture of Bluebeard[ ’s] murdered wives, with a pitchblack background and a profusion of very red blood.

“Oh Henry how could you,” exclaimed M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale neared [*sic*] choked with laughter as she saw little Percy’s wondering admiration of the <blood & the background.> picture {59:30} I was struck with the contrast of colour the other {day} in <Brunell> {Aldate’s} window and bought it forthwith, but forgot it till this morning when I found it lying on the study table There Percy take it, and <may> let its {glories} delight thy youthful heart.

Percy was soon absorbed in the adventures of Bluebeard, and then drawing a chair to the other side of his wife’s couch M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale said in a tone to be heard by her only “I should have been up sooner, <and> but I was detained downstairs for a few minutes by the necessity of speaking seriously to Ernest, on the subject of his behaviour to Edith

“Why what has {he} done, inquired the mother anxiously

He has had no opportunity of doing anything active as yet but from several speeches I overheard, and an answer he gave me this morning I saw {how} the case would be if I did not take {60} the bull by the horns. I cannot have Edith harrassed<sup>¶</sup> by allusions to the past at present <H> The excitement of yesterday, and bitter remorse for her conduct acting on a temperament by nature morbidly sensitive <have already conduce> {made} her last night really ill, and I fear the consequences to her health may be serious

if any thing more serves to|throw her back into the|state|of nervous excitement I found her in last night. I confess I do not quite understand Ernest Margaret. The obstinate almost hard spirit I saw to day, I do not remember ever having noticed in his character <today> before

Not lately certainly answered his wife seriously but do you not remember Henry, that fifth birthday of|his when Arthur|first hid and then broke his hoop, how he refused to|kiss or even speak to him for several days afterwards. I can re<member>call the surprise we [61:31] both felt at the time, and so Ernest's {present} conduct is not so very incomprehensible to|me. Besides you know dear however much he may have magnified the|offence, he really has had something to complain of. Edith has indeed been wanting both in her conduct to him & others lately. It was only last Sunday when I|asked him if he would not walk with his sister in the afternoon that|he turned gloomily away and muttered something about "Edith did not care {to go} with him and if she would, he wasn't going to|ask her."

No one could feel {that} now more deeply than Edith herself. I could not shield her even if I would from all the consequences of her indifference & neglect poor child, but at least the|present is not the|fit {time} to|make her feel them, were Ernest the person to <avenge them> {do it}.

No indeed poor dear child I wish she would come|in, I cannot help imagining that she feels half afraid of meeting me.

{62} At this moment|the handle of the|door was gently turned and then let go again

The eyes of husband & wife met|but there was no time for remark for a minute afterwards

Edith came timidly in.

Good morning my child Mamma has|been wondering what had {be }come of you and Percy has done nothing but ask for Sister Edie since six o'clock this morning" and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale kissed his daughter with more than his usual affection. See there is Mamma waiting for a kiss.

Edith threw herself into|the Mother's outstretched arms whispering as she clung to|her Mamma dear Mamma can you \_

Yes my darling all everything, and M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale pressed her child closer to|her, and sealed the words of forgiveness with another long kiss, then added gaily "It is Percy's turn now my Edie look he is just|behind you {63:32}

{ Yes} Percy's turn Mamma & Edie kiss too|long.

Edith had prepared herself for something even worse so the pale cheeks and <his> bandaged temple of her little brother \_ <so that> though her face grew a shade paler, and her voice faltered with inexpressible emotion as she stooped to|kiss him and tell him her headache was better, {<yet>} <seeing him> did not excite such painful emotion as it might have done had it not|been for her father's communication of the evening before. Seating herself by his sofa she said in a tone very different from her usual absent indifference

"Would Percy like his {picture} book read to|him"

Percy|looked up with astonished eyes. Shall-ou have time to|read|<with> to Percy?"

Satisfied on this point, with a pleased expression in [a] pale little face inexpressibly delightful to Edith, Percy[ 's] attentions {were} soon riveted by the fascinations of the



murderous Bluebeard {64} throwing in amusing childish comments at every pause in the story. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale watched his daughter well-pleased, though indeed he could hardly /{have} expected her to|do otherwise than attend|to|Percy's comfort now, thinking with quiet thankfulness that if this|trouble w<as>{ere} but the beginning to her of the newer & heavenly life it had not been too|dearly purchased, and though taking a book from the worktable he proposed <th> to|his wife the continuation of their morning reading, the|patient little figure at Percy's side reading so steadily occupied more of his thoughts than|the|stirring volume of African travel which lay before him. For|though perfectly just and impartial as were his dealings with his children, and dearly as he loved them all, if any held a larger share than another in the father[']s heart, it was given to|the daughter|who {65:33} had first <called him father> {given him that|name}, and to whom he had given a father's first affection And he knew too|that Edith loved him with even more than|the natural affection of a child, that in her thought & daydreams he was more constantly & lovingly present, than to any other member of the family, so therefore it was but natural that her love should meet on his {side an equal if not greater} response.

It was about half an hour after Edith's entrance, and she was still intent on Bluebeard when the door was roughly {open<ing>ed} and Ernest made his <bow> appearance. His face darkened as he saw his father & Edith & he would [*om.:have*] left the room as abruptly as he had entered it, had not his mother stopped him.

Why Ernest I|have not seen you this morning Are you not going to|say Good morning to me." Thus recalled there was no help for {66} it; coming slowly up to|the sofa he kissed his mother|hurriedly, then ask<ed>{ing} Percy how he was he played with him roughly

for a few minutes and would have gladly ignored his sister's presence altogether had he not met his father's eyes with an expression in them he did not care to resist.

Accordingly he let her touch his cheek with her lips made a gruff enquiry after her headache, and then muttering something about going with Arthur to the sea hurriedly took his leave closing the door violently behind him. Mr Lansdale's indignation was extreme, the more so because {there} <so> had been no direct disobedience to his orders in the boy's manner and it was with difficulty he continued the interrupted reading. For days afterwards, the Rectory life continued much the same. Edith true to her new-born {67:34} resolutions, put books comparatively aside, amused Percy, and interested herself in the pursuits of the rest of the family though often pained and mortified by the universal surprise testified at her unusual conduct. Perhaps Ernest's alienation was her greatest trouble, nothing she could do propitiated him in any way, he avoided any opportunity of reconciliation, took care to be always late for breakfast, and always the first to go to bed, thereby omitting <the> both morning & evening salutation. His father's cold manner, though each fibre of the boy's nature quivered beneath it, he repayed<sup>d</sup> with interest in the shape of gloomy avoidance. Altogether Mr Lansdale felt strangely puzzled and at fault, and could only trust to time to bring matters straight again.

---

{68} [§]

## Chapter V.

Attention to the wants & wishes <and> {of} others after so long a period of indifference to them was of course very uphill work to Edith Lansdale. Many a time she would say

to|herself it was of no use striving against her nature, and the disposition with which she had been created \_ many a time such reflections drove her to|the pleasant solitude of her own room, till <when> an hour of luxurious {reading} had passed {away in forgetful enjoyment} never much more, for it could not be long before the recollection of that unhappy Tuesday roused her from the|state|of self indulgent ease into|which she had temporarily relapsed, and flinging aside the|tempting volume, she would <soon> be /{soon} at Percy's side nursing or reading to|him, or with|her elder brothers performing {for them} various little offices none but female hands could accomplish \_ {69:35} thus manfully fighting under a Mighty Captain the {life-battle} with Sin & self. Our readers must not|misunderstand us. No one c<ould> {an} <say> that|to improve or cultivate the talents God has given us \_ to turn them to|account in every possible way so far as is compatible with other duties \_ could ever be an action worthy of censure. Far from it \_ what is <it> blameable, what is worthy of censure is the reckless indulgence of any one taste|or inclination be it intellectual or otherwise, to|the utter oblivion of those obligations and responsibilities to|the rest of the human race which no member {of it} can escape from. Each {is} bound to|each in this world with such indissoluble ties of connection & responsibility, that none can ever stand alone, or voluntarily loose those ties which God has ordained without|incurring fearful risk if not here at least hereafter.

{70} Had Edith Lansdale been an only child or without near relations the|case would have been different \_ she might then have been justified in devoting a far larger portion of|her time to|indulgence of her own tastes so long as they were not hurtful \_ but situated as she was, the <un>eldest of a large family, towards {every member} [*om.: of*] whom

self denying affection was necessary in so many ways \_ it was indeed well for <Edith> our heroine that before the habits had become firmly fixed she had been mercifully roused from her dream of self[-]indulgence, and taught the salutary though painful lesson that the consequences of our actions rest not with ourselves. Not that|she attained to selfdenial <or> {&} unselfishness easily or all at once \_ †it could not|be after so many months of the {display} [om.: of] very opposite qualities, <but> and we shall have <occasion> to relate several {71:36} occasions in which habit & inclination proved too much for Edith[ 's] new-formed resolution and the narrow way was once more <mistaken> forsaken, yet still however frequent her failures and slow her upward progress, there was no denying that since the day of Percy's accident there ran through our heroine[ 's] hitherto aimless life an earnest purpose gathering strength with each succeeding day.

The rest of the the [sic] family saw the|marked change with varied feelings. M<sup>r</sup> {& M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale} watched with joy each indication of self-conquest in their daughter {with many a fond expression of approbation, /{something} very precious to|its recipient}. Miß Manning looked on with an affectionate interest daily increasing, Arthur regarded her with a sort|of curious incredulity as a kind of natural phenomenon, while Percy and the baby Ethel learned to love and reverence Sister Edie more than they had ever done before And Ernest, how did it affect him. But to {72} [§] answer this question we must return to a Sunday evening little more than a <fortnight> {week} after Percy's accident {(for in this account we have perforce anticipated a little)}.

From time immemorial it had /{been} one of the Rectory family customs, to assemble all

together in “†the Mother’s room on Sunday evening. When the usual chapter was read with free comments and explanation, and such as liked repeated some favourite hymn or text. It was the hour the little Lansdales liked best in the whole week, [§] Sunday in their opinion was not Sunday without the {evening} <round> gathering round the|Mother’s couch and certainly on the night we allude [*om.: to*] nothing could have been more homelike or pleas<ant>ing than the scene the comfortable boudoir presented.

M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale’s sofa was drawn close to|the|fire, at her side Percy upon his knee and Edith on a low stool at his feet sat {73:37} her husband {holding} his wife’s hand clasped in his, {while} at the other side of the fire lolled Ernest & Arthur each with a Bible before him.

Ernest had as yet made no overture of reconciliation towards his sister, or left her any opportunity of doing so, his conduct during the|last week, had pained both Parents|deeply and it was with an earnest prayer, <that> God would bless the inspired words to|their erring though warm-hearted boy, that M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale, pursuing their regular course of reading, by a strange coincidence if you will announced {as the portion of Holy Writ which came next in their Sunday [*om.: readings*] } the Parable of the Unjust Servant in Matthew XVIII<sup>19</sup>. ...

When the chapter had been read, verse and verse, with {all} the reverence {of manner}, <an> early education had rendered habitual to|the readers, the Bibles were still kept open, while M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale read aloud, translating as he went the equivalent passage in the Greek Testament. When he stopped {74} there was a thoughtful silence for a few moments, broken at length by <Edith> Ernest in a voice unusually choked & gruff.

Papa, does that|parable mean that|without forgiving others {we cannot be forgiven ourselves} though we may be outwardly so.

That Ernest should ask the|question surprised M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale not a little but he answered in a tone more affectionate than Ernest had heard from him for days.

Yes my boy. It means that|though legally Christ has purchased forgiveness for all of us through his sacrifice yet it does not really become ours, we can never be sure of individually possessing [*om.: it*] if we have not in some degree or are not prepared to|strive after the gentle forgiving spirit of the Redeemer \_ and that not because such a spirit is necessary to obtain forgiveness for us, but because without it, {or the will to|strive after it} we should not be fit recipients of <the> {the} benefits, nor could ever be quite sure of having ob= {75:38} tained them. Do you see what I mean Ernest<sup>†</sup>.

Yes quite” was the reply, and Ernest subsided into silence again. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale was engaged in answering a question of Edith’s, when <to his no small astonishment and pleasure> he felt his hand passionately pressed in both Ernest’s who under cover of the obscurity (for by universal consent the|fire was the|only light admitted when the|talking began) had come <round> {across} to his father’s side where Percy had with an instinctive knowledge of the case made room. Touched & gratified beyond measure, M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale however {took} no notice at the time except by an affectionate<sup>¶</sup> glance and answering pressure of the hand. Thankful beyond measure for even this, poor Ernest pressed even closer to his father feeling more nearly happy than he had been for long...

[§] Having answered Edith’s question, M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale went on to speak of the ready forgiveness {76} which had been accorded to|the unjust servant and what his feelings

must have been when he found it forfeited, all the more bitter from the recollection of what might have been.[§] Each word went to the heart of at least one of his listeners, probing {to} the very depths of the boy's warm impetuous nature, yet healing even as they pained. And as the {warm} firelight, flickering from face to face & chair {to chair} fell on the pale features of Ernest side by side with little Percy's <pa> still white face who loving[ly] laying his cheek alongside of his brother's bent head sucked his thumb in imperturbable serenity, they wore <such> a softened expression inexpressibly winning from its contrast to the ordinary almost harsh set of the features, <as> lighting up the large brown eyes, and bestowing on the {finely cut} mouth that sweetness which was in general its {77:39} greatest deficiency.

Nor was the mind unanswering to its index. Softened touched self condemned, Ernest was only prevented from avowing before all his consciousness of the evil feeling of the last few days by the instinctive dislike felt but not expressed, of intermingling anything personal with the Sacred topics to which this hour was by long custom exclusively devoted<sup>20</sup>. Making a strong effort at self-control he succeeded so far as when his turn came, to repeat the hymn he had chosen, with an audible though certainly faltering voice. When the repetition was ended, it was close upon ten, and time for the younger members of the party to withdraw. While the others were saying Goodnight and collecting {together} the books with which the room was strewn, <Edith> Ernest drew Edith to the side of the fire which lay <ing> in shade, and leaning {78} his forehead on the mantelpiece, exclaimed with averted head and hurried accent  
Edith! I have been a brute to you! a hard-hearted unforgiving\_\_

No, no Ernest! and Edith laid her hand on his mouth How could { anyone expect } you to forget my selfish wicked conduct so soon. Oh! Ernest if you could only believe I do wish now \_ her voice failed her, and Ernest looked quickly up “I do! I do! I ought to have believed it long before but we will never misunderstand each other again my own darling sister! Never! never! Let us seal the compact Edith! and the kiss between the brother & sister was as expressive of full complete reunion as even the anxious eyes of M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale could desire.

God bless you / { my } children” <he> { was <his> affectionate [ / y ] } said <approaching> when all the others had left the room, { 79:40 } and hand in hand Ernest & Edith waited the Goodnight kiss. “May he bless you and keep you and enable you to strengthen one another in the right path till the day when He shall come again to take us to himself for ever Goodnight dear children

Edith stayed but to clasp “the Mother[ ’ ] in a long embrace, and then hurried from the room without staying to arrange anything. Ernest lingered.

[§] Papa if the servant had repented afterwards his lord would have forgiven him?” would he not.

Undoubtedly Ernest, but the capability of repentance doubtless did not remain with him then; that is the most fearful thing of all <Ernest> { my boy } when we seek for repentance and cannot find it!”



[§]{80} Chapter VI.

“I have news for you children” was M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale’s announcement at|breakfast one morning not|long after the|occurrences related in the last chapter, as laying down the|closely written sheets|he had|been perusing he began his|hitherto neglected breakfast “ Who|do you|think is coming to|pay us a visit Are you in the|secret” and he looked smilingly at|his nephew Hugh nodded, his <nose> mouth|so full of bread & butter as to|preclude the|possibility of any other answer.

And you never told your cousins! What a self-denial for|the juvenile mind! Pray Master { Hugh } if you are at liberty to|answer, may I enquire the reason of this unheard of discretion

I didn’t want the|bother of it” was Hugh’s not very audible reply “Girls ask such a {81:41} lot of questions and they-<sup>†</sup>re such a bore.

Civility itself as usual” said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale joining in the <different> { general } laugh “however as you do not seem likely to|take the|task off[ f] my hands, I|had better announce at once, a visit from the accomplished, and otherwise highly eligible young lady. Miß Margaret Percy!”

There was a general exclamation of surprise “Are Uncle & Aunt Percy come back then”? Yes they arrived in London the|day before yesterday and will stay|there for a little while. Margaret has not { been } very strong lately, and Aunt Percy does not think the London air will suit her, so she is coming|here for a week or a fortnight. That’s right Grace give your brother a good scolding he deserves it.

You tiresome tantalizing lazy boy why didn[ ’]t you tell me Maggie was coming!?<sup>†</sup> You

deserve {82} deserve [*sic*] un-numbered pinches! but before she could execute her laughing threat Hugh had risen lazily from the|table

You're a girl just as much as the|rest of them" and shrugging his shoulders at the exclamations which followed, the young gentleman nonchalantly left the room.

There was a good deal of excitement among the Rectory household before the arrival of their Cousin. The elder ones had not seen her for many years, and the younger ones had no recollection of her at all; but they|had heard|so much of|her that [*om.: there*] was not one who|did not partake of the general curiosity respecting her, as the day of her arrival drew near. About a week after<wards> the first announcement of|her visit, the Rectory party were as usual assembled in the schoolroom, before {83:42} tea. The curtains were drawn, {the candles} lighted and a bright fire fell on the snowy table cloth spread with everything that a hungry traveller could desire, the|sofa was drawn close to the warmth, and altogether the room looked the|picture of bright quiet comfort. Miss Manning was making tea, the little old-fashioned Grace now employed in placing /{cups and cutting} <m> bread & butter, an occupation so much to|her taste that not all Edith's [*om.:solicitations*<sup>21</sup>] could induce her to|relinquish it to|her. Ernest lay full|length|on the|hearthrug reading, & little Percy in serene enjoyment of the oft-sucked thumb was in a low chair by Sister Edie, who also had a book on her knees but was far from being too-much absorbed to|attend to her little brother's wants|and amusements, while Arthur & Hugh conversed in a low tone in their favourite sanctum behind|the sofa.

{86}<sup>22</sup> Percy's meditations had evidently been of a philosophical nature during their short interval of quiet for presently {gravely} removeing<sup>¶</sup> his thumb from its familiar abode, he

looked up into his Sister's face and said slowly "Sister Edie\_

"Yes"\_ How can nothing be born, if I was nothing before I was born?"

There was a general roar of laughter, and looking up from his book, Ernest exclaimed as soon as he could find voice "You young monkey how did you learn that?"

Nurse Archie told me so" returned Percy with an injured air "It is quite true Ernest, Archie said we were all nothing before we were born, but then \_ it's very queer. I can't make it out! pursued the little fellow|in a lower tone, meditatively restoring his thumb to|its usual place. [§] You had better ask Cousin Maggie Percy, {87:44} Aunt Percy {says she} is very clever, <but> {so} perhaps she will solve your problem."

"†Not having the slightest idea what problem meant, Percy wisely held its [*sic*] peace and did not <the> answer, indeed he would have had no time for it for Edith had scarcely finished when Ernest started up exclaiming "There are wheels! I am sure I heard|the carriage!" There was a general rush into the hall, and Ernest threw open the hall-door, just as the <gi> carriage dashed into the open space before the house, and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale's voice called out.

Here they are Margaret! the|whole tribe of them Here Ernest help your Cousin out.

Ernest obeyed awkwardly enough then <running lightly> {mounting} the steps leisurely <enough> Miß Percy entered the large well- \*{Vide Page 84}<sup>23</sup> {84} lighted hall.

So this is Edith {she began offering her cheek to|Edith's kiss} How tall you are dear!

One would never think I was only <four> three years older. I shall be quite jealous!

How do you do Arthur? Is this Percy? Oh take care Ernest! Thankyou†, but I will take my travelling bag upstairs myself. Edith will you show me the way to my Aunt's room,

and then I suppose I had better get ready for tea

Rather <awed> {overwhelmed} by her cousin's patronising manner Edith took a light and led the way upstairs.

Here is Margaret Mamma" she said opening the door of the Mother's room

I thought I heard your voice dear," said M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale {warmly} returning her niece's somewhat coldly offered embrace. "But you must be cold & tired, and|hungry too|poor child. Let Edith take you to|your room {85:43} I hope you will find every[om.: thing] comfortable You must not expect London splendour you know my dear" she added smiling

Oh! I daresay it will do very well thank|you Aunt" replied the young lady nonchalantly Her tone to|their gentle mother roused Edith's indignation, and it was therefore in silence that she passed first along the corridor which led to|the room prepared for her cousin, and Margaret found herself obliged to|open the conversation, when they at length entered the warm cheerful bedroom, where a bright fire, lighted candles, and fresh flowers, showed how much thought had been taken for <a> {her} comfort. Throwing<sup>f</sup> herself into|the chair by the fire she exclaimed with a suppressed yawn I thought the drive never would come to an end. Why {on earth} does Uncle Lansdale bury himself in such an out of the way place \*{Vide 88}

{88} Papa says he would be the rage in London if he would only take a living there. Oh! dear how tired I|am, No thank|you I|will do it myself" and taking her bonnet-strings from Edith's hands, she lazily removed it, and then suffering her cousin to|undo her cloak once more sank back in the|chair She will never be dressed at this rate thought Edith †"Tea

has been waiting ever so long but how pretty she is! Certainly Margaret Percy well deserved the title, as the restless firelight fell on her small gracefully set head, {&} rich brown|hair shot as it were with gold {her white blue veined brow shading a pair of} large darkly fringed brown eyes, and {the} rosy delicate mouth, a little spoiled however, by its haughty outlines and rather conceited expression. She wore a dark travelling dress, which so at {89:45} least its fair owner complacently reflected as she at length deigned to|wash her hands and smooth her hair before the large pier glass, shewed her small well made {figure} to the greatest advantage.

[§] <A profusion> Her <white> slender fingers, bore a profusion of costly rings, round her long {white} throat {were clasped} a gold chain and locket, altogether it was easily seen that she had been the child of wealth and indulgence from her cradle. Her father had for years, been the ambassador|at Berlin, possessing a handsome income and going largely into society, into which his fair daughter had been introduced at an earlier age than the generality of young ladies. Very clever highly accomplished, and possessing a warmth of heart & originality of mind which under happier circumstances {might have made} [*om.: her*] only loveable & admira<tion>{able}, the impression {90} Margaret Percy usually|made on|strangers was however beyond the effect of her natural beauty & grace which all her artificialty<sup>¶</sup> could not entirely spoil: far from favourable. This was a fact however utterly /{unknown to|the young lady in question, and it was with|full confidence in her powers of fascination that she took her last look at the|pier glass, & turning around addressed Edith}

Well! that long drive has made me hungry so I suppose we had better go downstairs now.

What an outlandish house, I shall {never} know my way about these interminable passages Let me go first, Edith, or you will tread on my {dress} <child>. What a silent child it is” she said laughing as Edith silently obeyed <Are> {If} you {are} all as quiet, it must|be a lively household.”

We are far from being a quiet party, I can tell you Cousin Maggie” answered|Edith obliged to|say something

Oh! that hateful name! if you are all going to din that into my|ears all <the> day {long} I may as well go into a lunatic {91:46} asylum {at once for I shall certainly be fit for one by the end of my stay}. People never seem to comprehend that the name, my god-mothers|& godfathers gave me at my baptism was not Maggie. I could hang the nurse who first gave it me

Edith made no reply for they|had reached the schoolroom door. As they entered the room however she said in an undertone

“I suppose I had better introduce you to Miß Manning Margaret.

Miß Manning! oh! the governess! Well It’s just as well to|make one’s|agreeable so do|your business little cousin.

Not relishing the appellation¶ “little cousin” and unable to see the amiability of an act she considered as imperative, Edith merely replied <pausing> “There she is pouring out tea, you had better come this way Margaret there is no room that side.

What a party! how do you ever get on?

Miß Manning this is Cousin Margaret” {92} <said Edith>

Miß Percy’s face showed she thought the manner of her introduction to “the governess”

far from befitting the dignity of her father's daughter; but obliged by her uncle's presence to preserve the forms of civility, she acknowledged Miss Manning's salutation by a slight & rather haughty bow, and then shortly and carelessly answering her inquiries as to her journey hurried on to the fire declaring she was "perished" with cold.

"They have at least determined you shall not continue so Maggie" said her uncle laughing "here is a fire large enough to roast an ox You did not evidently consider your cousin's complexion Ernest, for I suppose it was your doing. You seem generally Lord of the coal-scuttle Here dear take this low chair"

{93:47} Miss Manning told me to make up a good one" <replies> {<muttered> replied} Ernest as he passed round to his place at the table adding in a lower tone {a frown on his fine features} if she doesn't like it, she may do the other thing Disagreeable thing! she thought Miss Manning far beneath her notice and as for me never <thought> {considered} it {worth her} while to say How do you do. I'll pay her out that I will "Edith old girl how do you get on with that fashionable young lady there" he asked as Edith placed some bread on his plate, seeing that Margaret was talking very fast to their father, and out of hearing distance

Oh hush Ernest she will hear you. She \_ she seems very clever.

And as {full of} conceit<ed> as she can hold" exclaimed the irate Ernest "if she bothers me with any of it I'll give her a piece of my mind I know.

It's very early yet to say what we think of her {94} she is certainly very pretty, but hush! she is ready and I am going to ask her to come to table.

Such was {the manner of} Margaret Percy's arrival at Lansdale Rectory, and {we hope}

our readers may <have gained> {be able to|form from this} slight account some idea of this new inmate of the quiet Rectory household. The younger members of the family were far from being charmed with her at first sight {at [sic] we have already mentioned}: even little Percy who only saw her for a few minutes could hardly be persuaded to|wish her goodnight; and went upstairs in a temper of {angry} excitement “Percy won’t kiss her Percy doesn’t like her She nasty|fine lady she knocked Percy down, and <never picked said anything> {then looked as cross as cross ’cause she said} I got her in her way Ugly thing!

When M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale repaired to|his wife’s room after<wards> tea his {first} words were as he {95:48} stooped to|arrange her pillows

“Berlin has quite turned that|poor child’s head She evidently has not made a favourable impression downstairs, and I fear we shall have some trouble with Ernest. He does’nt<sup>†</sup> understand her manner, and is as savage as|he can well be because she did not take <of> {any} notice of him when she came.

Silly boy! Oh! they|will understand|each other in time, though she has certainly a good deal of the|fine lady about her. How does Edith get on with her.”

“Oh! Edith <evidently> {I can see} does not|like her {rather} patronising manner, though her preconceived ideas of Margaret’s great cleverness go a great way towards reconciling her to <her> {the young lady’s} airs & graces. I am half afraid <{of}> Margaret’s influence on her just now will not|be the most beneficial we could desire, but however I think Edith’s principle of action {96} is too deeply seated now to|be long influenced by external things, and I daresay our quiet life will sober Margaret’s|ideas not a little. Ah



sweet wife if being in your presence does not teach this wayward niece of ours,  
something of the beauty of holiness, something of the adornment of a meek & quiet spirit  
she will be more <pra> impracticable than I|think her! [§]

---

## Chapter VII

Miß Manning could {certainly} hardly be expected to|feel the charms of Miß Percy's  
society after|the|first experience of it / {she had had} and though all rudeness on the  
part|of|the young lady had long|been forgotten by "the governess" still we must confess,  
Emmeline Manning did not much relish the|prospect of two hours of her company, when  
as soon as breakfast was over and|lessons began {97:49} Margaret Percy established  
herself in an armchair close to|the schoolroom fire evidently with|the intention of  
remaining there all the morning. Edith / {was on the|other side as her} hours with Miß  
Manning differed from the rest, and her time was her own till half past eleven. She was  
so far beyond them both in knowledge and abilities, that her mother had proposed to|Miß  
Manning the total separation of their lessons and also that Edith should be allowed a  
good deal of freedom in the choice of her <choice> {subjects} of study. Consequently  
Edith's lessons were a very pleasant time to|her, over and above, her natural delight in  
books & knowledge of all kinds. [§] To day she was looking over several pages of  
Schiller's Wallenstein<sup>24</sup>, preparatory to|translating them; a volume of Gibbon lay on her  
knee with an open Ancient Atlas {98} beside it. Margaret took each of them up in turn  
interrupting Edith without scruple whenever it suited her to|make a remark.  
"What a little way you have got in Gibbon why I had finished it by my fifteenth birthday,



but then I suppose you have not the same taste|for reading I had.” <( > Edith winced, not exactly liking the implied {assertion of} <contempt> superiority, & wished Margaret knew the true state of the case but she answered simply, “I have not the time for it that I suppose you have.”

Well my time is my own certainly” replied her companion complacently “Papa has just fitted up for me a suite of the loveliest rooms! Just fancy Edith the sitting room is all fitted with walnut wood, & the curtains are|white <gauze over> under blue satin embroidered {99:50} with gold. I chose them & everybody admires my taste. There {too} is my piano, <a>my drawing things, and heaps of books. I can sit there whenever I like because no one comes in without my permission, and there are no tiresome children to make all the place in a mess \_ ! What is this? German! oh I know German as well {as English} Herr von Eichbart told Mamma my proficiency in German was wonderful. And Italian too \_ I suppose you know something of that.

“No” replied Edith angry with herself for being half ashamed to|answer “I find I have quite enough to do with German & French at least for the present though I should very much have liked to learn it”

Not know Italian! I thought every girl knew Italian at least a little. Mamma {100} said when I was quite little, it should be one of the first languages she would have me taught, and Signor Manzini my master told her my progress had been more rapid than {that of} any of his other pupils. So /{all} you <all> know in the|way of languages is a little French, & a little German! Don’t you ever mean to learn Italian pray?

Considerably nettled by her cousin’s rather contemptuous tone, Edith answered not

without a shade of irritation is her voice “There is plenty of time Cousin Margaret, I am not very much over fourteen, and really every one is not as clever as yourself.

The slight accent of sarcasm in her last words, would have been apprehended by any one less impenetrably wrapped in self-complacency than Margaret { 101:51 } Percy, but she despite her cleverness & penetration with regard to|other things took all <th as Gospel> that came to|her in the shape of homage to her talents or|her beauty, in perfect faith never dreaming that anyone could dare to make game of her. So <th> with an air of pretended modesty which despite|her irritation amused Edith not a little she replied

Well you know I can’t help seeing that I am a little above { the } average, every one tells me so, and really Mamma says it is not proper sometimes at Berlin. I have such a number of people round me whenever I go out. But then I am a daughter of the Ambassador and I daresay that makes a good deal of difference. The corners of Edith’s mouth twitched { 102 } as she replied “Yes I should think that had a good deal to|do with it With a faint perception she had not made the impression { on her cousin } she desired to|do Margaret turned the conversation back to|the subject of Edith’s acquirements.

But seriously dear when do you mean to|begin Italian. Fourteen is quite late enough I could talk & read [*it*] quite well when I was that age. If you want books I can lend you heaps [§]

The “dear” and the patronising tone completed Edith’s annoyance. She could laugh at <Edith’> Margaret[ ’]s pretensions when they did not relate|to herself but when they were displayed in such a manner as to|make her feel her inferiority to|her cousin, she chafed beneath the infliction, having moreover a consciousness of innate power which forbade

her {103:52} believing herself her cousin's inferior in point of native talent. She had {given} up Italian to|learn which had been her cherished desire for very long, finding that two languages together with her {other} studies amply filled up her time, and that to undertake another must necessarily involve the curtailment of the hours she was accustomed to|spend {since Percy's accident} in her mother's room or with the rest of the family, and therefore in pursuance of her resolution to consult henceforth her own pleasure & inclination last she had returned the Italian grammar & dictionary to|her Father's library not to|be taken out again till she could conscientiously say "I have time." Margaret's somewhat supercilious surprise roused in her an eager defiant desire to|show her equality to|her cousin at|least in natural ability and as in obedience {104} to a call from Miß Manning she moved towards the piano, with an embarrassed "thank you" in answer to Edith's [*Margaret's*] offer, could they have seen into her mind the banished grammar & dictionary would probably have rejoiced in prospect of an ultimate restoration to|favour. Her reflections might be rendered somewhat on this wise. [§] By sitting up /{a little later} at night and reading at <little> odd times, I am sure I could learn enough of that tiresome Italian to|show Margaret, I am not her|inferior at least in the|power of learning. How delightful it would be to oblige her to confess it."

Edith sat down to|the|piano in a no[*t*] very calm state of mind, for the love of the praise of man, the desire to|outshine others, had taken hold of this heart so lately vowed to its Maker's services. Even her practising {105:53} hour was not as pleasant as usual. She had shewn a passionate love of music from very early years, and her playing corresponded to|her great innate taste for it. Now however the eager restless desire to

outshine her cousin in something, took away almost all the pleasure the music in itself was wont to afford her. Piece after piece {of the most brilliant character} was taken out of the music stand and played with a feverish excited self-consciousness, happily for poor Edith given way to now for almost the first time. La Parisienne, some of the most difficult of Weber[ ], Polacca's, a brilliant Morceau de Salon \_\_ all were <displayed> {gone through in turn}, with an ease of execution and depth|of comprehension Margaret secretly envied as she listened though all Edith's reward for her execution when she at length rose hot and flushed from the music-stool was a few careless {106} words from her cousin

Ah! you play very well considering your having had no master \_ Herr Biberath was my master in Berlin, he gave me a great many <of his> pieces /{of his own composition} and some ladies told Mamma one day they thought I must be his favourite pupil from the <trouble> {pains} he took with|me"

Chafed and irritated beyond endurance Edith's answer would probably have been of a different nature to what her cousin expected, but Miß Manning's watchful eyes had seen and understood all, and drawing out her watch she held it playfully before Edith's eyes. Your ladyship may not be aware of the time but the piano has already had more than its due. We shall only just have time to|finish our necessary business dear so I think we had better interest ourselves {107:54} in the sorrows of Thekla<sup>25</sup> as soon as possible Here is the place, Max is bidding farewell - {Will you begin} and for a while that most beautiful {of} scenes the farewell between Max and Wallenstein absorbed and riveted Edith's every faculty calming with the irresistible fascination of genuine poetry, the restless

excitement of Edith's mind. Even Gibbon was dry after that; though the lesson was in itself interesting in no common degree. When at last half past one arrived and Edith escaped to her own room to dress for dinner, she was sufficiently sobered to be considerably ashamed of the <morning's> feelings and occurrences of the morning, though the prospect she had allowed herself to contemplate was still too tempting to be at once relinquished.

Let me see she added > {rgued} thoughtfully smoothing her hair beside the open window "My {108} morning reading and preparation for Miss Manning take up the hour and a half before breakfast, then afterwards till half-past ten I read <with> to Mamma and Percy has his lesson. At half past ten comes practising, at half past eleven Miss Manning, then dinner and a walk with the boys afterwards, half-past four Miss Manning again for an hour, then Percy and the schoolroom till tea <then> Arthur goes to bed Ernest & I sit in Mamma's room till bedtime. Could I give anything up? I might get up earlier but it is hardly light now and Mamma does not like candles in the morning. It might be possible to have half an hour then, and with half in the evening \_ we shall see but nothing shall make me give up any time in the day to it Six {109:55} hours of reading is all I can possibly allow myself at present of that I am determined" Ah! <Edith> that resolution is a very weak barrier against the assaults of temptation. It had none of the elements of strength in it for it was made in mere human strength, with no invocation for aid from the Source of all strength & Wisdom<sup>26</sup>. And therefore it <is not> surprising that her brothers felt a little {return} of the old <absence> {irritability} and indifference in her manner that day. Ernest's endeavours to rouse her to conversation in their walk met with little of his

usual success. Her answers were either absent monosyllables or such as left him no encouragement to proceed, so that after half an hour's futile perseverance, Ernest left her side & joined Miss Manning trying hard not to think any more of his sister's abstraction {110} With a painful sense of shortcoming, Edith saw his departure, comforting herself however with the reflection that her head ached and she could not talk when that was the case, and was once more lost in the pleasing anticipation of Margaret's surprise & vexation when she should {be compelled to acknowledge} <find> that the little cousin" possessed talents equal if not superior to her own. She said to herself how hard she would study in secret, and pictured the day when at the end of <the> Margaret's two month's<sup>†</sup> stay she proposed their reading Italian together. She had heard it was a very easy language, and supposed two months of hard reading would at least be sufficient to enable her to astonish her cousin.

[§] So Edith visited her father's study that evening on her way to bed at half {111:56} past nine and half-past eleven still saw her deep in the mysteries of avere<sup>27</sup>.

## Chapter VIII.

Edith woke with a vague unrefreshed sense of broken sleep, - of dreams wherein she had imagined herself smothering Margaret with Italian books {&c} <and various similar performances> and her first glance towards the open books on the writing table told more of shame than anything else. But the feeling quickly passed and seeing from the church clock it was about five minutes past six, she dressed quickly and contenting herself with a somewhat [*om.:hasty*] hour for her usual devotional reading applied herself once more to|her self-imposed task. It seemed more irksome than it had been the night before, and had it not been for the recollection of Margaret's {112} patronising words & manner Edith would have {been} tempted to|throw it aside and rush forth into the peaceful garden whose heavy damp masses of foliage were just lightening beneath the|beams of the rising sun. The picturesque little church which lay across the Rectory garden its churchyard divided from it by not even a railing embowered in old and leafy trees, suggested all the associations wanting to|the perfect peace and beauty of the scene and it was with an involuntar<il>y sigh that our heroine turned away from its contemplation. She had mastered avere and essere when the breakfast bell [*om.: sounded*] and was beginning to|feel {once more} interested in her employment so that|the interruption was by no means welcome.

Good-morning dear child" said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale as she entered the schoolroom {113:57} I was just going to|send and see after you. What pale cheeks young lady! What have [*om.:you*] been doing with yourself?"



“Nothing to|produce the|result you mention dear Papa” replied Edith trying to|smile I am quite ready for breakfast - that is all.”

“Then let us fall to by all means Lad<y>ies and gentlemen breakfast is ready. Ernest & Arthur I am going to|say Grace.” [§] When the bustle of setting to|work had a little subsided, M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale addressed his niece

Will you trust yourself to|me this morning Maggie. My time is at your service if you have any wish to|see the beach, the hills, Moorburn<sup>28</sup> &c. &c. Lionising is not in my way, but if you accept an old uncle’s company I daresay we shall have a respectable { 114 } time

Pleased with the|prospect of a tete<sup>†</sup> à tête with one of whose talents & intellect she had heard so incessantly from her childhood wherein she could engross all his attention and notice, Margaret gladly assented.

Will you come Edith? Mamma told me to|tell you that she will [om.: be] obliged to|put off the reading again today for Jane Cullen is coming, and cannot be seen at any other hour. So if you would like to come \_ but no you look {rather} pale & tired this morning and perhaps you had better not.

I have a little headache, and I think I had better content myself with a more reasonable walk than you propose taking.

Reasonable! What do you say to|that Margaret Well if we’re fools we may { 115:58 } as well be such in good earnest. I’m [It’s] at least something to|have a|method in one’s madness I intend to|take you a round of five or six miles so be prepared

Oh! I do not mind” replied Margaret smiling in high good humour “I|have walked a good

deal more than that at Berlin.

Well then it is settled that your humble servant is to|have the honour of|escorting your ladyship this morning whither her will may guide her. Here are two comfortably disposed of. Boys what|are you going to|do this morning

Miß Manning and workshop” mumbled Arthur between two huge gulps of|bread & butter.

Intelligible in the highest degree” replied his father laughing. Well Maggie dear I <had> think you had better get ready It is rough walking and we shall not { 116 } have too much time

Margaret accordingly<sup>¶</sup> left the|room to prepare for her walk, and Edith retired <to the> {also proposing to secure} [om: the] schoolroom {to|herself} leaving her father reading, and the|three boys’ uninterrupted possession of the loaf & other|table etceteras with Miß Manning to|refill their cup when empty. Entering her own room on the|way in quest of the aforesaid grammar & dictionary Edith stood a moment|at the open French window revelling in the beauty <and the sunshine> she beheld. The faint {grey} light of the early morning had ripened into bright|& glorious sunshine, beneath|which the grey warm-tinted church assumed a variety of cool picturesque shadows very refreshing to|contemplate after the broad sunny lawn, with no|shade { 117:59 } to break the unvaried glare. The trees in their rich Autumn dress formed a perfect contrast of colour to the|grey sober-tinted dwelling which they sheltered displaying such varied & gorgeous hues, such masses of dark shadows such points of dazzling light that the exclamation “How beautiful” might well burst {almost unconsciously} from Edith’s lips as passing out|of

the window she took a seat on the grass within the shadow of the grass [*house*] and gazed with {the} delight of one endowed with a keen appreciation of the <dut> {beau}ties of nature on the quiet homelike loveliness before her. For some few minutes the|books lay neglected on her lap when through an open window overhead came wafted the sound|of Margaret's voice.

I do not care what Miß Edith does. She is a child and her actions are no rule for {118} mine. Who would think of goloshes on such a day as this.

Edith did not catch {the reply} of \*{the} poor persecuted maid. She was fully aroused and opening {quickly [§]} the|luckless Italian grammar fell instantly to|work, [§] once more enjoyed the quiet and the unusual freedom from interruption [§] Soon M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale's voice was heard in the hall [§] in a loud|key [§] "Margaret are you ready." I shall be soon be soon [*sic*] Uncle Henry" replied <his niece> a voice from overhead though both question & answer fell unheeded on|the ear of our heroine, and there was unbroken {quiet} once more for some few minutes when a lazy step|was heard approaching and Arthur threw himself on the grass beside his studious [*om.: sister*] [§] Oh! I say! he began with a yawn "its<sup>t</sup> too hot to|do anything, I have been looking you up all over the|place to|help me with this bothering French. It's|horrid {119:60} hard and I can't do it by myself"

Oh not now Arthur" replied Edith without raising her eyes from her book "Can't you wait a little while Isn't Miß Manning in the schoolroom?"

No I can't find her Really Edith you might help a fellow. It's so awfully hot that all the brains I|ever had seem to|have e{va}porated! Not /{that they were ever} a very large

quantity either

Oh! well presently but|you really must wait a little You have plenty|of time No I haven't  
{though} Miß Manning came down pretty strong with English history yesterday and I  
know nothing of old Oliver but|his name yet. However I can wait a little and throwing  
himself {full length} on the grass Arthur gave himself up|to lazy enjoyment of the fresh  
air and sunshine.

Minute after minute passed away and still Edith did not appear inclined to {120}  
investigate the terrible exercise, and indeed had for|the time entirely forgotten|the request  
or the presence of the person who made {it}. Tired at last of lying on his back & doing  
nothing Arthur sat up and taking his book said rather crossly "If you don't mean to help a  
fellow you might as well say so at once \_ and not keep him baking here for your  
convenience Are you going to|do it or not?"

How impatient you are Arthur Do you not see I am busy In a minutte<sup>¶</sup>"

Edith was at the moment struggling with the mysteries of the first conjugations and was  
considerably bored by|her brother's interruptions.

[§] <You said that before> Are you going to|do it or not" repeated Arthur impatiently  
Edith made no answer, considerably nettled by his tone she determined he should [ ?om:  
not] waste {121:61} her time. Irritated beyond measure by his sister's indifference  
Arthur made a snatch at the dictionary on her knee

"So this is the end of all your wonderful goodness I wonder who it was told Margaret  
that she had no time for Italian <I> {always} thought your sanctimonious ways would  
never last. Give me my book. I'll ask Miß Manning. She's worth|her salt

Edith's cheek flushed "You've > {have} no right to speak to|me in that|way Arthur. If I choose to learn Italian I suppose I can do so without asking you

No right indeed. I wonder who you are that I shouldn't say to|you just what it pleases me. And I say Edith don't you try any of your soft sawder over me again If you are eaten up with selfishness you needn't make it worse by appearing to|be a saint" and Arthur kicked the grass with such vehemence as to|do it no slight damage { 122} How dare you Arthur" Edith passionately began now fully roused to resistance but her speech was left unfinished, when some one came quickly over the lawn and looking up to her astonishment Edith saw it was her father

What is the meaning of this Arthur" said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale fixing his eyes gravely on <Arthur> {his son} It's only what she deserves" cried Arthur passionately She's as selfish as she's high and I'll tell her so as often as I choose.

Not in my {presence at} least sir" replied his father sternly Edith I must apply to|you to|know the reason of all this.

Arthur wanted me to help him with his lesson and I asked him to|wait a little He didn't choose to do that and I don't see what right he has to|taunt me with my selfishness" and Edith rose as she spoke with glance of defiance at Arthur, and { 123:62} a flush of excitement and anger on her usually pale face.

I did wait a full quarter of an hour You know I did Edith: of course you like to make a good case /{you know} Papa always takes your part" replied her brother angrily in his sudden fit of passion forgetting the restraint of his father's presence.

Silence Sir If you cannot conduct yourself with propriety in <your father's> {my}

presence you had better leave it. If your sister is in the wrong it is no excuse for your disrespectful words and passionate manner.

You never do think her in the wrong. It's always us who get it however much she may deserve it" muttered Arthur as he turned slowly away in the direction of the house but Mr Lansdale heard the words

Go to your own room Arthur you are in no fit mood to listen to me now. Do not say {124} any more if you do not wish to incur my very serious displeasure'<sup>†</sup> {he} added as he saw Arthur's lips move as if to speak. The tone was so imperative that the boy did not dare to dispute it. - Darting a look of concentrated passion at Edith who still stood where she had risen, silent and haughty he left the lawn with an affectation of indifference which deceived neither father or sister and a minute afterwards <Edi> they heard his hasty steps <over> {in} the hall and <then> the sound of a door violently closed, and then there was silence once more in the house & garden.

[§] <Then> Mr Lansdale, /{broke it as he} turned gravely to his daughter

"It could not all have been on Arthur's side Edith, there must have been a cause for this extreme excitement.

Edith burst into a flood of angry tears. "They think I must be their slave, they expect me <to> always {125:63} to give up my own pleasure for theirs & <sup>†</sup>Other people do sometimes what they like but I am never to be allowed to have my own way in anything.

You are unfair Edith replied Mr Lansdale coldly. No one wishes to make a slave of you

If you are to listen to me, you had better try and stop those tears. They do not please me"

Edith made a slight effort at self-control but it was not lasting, the sobs redoubled, and

sinking on the grass whence she had risen she covered her face with her hands shaking from head to|foot in a passion of hysterical sobbing.

This is foolish Edith, worse than foolish, those tears must be tears of passion, for nothing has been said to|call forth such emotion, and|passion Edith in a boy of eleven is more excusable than in an elder sister of fourteen. The tone was very calm, the manner very grave the wise heart of the father divined instinctively that it was not tenderness she { 128 } needed, just then, and his coldness had its desired effect, { Edith sat up and struggled to|subdue her sobs } and as soon as M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale saw his daughter was striving in earnest for composure he took her hand in his and said gently, “Now I can see my Edith’s better self again, “I will not ask you to say any more dear, I think I can guess the cause of poor Arthur[ ’s] †Anger. Edith was absorbed in a book and not much disposed to relish an interruption Arthur waited and then { first } grew impatient and then angry, and with his anger grew his sister’s spirit of resistance. I am right am I not?” Edith made a movement of assent

Well then dear do not grieve over it any more A few words to|Arthur will set all straight again, { & remember }, Pressing forward is ever more glorious than looking behind, and though it is our duty to|sorrow for our faults, it is not our duty to dwell on them morbidly & despondently till we|have forgotten where to|find strength & help<sup>29</sup>

[*Endcover blank verso and recto: "Box VII Vol. 2" written in another hand*]

{*pencil: 1/-*}<sup>30</sup>

[§] It is as impossible for a man who disregards <he admitted> habitually

As our Lord inculcated|perpetually, by their fruits ye shall know them|and it would be as impossible for a heart, unwilling or through sin unable to obey the precept or strive after|the spirit of the Redeemer to enjoy or appreciate the blessing of God's pardon, and fellowship with Christ, as it would be {impossible} to|use our Saviour's comparison for a fig to yield thistles or for <a> {the same} fountain to send forth|both|sweet water|& bitter<sup>31</sup>.



## Chapter four

### THE TEXT OF THE NARRATIVE LANSDALE MANOR (SCRIPT C)

Mary Arnold

from

Uncle "Joe"<sup>1</sup>

---

January 29th

1867

{1}

#### Chap I.

Why doesn't Sarah bring the candles? It is so dark that I cannot <posbabl<sup>fl</sup>> possibly see to|read Really she might know that when it gets as late as this we want lights" and the speaker pushed back the heavy masses of hair from her forehead as if by that means to|obtain the light she needed.

"Bother candles! <Ca> Can't you come for once and play a game of proverbs, Edith. You used to|like Proverbs once, but I suppose it is no use asking you now. It's all read, read, read, from morning till night."

There you see I can't now" returned the|other speaker absently "There are the|candles, and I really must finish this book. Papa says it must go back to|the library tomorrow. and Edith Lansdale drew her chair closer to|the light, put both <sup>†</sup>Elbows on the table and

became in a few moments to|all appearance completely absorbed in her book.

A {few} grumbling comments|were all that her conduct met with from the merry party round the fire; it seemed an occurrence to which they were well accustomed, and the subject was soon dropped in the excitement of shouting proverbs. Let us leave them so engaged, and pause for a moment to give some little account of the characters who make up the group, congregated this <even> evening round the fire, in the schoolroom of Alford Rectory<sup>2</sup>, not forgetting the “Edie” whom we have mentioned as too absorbed in her book, to|join the game of proverbs.

Edith Lansdale was the eldest of a family of five, of whom two were girls, and three - boys. Next to Edith came two twin brothers, Ernest & Arthur, separated by several years of seniority from the youngest boy, little Percy, and the baby Ethel. Of all these I shall have much to|say at various periods of|my story, but the figure whom I wish {2} as much as possible to|make the centre of the family †Group, will be Edith - the elder sister, and as far as {may be} <possible> the heroine of my story. She was now somewhat /{past} fourteen, rather tall for her age and with no pretensions to|beauty, though her face was one, no one could ever entirely overlook. There was a thoughtfulness in the deepset eyes, which betokened a <character> gravity of character hardly befitting her years, and the mouth though large was not badly cut, and would one felt with a smile upon it light up the face considerably. The chief defect in the features, was unquestionably their want of animation, - the absent expression which told that their <own> owner had as yet no particular interest or participation in the|life around her. And so far the outward aspect was an index to the inward, for though placed in a position towards those with whom she

lived, which properly filled, should have drawn out every sympathy and energy she possessed, and with unusual talents, and powers of influence Edith Lansdale at fourteen was despite it all, a being without settled aim or purpose in the work of life, { & } contributing very little to the comfort and happiness of those around her From earliest childhood, she had shown herself thoughtful and intelligent beyond her years, displaying an extraordinary love of reading of all sorts, which at the time we are writing of, had grown into such a passion such a deeprooted habit, that every duty which was not absolutely enforced, by external authority, - both to herself and others was neglected or but half performed. Her brothers knew it was of no use to come to Edith for any little office which none but female hands could accomplish. <If> Even if she undertook it, hours afterwards, the gloves or { 3 } the boat sail, would be found untouched on the table beside her, while she was deep in some tough book caring for, and thinking of nothing but the volume before her. And so it was with everything, till at last, as the other members of the family grew older, and better able to note her deficiencies, a feeling grew up in the household, towards Edith of separation and uncongeniality, which utterly prevented any real sympathetic intercourse { between her and her brothers }. <I have now said enough I think, to enable my readers to follow Edith more readily, through the struggles and conquests whose history I wish to lay before them.>

The father of the family, was a hardworking clergyman, in one of the sea-side parishes of Devonshire, possessing private property apart from his living and in easy if not affluent circumstances. His wife, the good and gentle Mother whose rule was so universally revered in the household, had now been a confirmed invalid for three years, during

which she had never risen from her couch. <She w> Yet she was no less the Angel in the House<sup>3</sup> than when in all the prime of <beautiful womanhood> {health and strength} she had worked hand in hand with her husband, joining heartily in every active scheme of good, so constantly originated in the Rectory; indeed in her sickness became so beautiful and spiritualised as to|be rather a blessing to|those|around her, than a source of discomfort. Now, having made this necessary digression, let us return to|the <merry> schoolroom, and take up the|thread of our story as quickly as possible only premising that the group round the fire was this evening augmented by the presence of two cousins of the Lansdales. {4} Grace and Hugh Percy, who ~~were~~ staying at Alford during the absence|of their father and mother on the continent.

[§] The game of proverbs proved all engrossing, during some fifteen or twenty minutes, but at last Ernest a handsome looking boy of thirteen threw himself full-length on the hearth rug exclaiming with a suppressed yawn.

“Oh I say I'm tired of this, Edith!” and he shouted across the room as if not at all loth to interrupt|her “Edith have you seen Miß Manning yet?”

No” was the absent reply

Somehow you're always out of the way when you're wanted” said Ernest “Papa shouted for you till he was almost hoarse, <for> to come and take her to|her room, and at last I had to go and call M<sup>rs</sup> Archie. Books as usual I suppose” and Ernest's tone of sarcasm, had just the very least touch of bitterness in it.

“What is she like Ernest” interposed Grace, a little old-fashioned peaceloving<sup>†</sup> creature who thought very rightly that bickering was neither pleasant to speaker or spectator “I

was out when she came”

“Oh! She’s jolly enough to|look at” returned Ernest “though she’s as thin as a scarecrow, and hasn’t got much colour to boast of. Mamma was telling me all about her yesterday She was at school with Mamma, and while they were there Mamma and she were awful chums. But somehow after Mamma left she never heard much about her, till last month, when Miß Manning wrote to|say that her mother was dead. Mamma wanted her to come and live with us as if she was a relation you know but she wouldn’t {5} come unless she could find something to|do here, and that blessed Miß Stoneycroft having taken her departure at Midsummer, there was nothing for it but to|write and tell her that|there was room for a governess in the house. Mamma says she’s not very strong, and we’re not to make a row and frighten her out of her wits

Where is she now Ernest?” enquired Hugh -

Oh! Mamma’s got her somewhere. She’s <safe> \*{sure} not to|come down for another|half hour.

At this moment the handle of the door was gently turned, and the quiet entrance of the lady alluded to, startled the speakers from their unpicturesque though doubtless comfortable attitudes on the hearthrug, and the whole group stood confused and shy, as the stranger advanced towards them. She had apparently pas<t>sed the years of youth and was in the prime of womanhood, and though not exactly pretty there was a charm about her kindly grey eyes & sweet firm mouth, that prevented one’s perceiving that the features were not quite regular, and the face a little too long. She was tall and stately, and her figure every movement of which had its own peculiar grace and dignity, looked

this evening to <pec> great advantage in a dress of black satin, whose soft rich folds shewed off to perfection the white throat, and delicate hands investing her with something of <off> the character of an old picture. It {was not} long before her quiet ladylike self-possession had {<put>} set all at their ease, at least all whom she had perceived on her entrance, for some few minutes of everyday question and answer passed, before her eyes as they {6} wandered over the room, fell on Edith, who sat half hidden in the window-<sup>†</sup>curtains, utterly unconscious of her presence <and> her eyes intently fixed on Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

Oh! there is your sister" said Miß Manning "The curtains hide her so completely that <it> I did not notice her before. Never mind" she added as Ernest {proceeded} to shout across the room to|her "it will do very well by and by"

But the strange voice had already roused Edith's attention and as she at length rose, the consciousness of such a dereliction from the dignity of Miß Lansdale, as to|have allowed a stranger to|remain unwelcomed for full five minutes flushed her cheek with crimson, and gave to|her manner an awkwardness it was in general far from possessing.

Oh! never mind" replied Miß Manning gaily as she caught the half-uttered apology, and observed with pity poor Edith's evident confusion "I do not wonder you find yourself engrossed with such a book as that."

She always is engrossed, no matter what book it is" grumbled Ernest, but he was unheard, and <th>a few more words set the future governess, and her eldest pupil on a pleasant footing, so that Edith <soon> recovered her self-possession sufficiently to|join in the conversation.

Miß Manning” vociferated the|fair-haired seven-year old Percy from his stool by the fire,

“We’ll take you down to|the beach tomorrow, and I’ll show you the|boat Ernie made me[;] it’s such|a beauty”

“The coast is very beautiful here” interposed Edith “do you sketch Miß Manning?”

“Not enough to|do justice to|such scenery as I understand you have here” was the reply, and at this moment Ernest {7} broke in -

“I say Edith! -

Can you never begin a sentence without “I say” interrupted Edith impatiently

Oh! bother! Edith, you always try /{to} put one on one’s ps and qs. What does it matter|to|you whether I say <so> “I say” or not?”

“Did you never hear the story of M<sup>rs</sup> Jenkins and her footman” said Miß Manning smiling - <“No” No what is it” was the clamorous response

“M<sup>rs</sup> Jenkins was a lady who could never express her thoughts without the prefix “I say”, and once upon a time she was informed by some quondam friend [§] that her footman had repeated this fact in her’s - namely her friend’s - hearing. Whereupon the irate M<sup>rs</sup> Jenkins rang the|bell, and when her footman appeared addressed him as follows. “I say Thomas, they say, you say, I say “I say” to|every word I say,<sup>†</sup> now if I do say “I say” to|every word I say, it does not become you|to say I say “I say” to every word I say!”

A good deal of laughter followed this narration, and as soon as he could be heard Ernest said. “Well M<sup>rs</sup> Jenkins was a great fool, but what I wanted to|say if Edith|hadn’t interrupted me was to|propose that|<you> we should ask Papa to|let us have another picnic /{on Ley Cliff} next week. We’ve only had two this year, and it’s just the time for

them now.

Well I don't know Ernie" responded <the others> {Edith} dubiously, Papa said he was very busy this week, and Cook's away, so we couldn't have {it} just at once"

Who said we could have it just at once you one-eared book-worm" retorted Ernest "Just as if I didn't know that Papa's got the inspector <and> coming, and that Cook doesn't {8} come back till next Tuesday, as well as you do and better!" Edith's check flushed but she made no reply, and Grace said gently"†

"Well Ernie we can quite well wait till next week, and there can be no harm in asking Uncle Henry about it"

"Picnics are awful bothers" grumbled Arthur from the easy chair to|whose depths|he had betaken himself

If you bolster yourself up in that way" returned his brother glancing half contemptuously at his lounging attitude "It isn't a wonder you think most things a bother"

Well so I do" said Arthur calmly "and you the greatest of all"

Bravo" said Hugh <laughing>, adding coaxingly as he stroked Ernest's jacket up and down "It shall have its fur combed {down again} the little dear it shall. Somebody's stroked it the <right> wrong way to|a certainty. There's a dear little Bear!"

Paws off Hugh" said Ernest laughing in spite of himself It's enough to|make anyone cross to|see a<nyone> {fellow} sticking in over the fire all day /{like he does}. He'll be almost as bad as Edith soon."

There's the dressing bell" said Edith with an accent of relief "Miß Manning shall I show you the way. The passages are rather confus<ed>ing"



Thank|you· I am not very clever in finding my way about a new house” and so saying  
Miß Manning followed Edith|from the room.

Well” said Ernest throwing himself once more on the hearth-rug “Everything considered,  
for a governess I think she’ll do -”

---

{9}

## Chap. II.

Breakfast had hardly begun the next morning before M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale was assailed with  
questions as to|/{the }proposed picnic. Edith’s from want of sufficient interest in the  
point at issue & Arthur’s from laziness, being the only voices wanting in the general  
chorus -

Well,” said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale as soon as he could make himself heard, “I see no objection  
to|your having it next week, provided the weather is fine and Mamma says Yes. What do  
you say Miß Manning. Do you dislike picnics?

“Not at all” was the pleasant reply “when one is allowed to|take an active part<y>, and  
does not go only to|be waited on by other people”

She’s a brick! - worth|ten of Miß Stoneycroft any day” whispered Ernest to|Arthur giving  
{him} at the same time a brotherly nudge.

She’s well enough” said Arthur quietly munching his bread and butter “I don’t see

---

anything very particular in her”

Ernest gave a sort of impatient grunt, but as just at that moment, he had to attend to a question from his father, he made no direct answer, and the conversation once more became general. On the Friday after the school inspector came down, & for two days Mr Lansdale was fully occupied, thus giving the boys a compulsory holiday from their usual classical lessons with him, and as it had been settled that for the first fortnight, Miss Manning was to employ herself solely in recruiting and looking about her, they rejoiced in a prospect of two day's<sup>†</sup> complete idleness. Their eldest sister certainly did not rejoice with them: Edith always dreaded such days as these, for it was utterly impossible to read in peace with four boys on the loose in the house, besides which they had very few scruples about teasing her, and her favourite book or note-book was always sure to disappear at such times. However on Friday morning, directly after breakfast she { 10 } escaped unseen to her room, and congratulating herself upon having got away without notice or comment, settled down comfortably to Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. She did not enjoy many minutes of quiet, for presently the usual holiday noise began, and the rush and scuffle of heavy boots in the hall and passages mingled with laughter and loud boyish voices, told that Mr Lansdale was out of hearing, and the boys considered themselves pretty well their own masters.

How thoughtless of them” muttered Edith impatiently “to make such a noise after what Papa said at breakfast about Mamma's headache. Really it is impossible to read”.. But she did not in the least allow herself to imagine that it might be her duty to remind /{them} of a fact, which as it had been mentioned in a passing remark might well have

escaped their notice. No she was far too comfortably settled and pleasantly occupied to|disturb herself, and so the noise went on for another quarter of an hour, till she heard the noisy steps take the direction of the garden door, and listened with relief to|their retreating sound, as the boys ran down the path.

How delightful” she murmured “Now for a quiet hour”

But she was not to|be left in peace yet. Ten minutes more had hardly passed, before Edith heard her father’s voice in the|hall calling her. Reluctantly rising, she obeyed the summons, saying as she entered the hall -

Why Papa I thought you had gone to|the school.” [§]

I came back again to|leave <th> a message for the boys dear which you must be sure and give them. I was too busy this morning to|think of what I|was saying, when I gave them leave to|take some gunpowder from my drawer for the cannon; so I want you to go and tell them that I do not wish them to|fire it this morning, at any rate within hearing of the house, for Mamma has one of her nervous headaches and a sudden noise like that always makes them worse. Be sure you give my message directly dear. “Now Goodbye again” and, without another word M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale left the house with|a quickness { 1 1 } of pace very unusual to|the quiet, dignified clergyman.

To do Edith justice, she had every intention of delivering the message at once, and slowly traversing the|passage which led to|the garden she stood on the steps a moment, looking round for any sign of her brothers and cousin. Not seeing them she went into|the study which commanded another view of the garden, and still with her book in her hand, made her way absently to|the window with a view of ascertaining whether they were in the

stable yard. But before she knew what she was about some well-known name on the page she held <and> where through habit her eyes had unawares returned, riveted her attention, and leaning listlessly against the library table, Edith read on, utterly forgetful both|of the message and its purport. Ten, fifteen minutes passed and she remained fixed in the same position, till she was startled from her abstraction, and <and> by a sudden loud noise followed by a shout of mingled laughter and triumph.

How tiresome! What will Papa say?” exclaimed Edith at length thoroughly roused as she hastened from the room “Oh! dear what a plague boys are” So saying she passed into|the garden and came upon the party of boys all clustered round a small brass cannon which they had just been letting off|f].

“Ernest! Arthur!” cried Edith as she caught sight \*{of them} “Papa told me to|tell you, you were not to|fire within Mamma’s hearing because she has a bad nervous headache. - I forgot to|give you the message before, but you might have remembered for yourselves after what Papa said at breakfast” she added pettishly.

Just as if we heard what Papa said at breakfast” retorted Ernest

“Why didn’t you give us the message before. We never knew Mamma had a headache, and if she’s worse it’ll be all your fault Miß Edith. I shall tell Papa exactly how it was I am sorry you forgot the message Edith” said Miß Manning’s rather grave voice behind the group. “The noise has awoken your mother and brought on the pain again. She had so little sleep last night, that a short rest this morning would have been the best possible thing for her. However it can’t be helped now and the best thing you can all do, is to|keep as quiet \*{394} {12} as <possible> you can till dinner-time.” [§]

I wonder how Papa can trust anything to|Edith” exclaimed Ernest indignantly. “She never thinks of anything but herself and her books from morning till night. Actually when we were making such a row in the house, she never troubled herself to|say anything about Mamma. It wasn’t our fault was it Miß Manning We knew nothing about it” he added appealing to|her

Well I think there was a little more noise than would have been quite considerate even if your Mother|had been as well as usual” said Miß Manning smiling at the|boy’s eager face. “However that would have been remedied I am sure had your father’s message been delivered to|you. But|there is no use now, in thinking about who was in fault, and at the risk of your thinking me interfering I must ask you <now> either to|go for a walk, or settle to|something quiet for an hour or two”

Oh! Let’s to down to|the Beach Ernest” said Hugh

Very well” returned Ernest gloomily “It doesn’t much matter what we do, only Percy can’t come with|us if we go to|the beach.

Oh I’m tired Ernie” said little Percy “so you can go without me”

Come along then do” said Ernest adding in a rather more courteous tone “We shall be back by dinner Miß Manning.”

And the three boys took their departure to|Edith’s no little relief

“Now Percy dear what are you going to|do if I leave you downstairs Who is there to|look after you” and Miß Manning glanced at Edith as if expecting <her> that|she would offer to|take charge of her little brother, but no offer came for { 13 } some unaccountable impulse of pride prevented Edith from making it, and thinking it best after all not to

entrust her patient's headache once more to|such unsafe keeping Miß Manning led little Percy upstairs, with a little sadness of expression on her sweet face not usual there Perhaps bitter experience had taught her how duties unfulfilled, and opportunities neglected bring with them their own inevitable punishment, - how to every act of ours there is a consequence whether for good or evil. Edith's first step when she found herself alone was to hurry into|the house and fling herself on the sofa in her own room in a fit of passionate sobbing; bu[§]t the passion soon spent intself, and after making as long an operation as possible of bathing her eyes, so that all traces of agitation might be removed before she met her mother's watchful eye, she mounted the stairs, with an {involuntary} feeling of shame & reproach, all her efforts could not stifle, and which grew on her more & more, as she neared the Mother's room.

Of course M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale heard the whole story from one or other of the injured parties, and as Edith said Goodnight to|him he detained her a moment to|say gravely "Shall I never be able to trust my eldest daughter Edith?" The colour mounted in Edith's face

"I forgot" she said confusedly "Anyone may forget sometimes Papa"

One would think that it would not be so easy for a daughter to|forget a message respecting the comfort of a sick mother. And besides Edith I am afraid the adverb in your case, ought to|be rather "always" than "sometimes" However if your own conscience has not already shown you something of the evil of this constant <f> forgetfulness of little {14} duties, it is of very little use for me to|say anything more. Goodnight."

That night Edith's tears were more bitter and passionate than ever, but their fruit was

only a few vague resolutions, very different from the humble earnest energy of purpose which is the offspring of a genuine Christian sorrow.

The following Tuesday had been settled for the picnic, as the most convenient opportunity, and as the weather on that day <was> {proved} unusually sunny & warm, while the much-enduring <Cook> good-natured cook had signalled her return by a larger than ordinary supply of tarts cakes & sandwiches, all things seemed to favour the design. Ernest and Hugh had both begged that they might have a long day of it, so in accordance with their wishes the waggonette arrived at ten o'clock, & the packing both|of things animate and inanimate finished, the party drove off for the most <s>part in high glee. The beautiful wooded ravines or valleys so common in this part of the Devonshire coast, and through /{some of} which lay the road to Ley Cliff, were already gorgeous with the brightness of early autumn, and the clear rippling trout-streams, with their stretches of brown sparkling shallows, and delicious depths of cool fern-roofed shade, flowed between steep <wooded> hill-sides, where,<sup>†</sup> masses of crimson heather and golden gorse<s>, alternating with thickly planted richly-varied woods, formed such an ensemble of glorious colouring, as would have made many a true artist feel inclined to|throw his paint-box away in despair. All the Rectory party felt more or less the {15} magnificence and beauty Nature had so richly lavished around them, but to Miß Manning the scene was a perfect revelation, accustomed as she had been to the neighbourhood of a manufacturing town, {&} half wondering how Edith could read or the boys talk, she leant|back in the carriage, in silent but intense enjoyment of the scene, and was anything but glad when Ley Cliff was reached and the drive came to|an end.

A nut-hunt had been proposed for all who liked to join as the morning's occupation till dinnertime, and accordingly when the waggonette had been at length unpacked, the four boys with Grace & M<sup>rs</sup> Archie an old confidential servant of the family half nurse, half housekeeper, set off to explore the adjacent woods, while Miss Manning took out her sketching things, with M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale for a companion, and Edith wandered away to find some quiet place for reading. Bordering the cliff [§] was a broad gravelled walk, known by the name of the North Walk, wherein there were several sheltered seats convenient for reading and there Edith betook herself, choosing a place as far <as possible> removed from the path & hidden from the sunshine as possible. She had not long given herself up to enjoyment however, before she caught {the} sound of footsteps along the walk, and immediately afterwards, little Percy's childish ringing voice called as loudly, as his state of breathlessness would permit him -

Edith! Edith! where are you? Papa said I might come to you.

Oh! dear, how tiresome" muttered Edith vehemently to herself why cannot Papa let him stay with Nurse Archie. I {16} will not answer! If he thinks I am not here, it will do nobody any harm for he will only go back to Papa, & leave me in peace And just in the most interesting part too! And Edith shrank back farther into the shade of the ferny wooded bank, & kept resolutely silent

Where can she be?" she heard little Percy exclaim disconsolately, as his calls remained unanswered "Gone down to the beach I suppose, & I shall have to go after her. What a bother! - Oh. what a beautiful foxglove - I wonder whether Percy could reach it."

Edith did not hear the last sentence, satisfied that he was going back to the rest of the



party, she had already gone back to dreamland - not however to|remain there|long - In his eagerness to|possess the beautiful spike of purple flowers which had attracted his attention, Percy drew nearer and nearer to|the margin of the cliff, with a little sense of forbidden pleasure in doing so, which increased his desire for the flower. Its aspect here was not [*om.:so*] precipitous [*om.:as*] to|terrify him for between the North walk, and the commencement of the sheer wall of rock which formed the <margin> face of Ley Cliff was a broken slope of ground, strewn with|loose stones among which grew at intervals rank herbage and quantities of the|beautiful foxglove. Little knowing the unstable nature of the ground, Percy at length put cautiously down first one foot and then the other, resting them <dow> on a large & apparently firm stone a little way below, and was leaning forward triumphantly to catch the coveted foxglove, when he felt the lightly poised stone on which he stood slipping from under him. A sudden wild shriek of terror startled Edith from her seat, and who can describe her horror as she caught {17} sight of her brother, slipping slowly, - slowly but surely - downwards towards the fatal precipice. Edie! Edie! help me! Papa! Papa!" he shouted with|all the strength of his little voice, and making vain frantic efforts|to recover the|lost footing.

I will! I will! I am coming Percy. Try to catch hold of something I am coming directly!" and Edith made a hasty step downstairs [*sic*] as she spoke. But she only just drew back in time to|save herself from a like fate with her brother With [*om: a*] loud shrill cry for help, which was hardly uttered before unable to|save himself from the swiftness of the descent, Percy's head struck against a projecting stone, and with a sharp cry of pain he <let go th> lost the little control over his movements which he had hitherto maintained. Regardless

of all consequences, Edith was just making another effort to descend, when a firm swift footstep caught her ear, & looking up she saw her father. Unable to speak she pointed shudderingly downward to a low furze bush, where held for a moment by its prickly boughs, Mr Lansdale perceived his son - pale & motionless, - the blood flowing from a wound in the temple. Without a word he began the descent with a firmness of footing, which seemed to Edith's strained eyes almost miraculous. The furze boughs had already given signs of yielding. Mr Lansdale was but just in time as he hastily reached the body of the prostrate boy and prepared to retrace his steps. Slowly and with great difficulty he made his way up; it seemed as if they could not possibly reach the top but by means of a strong iron-pronged Alpenstock, which was his constant companion, joined to a sureness of footing { 18 } and strength of limb, acquired by an early life among the Scottish Highlands, it was at length attained, and with a low, choked "thank God" Mr Lansdale laid his burden for a moment on the bank beside the pale & trembling Edith. "Let me take him Papa" she said making an effort to lift the little unconscious form, and pointing to the closed eyes & discoloured temple "Miss Manning has some Eau de Cologne Let me take him You are out of breath.

"No No! - you are not strong enough" and putting her aside Mr Lansdale raised the child in his arms, and walked quickly onwards towards the rest of the party who were now busily engaged in setting the table for dinner. [§] The spot they had chosen was a level space of <woods> rocky heath crowning the cliff, and whence two paths wound downwards, one - the North walk in the direction of the beach, the other, through the nutwood, joined the high road by which they had come from Alford that morning. There

was a general exclamation of terror when M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale & his unconscious burden came into sight & <there was a general exclamation of terror> dropping baskets & knives in unheeded confusion, the startled dinner setters gathered round their father, an eager question on every lip. But M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale put them all quietly aside”†

Edith will tell you” he said with a quick unconscious sternness “Is Miß Manning in the wood?”

Hardly waiting for the affirmative answer, M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale strode quickly onwards

What is the matter” burst from all at once “How did it happen? Who was with|<with> him?”

{19} Can’t you speak out” exclaimed Arthur impatiently with an excited tone & manner very unusual to|him as Edith faint & bewildered seemed hardly to answer He fell on the North|walk” she said at last roused by his tone “I did not see him Oh! if Papa had not come” - She pressed her hands over her eyes, shuddering as the {memory of} [om.: the] last few moments’ occurrences flashed across her with a vividness, greater than they had possessed at the time. The rest were silent for a moment. M<sup>rs</sup> Archie waited for nothing more but went as quickly as her age would permit her to|her master’s aid, & then before anyone else had found voice, Ernest burst out fiercely

do you mean to|say that Percy fell on the|North walk Where you were reading.

He must have tried to gather a foxglove” said Edith still with shaded eyes & speaking with difficulty” I did not see him until

She paused unable to go on & Ernest broke in: -

You did not see him -” [§] then in a softer tone as if some sudden thought had just struck

him he added "Did you know he was there at all?"

Edith made no answer, but turning suddenly towards Grace, revealed a face whose dead whiteness and wan imploring lips roused Grace's ready sympathy at once.

"Hush Ernie Hush. It isn't kind to ask her any more questions now. Sit down Edie, here on this rock. Hugh is gone to fetch some water." and she guided the half fainting Edith to one of the {20} seats near the impromptu dinner-table, while Hugh went in quest of water, and <he> Ernest his lips tightly pressed together, <determined in spite> walked quickly away towards the nutwood path, determined in spite of his father's prohibition, to ascertain the full extent of his brother's injury Under the care of the little motherly Grace, Edith soon recovered consciousness, and as soon as the faintness & trembling was in some measure gone, she rose, insisting upon following Ernest. Just as they reached the entrance of the wood, they met him coming back again with a message from Mr Lansdale who had gone to have the horses put into the waggonette, to the effect, that Edith might go to Miss Manning and if she liked, return /{immediately} with her & Percy in the waggonette <immediately>, but that all the others were to have dinner on the cliff as at first arranged, till the carriage could be sent back for them from the Rectory.

Accordingly Edith went on alone to seek Miss Manning. She found her still chafing the hands of the little sufferer, who lay <across> {on} her lap, so different from the bright Percy of an hour ago, that as she caught sight of the white face & closed eyes, Edith had to exert all her powers of will & self-control to keep down the faintness which threatened anew to overpower her, & strove as much as possible to gain some {21} relief from the bitter remorseful thoughts which were almost more than she could bear, in hasty

<obedience> execution of the few orders Miß Manning had to give. She had hardly time however to collect the sketching materials & shawls which lay {scattered} on the grassy bank of the wood, before M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale joined them with|the news that the waggonette was waiting at the entrance to the wood. Percy was soon placed in safety on the couch of shawls prepared for him at Miß Manning's side, and the carriage started for home. Not a word was spoken on the drive. Once or twice Percy moved uneasily as if in pain, but he did not speak <ex> or seem at all conscious of his whereabouts, & all were glad when at length the white gates|of|the Rectory came in sight & the drive came to an end. Percy was carried up to|the night-nursery where Miß Manning & the Lady's maid did all that could be done <be>for him before the doctor[ 's] visit M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale <left> stayed till he had seen his son laid in his own little white bed, with cool bandages round the bruised & aching temple, and then he left the nursery beckoning Edith after him.

You must go to|your mother at once" he said when they stood together in the hall "Tell her that I have gone for Dr Brown and will be with her directly I come back. She must not make herself anxious. Go at once Edith." †and so saying he left her & was soon on his way to Dr Brown. With mechanical obedience Edith mounted the stairs towards the {22} Mother's room, and it was only on the threshold of the morning room, that the thought of what she had to|say, came vividly across her mind.

It must be done" she murmured "Oh! God help me! God help me!"

It was a wild half unconscious prayer, but God heard it, and outwardly calm Edith entered the room M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale was lying with her back to \*{the light} & /{Edith} knew directly from the clasped position of the hands & the closed eyes, that her Mother was

not unprepared for what she had to tell. <an> M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale looked up as she caught the sound of her step, and said quickly.

Tell me dear all about it. Someone is hurt I know. Tell me all Anything is better than suspense.”

Remembering the necessity for self<sup>t</sup> control in her mother’s present state Edith knelt down by her side and said as quietly and unexcitedly as she could.

Percy fell on the North|Walk Mamma Not over the Cliff” she added quickly noting the repressed shudder her words called forth “A furze bush caught him - and - Papa came in time He is in bed now Miß Manning is with him and Papa is gone for Dr Brown He said you were not to|make yourself anxious & he will come here as soon as possible.”

Is he conscious?

Not quite but that may be only that he was stunned by the fall. <Dear Mother do try to|keep quiet till Papa comes back> Miß Manning is doing all that can be done before Dr Brown comes. Dear Mother do {23} try to|keep quiet till Papa comes back. You will be ill if you make yourself anxious”

One thing, dear. Was he alone on the North Walk. Papa forbade any of the little ones to|be there without someone to|[om.:take]care of them

{The prohibition to be mentioned before}<sup>4</sup>

Who was with him?

All poor Edith’s assumed calmness gave way.

Oh! Mamma! Mamma! she sobbed hiding her face in the Mother’s shawl “I did not think it would do any harm \_ I knew he was there \_ but I thought he would go back if he did

not see me, \_ and I was reading \_ \_ so \_ so I did not answer him. And then I suppose \_  
I didn't see it all he must {have} tried to|reach something, and \_ Oh! Mamma! Mamma! I  
did not think there could be any danger

M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale did not answer for a short space. She lay perfectly still for a minute or two,  
then drawing her daughter's hands into hers, she said softly

Pray my darling That is all either you or I can do just now. The Lord is very pitiful  
dearie. <You must believe it my poor child> It is the only thought that can give us real  
comfort."

Edith made no reply, save by pressing close to|the speaker, and both Mother & daughter  
were silent during the|half hour that elapsed before the sound of horses was heard in the  
courtyard <u> outside anouncing<sup>fl</sup> the return of <the doctor> M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale, with|the  
medical adviser of the family.

Some ten minutes {passed} & then they heard the firm step of the clergyman  
approaching the boudoir and {24} a moment afterwards, he stood by his wife's couch,  
telling her <gently> {tenderly} yet truthfully, the result of the doctor's visit. Unnoticed,  
Edith stole away leaving the two together and sought the quiet & solitude of her own  
{room}. Then the long pent up excitement would have its way, and throwing herself face  
downwards among the pillows, poor Edith shook from head to foot with those long  
shuddering sobs which only great excitement or great sorrow can produce. She had  
caught her father's first words. "Maggie darling there is no danger now. He is conscious  
though suffering a good deal. Doctor Brown says we may expect at any time the  
sickness which usually follows concussion, and after|that there will be immediate relief.

Do not make yourself anxious I trust & hope there is no cause for it \_  
and they had considerably lightened the aching sense of oppression & pain which while she was yet uncertain as to the extent of Percy's injuries was almost unendurable, but still the {bitter} fact remained /{that} through her wilful trifling with the dictates of conscience & duty she had brought {this} sudden anxiety on them all. For the selfish indulgence of her own ease, she had risked, not dreaming of any {such} <evil> consequence it is true, still {25} still [*sic*] to a certain degree knowingly the safety of a precious life, and for the first time Edith Lansdale felt all the force & truth of the inspired words "No man liveth to|himself, and no man dieth to|himself" [§] and all the|bitterness of the truth that|we cannot sin ourselves without entailing suffering on others. [§] Soon a bustle in the house announced the return of the others, and Edith knew by the waning light that it must be nearly tea-time. She made an effort to|rise, but excitement and grief had not been without their effects, & faint & giddy with severe headache she fell back on the pillows Happily at this juncture Miß Manning came in, for a moment to|give her news of Percy, and finding how unfit she was for any further exertion, begged her to|go to|bed directly promising to|explain her absence to|the rest of the party. <Edith gladly obeyed and was soon in bed too thoroughly worn out and exhausted|to|think though as yet unable to|sleep.> [§] {From some unexplained cause, Edith said she would rather wait a little longer before undressing, & obliged to|be content with a promise that she would keep quiet & go to bed early, Miß Manning left her to herself} \*{and here we will leave her also for a while & return to|the rest of the|party.}

[§] The sickness had come & gone, and Percy had fallen into|a deep & apparently



tranquil sleep <before> when Miß Manning left him to M<sup>rs</sup> Archie's care for a little while /{in order} to superintend the schoolroom tea, feeling that the maintenance of perfect quiet in the|house, was the most necessary duty at present.

Her entrance of course was the signal of [a] burst of questions <from the merry party round the> as to {26} Percy's well doing, and it was not till satisfied on this point that|any of them had time to|remark Edith's absence.

Where's Edith Miß Manning?" asked Arthur shortly dragging a chair to|his seat at the table as he spoke. She was so tired, and had so much headache when I saw her last that I strongly advised her to|go to bed and I hope she is asleep by this time" was the quiet reply.

No wonder she doesn't want to|meet us" muttered Arthur.

Miß Manning do you know that it was all Edith's fault," said Ernest quickly I know that she was reading, and was not as careful as she ought to have been of her little brother. But she has suffered enough in all truth for her momentary selfishness" returned Miß Manning who had gathered the state of the case from M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale & felt much more inclined to|pity than to|blame.

Momentary!" exclaimed Ernest bitterly "just as if [om.: it] hadn't been the same for weeks & months. She cares for nothing but herself and her books!

The expression of grave surprise in Miß Manning's eyes, [§]{which answered his words}[§] checked him and lapsing into silence he hastily finished his tea, and without having spoken another {word} left the room as M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale entered it [§] {without apology or excuse of any kind for so abruptly leaving the tea table}[§] but he dashed into

the garden, and pacing quickly up and down the terrace walk, gave vent to his indignation.

{27} <She does not care for any of us, he exclaimed half aloud> How can Miß Manning defend her?" he said half aloud his step growing quicker as he spoke. "Hasn't it been read, read, read from morning till night and never a word to throw at a dog {for the last year}. When did she ever do anything for anybody that interfered with what she wanted to|do? (†here Ernest was unjust: like most youthful judges he was arguing all for one side of the question) I always thought that cleverness was given us to|make other people happy as well as ourselves. Much good Edith's cleverness <has been> {does} to anybody but herself! And then to talk of her as an injured martyr after it all too! For the future {however} I'll come near her as little as possible, though I'll give her some of my mind tomorrow. Miß Manning or no Miß Manning! Younger brother or no †Younger brother!"

Ernest had got himself into|that state of mind now when it had become a point of honour with him not to give up his resentment against Edith, not seeing that in /{an} other way he was just as much in fault. Young people are always harsh in their judgement of a fault. Only those who have felt the strength of temptation, and battled with it, can combine fitting condemnation of the offence with adequate pity for the offender, [§] and such <a> characters are always infinitely more revered in the world than the indiscriminating [*sic*] fault-finder. {28} On entering the schoolroom, M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale looked round in search of Edith. Not seeing her he stayed <do> a few minutes, to|tell the children that <he> Percy was awake and much better, & {to} drink the cup of tea Miß

Manning handed him; then rising he bent towards Miss Manning saying in a low tone  
Shall I find Edith in her room?

Yes” was the reply. “She was tired & faint and I thought <best> {quiet} the best <place>  
{thing} for her.

Certainly” said Mr Lansdale somewhat absently “Good-night children. Mamma is not  
well enough to see any of you tonight. Shall I give her your love & tell her you will keep  
the house quiet for poor Percy.

Oh! Yes Yes! was the answer, and Mr Lansdale left the room. Crossing the hall, he  
entered the passage where was Edith’s room and gently knocked at the door.

Come in!” said a low choked voice and Mr Lansdale opened the door: Are you in bed  
Edith?

No Papa I waited” - she did not finish<ed> the sentence but Mr Lansdale understood her,  
<and> {for} drawing a chair to the side of the couch where she lay, he said quietly  
shading his eyes with his hand.

So you thought I should come?

Yes \_ At least I hoped so” said poor Edith, with difficulty keeping back her tears {29}

Mr Lansdale was silent for a minute or two. Presently he said, “If you are strong enough,  
I should like to hear exactly how it all happened. Did Percy fall before he reached you.  
Did you not know he was there before you heard him scream, or was it with you that he  
fell?”

Gathering up her courage, {Edith} told the whole history without reservation or excuse,  
feeling it a relief to do so, under the grave loving glance bent upon her. Mr Lansdale

listened in silence to|all she had to|tell but when she ceased speaking and lay once more wearily back on the pillows, his manner changed entirely, & with a tenderness of tone Edith|rarely remembered having heard from him, he said, taking as he spoke her cold hands in his.<sup>†</sup>

“My poor child! this has been an unhappy day for you.

Oh Papa! Papa! I have deserved it all!” cried Edith as well as her tears would let her. [§]

Perhaps it is better you should feel it so my darling” replied her father drawing her closer to|him “But I do not want you to|brood over what is past my Edith. To exaggerate the magnitude of our faults is not to cure them and to|be able to|look at them in their proper light is often as great a <great> grace to|us as repentance. If I guess rightly you have reproached yourself chiefly to-day with|having been in a great measure the cause of poor little Percy’s accident, and it is the|thought of his suffering and of the anxiety you had brought upon us all, which has been most painful to|you. Am I not right?”

Edith made a faint movement of assent & he continued {30} But I <had rather> think it would be more helpful <to do> to you my darling, if you would {put} aside for a while <the> all thought of the consequences, God permitted to|ensue from your act of selfishness, and try and look on that act in its proper light, as merely the result of long habits of mind and conduct, \_ the real evil which calls for Christian sorrow and Christian resolution to|battle|with it. Do not accuse yourself as the author of Percy’s accident. That|was God’s doing as much as yours, but look carefully back through the last months, and acknowledge to yourself how day by day you let <evil> habits|of self-indulgence rivet themselves stronger & stronger, and became daily more neglectful of|the|happiness

of <your> others, in the p<leas>ursuit of your own aims & inclinations \_ worthy enough in themselves, but made absolutely wrong by your neglecting for them, your duties to|the home in which God has placed you. Learn to watch against the beginnings of evil my child, the neglect of some little duty, the temptation to|excuse & overlook in yourself, some act of {self} indulgence which would appear to|you blamable, in another, - these are what you have to|fight against and pray against Edith \_ But my pale-faced maiden” he added playfully after a pause {bending over her as he spoke} “I’m not sure that sleep would not have been better|for you to|night <for> {than} a sermon. Eh?”

Oh no no dear Papa” and Edith looked up gratefully in his face. “It has made [om.:me] so much happier {31} Oh Papa I have /{been} so selfish: so wrong. I see it all now, but indeed {indeed} I will try to do better. Oh if I had only begun before. None of them care for me now not even Ernest” and the remembrance of her brother made her voice tremulous, for /{always delicate} the excitement of the day, had so entirely weakened and exhausted her that the tired overstrung nerves could hardly bear a touch without tears. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale saw how needful rest was for her, & rising he merely said in reply as he stooped to|kiss her.

Only give it a chance, {dear} and {the|love} you think gone, will all come back to|you as strongly as ever. And meanwhile my child do not forget the Love which never changes, & is never withdrawn, {however} <for> far we may wander from /{& forget} Him, for it is trust <al> in that alone, which can give you /{comfort &} help against temptation.

Without Him, we can neither make others happy nor be so ourselves, with Him “we are more than conquerors”<sup>5</sup> \_ And now Good night my darling. God bless you. Don’t think

any more about anything but go to|sleep as /{soon as} you can.”

Edith found it very hard to|follow out his {in}junction but the thoughts that|would come, were not {altogether} unhappy ones, and she very soon fell asleep with the words upon her lips, of that beautiful collect: {32} “O Lord, raise up, we pray

“thee, thy power, and come among us and with great might succour us; that “whereas through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in “running the race which is set before us; {thy bountiful grace & mercy may “speedily help & deliver us} through the satisfaction of thy son our Lord.<sup>6</sup>

### Chap III

The days of Percy’s sickness and convalescence, were the turning point in Edith Lansdale’s life. From that time though her upward progress was far from being unbroken & un{in}terrupted, yet there was no denying that henceforward, there ran more or less visibly through our heroine’s hitherto aimless <purpose> life, an earnest purpose gathering strength with each succeeding day. Well indeed was it for her, that before the habits of life had become firmly fixed she had been mercifully roused from her dream of self-indulgence, and taught the salutary though painful lesson<s> that the consequences {of our actions} rest not with ourselves; \_ and that in this world each is bound to|each, with such <&> indissoluble ties of connection & responsibility, that|none can ever ignore or voluntarily loose them, & not feel bitterly the retributive justice {which} always follows a deliberately wrong action, entailing as it does suffering and sorrow not only on ourselves where we feel it to|be justly due, but on others whose undeserved suffering becomes our heaviest punishment. Family duties and affections, are God’s own

ordinance, and however,<sup>†</sup> exalted the pretext <and> {or} worthy & intellectual the inclination, which makes {33} us conceive ourselves justified in neglecting them that neglect is not the less sin in the eyes of God & \*{man}. Our readers must not misunderstand us. No one could say that to improve and cultivate <one> the talents God has given us {- to turn them to|account in every possible [*om.:way*] so far as is compatible with other duties} could ever be an action worthy of censure or blame. But we must not forget that we have other talents for which to|account to God, besides our mental powers & gifts. Our influence over others, position in life, the opportunities {for good to|those around us} more or less wide & frequent as the case may be, but belonging in measure to|all \_ these are talents, whose improvement & culture, it can never be right under any pretext to|neglect. If a girl feels that she has within her the|power of {literary} composition for example, or any other great mental or artistic gift, let her by all means cultivate it, for the power comes from God, and to|let His gifts rust for want of use is a tacit ingratitude to \*{Him}. But if while engaged in prosecuting the <necessary> labours such cultivation entails, she find her time become so completely engrossed<sup>¶</sup>, as to leave no margin, for the fulfillment, of those household or social duties, which God has appointed [§] as outlets for our moral gifts viz our powers of influence & opportunities for good, in opposition to|our intellectual ones, I would have her seriously consider whether she is not sacrificing the higher part {34} of her nature, and whether {when placed} in circumstances where choice is {in} some degree necessary, it is not nobler to fulfil a duty-to-another-, than to satisfy an inclination of our own however intellectual, or however <worthy or> praiseworthy may be its <aim or> object, \_ whether it is not more

in accordance with|His wishes that we should rather seek “to|please Him perfectly” than to please Him <p>much”. [§]

And if reasoning thus, some gifted ambitious spirit eager to|follow out some track of knowledge, it conceives as yet unexplored, & longing to|satisfy to|the utmost the|powers and inclinations with which it is endowed: - if such a one, in loving obedience to a self denying Master is brave enough & earnest enough to resolve in God’s strength to|make all considerations secondary to|the great </{consideration}> inclination how she may best work for God, and most perfectly fulfil the duties to his creatures, which He has ordained as obligatory on all. \_ †can any one say, that such a time of self sacrifice and self discipline is <vain> lost or useless? Can anything be more illustrative of the spirit of Christ’s gospel, than to|see an elder sister in a large family, who if there were no other claims upon her, would gladly spend her life in literary and mental self culture, not ignoring or neglecting her gifts but striving to make them all minister to|her Obedience <to> {to} <of> the New Commandment, <to> Love one another,”<sup>7</sup> which embracing {35} as it does the Law and the Prophets, should be the great axiom of our lives. [§]

There comes a time too in every life {if we only wait patiently for it} when by the breaking of old ties and the removal of old responsibilities, it becomes lawful for such a one, to|choose in some measure for herself, provided some special Providence /{has not} already chosen for her, the manner, in which she will henceforward fulfil God’s work, and when it is right that she should take the road most congenial for her {natural inclinations} towards attaining the great ends a Christian ought ever to|have in view viz the glory of God, and|the advancement of His purposes on earth. Undertaken in such a



spirit and under such circumstances, the {congenial} labours of authorship, or the long desired occupation in studio or lecture-room, become as much the proofs of lowly loving obedience to|Christ, as the life of daily self mortification, & self sacrificing moral culture, which had been the appointed lot for <in> {her} in former years.

Following Miß Manning's advice, Edith|stayed in her room on the morning following her conversation with her father, later than usual, in order to|give the still aching head as much rest as possible. The quiet morning {time} in which to regulate and give shape to the new thoughts & resolutions of the foregoing day was very useful to|her, and her face, when at length {36} ready to|leave her room, {she traversed the long corridor towards Percy's room} wore a brighter more softened expression than had been there for long.

Miß Manning and M<sup>rs</sup> Archie were in the room when she entered, and the object of their care, lay sleeping somewhat uneasily in a little cot near the casemented window whose light was shaded off from the sufferer by the thick white bed-curtains which were drawn closely round him. [§] His fair golden curls,<sup>†</sup> <were> fell in rich profusion over the|left temple partly hiding <the> {a web} bandage, which gave such a look of illness, to the little face so suddenly paled that as she saw him, Edith started painfully, and {looked} suddenly and imploringly up into the pitying eyes of Miß Manning, with a mute question on her lips, as if fearing yet longing to|know the truth.

You must must [*sic*] fancy it worse than it is" she said gently "He has had a better night than we ventured to|hope for him, and Dr Brown says, that after this sleep he will probably wake free from fever. Then I hope care & nursing will soon set him all right again

May I sit with him a little I will take care not to wake him?" said Edith presently, & the quiet of her manner touched Miß Manning more than the most violent grief could have done.

Yes dear We will trust him to|you for half an hour [§] By that time I daresay he will be awake," and beckoning to M<sup>rs</sup> Archie to|follow her Miß Manning left her [om.:on her] own with Percy, thinking it the best <th> & kindest {37} thing she could do for her just then.

Edith knelt {silently} down by the side of the little sleeper, and covering her face with her hands gave the reins to|her thoughts. She pictured to herself, the long period of delicacy which would probably follow such a shock to|the|nervous system of so fragile a being, the permanent weakness it might engender, the additional anxiety to|her parents who had already so much to|bear & think of; and as the full measure of the punishment she had brought upon herself dawned upon her for the first time, bitter painful rebellious thoughts rose up within her, which she had hardly strength to|crush or reason with...

Oh it is hard! it is hard" she murmured excitedly as she turned from the bed, and sitting down on the low window-seat, where through the open<[heavily scored short word]> window straggling branches of the mulberry tree which grew just outside <the> had found their way, & delicate sprigs of jessamine, which as if in play now brushed, now fanned the [§] cheek and hair of the unheeding speaker "I could not have known he would have come to|any <danger> {harm}, and for those few minutes to|be {so} punished! <so much>! \_ Oh! it is hard it is more than I deserve! \_ What am I saying " she continued after a pause burying her head still deeper in her hands, "Oh God help me!

I cannot think right”

Poor child! yet He who was leading her and speaking to|her knew what was best for this young sorrowful heart just beginning to|seek Him, and in His own good time would send her the comfort & light she needed. {38} Presently a movement of the|little sleeping form, roused her from her reverie, and she was again kneeling by his side, when the sleepy blue eyes unclosed, & little Percy looked up half wonderingly into|the face of his unwonted companion.

How are you now, my pet” was Edith’s {first} enquiry as she met his eyes.

Oh I’m better now. Percy had such a fall Sister Edie” he continued waking up to full consciousness & remembrance, and using the odd mixture, of the third & first {person} which he was so fond of “I can’t remember all about it just yet, but Sister Edie do you think Papa will be angry <with me>. I didn’t forget we weren’t to go near the edge, but I did so want the foxglove. Where were you? Edie <I>Percy called as loud as he could but you didn’t hear. Were you {down} by the lighthouse The questioning trusting glance of the little face was almost more than Edith could bear.

No Percy I was on the North Walk. Oh! Percy darling Sister Edie has been very selfish.

Do you think you can forgive her when she tells you she is very very sorry?

But - Percy doesn’t understand” said the bewildered child

“Didn’t you hear Percy calling?”

Yes Percy but I was selfish enough not to|answer you, because I thought if I did I should not to|have [*sic*] been able to|go on reading.

Percy wouldn’t have bothered you” said the little fellow half indignantly beginning to

comprehend the true state of the case “I wanted you to come and make the dinner-table I know it was naughty of me to come {39} by myself, because Papa said I was’nt<sup>†</sup> to go there without you or Nurse Archie but Percy thought he should find you directly, and then it would be all right Receiving no answer Percy turned round and looked up <to> into his sister[’]s face, and [*om.: what*] he saw there brought the little fellow nestling closely up to her, whispering half frightened, as he tried to pull down the concealing hands Don’t cry Edie I shall be better soon, dear dear Edie Percy loves you very much Oh don’t cry!” and beginning to think himself naughty again for having made her unhappy, Percy began to cry himself. Roused directly by the fear of exciting {him} Edith grew quickly calm, and soothing {him} as best she might, kissed to him [*sic*] & spoke to him so lovingly & tenderly, that the little boy feeling as if it was a new sister who was speaking to him, soon grew happy again. Fearing to revert any more to the subject of yesterday, Edith volunteered <to tell> a story to Percy’s delighted astonishment, & was in the middle of Cinderella, when Miß Manning came <h>in<m> with her father & Dr Brown, and with a hurried kiss and a promise to finish the story another time Edith left the nursery. During all the days of Percy’s recover<ed>y, Edith was unwearied in her attention to him. She strove also to make herself helpful to all the other members of the family, resolutely conquering the false pride, which makes us unwilling to confess by our actions that we have done wrong though often pained & mortified by her awkwardness in rendering the little services to others which habit had made unfamiliar, & by the surprise {at} and <almost> distrust of her unusual conduct, testified by Ernest & Arthur. The former especially received all her overtures with an ungraciousness, which tried his

sister's new-born resolutions of humility & gentleness sorely. {40} By dint of continually persuading himself, that he had a good right to|be angry, and of constant repetitions and let us hope unconscious, exaggeration of the original causes of offence, <viz neglect of his lordship's wishes>, he had worked himself into a state of mind, anything but amicable, and when involuntari<f>ly <obl> self reproached by some gentle act of consideration<s>, by which Edith strove unweariedly to convince him, things were far on the way towards a happy <all> alteration, he would solace himself by the gruff sotto-voce observation: "It's all very fine but it won't last a week."

So things went on, and Edith unwittingly fell into the common error of young impulsive minds, namely that of flying from one extreme to|the other. Whereas she had [*om.:been*] but a short time before, so completely absorbed in her own pursuits, & to|have neither time nor inclination,for consideration<s> of any other tastes or wishes but her own, she now so completely renounced those pursuits as to|leave a doubt on the mind of the spectator, whether a reaction might not ensue, which would throw her back again to|the standpoint whence she set out. <M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale was the> She not only made all things secondary to the duties of tending her mother, nursing Percy and make [*sic*] herself as helpful in the household matters as one so unpractised could be, but she resolutely cleared the table in her own room of all books, but her Bible & some manuals of devotional reading, carried The Conquest of Mexico back to|her father's library without finishing the few pages that remained, conceiving herself bound as a self inflicted penance to|leave them unread - and reproached {41} herself somewhat morbidly it must be confessed, when she had yielded for half an hour to the fascinations of some

interesting book which found her unprepared. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale saw the danger of a violent re-action such a state of things <of the> carried with it & resolved to {try &} impress upon her the evil of extremes whenever a fitting opportunity presented itself. [§]

On Sunday morning Percy was again down-stairs, looking pale and delicate, and as yet unfit for any exertion, but still in a fair way towards restored health. Edith left him in the Mother's room, happily established at her side with a hymn to|learn for the evening, when she went to|prepare for the morning <church> {service}, and it was with her old brightness that she noted the <bright> autumnal sunshine, which lit up the pleasant room on the groundfloor she called her own, and anticipated a pleasant walk to church, through the wooded fields which led thither from the rectory.

As she was waiting ready dressed in the diningroom <waiting fo> for her father & the rest of the party, little [§] Ethel rushed breathlessly into|the room, & catching hold of her exclaiming as comprehensibly as her broken baby language and panting state would permit Oh Edie do tum! Ernie tan't find his gubbs, and Papa says we sall be late. Do ou know where he put dem, Papa says?"

I think they are in the|hall-table drawer, said Edith hastening into the hall where her father was standing, very impatient of the delay. He put them here yesterday when he came in from the village Papa; at least I|think so Here are a pair that look like his" she added {42} fishing up a pair of brown kids, <the> from the|depths of|a nondescript drawer, the general receptacle for the missing belongings of the family "These look about his size. I will go and ask him Where is he?"

Oh! I sent him upstairs to|look. Call him Edith. There is no time to|be lost. Careless

boy!”

Ernest came slowly downstairs in answer to Edith’s call, looking hot and flushed, and evidently in no amicable humour. Edith held the gloves as soon <as> she saw him asking:

“Are these them Ernest? They look like what I saw you with yesterday”

Well you see they’re not what I had yesterday” returned Ernest contemptuously. “You needn’t bother yourself about my gloves. It isn’t likely you’d ever know anything about what didn’t belong to yourself. I found them upstairs, though everybody made such a fuss that I couldn’t remember at first where I’d put them” [§] He glanced half defiantly at his father as he spoke, evidently resenting the rebuke his carelessness had called down upon him

Silence Sir directly” said his father sternly. “I will not allow such a manner to your sister when she has given you not the {slightest} provocation <to anger>. You certainly seem in no fit mood to come to church Ernest, and if you cannot command yourself I would rather you did not go. Come along Edith the quarter has struck some minutes. We shall have to walk quickly, Miss Manning & Baby are waiting in {43} in [sic] the drive” and they set out on their walk leaving Ernest standing in the hall, the very picture of angry excitement.

[§] There was little or no conversation on the walk, which was unusually hurried, and Edith was glad when it was over, and she was established in the roomy Rectory pew.

The {church was} small and quaintly built, & apparently of considerable age. It boasted no great architectural beauty either of design either of design [sic] or ornament, yet for all that, it was a place which one might very soon learn to love, [§] and whose atmosphere

was well adapted to|harmonise with the devotion of those who knelt within its walls. On this bright <sunny> {warm} Autumn day, several of the casemented windows guiltless of any attempt at colour or decorations were thrown open, and through {some of} <them> {<which> them} wandering eyes could catch glimpses, of many [om.: a] tinted wood and sunny field, while other[s] presented|the aspect<s> of so many framed pieces of glittering colour (so closely in some places had grown the trees of the churchyard {to} <of> the little building they sheltered), where the incessant motion of the leaves and branches under the genial influence of the warm wind, and the graceful play of the flickering sunlight over the richly colouring masses, seemed to|offer a visible {comment} <explanation> without of the|words so often heard within: [§] If God so clothes the grass of the|field \_\_ shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith<sup>8</sup>, [§]

The removal of these trees had often been suggested, on the plea of their blocking up the windows, but as often as it came to|the point and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale professed himself perfectly willing to|have them cut down, did there arise some objection on the part of his congregation {44} more or less sensible, but which nevertheless availed to postpone their fate: so the trees lived on as vigorously and pushed their way as audaciously as ever, nominally in constant peril of the axe, safe enough in reality|from any design of the sort. [§]

The service of {the} day came to|Edith on the morning we are writing of with peculiar power of help & comfort. When it was over, and she stood thoughtfully waiting in the churchyard for her father (Miss Manning and Ethel having gone on) she felt more quietly happy, more willing to|wait in faith and patience, God's time for bestowing on her the



full light and knowledge, wh. as yet was wanting to|her, than she had ever felt before. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale soon joined her and they walked on for some [*om.: time*] without speaking, till the clerg[y]man broke the silence by a question which somewhat startled Edith from its seeming inaptness to|the thoughts which she felt sure were occupying both.

Why did you put the "Conquest of Mexico" back Edith before you had finished it? I see the last pages are not even cut. What is the reason? I very seldom remember your leaving a book unfinished in that way."

Edith raised a pair of astonished eyes to|her father's face then dropping them again she said slowly.

"I thought you knew Papa. \_ I thought \_ I ought not to go on, because it was the|book I was reading \_ when Percy fell and besides I thought you agreed that|I had been reading too much.

But my dear child, I never said you ought not to|read at all! It seems to|me you are trying to cure one extreme by rushing to another. And if this goes on {45} I cannot but think, before many weeks are over we shall see you a more vigorous bookworm than ever. You look very determined now" and he looked smilingly at the resolute lips "But I warn you, you will find it impossible to keep up the strain when the excitement of these weeks is over. We are told to leave all for Christ's sake and the gospel<sup>9</sup>, but we are also told "Let your moderation be known unto|all men"<sup>10</sup>

But Papa" interrupted Edith "I must either do one thing or the other. If <must> I once begin I never can leave off where I ought"

But that is just what you have to|learn Edith|mia It seems to|me you are seeking

to|discipline yourself in your own manner, instead of|accepting the discipline which God would give you. You remind me of the monks and nuns who fled from the world, because of the evil in it. To flee from and avoid opportunities of temptation is doubtless in some cases good, but to struggle with it and overcome it \_ to|be in the|world, & yet not of the world<sup>11</sup>, is far better, far nobler! [§]

There was a thoughtful pause for some few minutes and then M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale said <meeting> [stet] {looking into} the somewhat puzzled <eyes> {downcast eyes} face of his daughter with one of the rarely-beautiful smiles which made the worn intellectual face so irresistibly winning.

“What say you, my would-be anchorite? But suppose before you answer me, we deal with matters a little more practically. Let us go through your day & endeavour to|find out how far and in what manner the lesson of last Tuesday,<sup>†</sup> may be brought to|bear on its employments. You begin lessons with {46} Miß Manning tomorrow don’t you.

Yes was the reply “Mamma thought I might begin in the morning an hour later than the|boys, as I <have> {am} in different books. They are to|begin at nine, and I am to come at ten, when they go to country exercises or something that|does not require very much of Miß Manning’s attention, and stay till half-past twelve, during the hour & a half while the boys are with you.

Very good, and now may I ask you what you propose doing with yourself during the hours from nine to|ten & from half past twelve to|half past one. [§] Victimize yourself, with your hands before you I suppose, Eh? Edith, you’re a superstitious little goose!”

And M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale laughed heartily as he noticed her perplexed face, and the difficulty she

had in answering

Well Papa” she said at last “There is plenty of {needle} work you know. \_ I do not think Papa” she said {at last} desperately bringing out the whole truth “that I ought to|let myself read at all just now. I ought to|punish myself for being so abominably selfish, so \_”

She did not finish her sentence, perhaps she could not and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale said seriously and tenderly as ever “Agreed my child, but answer me honestly which would be the hardest discipline for you now, to put away your books entirely, to|lock up or destroy your manuscripts, & devote|yourself wholly to|other things, or so to moderate and guide those intellectual gifts, as while giving them all due & lawful cultivation to make them all subservient to|the perfect law of love {47} and to|the self sacrificing obedience of our blessed Master?”

“But Papa that is just what I don’t think I could do” replied Edith “You don’t know how difficult it is to|me not to|throw myself entirely into|one thing to|the exclusion of all others. If I once get interested in a book, or in what I am writing I think about nothing else, and I cannot come away from it when I ought, or at least I cannot help being cross when I am interrupted, <and then even if what is right>”

You have answered me <my> Edith” said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale opening the Rectory gates as he spoke “Every word convinces me more that you {are} seeking, \_ unconsciously dear but still the [*sic*] none the less directly, to|avoid the cross God would have you bear, by substituting a self imposed one looking heavier but in reality far lighter. To bear with patience & cheerfulness, any interruption|to your own pursuits, to|use them, yet not abuse

them, \_ to struggle with {the} rising disposition to be cross, when obliged to|leave or postpone some favourite occupation \_ and while duly cultivating the powers God has given you, to|strive against all selfishness in the use of them \_ this {is} the discipline and these are the proofs of obedience God asks from you Edith \_ and you must not seek to|avoid it, you must not says [*sic*] He asks impossibilities my child, & seek<ing> therefore to|{avoid} obedience by some sacrifice which may soothe|your <self> conscience for a while, but can never give you lasting rest & comfort. “Is not obedience “better than sacrifice”<sup>12</sup> my darling, and is it not written, “My Grace is {48} sufficient for thee”<sup>13</sup> <“I will never leave thee nor forsake thee”<sup>14</sup>> Trust Him more Edith. Think of Him less as a hard taskmaster, and more as {a} loving, merciful Father & you will {find} strength for all & everything, and wisdom also wherewith to use it \_ \_ \_ But now here we are at home, and we have no time for any more sermonizing. What says my wise maiden” and laying his hand on her shoulder, he looked lovingly into the tearful thoughtful eyes.

I think I see how it is, and that you are quite|right Papa” was the answer. But I must have time to think about it all. It will be so very very difficult!

Think and pray dear” said her father gently loosing her as he spoke. Each without the other is imperfect \_ \_ There is the first bell, Edith. We must be quick.”

And so the conversation ended, not without results however <as will be seen in the course of the story> [§] (\* See No I <sup>15</sup>[/]) N<sup>o</sup> I <Pondering> {thinking} over what had been said, Edith caught a glimmering at last of what her Christian warfare was to consist, and learnt to|see that <M<sup>r</sup>> the neglect of God’s gifts is as much sin as the abuse of them.

Many a time, she pondered over the|parable|of the talents<sup>16</sup>, praying that she might as the good servant be enabled simply and literally to|fulfil the commands of God, instead of through fear of her own weakness seeking to|educate herself as it were, and act independent[ /y] of Him, <So the favourite books were once more taken up> And while so doing her constant fear of herself and dependence upon God's strength to|enable her to discriminate duty from inclination, and to|bear constantly in mind the necessity of unselfishness & self-sacrifice kept her straight, or comparatively so at least. [§]

Ernest's company that afternoon formed anything but a pleasant element in the household <that afternoon> & wearied at last by the constant bickerings with the other members of the family, brought about by his testiness and temper, M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale sent him into|the playroom away from the rest desiring him to|remain there till tea. Here accordingly, seated on the ground with|his back against a chair and his feet on the window-seat, Master Ernest wiled<sup>fl</sup> away the later part of the afternoon in a grim state of sullen disgust with everything and everybody which found vent in a succession of savage scribblings over an unfortunate Latin book, left within his reach by its careless owner. At six o'clock Hugh came to tell him that|tea was ready, a communi-[cation] {49} rewarded by a gruff laconic rejoinder, expressive of the speaker's general state of dudgeon, and of his firm <it> resolution to|starve himself, which as reported by Hugh, occasioned considerable merriment in the schoolroom kept however within bounds by Miß Manning and Edith that|the sound might not further provoke the ire of the peppery prisoner in the study \_ According to a custom universally adhered to|in the Lansdale family during the last three years, on Sunday evenings generally, as also on this particular Sunday evening all the

family assembled in the Mother's room after tea. They were pleasant gatherings, opened by the reading of a chapter, and concluded by a firelight talk, when everybody was free to say what <s>he or she pleased, and such as liked repeated some favourite hymn or text.

The reading had begun on the evening we are writing of before Ernest made his appearance, in the boudoir, somewhat to the others[ ] {astonishment} none of whom had much expected to see him again that evening, after his mock-heroics of the afternoon. He took a seat as far as possible from anyone else, and did not make the slightest effort to chime in with the other readers, so that his presence was soon forgotten by the rest of the party, who were comfortably settled near the fire. \_ M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale, in his usual seat near his wife's couch with Edith on a low stool at his feet, and little Percy on his knee, \_ forming the centre of the group.

The chapter coming round in the regular course of reading they were pursuing was {the 18th} of Matthew, \_ one, especially beautiful throughout, and concluding with one of our Lord's most {50} touching and forcible parables. When it had been read through with all the reverence of manner, early education rendered habitual to most of the readers, the gas was put out (for by universal acclamation the fire was the only light allowed when the talking began) and the group of juniors, always excepting the moody solitary figure in the recess of the oriel window, drew nearer to each other, and closer round the father and mother, whose presence instead of checking conversation seemed to give to the most timid encouragement to speak & speak freely \_ [§]

<It is a very solemn thought is it not" said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale at last breaking the thoughtful

silence "That through our evil hearts of unbelief we may make void and useless the pardon & reconciliation purchased for us, by the death of our blessed Lord.>

The conversation naturally turned upon the subject brought before them by the chapter they had just read, - of the Christian duty of <Chris> forgiveness, and of the absolute connection between faith and works, \_ between pardon from God, and the blessings of <the> Fellowship with Christ, and the patient bearing of His yoke, and obedience to his commandments, - signified in the concluding verse. If ye forgive not men their trespasses neither shall your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses<sup>17</sup>.

At first many half conscious glances were directed towards the oriel window, as if curious to know the effect of what was said upon its occupant, but soon the growing interest of the conversation riveted the attention of all, and by most of the party at least, Ernest's presence was mostly forgotten. Mr Lansdale indeed had not forgotten, the solitary silent figure {almost} hidden from sight by the heavy damask curtains, and the remembrance, while it made him carefully abstain from giving the conversation a personal turn, which might make matters worse, by leading the sensitive boy to imagine himself talked at, yet lent to his words {51} and manner, a loving depth and earnestness, even greater than usual. Presently as the firelight flickered along from face to face, of the little group immediately round him, it lit up more than one pair of eyes, glistening with the tears of softened feeling, so easily roused in the impressible heart of youth, but its red beams had no power to penetrate into the recesses of the old-fashioned, many-angled room, & the secrets of the oriel window, if it had any, were effectually concealed by the darkness.

At length after a pause in the conversation Edith broke the silence by <exclaim>  
observing:

“There is a poem by Miß Proctor called Judge Not<sup>18</sup>, which I should very much like  
to|show you Papa. I think the|book must be in the room. Was it not this morning dear  
Mamma, that I read aloud to|you “The Legend of Bregenz<sup>19</sup>? It must be on your table,”  
and half rising as she spoke, Edith <looked> {searched} among the|books, on the small  
round table, which stood always within reach of the Mother’s hand.

“Yes dear I think you left it there. But M<sup>rs</sup> Archie moved some books on to the what-not  
over there, when she brought me the flowers to arrange this afternoon, and most probably  
you will find it <there> amongst them”

Before Edith could make her way out of the circle towards the stand indicated, a hurried  
movement was heard behind the curtains, and Ernest walked hastily across the room,  
found the book in question, and returning held it out to Edith, with an abrupt “Here  
Edith” which seemed spoken under difficulties.

Thank-you Ernest. How quickly you found it” was all Edith said in reply, but her eyes  
suddenly filled, and the sweet grateful look she raised to|his, said far more than words  
could have done. The next moment, Ernest was hidden deeper {than ever} among the  
damask folds, and the delicate perception {52} habitual to|her, <telling> {making} her  
feel instinctively, how much any display of feeling just then, would annoy & irritate<sup>¶</sup> him,  
Edith quietly resumed her seat, found the verses she wanted and handed them to|M<sup>r</sup>  
Lansdale to|be read aloud.

When they had been gone through, and duly commented upon; the repetition of the usual



hymns and texts began. Ernest did not attempt to take any part in it and his father did not call upon him <fo>to do so. The little incident we have narrated had touched and pleased him not a little, for he felt it betokened no<t a little> conquest of pride and temper on the part of his sensitive highspirited son; - but understanding that the best thing he could do for him just then was to leave him to himself M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale took no notice {at the time} either of his sudden appearance, or of his equally sudden disappearance. When all had had their turn, and little Ethel had by dint of much prompting, got through the verse she had chosen, it was time for all but the three elder children Edith|Ernest & Grace to|disperse to|bed. This evening however Grace did not seem <to be> disposed to|make use of her privilege of sitting up, answering her uncle & Aunt, with the demure remark that "she was rather tired, and it was certainly {foolish} to|stay up, when one would be better in bed and left the room, with a soft quick glance at Edith, which probably told more truth than her words. [§] There was a loving gentleness about Grace, which made her unhappy, whenever those about her were at variance, and she felt sure that her cousin would come together soonest without any other spec- {53} tators than her Uncle & Aunt. When they were alone, Edith settled herself on a low stool so as to|possess a hand of each parent and all three were silent and thoughtful for a time. Edith's thoughts were very busy and the look on her face very loving and earnest as she gazed into the fire. She had soon as was her wont, when following out her own thoughts forgotten where she was, and was far away, when she was suddenly startled back into consciousness by the touch of a pair of brown boyish hands, laid quickly on her shoulders, and drawing her back towards him, Ernest kissed {her} with a rough hearty sincerity, which dispelled all

further doubts Edith might have entertained as to his feelings towards her. I have been a brute Edie and that's the long & short of it. "I wonder you haven't sent me to Coventry already many a time. But you won't give me that journey now will you old girl", and true to the boyish nature within him, Ernest made an attempt at a smile which in no way took away from the softened sweet expression of eyes and mouth. {54} Dear, dear Ernest" was all Edith could say as she threw her arms round his neck, but there was no need for anything more. They understood each other.

M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale had risen, and as he leant against his mantelpiece, looking on, his loving & earnest gaze, though there might be traced in it, a Christian rejoicing over the scene of reconciliation, had yet a deeper meaning in its fixed expression. That night he had as it were seen his two elder children take the first step, in the race whose crown is {not an} <incorruptible> / {earthly one}, and he could not but look forward with natural questioning eagerness to the end. The first & worst battle with the besetting sin of each had been fought and won, and the victory, the father felt sure was a worthy one in each case, and it [in] spirit acceptable to Him who judgeth by the heart. Would the promise of that evening indeed be fulfilled, or would the feelings and aspirations now so strong and high fade and die under the influence of time & temptation. "But "He having loved his own loved them unto the end"<sup>20</sup> murmured the clergyman to himself "We do not choose Him. He chooses us, and He abideth faithful<sup>21</sup>. {56}<sup>22</sup> <members of the household we are describing, who have as yet [?:raised] but wrong notes at our hands.><sup>23</sup>

## Chapter IV

"I have news for you children" was M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale's announcement at breakfast one morning, as laying down the closely written sheet of writing paper he had been perusing he began his hitherto neglected breakfast:

Who do you think is coming to visit us

Living in an isolated lonely moorland country, the Lansdales naturally had not many acquaintances, and those of their friends who <came from> {lived in} other parts, seldom came to Alford Rectory in the winter. Moreover the family was not a large one, and they possessed no unlimited number of town and country cousins, so that the advent of a visitor was hailed with more interest & curiosity than would have been the case, had they been more accustomed to these occasional additions to the home circle. Upon M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale's announcement, there followed therefore a clamour of eager voices, guessing, questioning, enquiring. But M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale kept them all at bay, mischievously stimulating their curiosity by vague {57} hints and scraps of <curiosity> {information}, with no particular application. However they gathered from him at last, that the individual in question was of the female sex [§] "Well we ought to be able to guess now" said Edith running over on her fingers the names of Aunts and cousins, "Let me [om.: see] It can't be Aunt Clara; She is nursing Grandpapa, - nor Aunt Fleming for I know she cannot leave home just now. Cousin Lizzie is gone to Nice, Aunt and Uncle Percy and Margaret

\_ Oh Papa! you wicked Papa what do you mean by looking at me in that way Is it really?

\_ No it can't be Margaret. She is at Berlin

"Stephenson invented the locomotive not many years since" returned M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale

with|well affected gravity The principle has since been<sup>1</sup> applied to|the|construction of the modern steamer.

Is it really true Uncle Henry? Why is she coming home? When will she be here? Are Uncle and Aunt Percy in London Papa?

Oh! youthful cormorants! Do I possess as many tongues as teeth. One at a time Edith you may begin Put the question plainly please [§]

Certainly” returned Edith|laughing “Is our cousin Margaret Percy to|be our visitor this|winter. There will that do” - two questions! I only bargained for one. I’ll<ave>have nothing to|say to|you Miß Edith “Now Grace take warning. [§]

Are Mamma and Papa in England?” promptly interrogated sturdy demure little Grace, looking meanwhile with furtive eyes at her uncle, as if to|intimate that she was resolved to|leave him no loophole, whereby {58} he might escape an answer.

Well” said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale quietly handing his cup to Miß Manning for a fresh supply. I believe they arrived last night unless wind and weather have put the captain’s reckoning out.

When is Margaret coming” asked Hugh shortly, from the other end of [om.:the] table.

That I can’t tell you. They had not settled upon the train when your mother wrote.

Probably however she has had an hour’s travelling already, and if so we may expect her about 8 oclock.

An hour’s travelling already!” simultaneously repeated Edith, Ernest, Grace, Hugh Arthur and Percy, in different notes of wonder and astonishment.

Laughingly putting his hands to|his ears M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale made his escape from the room, and

retreated to his study, whither, no one having courage to follow uninvited, he remained unmolested.

Later in the morning <however>, when the busy tongues in the diningroom had ceased and the talkers dispersed to their different occupations, M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale put his head in at the schoolroom door, to tell Edith that M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale wanted her upstairs. Edith accordingly disappeared for about half an hour, at the end of which time she came back, confirming the news of their cousin Margaret Percy's impending visit adding moreover, that it would probably be a long one, as Col. and M<sup>rs</sup> Percy were going back to Berlin at the end of the week, and would leave {59} Margaret with them through the winter. The benefit of their daughter's health, needing the freshening influences [*om.:of*] sea air and country hours, was the reason given for their {rather} sudden proposal by Colonel and M<sup>rs</sup> Percy, but there was another and even a more serious one which M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale gathered from the letter, he had received that morning. Pretty accomplished and more intellectual than most girls of her age Margaret Percy had been introduced into society at an earlier period in her life than the generality of young ladies. The polished easy sceptical atmosphere of German high life, of which she thus early found herself a member, soon absorbed her entirely, & the constant measuring of intellects, the contests of wit & polished humour, in which she was first spectator, then partaker, drew out every mental energy she possessed. Her beauty and talents,<sup>†</sup> brought round her the cultivated yet rootedly sceptical German {youth} of the time, with whom she held lively word-combats, in which quotations <and> similes drawn from <Holy Writ> {sacred sources} and flippant allusions to events recorded there, formed but too frequently the staple of the conversation, mentioned

either with open scorn, <or> {and} bitter ridicule, or so applied, [§] as to appear grotesque and absurd to the listeners. Gradually it passed to something {even} worse than this. Margaret though shocked and startled could not make up her mind to draw back, and lose the intellectual empire she {60} had acquired. She would not be left behind in the race nor consented to be <stigmatized> {regarded} as an intellectual coward afraid to draw the conclusions necessitated<sup>n</sup> by the {principles} <postulates> she had herself laid down, nor submit to the contemptuous satire of those whom <ever> she had hitherto led and dazzled <by the quickness and pliancy of her intellect>. And so drawn on by excitement, emulation, and nervous dread of <d> ridicule Margaret Percy soon became known to the soberer portion of the German world in which she lived, as a young lady whose free-thinking opinions, were expressed with greater freedom and daring, than befitted either her age or her sex. Gradually Col and M<sup>rs</sup> Percy's eyes opened to the truth that among those {old friends} whose opinion they most valued and esteemed, neither their daughter, nor her conversation, were as welcome or as pleasing as they might have desired. Her name {came to their ears} coupled in flippant conversation with words, and sentiments which shocked and startled both, and the sight of how completely the disapprobation she met with in other quarters had driven Margaret to the society of that peculiar clique, which had already done her so much harm, put the finishing / {stroke to their dis}atisfaction. To withdraw her at once from foreign society, was the resolution of both, and to both the peaceful Devonshire rectory which owned M<sup>rs</sup> Percy's brother as master, seemed to fittest place [*sic*] for their daughter in the present dilemma. M{rs}<argaret seemed> {61} Percy undertook to communicate their determination {to

Margaret} not without some trepidation as to how it would be received. Margaret took it very quietly. Truth to tell, she was growing heartily tired of her present life her deeper nature longed for something better than the surface intellectuality the life of words not thoughts she had been leading, and her changeable vanity, which was perhaps at present the chief moving spring of her whole character, also took away the sting of what she felt to be a kind of exile, by representing to her how she would dazzle the quiet inmates of Alford Rectory by her wit and beauty, and queen it in their dull country society. Besides her temporal withdrawal from the world of rank and intellect would by no means impair her reputation, it would add only fresh *éclat* to her return. She would be a *Mdme de Sevigné* in retirement, an imitator of *Marie Antoinette* at *Trianon*, and return /{at length} to <Berlin>/{Germany} having added the freshness and piquancy of English country simplicity, to the polish and elegance of fashionable life So mused vain and somewhat silly Margaret as she made the necessary preparations for her visit, thus stifling angry thoughts of the comments of her former friends, which would probably {follow her departure}; thoughts which had far more power to annoy and hurt her pride than the evident dissatisfaction<sup>¶</sup> of her parents and the actual fact of her coming visit {62}

Such was Margaret Percy who was to be thus suddenly transplanted from the society of a brilliant and refined capital, to the quiet routine and everyday atmosphere of the country rectory in which our story is laid Our readers will perhaps in the further history of Margaret Percy fail sometimes to recognise the intellectual heroine of Berlin, but be it remembered Margaret was no <deep though> feminine *Mephistopheles* <and> that when unexcited by vanity or unimpelled by excitement her thoughts aims and interests were

much the same <of>as those of other {clever} girls.

There was a good deal of excitement among the Rectory {inmates} on the day previous to|their cousin's arrival. The elder ones had not seen her for many years and the younger ones had no recollection of her at all; but they had heard so much of her, that there was not one who did not partake of the general curiosity respecting her.

[§] Early in the evening of the day we are writing of, some little time before Margaret was expected the Rectory party were as usual assembled in the schoolroom before tea, which for Margaret's benefit had been ordered at a somewhat later hour. The crimson curtains were snugly drawn, the light of candles and a bright fire fell on the snowy tablecloth spread with everything that a hungry traveller could desire, there was a cosy ring of low chairs and stools round the|fire, and altogether the schoolroom, and its aspect of|bright quiet comfort, looked well worthy of the|favour {63} and preference the younger Lansdales always bestowed on it, beyond any other room in the|house Miß Manning was busy with|the urn, which hissing and steaming had been just put on the|table, the little old fashioned Grace whose quiet demeanour <to>was somewhat disturbed tonight however was employed in placing cups and cutting bread and butter, an occupation so much to her taste that|not all Edith's sollicitations<sup>¶</sup> could induce her to relinquish it to|her cousin whose office it should properly have been. Ernest lay full length on the hearthrug reading. Arthur and Hugh in their favourite sanctum behind the|sofa held monosyllabic conversations as was their|wont while little Percy in serence<sup>¶</sup> enjoyment of the oft sucked thumb, had curled up his small person in a low chair by "Sister Edie's" side. Edith|had <her> {a} book in her hand, but the attention of the



brown eyes, seemed divided between the|vivid pages of Grote's Greece and the little curly head beside her. She was noting gladly and thankfully how comparatively well and strong {he looked}; and indeed Percy seemed to|have wonderfully got over the effects|of his accident, a little|paleness and thinness of face, the|consequence of a short confinement to|the|house and consequent loss of exercise and appetite, being the only visible evidences remaining of the|shock he had sustained.

[§] His meditations were evidently of a somewhat abstruse character, during the interval|of quiet we have described for presently gravely removing his thumb|from his mouth he glanced up into Edith's face and said slowly

{64} "Edie can you tell|me something

Well! What?" said Edith smiling and laying down her book but the|answer of the juvenile philosopher somewhat took her by surprise.

With|great gravity Percy propounded his difficulty "Sister Edie, how can nothing be born, if I was nothing|before I was born?

There was a general laugh somewhat to|the little boy's discomfiture, and looking up from his book, Ernest laughingly exclaimed "You young monkey, who's been cramming you now.

Its not cramming at all. Nurse Archie told me so" returned Percy with an injured air, indignant both|at the <question> laugh and the question "It| 's|quite true Ernie and you needn't laugh; \_ Archie said we were all nothing before we were born, but then \_ it| 's very queer, I can't make it out at all" pursued the|little fellow in a lower tone meditatively restoring his thumb to its usual place

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting

The soul which rises with us our life’s star

Hath had elsewhere its setting

And cometh from afar<sup>24</sup>” repeated Edith thought- <Well I>fully after|a pause.

Well I think you and Wordsworth are rather cool observed Ernest “considering the|Bible says we’re all made of dust.

The body, - Ernest not the soul” replied Edith

Well” returned the incorrigible Ernest rolling over on {65} the hearthrug with a tremendous yawn “I don’t see that it matters much one way or the other / {where we come from}. \_ I say! Did nobody hear nothing just then?”

I didn’t hear nothing” rejoined Grace “on the contrary I heard what sounded very like carriage wheels

There they are” shouted Hugh, escaping with difficulty from his cooped up position behind the sofa, and making for the|door. The rest followed helter <and> skelter and Ernest threw open the hall-door just as the carriage drove into the open space before the house

Here they are Margaret; the|whole tribe of them” exclaimed M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale’s cheery voice as he dismounted from the carriage and turned to help his niece out “Let me take some of those parcels dear, or here \_ give them to Ernest

On no thank|you Uncle. Marie will take them” Miß Percy carelessly replied as she stepped down from the carriage and looked round to|give her hand to Ernest, but he was {alrcady} half way into the|carriage, impetuously rescuing the overloaded maid from

the|chaos of shawls and parcels, transferring most of the|burden to|himself; so accepting  
<of> her uncle's arm Miß Percy mounted|the steps & entered the well-lighted old  
fashioned hall. [§]

Edith where is Edith?" asked M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale, and Edith came timidly forward, <and> gave  
her hand to|her cousin and spoke some nervous hurried words of welcome and enquiries  
as to|*om.:the*]journey, conscious meanwhile that {66} her cousin's blue eyes were  
scanning her from head to|foot. Margaret's self-possessed and patronising replies though  
meant to|set her country cousin at her ease had just an opposite effect, and <when> Edith  
was relieved when Miß Percy drew hastily away from her uncle saying she must go and  
tell Marie what to|take upstairs. Then as her cousin stood under the lamplight by the hall  
door, giving various and contradictory orders to|the poor bewildered little French maid,  
Edith for the first time ventured to|return the scrutiny|she had just experienced. Margaret  
wore a soft rich black travelling dress {and cape} trimmed with white fur, whose full stiff  
folds fell gracefully round her slight tall figure and as she stood in the doorway, her  
golden hair dissarranged<sup>fl</sup> by the journey, blown back in curly waves from her white throat  
and lovely face, and fantastic shadows from the lamplight overhead flickering over face  
and figure, impressible Edith thought to|herself, that all the ideal heroines in poetry and  
prose, her own vivid imagination had ever pictured fell short of this|lovely reality; and  
when coming back to|where she stood, Margaret held out her little white jewelled hand  
asking to|be shown her room, Edith led the|way more than half believing that she had got  
hold of a fairy princess who would ere long vanish as suddenly as she appeared. The  
fairy princess meanwhile meaning to|dazzle was very well satisfied with|the effect she

had produced, and followed Edith|upstairs in {67} silence, imagining to|herself the|while as she swept along, the atmosphere of grace and piquance her presence must diffuse over the oak pannelled<sup>¶</sup> sombre rooms and passages of the Old Rectory. She soon reached the room appropriated to|Margaret, a pretty cheerful room looking out on the|church and garden, where a bright fire, lighted candles, & such fresh flowers as the season allowed, showed how much thought had been taken for the comfort of its|inmates.

Ah you English know what is snug” said Margaret looking round as she sunk [*sic*] languidly into|a dimit[y] covered arm chair, and speaking as if she had no more connection with|that nation than|the Khan of Tartary, I have no doubt I shall find it very pleasant to|ruralise here after|the gay artificial life at Berlin, but ah! me, I thought the|drive never would come to|an end. Such long stretches of moorland, such dreary wastes of road! Several times I said to|myself “Ah! quel pays barbare” and Margaret folded her white hands, and gazed with half shut eyes into the fire. \_

Now both manner and words struck Edith|rather oddly, and she wondered moreover that|Margaret made no|mention of|her invalid mother, but such was the|spell of the low silvery voice, and slow graceful movement, that she never dreamt of finding fault, and making some short confused answer to|her cousin’s observations, she was about to|leave the|room when hastily unclosing her blue eyes, Margaret exclaimed {68} as if the thought had just struck her

Ah! I forgot! Aunt Lansdale. \_ could I present myself before dinner or tea as I understand you have here?

Oh! yes” replied Edith, relieved “I will c<all>{ome} for you as soon as you are ready if

you like. Will a quarter of an hour be long enough?

Ah hardly” said Miß Percy raising her eyebrows. Marie will have to|unpack one of my evening dresses

We do not change our dresses in winter” timidly observed Edith

[§] I daresay not” returned Margaret placidly sinking back <fro> into her former attitude. and as at this moment Marie's knock was heard Edith finding there was nothing more to|say took her leave, promising to|come again in about 20 minutes. Walking slowly along the|passage, her eyes bent dreamily and though[ t]fully on the|ground she came into collision with Ernest, and both looking up each guessed from the other's face the nature of its|owner's meditations.

Well” said Ernest “is she coming down to|tea|tonight The urn's down to|freezing point and Papa's famished

Oh Margaret won't be ready for half an hour yet. She has got her maid with|her and is changing her dress

Unfortunate Marie” ejaculated Ernest with [om.:feeling] I wish you could have seen the|walking pyramid appearance she presented when the carriage stopped and her vain attempts to|get through the|carriage doorway with all the rugs and wraps and parcels Miß Percy had piled upon her. There was actually a bag round her neck Edith! I saw it.

Nonsense Ernest” said Edith laughing

I tell you I saw it. Oh you should have seen her if it hadn't been such a shame it would have been great fun. And then when I offered to|help her, she made the funniest little|bob of a curtsy and begged that I would not “vex” myself about her. She must have had a

nice {day} of it I expect and now after|all the|fagging she must go and do Miß Percy's hair and stand about, and be bothered out of her senses. Really it's too bad."

And the|growl in Ernest's voice was distinctly|perceptible.

Well Marie's got one champion anyhow" said Edith admiring as she was bound to|do in her favourite brother the|boy's knight errant spirit yet unable to|<laugh> help laughing at the|state|of mind Marie's wrongs had put him into. But Ernest isn't she pretty! I don't think I ever saw anybody so lovely.

Ye-es" said Ernest doubtfully "I look [*like*] your {70} looks a great deal better though" he added bluntly after|a pause, looking up at his <honest> sister's honest brown eyes open forehead and frank smiling mouth. He did not mean it as a compliment It was merely the statement of a fact.

Well" said Edith passing on with laughing eyes "there's no accounting for taste<s>.

Clearly the presence and bearing of the|fairy princess had had no enchanting effect on Master Ernest, and the <impression> {state of feeling in} <with> which that personage began his acquaintance with his cousin <was> {might be characterized as} a sort of vague instinctive supiciousness<sup>fl</sup>. based on the descriptions he had read in novels, and the stories he vaguely remembered to have heard /{in real life} of women brilliant in society, lovely and fascinating, yet heartless and vain, whose chief aim despite|all surface cleverness, was to|please and who<se importance after> {attracted} affection|by the brightness of their gifts, only to|trample on the|hearts that offered it: \_ in which supposition, Ernest was as far from the mark in one way, as Edith was in another.

At the appointed time Edith|knocked [§] at Margaret's door, and found her cousin still

under the hands of Marie who was engaged in fastening and arranging the finishing ornaments and {71} ribbons.

Now” thought Miss Percy to herself, while looking over her rich and numerous stock of evening dresses It will never do to overdo it. That would be bad taste. The thing is to unite simplicity with elegance” she added meditatively, laying <sup>n</sup> her hand meanwhile on a blue and white striped muslin lightly {trimmed} with white lace, and narrow blue ribbon which she forthwith gave into Marie’s hands to array her with.

Consequently when Edith entered <she saw her cousin> Margaret was standing in triumph before the looking-glass, the soft folds of the delicate bright-coloured muslin setting off the graceful curves and turns of her lithe figure, blue ribbons in {her} wavy hair, her <face> white and pink complexion flushed and deepened, and her <well opened> {large} liquid blue eyes, so well defined by the arched eyebrow above, so pleasantly {softened} by their long shady eyelashes, and the dark delicate fringe round their lower edge, bright and laughing; her small well shaped head so prettily set on the long white throat carrying itself with a little saucy erectness; even the straight small beautifully cut nose seemed to have taken a different expression. Nothing could well be a greater contrast to the {72} languid blasé young lady of half an hour ago and Edith noted the difference with a <bright> delighted consciousness<sup>fl</sup> of what a pleasant sight the bright blue-eyed vision would be to her invalid mother, who had so few changes of scene so <few> little to break the {hard} monotony of the sick room for so long.

They <had> left the room together after Margaret had given a dozen more capricious and contradictory directions {to Marie} (at least so they seemed to Edith, but she you see had

no proper idea of the requirements of a young lady of fashion, or of the status of her lady's maid) and Edith led the way to the Mother's room. When Margaret {first} caught sight of the white sweet face, lit by large soft tender eyes, and beautiful with the calm of a soul which had gone through suffering sharp and long and come out "more than conqueror", for a moment, <the> excitement and gratified vanity died out of the girl's face, and she returned the clasp of {her} Aunt's hands, and kissed her white forehead gently almost reverently. It was perhaps for the first time in her life, that she had felt and acknowledged the native superiority in force and depth of another soul, apart from from [sic] any {73:30} exterior influences of rank dress and manner, and her {consciousness of it} <was the first> might have been looked back to afterwards as the first faint impulse, drawing her away from her life of narrow aims {and} <of> false standards, towards the truer deeper life of communion with God, and love towards his creatures I say it might have been so regarded in the aftertime; at present the impression only lasted during the few minutes that she stood beside M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale's sofa, vanishing at last on their way downstairs to join the merry party in the schoolroom. In a few minutes Margaret was her own brilliant self-conscious conceited self, half repelling half attracting her "country cousins", talking fast and gaily to M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale convinced that her conversation was a great boon to him "debarred as he {must} have been for so long from intellectual enjoyment", patronising Miss Manning and otherwise deporting herself, as became in her estimation, the ci devant beauty and wit of Berlin society thrown suddenly among the wilds of the Devonshire moors

Edith went to bed wondering more than ever, what sort of a cousin they had got hold of.



{74}

Chap

V

[§] Margaret did not make her appearance on the morning after her arrival till most of the Rectory party had finished breakfast, and then though she made all necessary apologies it was evident that she thought it quite the correct thing to do under the circumstances breakfast being at the Gothic hour at [of] half past eight

Your English manners are so different” said Margaret as she languidly took possession of the chair Ernest placed for her, - it must be confessed at Miss Manning’s instigation. “At Berlin Marie brings me a cup of coffee or chocolate in my room while I am dressing, and nobody is expected to make their appearance /{downstairs} unless they like till twelve o’clock

And do you have breakfast at 12 o’clock” asked Edith

Breakfast and lunch together” said Margaret “Nobody has anything more till 8 o’clock dinner unless it may be “drum” tea which you can take or not as you like.

All this was said with an indescribable graciousness {75} of manner, as if Margaret felt it her duty to instruct the ignorance of those around her as far as possible.

Well I think our custom is a much better one” said Ernest stolidly “The Germans must be uncommonly lazy people with very little to do to cut up their morning like that.

Margaret looked at him with calm superior eyes

Those that have anything to do have I suppose different hours. I was not speaking of them” and leaning back in her chair she languidly sipped the coffee Edith poured out for

her, thus tacitly announcing it as her pleasure that the subject should be dropped.

No because I don't suppose you know what "having anything to do" means" muttered

Ernest indignantly as he left the room.

After breakfast Margaret brightened up, shook off her languor as on the preceding evening, and presently followed Edith into the schoolroom where she sat looking over her morning's lessons for Miss Manning. Looking over her shoulder Margaret saw she held a volume of Gibbon in her hands

"Do you understand it" she said so abruptly that Edith had to think for a moment to what the question referred. When she understood she looked up truth to tell a little nettled by the question, and said "Yes, why not? He is not a writer whose meaning is by any means generally difficult to follow

"So you can appreciate and enjoy <the> {his} covert sarcasm and dry condensed humour?" said Margaret settling herself on the other side of the fire and looking with keen curious eyes at her country cousin.

"Appreciate it? yes I think so \_ but not always enjoy it" said Edith thoughtfully "There is such a bitterness in the humour sometimes.

"Without the bitterness it would lose half its point and edge" said Margaret

"Would it? I think not. True humour ought not to be bitter.

To this Margaret made no answer. She had no intention of revealing her own opinions \_ if opinions they could be called \_ at least as yet: her object was to discover whether

Edith had any. Presently she said

"I wonder Uncle Lansdale lets you read him. The orthodox have generally such a horror

of the book. {77}

I cannot see why" said Edith "If by orthodox you mean those that believe in Christianity. I cannot see what difference Gibbon's sneers and insinuations can make to them. It is but one opinion among many Their faith must be very insecure to be overthrown by it" Then as if conscious of having said too much Edith coloured and buried herself once more in her book Margaret rose and went to the open French window <saying to herself "If their faith is /{not} touched by such opinions it is only because they /{have} resolved beforehand that it shall not be, and put reason out of the way. But it will never do to enlighten this cousin of mine What would Uncle Lansdale say to me. After all there is a peace and rest about this country rectory which whether springing from orthodox belief or not, it would be cruel to break So spoke foolish Margaret as if the power lay in her hands to do it at any moment.>

[§] Stepping into the garden she wandered about on the sunny lawn gathering sprays of jessamine from the fragrant bushes which grew so plentifully in the Rectory gardens and shiny bits of myrtle from the walls of the old house. Edith watched her from the schoolroom exclaiming with a little {78} sigh of envy

How lovely and clever she is! No wonder she was such a queen at Berlin I don't think Papa would have approved of all she said just now" she added smiling to herself "but I [ 'm] sure she does not mean all she says, dear beautiful Margaret!

<I do not think> /{ Margaret perhaps would \*{not} have been quite satisfied if she had heard this soliloquy

I am sorry Margaret" said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale at dinner that I cannot offer myself as an escort

this afternoon. I should have liked to|have [sic] carry you off <myself> and show you the|bay and the|rocks we are all so proud of, myself on this bright sunny day; but I have some parish work which will keep me occupied very nearly the whole of the|afternoon.

However Edith is as fond of her birthplace as she ought to|be, and will have [sic] no doubt take|great care of you if you feel inclined for a walk

Thank|you” said Margaret indifferently “If Edith does not take me too|far, it will no doubt be very pleasant

Ah Yes you must remember your cousin isn’t <br> country born and bred like yourself my mountain maid” said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale laughingly drawing Edith|to him As they rose to|leave the table “Margaret mightn’t think {as little of} a ten mile scramble as you do So use her mercifully.

Ten miles!” ejaculated Margaret in a tone|of genuine amazement and horror that|set M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale laughing as he left the|room for the|study where he spent so much of his time, and made Edith wonder whether|her cousin would consider the beach too far for a walk. If so the|prospect of future amusement and occupation was a dull one.

[§] When Margaret came down equipped into|the|hall in a black velvet walkingdress, and hat of the same material whose broad brim and curling feathers softened {& shaded} her lovely face Edith|gave one look at her and thought to|herself “I must take her and show her to|some of my old women! I wonder whether she minds going into cottages.

Margaret opened her blue eyes a little|wider at the suggestion but made no objection and they|set out. [§]

Their way led them through a lovely Devonshire land shaded by Autumn tinted foliage,

and strewed with a soft carpet of richly coloured leaves <er> \_ crimson, orange and purple. The cousins did not talk much. Margaret was principally occupied in /{picking her} dainty way over the by no|means even ground, and Edith was too|shy to|keep up a conversation with|so little response. After many windings {downwards leading} their way brought them in sight of a small white walled cottage standing back a little|way from the road. It had an aspect of {solid} comfort and respectability different from the general look of picturesque untidiness observable in the Devonshire cottage, and indicated even by the slated roof in contradistinction to|the moss covered thatch of its more interesting looking neighbours; \_ for the cottage did not stand alone but on the|outskirts of the little village of Alford which extended in a downhill direction to|the sands of the|bay.

Leading the way across the|little garden Edith knocked at the|door. It was opened by an elderly woman who seeing Edith admitted the|two cousins into|the inner room which served as kitchen and sitting room.

[§] I came to|bring you the|books I promised you” said Edith following her first into|the room; and looking back to|see whether Margaret was following. Margaret however preferred standing at the|open door to coming further in, and Miss Cutlan did not apparently did not take [*sic*] enough interest in the|matter to|press her to|come in.

I am much obliged to|you Miss” was the quiet answer and she took the|books without further thanks or comment putting them away in a small {81} cupboard at the|other end of the|room. Miss Cutlan was one of those individuals seldom met with|in her class of life; a solitary old maid. The face was ordinary enough, lined and worn perhaps, but not

one that would immediately attract the sympathy & pity of the bystanders. A grey faded practical woman “of a certain age” who had few friends and fewer acquaintances.

After a few questions timidly put and quietly answered Edith said “†

“I brought my cousin with me to see you \_ Miß Percy Indeed Miss I did not know that you had anybody staying with you. Perhaps Miß Percy would step in”

At the sound of her name Margaret turned and seeing that something was expected of her made a few steps further in, and coming in from the darkness of the passage stood in the full light of the afternoon sun pouring in through the open casemented window. Miß Cutlan’s first impulse when this lovely bright vision came into her dull little room was to do what Edith had never seen her do \_ drop a curtsey. But in her part as grande dame, Margaret graciously {held out} her tiny hand saying gently “My cousin is taking me to see your pretty village {82} We have a lovely day for our walk” As she spoke an indefinable expression swept across Miß Cutlan’s face. Her grey eyes were fixed full on Margaret taking in every detail of the figure before her, the large liquid eyes, <the> softly smiling mouth, <of> {and the} exquisite grace of form and movement, \_ with a look that seemed for a moment to take all the age out of her face and smooth out its restless world weary lines [§] Edith wondered as she looked. From that hour, she would perhaps [*om.: be hard put*] to tell exactly why, the goodness and mercy of her God would seem more near and possible <th> to that lonely woman pining for the life & light and colour which had gone out of her life \_ as it seemed for ever: that lovely face with its girlish grace and bewitching lights and shadows would visit her often in dreams waking and sleeping<sup>25</sup>, bringing with it a strange power of wholly

comforting, hope-inspiring. Such is the true effect of anything beautiful and perfect, <suffered> on a human soul when the sight is suffered to sink deeply into the|memory and consciousness \_ <to> leading <up> upward, away from <it> earth and its cares, - upward to heaven and God. {83} Margaret felt the admiration and felt too|that|it was unlike what she was accustomed to. However <as such> whatever the difference, she was very well content to|receive it. What a pity you have so little view” she said moving closer to|the window in front of which a wooded bend of the road and another cottage and garden hid most of the scene beyond. I don’t think about it much. I have got used to|it Miss” said Miß Cutlan quietly but there was a little hesitation and tremor in her voice, very different from its usual even monotony. There was a little pause. Edith|felt rather awkward, especially as she was not one of those model<s> young ladies one meets with in storybooks, but very seldom in real life, who know exactly what to|say to|the|poor people they|may happen to|visit, and are always full of conversation moral religious and social, whatever be the emergency. It was very evident that|neither Miß Cutlan <n>or Margaret had anything more to|say for themselves, and as Miß Cutlan had no convenient aged mother or pet ailments|to enquire after Edith {said at length} feeling the case to|be desperate,

[§] I think we ought to|be going on Margaret. You must not be out too|long. {84} Good mornings were exchanged and the|cousins left the cottage. Miß Cutlan|stood|in the|doorway watching them till they were out of sight, with shaded wistful eyes. Margaret in crossing the little garden had picked some sprays of <the>|fuchsia ({a plant which almost wild} grows<ing luxuriantly> in the mild Devonshire climate) in her lordly

careless fashion, neither deigning nor caring to ask leave. Before she went in, Miss Cutlan's hands were full of {the} scattered old fashioned <fo>flowers the garden plot afforded, \_ fuchsia, jessamine, a few self important hollyhocks and one or two of the vine leaves with their graceful tendrils, which covered part of the wall of the cottage. Going in she arranged them to the best of her power in front of the window, and then stood back to look at them, wondering at the brightness and colour<s>, the flowers brought into her faded room. It was the first time she had done such a thing for many years.

[§] Ah Margaret your talents are many and great \_ You do not know yet how many, how great. How will run the account of them, when the great Giver demands it <from> of you. [§]

The cousins left the main road which led down into the village for a wooded footpath winding along the side of one of the headlands forming the bay on the {85} opposite side to that which sheltered Alford. It was a lovely walk. Trees tapestried with ivy and rich with Autumn colouring interlaced their branches overhead, while far beneath, the ripple of the waves {sent} a delicious music through the woodland stillness themselves invisible. Margaret's steps grew involuntarily slower, she ceased to look forward so apprehensively for the constantly recurring rough places and bits of broken road. But Edith hurried on <th> thinking of what was yet in store. Presently there came {a} downward turn, \_ a few more steps to the left leading them to a {small} clearance on the hillside and Edith put her cousin into a natural seat formed by two rocks under the shadow of the birch tree, exclaiming with triumphant excitement



There! Look Margaret!

Before them lay the rippling waters of the little bay dancing and gleaming in the sunlight, skirted by giant cliffs, dyed with many colours, rich & mellow their gaunt masses broken by slopes of sunny Iris tinted wood, stretching even to the water side. On the opposite side of the bend, nestled the little white walled fishing village dotted irregularly <above> {along} the cliffs and beneath them close to the little strip of sandy beach, where the fishermen's boats and nets,† lay drying in the Autumn sunshine. A lovely peaceful scene, basking in the hazy glow of the warm Autumn day \_ perfect in outline colouring and grouping.

What were Margaret's thoughts as she looked, her lovely lips a little parted, her white hands crossed on her lap?

Did she think "What a <scene> {subject} for {a} Claude! What rich light colouring for a Poussin?" \_ In her own circle Margaret had been the umpire on all questions of beauty and taste. Her opinion was undisputed as to the merits and defects of a Canaletti [sic], a Tintoretto or a Salvator Rosa, lacking only heartiness and reality because she had never been brought face {to face} with the Creator in His beautiful world, and bidden judge it and think of it not according to the standards of modern art<s>, but according to the natural instincts {& yearnings} of the soul which was in her. Her sense of beauty had been hitherto but an element in the artificial character which hid & wrapt her real self in every direction, & had lost its naturally raising purifying power.

[§] Was it so today, or <wait> was it something deeper keener more real, which left its impress in the misty gaze, quick breath and varying colour of the watcher {87} Did the

sweet influences of the Autumn silence, broken only {by} the|plash of the waves far beneath, and the rustle of the birchwood overhead, sinking unhindered into|the girl's inmost nature carry with them the beginnings of a lesson never learnt before - the lesson of her own /{in}significance, \_her littleness and God's greatness? Well for Margaret if it was so [§]

Presently Edith broke the silence

"I think" she said thoughtfully looking far away into the|blue horizon "Nobody looking at such a view as this could help believing in a God and His Goodness

At the words Margaret's other self came back \_ eager scornful self-conscious. Foolish, foolish Edith! Could you not have left her a little|longer [§] to|the <consideration> {voiceless teaching} of those blue sunflecked waves and green-clad shores.

"You forget that|Gibbon lived <in> {amongst} what is generally considered the grandest and most beautiful scenery in Europe." said Margaret a little scornfully

"At Lausanne was it not?

Yes

"Well" said Edith|in the|same manner after|a pause "I {88} cannot understand it. [§] It seems impossible" she murmured in a low tone [§]

"Perhaps not" was Margaret's quiet reply.

Edith|was piqued. Nevertheless she had no answer ready and again there was silence for a few minutes. Then Margaret exclaimed more to|herself than|to|Edith

"That is the|way with women of the|present day, - whose education has been nothing but a matter|of superficial form, teaching them a blind reverence for tradition, for the|voice of

the Many because it is the|voice of the Many stigmatising any free use of her reasoning faculties and intellectual powers, as either unfitted|to|their sex, or “tending to infidelity! So a woman’s religion if she has any becomes a thing of emotions and sensations, for the existence of which she can give no better|reason, than early {nursery} teaching, or blind unquestioning adherence to the traditional belief of her forefathers! As if our convictions and beliefs on all points|which most vitally concern us, came <with> {to us} as an inheritance <into the world> like other mental and bodily qualifications, ready made, needing no more trouble or thought on {89} our part. <And so our> {No wonder their} religion /{having no root of strength|in itself} is dependent upon the feelings and influences of the|hour for its {very} life!

<Not altogether> {It need not be} Margaret” said Edith in a low voice “There are external evidences as well as <the> internal, if people {choose to|search for them} <And> But Margaret took no notice and went on vehemently

“And to this product of mind-stagnation, & hereditary sup<p>erstition, men of large liberal intellects sharpened and deepened by thought controversy & study are expected to|give in their unqualified adhesion, and are denounced and furiously condemned if they refuse, or even ask time for consideration.

But” said Edith thoughtfully and slowly, taking advantage of a pause in the vehement stream of Margaret’s words and thoughts /{and forgetting|to|wonder} “You are speaking of one species of religion<s> the vague unreasoning beliefs of a shallowly-educated unreasoning woman. There is religion and religion. It was {to} no product of mind stagnation & hereditary superstition that such minds as Pascal Fenélon {and} Newton

gave in their adhesion, yet religion was the primary element in the intellectual {90} life of each.

True” said Margaret with a sudden change of tone once more gazing wistfully across the rippling waves, which an Autumn sunset was tinging and burnishing, with shifting golden lights “True. Theirs was a religion worth having. They were happy<ness> to|possess it.

And looking up, Edith saw a troubled wistful expression setting over the|flushed eager face, and her heart suddenly filled with passionate girlish sympathy, <and eager loving admiration> which neither stopped to analyse itself or its object. Truly Margaret Percy was a strange mixture, one moment a self-conscious artificial beauty, studying dress and effect, vain yet with a vanity so utterly unconcealed, so coolly justified, that it rather astonished than annoyed the|bystander \_ the next <the> a passionate restless souled girl perplexed by questions and problems she could not solve, longing for human teaching & sympathy, yet too entirely wrapped in her creed of self sufficiency to[o] thoroughly entrenched in the burning belief of her own mental clearness & superiority {91} to|ask or even allow either except indirectly Which aspect was real, which assumed? Probably neither was entirely the|one or the|other; it was impossible to|tell where the false ended and the true began; one could only hope that|the <perceptions> truth which undoubtedly were there might {working upwards} ultimately leaven the|outward a<nd>s well as the inward life.

A little longer, the cousins sat silently in their niche on the wooded cliff side, watching the sunset lights fade into the dim grey twilight <life> which fell softly over earth|and

ocean like the touch of a cool hand laid in blessing on the fevered brow of a weary child. Slowly the sharply defined shadows and angles of the giant cliffs lost their vividness, their gaunt masses shrouded themselves in a veil of misty obscurity which gave an additional grandeur to their massy outlines, and a soft weird haze crept over the sloping woodlands near and far. Opposite the white walled <f> village glimmered from its wooded {92} perch on the cliff-brow: while gradually the waves below, seemed to move in slower more subdued cadence and the summer stillness took a <solemn> deeper and more solemn calm

But our life is not made up entirely of thought and sentiment. Margaret was aware of the fact if Edith was not and presently rising she said, shaking out her dress with a little sigh of relief and reaction as if throwing off [f] the burden of an unusual thought "Perhaps you are not aware how late it is. If we come in late I shall leave you to make peace with Uncle Lansdale. And late or not late I can't come to tea without changing my dress." [§] {93}

## Chap 6.

Edith there is the dressing bell" and Margaret rose to put away her work with a gravity and dignity befitting the important operation of which {the} sound referred to was an unworthy reminder.

Ah well I shall not take half an hour dressing" said Edith, laughing "so I shall have [om:a] little time to be idle, for I have actually done my three sides and don't mean to do any more work to day," and holding up the pocket hand[k]kerchief she had just finished hemming, she flourished it triumphantly in Margaret's eyes.

Well I'm sure it's nothing to|boast of" said Margaret calmly "I have done two /{whole ones} and a half in the same time"

Ah but you and I are different" said Edith I am not a paragon and never shall be." †to which speech Margaret <made> {vouchsafed} no reply, and having finished her putting away left the room directly afterwards

There" said Edith when she was gone, folding up her handkerchief and depositing it in her workbox with evident marks of satisfaction

{94} And now my mother I am coming to|sit by you and tell you all about this afternoon"

Well?" smiled M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale, as Edith drew a stool to|the side of her sofa and looked up at her with eager brown eyes "What is it

Whereupon it all tumbled out [§]

Margaret was so nice this afternoon Mother For once I lost the "poor companion feeling she always impresses one with, and she talked as if for her own pleasure and not for yours She told me about her Berlin life. <M> Oh Mother what a life it must have been, spent in an unvarying atmosphere of brilliant dazzling intellect!

M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale smiled again at the|flushed eager face, this time, a little|sadly; but she said nothing and Edith went on†

then mother from the German people she went to|German literature. I could not follow her much there but Mother I wish you could have seen her, as she stood|on the|beach {95} repeating that exquisite song of Thekla's in Wallenstein \_ all her hair blown back in waves from her face, and such a lovely pink flush on her cheeks. She looked like the

“Mädchen herself wandering on the|desolate shore singing softly sweetly almost rejoicingly “Ich habe geliebt und gelebet.”<sup>26</sup> Don’t laugh at me Mother. I never can help rhapsodizing about Margaret you know.

Well notwithstanding that she looked <very> {so} lively and I was almost as excited as she is, I did not understand it all by any means, and when she went on to|Goethe I understood it still less. I told her so. Generally you know mother when we poor inferior mortals hint {at} our deficiencies {<my lady>} Margaret takes it all as a matter of course just as you would never expect a servant to|know French or music but today she looked interested and compassionate and finally proposed that|<she> we should [*om.: spend*] {96} an hour every day together in reading German Wouldn’t it be delightful. And isn’t it good of Margaret. It will be such a good opportunity for me, for Miß Manning knows very little of German and <Mamma> {Papa} is too|busy you {know} mother|dear to|give me regular lessons

But I thought Miß Manning was sufficient for you at present” said M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale gently stroking the brown wavy head close to|her. “I thought so the other|day when you had your lesson in here

Oh but Mother it will be so much pleasanter to|learn with|Margaret” and Edith looked as|if she thought by the side|of the other’s brilliancy, Miß Manning’s sober solid teaching appeared anything but inviting.

But Edith dear I can’t have you give up German lessons with Miß Manning. All other things apart it would be a slight to|her, which would be {the} last thing I should wish.

{97}

Oh I shall have plenty|of time for both” said Edith eagerly. “The other|lessons will seem very short and easy to|me after a few days with|Margaret I am sure. I have learnt ever so much this afternoon” and rising as she spoke she bent fondly over the sofa, and looking in the Mother’s sweet calm face said gaily “Only think mother|we shall be able to|read Goethe|together as you have so often wished Will it not be delightful?

Very” said M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale gently. But Edith dear even at the risk of seeming {woefully} prosaic I must remind you how <dear> very near dinner is and how very untidy a certain young lady of my acquaintance|is.” †and she glanced significantly|at the disordered hair and rumpled cuffs. Edith|laughed and moving towards the|door was leaving the|room when M<sup>rs</sup> Lansdale called her back

Edith dear don’t forget Percy’s warm bath He has such a bad cold and if you do not tell Lisbeth in time the|water|will not be {98} ready.

Very well Mother|dear. I|will see about it directly after|tea.” †where<with>{upon} Edith disappeared. After the|pleasant merry family tea when everybody talked and everybody enjoyed themselves Margaret drew Edith’s arm into|hers as they|rose from table. Saying with|one of those|rare bewitching smiles of hers when the lovely face grew sunny all over, and did not leave the {task} only to|the|proud clear cut lips as was generally the|case

Come into|the|garden Edie a little while and let us talk

Truly matters had changed since Miss Percy had so patronisingly scrutinised her country cousin in the|Rectorry hall rather|less [om.: than] a month ago, and it was {with} a sensation of pleasurable elation, that Edith wound her arm round her cousin, and stepped



with her through the open French /{window} into|the gârden. Streaks of {99} evening sunshine lay bright and still on the shady lawn, or flickering through the|old|trees toward the church where the Autumn foliage was beginning to|take that|faded look antecedent of final decay. There was {a} gentle|rainy west wind blowing, but still the|warmth|of summer was no|longer in the|air and Margaret shivered in her white dress, as they walked up and down the lawn.

Wait Margaret, I will go for a shawl. I shall not be a moment” and Edith ran quickly back to the|house. As she crossed the|hall on her way back the|shawls on her arm, a thought of Percy’s bath|crossed her mind. “O that|will do anytime before ½ 7 and it is only half past six now.” she thought, and ran out to|Margaret Margaret threw the|plaid she had brought over her head. Edith|did the|same, and they|walked along for a few minutes|in silence. But it was not long before Margaret began to|talk, as thought impressible admiring Edith only Margaret could talk. It seemed as if the|barrier of reserve & {100} mental|pride once broken down, Margaret {could} talk naturally and freely, (or at least as naturally|as /{was} {possible to} one so /{habitually} selfconscious) <could talk>, and not merely from a “laudable desire of imparting|<obscure> information” as Ernest said, with a little /{mimicry} of Margaret’s manner. No <won>{won}der a girl of fifteen should listen|and wonder and admire. Such a mixture of delicate wit exquisite language & passionate abrupt transitions, \_ of sentiment & scepticism, as it was: and all with|such a running comment as the varying speaking beautiful face under the soft folds of the crimson plaid! No wonder that when they turned to|re-enter|the house Edith|felt as if the quiet homely every-day life within was hardly

worth living, and longed for the life {from which she seemed forever excluded} where intellect reigned supreme, and where people talked as Margaret talked, and thought as Margaret thought.

To Margaret all this was very pleasant. She felt that Edith's was no ordinary mind, and the fact gave the more <the> gratification. So <Margaret> {101} Miß Percy exerted all her powers of pleasing, and /{yet} even when the|results were evident<ly>, wondered at herself for so doing.

It was very nearly dark when the|cousins left the|garden. The schoolroom window was long since closed and they|went in by the|hall. When they entered the schoolroom with|its crimson curtains bright fire and pleasantly occupied inmates, there arose a buzz of questions as to where they had been, why they|were out so late, mixed with auguries of speedily avenging colds from the|more gravely disposed. Queenly Margaret vouchsafed no answer, as she swept quickly by to|her seat by the|fire, and to|Edith this|homely {everyday} affectionate atmosphere after what she had just been breathing was almost irritating. She answered shortly and then|going to|her own bookcase began to|take down the books for the morrow's lessons, but slowly and with|an absent face. Presently however a thought struck her and she turned round quickly inquiring of Miß Manning, Where is Percy? {102} Gone to|bed I believe' was the|quiet answer "Hannah came for him about twenty minutes|ago. Why he went before his bedtime" said Edith running to|the|door

Yes. I think his cold tired|him poor little fellow<s> The words "directly after|tea" came to|/{Edith's}memory, but she said nothing only quickly left the|room, and went slowly

upstairs.

When she opened the nursery door, the large old-fashioned room was dark and quiet only lighted <and> by the faint red light of a few hot embers in the nearly empty grate. But as she made a step further into the room, a curly head and white nightgown raised themselves from the tiny bed in one corner of the room, and Percy's hoarse little voice whispered Who's there?

Only Edie, darling" was the answer, and Edith came up to him kissed him and tucked him up again Did Hannah give you a hot footbath Percy" she asked when she had made him comfortable

No she said she hadn't heard anything about it. I wanted to go and ask Mamma but she { 103 } hadn't time for me to be dawdling about. I don't like Hannah she's a disagreeable thing" said Percy with tears in his voice. Edith gently soothed him and then left him promising to bring him up some hot negus. At the door she met Hannah Did you hear nothing of a warm footbath for Master Percy" asked Edith

I heard nothing at all about it" said Hannah positively and a little crossly.

It would have been better to / { have } let Master Percy ask Mamma as he wished" said Edith moving on. There was a petulance in her voice which put Hannah's back up as she phrased it.

Well Miß, if he's to be let dawdle about like this <even> when he comes to bed, its a wonder as he don't catch his death of cold every night in the week.

I was not speaking of dawdling Hannah" said Edith sharply "It would not have hurt him or anybody else to have let him run into Mamma and ask the question. You know it

wouldn't" and she walked away leaving Hannah in high indignation { 104 }

Oh! dear" sighed Edith as she went downstairs. Servants have no more sense than \_ I wish I was Margaret I do." †and Edith looked as if she thought it very hard she might not have her wish

And downstairs too things went unhappily that evening. The lesson-time for the|others was over when Edith|at last settled|herself to|her books, and that being the|case there was very little|hope of quiet. The noise and scuffle were[, ] thought Edith [, ] unbearable, and jostled by Arthur and Hugh as they tore round the table in pursuit of each other, her books disturbed by Ernest, who reposing quietly under the table was <quietly> engaged in clandestinely hauling at the tablecloth, and her attention distracted by the noise Edith at last lost patience

Arthur do|keep away from my chair please you always push it when you run round. The tone was anything but conciliatory, and Arthur fired up. [§]

Why don't you keep it out of the way then. There { 105 } are two other|tables in the|room. Edith vouchsafed no answer.

I say Edith" shouted Ernest from the|depths below. Why didn't you learn yours when we learnt ours. It's playtime now.

Because I was doing something else" said Edith impatiently "I suppose really I may learn my lessons when I like.

Whew-ew! whistled Ernest rather|provokingly it must be confessed.

I suppose really I may run round the|table when I like" mimicked Arthur, whereupon Edith exasperated took up her books and <went into|the dining room> left the room.

Goodbye” shouted Arthur after her in a mock-pathetic tone which put the finishing stroke to her ill humour

“I hate it all!” she exclaimed passionately as she threw her books down on the diningroom table; and leaning her head on her hands, she gave way to a gloomy reverie which <ultimately> {went far to} establish<ed> in her own mind the persuasion, that Edith {106} Lansdale was the most unhappy, misunderstood and unappreciated of human beings.

Where was the self-control, the vigilant prayerful watchfulness of the last three months. Poor foolish excitable Edith; it was an unhappy temperament to go through life, with this tending to /{throw} herself into /{absolutely} one thing to the exclusion of all else whether duty or pleasure. It was the power of self-regulating which was pre-eminently lacking in Edith, the power to decide when and how far the gratification of her own natural tastes and enthusiastic [*enthusiasms*?] was right and lawful, and when wrong and inexpedient.

Presently drawing her books wearily towards [*om.: her*] she set to work again, and thanks to the quietness and freedom from interruption soon got through what she had to do.

Then instead of going back to the schoolroom she sat on <by herself> {alone}, picturing to herself Margaret’s Berlin life, chafing at the contrast presented by her own workaday existence, <and> yielding every moment more and more to the inclination to believe herself an injured individual and growing <more so> gradually more moody and discontented. {107} At 10 o’clock the prayer-bell rang, and rousing herself unwillingly Edith went back to the schoolroom meeting the quizzical glances of her brothers with a

proud irritation of manner which only made things worse. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale noticed her depression by [ *but* ] knowing no cause for it but her long walk ascribed it to purely physical causes and his goodnight was so tenderly affectionate that had she not so deliberately <nursed it> { indulged } them / { beforehand } Edith's morbid unhappiness and irritable pride must have given way.

As it was curiously enough, Edith transferred { to him } some of the pity she had been lavishing on herself to her father, and made her cause his \_ in her secret thoughts. "How could he be content to live in this dull out of the way place, where no one ever <y> saw { or heard } anything <ever saw or heard> { worth hearing } or seeing all the year round. Poor Papa"

Was M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale really so very much <fit> to be pitied I wonder.

The Mother's gentle reproach when she heard of her { 108 } neglected message only added fuel to fire, and Edith angry with herself and all the rest of the world, <in> \_ including Margaret, who had according to Edith's opinion far more than her due share of happiness, the surplus of which properly ought to have been less by Edith's.

So a "delightful" afternoon came to a most undelightful conclusion. [§]

## Chap. VII.

Where's Edith Ernest?"

In the garden with Margaret."

Bother Margaret. Edith hasn't a word for anybody else now.

Polite young gentleman you are," ejaculated Ernest looking up from his book

O there goes the Lady Superior and her waiting woman" exclaimed Arthur as Margaret

passed the|window followed by Marie. “And now I suppose there’s a chance of getting Edith |to|help me with this horrid French” and he|left the|room, taking a flying leap in his way over Ernest’s reclining { 109 } form, who was as usual sprawling on the hearthrug. Like your impudence” growled Ernest but Arthur was gone.

It was about 4 o’clock in the|afternoon, and Edith and Margaret had been reading German together for the last hour, now walking up and down the gravelled walks, and now resting in|the little|arbour at the|end of the shrubbery. They had been reading /{Schiller’s} Maria Stuart, and Margaret had repeated <Mary> {the} scene {between} Mary & Hannah Kennedy just before the interview <between> /{of} the two queens; and treacherous Leicester’s <hap> despairing monologue when all hope <is> over, <and> beautiful guilty Mary Stuart, \*{was} about to|laydown the life of which she was already weary - <A>a life which could have afforded no pleasant retrospect to|its owner, - a life whose opening prime was spent in wickedness and shame, <bearing> {yielding} bitter|fruit in <M> {the} long weary {after-} years, its calm brave peaceful ending bearing sad sad testimony to the inherent nobleness of the nature, which pride and passion had so fearfully flawed - so universally corrupted.

Margaret had just finished Leicester’s speech { 110 } when Marie appeared to|summon her into|the|house about some question|of dress, in which the|little maid knew better than to|trust to|her own ideas or ingenuity be they ever so worthy|of approval. So Edith|was left alone a few moments to|dream and think and romance as imaginative girls ever will do, when Mary, Queen of Scots|is the|subject of consideration. [§] And it was pleasant to|feel too as she murmured to|herself,

Eilende Wolke, Seglender Lufte

Grußet mir freundlich mein Jugendland\_<sup>27</sup>

that she was gradually grasping more and more <at> of the “genius” of the language, gradually learning to|appreciate its richness, and suggestiveness. Such a sensation of progress and improvement is always pleasant to|a clever girl.

It was now about a week since the occurrences related in the last /{chapter} and it must be confessed that the Edith|of the|last few days was very unlike the patient unselfish<ing> self-accusing Edith of three months|ago. Poor child! she had lost sight for a while|of the|one great aim or object which had hitherto in some degree at least meth-{ 111 }odized, her life, and for the|time was following only the|natural self-pleasing impulses of her undisciplined talented nature [§] M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale saw the change but he said nothing. He felt sure the evil would right itself before long that|the|Christian life once begun in earnest, though often interrupted could never be entirely|suspended. So Edith went her way unchecked, save by her brother’s dissatisfied<sup>n</sup> comment, and those of her own conscience, as the old neglect the|old selfishness and carelessness became visible in the performance of the|home duties|she had for a while|so well fulfilled.

Ah Margaret witch that|you are. Do you not see how Marmouna-like you are binding with your soft blue eyes and eloquent lips the hands and heart of one pledged to|a better|warfare than the|strife of intellects, bound to|a higher worship than that|of Mind. Not after|all that|it is altogether your fault if this|cousin of yours is restless and discontented, thinking herself hardly used by circumstances in general, and thereby neglecting the|means of enjoyment and im { 112 } provement close to|her hands.



Edith I say” shouted Arthur as he sauntered lazily towards her from the other end of the lawn.

Well?

Do help a fellow there’s a love. I have been looking you up all over the place to help me with this bothering French. I can’t do it by myself

Can’t you wait a little while. Isn’t Miss Manning in the schoolroom” asked Edith ungraciously.

No she isn’t and as to waiting why Papa gave Ernest and <I> /{me} such a long piece of Greek for <the> to-morrow that how we’re ever to do it all {this evening} I don’t know.

Edith took the book [§]

Really Arthur you ought to be able /{now} to manage this by yourself” and she glanced contemptuously at the lesson

Well I ain’t” retorted Arthur without regard to grammar

Edith began /{in rather an injured tone} to translate the passage to him. All went well till they came to a word at which Arthur exclaimed

There I <now> know what that is. I looked it {113} out yesterday” and he translated the phrase according to his idea of the meaning

He was <the> wrong. The word had a different meaning and as he translated it did not agree with the context

Nonsense. It is nothing of the sort Arthur. What an idea” and she read the passage again as it ought to be

But Arthur was nettled by her tone, and vexed by the irritability she had shown

throughout.

It wasn't what I found in the Dictionary" he maintained.

What's the use of coming to me for help if you won't believe what I tell you"

exclaimed Edith at last "See what Miß Manning will say if you read it like that. Just as if

I didn't know enough of French to translate a little story like that!

I won't come to you again in a hurry I can tell you" exclaimed Arthur pulling his book

away "You're more disagreeable than ever you were. One would think we were all your

slaves {114:70} to be\_\_

Arthur you have no <to> right to speak to me in this way said Edith angrily turning away

from him as she spoke.

No right indeed! I shall say what I please. I always thought your sanctimonious ways

would never last. Give me my <book> dictionary. I'll ask Miß Manning She's not

caten up with selfishness

Arthur!" exclaimed a grave voice behind the two. The boy had worked himself up into a

thorough passion, forgetting that the loud angry tones would be easily heard in his

father's study near the {partly open} window <of> [at] which the brother and sister were

standing. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale had overheard the dialogue and joined them on the lawn before

they were aware of his presence. [§]

What is all this about foolish boy" asked M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale laying his hand kindly on

the shoulder of the excited boy."

It's only what she deserved" exclaimed Arthur unheeding "She is eaten up with

selfishness<sup>28</sup>

[ Script C ends here.]

## Chapter five

### THE TEXT OF THE NARRATIVE LANSDALE MANOR (SCRIPT B)

{17}

The day of the prize-giving came at last. They were {to go} to|tea and spend the evening at Glenthorn. The other candidates would be there and <in the even> after <to> tea at “seven o’clock precisely” to|quote M<sup>r</sup> Amcotts the prizes would be given<sup>1</sup>. It was with difficulty Margaret could be persuaded to|go. She had taken a perverse turn lately. <and> Having once come down from her pinnacle of lofty superiority, Margaret Percy had shown herself to|be a mere ordinary mortal after all, self-willed vain bent on self-pleasing as other girls with better developed brains than hearts, and more talent than feeling. The Lansdales were getting a little tired of her. Even Edith wearied of her dictatorial ways, and began to wish for a cessation of those frequent little sarcastic remarks which Margaret had made <of> {a} point of continually levelling at her, her doings, and her knowledge, ever {since} she found out that herself and her conversation were not of that primary {Lansdale 18}<sup>2</sup> importance to|Edith she imagined. Yet poor Margaret was a good deal to|be pitied. This was a sort of transition period with|her, and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale who though interfering little|with|her sayings or doings, had watched her pretty|closely since she came among them, deemed this to [om.: be] a better and safer state of things than the life of calm almost unconscious self-assertion, and sublime indifference to other people’s opinions or doings she had first shown them. She was gradually learning that the|force of <our> {her} own strong will was neither sufficient for self government nor able to impose a lasting influence on others & that intellect in this

world, as an influence is as nothing beside unselfishness and love. She was unhappy, she really wished for a better & stronger support than her own will, for higher standards, for loftier aims, but the habits of a lifetime are not subverted in a day or a week and meanwhile the mask of calmness and laissez aller indifference she had kept up so well {Lansdale 19} when supreme and unopposed, having gradually crumbled away when brought into contact with other characters as strongly marked as her<self> own, and {wills} which would not bend before hers Margaret, no longer a gracious smiling queen <who so long as {while}> [ <]her royalty was submissively acknowledged, <treated her subjects well on the whole> {her yoke cheerfully borne} [ >] behaved <herself> {even} more like a spoilt<sup>2†</sup> foolish<sup>1†</sup> child [§] than <befitted her years> might have been expected <from her previous conduct.>

She had no <go> desire to|go to Glenthorne. A gathering of half grown boys<sup>3</sup> and girls with which I have nothing whatever to do” exclaimed Margaret scornfully when she heard that|she was included in the invitation.

Nothing whatever” replied Edith marvelling a little at her cousin’s petulance “You and I are asked as spectators.

You and I!” repeated Margaret. It is true she had no intention of her words being heard; but Edith caught them, and coloured. A fortnight ago they would have seemed quite a natural expression of an incontrovertible truth, viz that Margaret stood mentally and otherwise on a much higher {Lansdale 20} platform than herself: now she was beginning to|understand better wherein stands the relative superiority of one human being to|another There will be some <other> grown up people besides for you to|talk to Margaret” said

Edith after a pause. Do go. I am sure Papa would like us all to go.

What is [*om.: it*] that Papa would like" <Mr> asked M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale pleasantly looking up from <the> his newspaper at the other end of the <dining>room where they were sitting directly after breakfast. Margaret thinks it will be rather stupid to|night but I tell her there will be other people there besides ourselves to|talk to Will there|not Papa?"

Certainly. "All the county" whatever that means" said M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale rising and leaning against the|mantelpiece for a final warm before going in to|his work." Besides Margaret you were specially asked When I told M<sup>r</sup> Arncliffe I had a young lady niece staying with|me, <s>he jumped at the idea directly. A young lady fresh from town is a novelty|in our part of the world<sup>4</sup>. Besides there will be several old ladies there, who will be delight<ful>ed to|talk to|you and make much of you It was good to|see Margaret's [*om.: response*] M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale's {Lansdale 21} eyes shone with|a little wicked expression of amusement as he looked at her

I do not think I shall like to|go" said Margaret slowly, a little perverse look settling over her mouth. "I shall enjoy myself much more at home with a book" M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale left his station|before the|fire, and came forward to|where sat the|petulant beauty dashing impetuous washes over a watercolour drawing in no way improved by her hastening You will like it will you not" he said gently with|a complete change of tone "if your going will give <othe> pleasure to|other people. I do not think you will find the evening dull, but if I did I should still say †Go You will find more real pleasure in a uncongenial occupation {under}taken <up> in a loving unselfish spirit, than in your most favourite amusement, put in the|place of the duty|you owe to|others.

“Duty!” pouted Margaret’s pretty|lips, but she made nò answer, only went on drawing with|unusual rapidity. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale turned away and was just going to|leave the|room when Arthur opened the door

Oh here you are Arthur I was just coming to look {Lansdale 22} for you What do|you say to a long walk this {time} morning I have some little|work to|do but that I can finish by eleven. We might go and|see if there is any prospect of ice on Cranberry Tarn. You need not bring me any Greek this|morning.

Arthur[ ’s] face brightened

Thank|you I should like it so much

Very well Be ready at eleven then. We shall have it all to|ourselves. Master Ernest thanks to {the} Shakespearian muse, has so many arrears of work to make up that I cannot let him off this morning Goodbye girls” and M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale disappeared. This was a trying day for Arthur. He had at one time looked forward to|it so much, that it was hard to|see himself left out in all the arrangements, as it were forgotten. But his father had not forgotten|him at least, he understood it all and had devised the|best method for driving away morbid thoughts and bringing back enjoyment to his boy. A long walk alone with|that|dear father. In that|large busy family circle, it was not often such an opportunity occurred. Arthur recovered his spirits sufficiently when his father was gone to|tease Edith laughingly about what she {Lansdale 23} was going to|put on in the|evening. Presently the|brother|and sister left the room, Arthur chasing Edith|along the long flagged passage leading to|the schoolroom, and Margaret was left alone Edith perhaps would almost have returned to|her old allegiance had she seen when the|door closed how

the|white hands dropped from the easel, and the|flushed face took a sweet wistful expression, and the large liquid eyes looking so wearily out into the garden glistened with unshed tears She might have sat as a model of what the Germans called “Sehnsucht” a word more expressive and more intense than our English equivalent “longing”

[§] If there was only someone who would watch me and care for me, who would <stop> scold me when I went wrong, and praise me when I went [*om.: right*] who would sometimes think for me and tell me what to|do!” she thought with that deep strong longing we all feel at times after something to|lean on and obey, some stronger will and larger heart than ours, to|guide and teach, and above all to|love us, however weak, however wandering, however wayward: {Lansdale 24} a longing, which only the touch of the Everlasting Arms can satisfy, {the demands of which} only the Good Shepherd can meet and fully answer.

Yes the|longing was there, and it was a good sign, no man or woman’s character is perfect without that desire after something better and stronger than itself - but pride and self-sufficiency were also there, and presently Margaret resumed her work with a little satirical smile at herself, though the|long dark eyelashes resting on the rounded cheek were still wet with tears <And this> Truly: that Margaret Percy, the Valiant Assertor of the sufficiency of Man for Man’s wants should have come to|acknowledge even to|herself her need of some supporting strengthening influence beyond the force of her own will was a great fall. At least so she thought. Poor foolish vain Margaret!

M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale and Arthur came in delighted with their walk, and at table Arthur was once more his quietly humorous happy self. It was pleasant to|see the two brothers talking

together, Ernest so thoughtfully affectionate, so evidently {Lansdale 25} unable to|rejoice as he would have done in the prospect of his success because of his brother's disappointment, and Arthur, enticing {him} to|be glad in spite of|h himself by the force of his {own} generous sympathy and exultation. And it was pleasant to|see how they|both turned to Edith for sympathy and confidence. M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale was well-pleased to|watch the three pacing up and down the|oaken gallery after dinner, bright brown-eyed Edith between sturdy Ernest and fiery Arthur, making herself a bond and link between them. I suppose I shall have to|go" exclaimed Margaret in a worn-out {voice} when Marie came to|ask whether she was going and if so what she would wear "Put out my white Alpaca. I shall certainly not take much trouble about dressing.

Nevertheless she did take a great deal of trouble and when <sh> being the|first to|come downstairs she stood <dressed> in the drawingroom dreamily pulling on her gloves before a large mirror, the results of the trouble were satisfactorily evident Her {evening} dresses were almost always made with the quaint old square-cut boddice; it suited her<self> and showed off to advantage her lovely throat {Lansdale 26} and now to|night her figure which slender and graceful as it was had always a certain stateliness about it suiting well with the stiff folds and antique cut of her <shiny-white> {shiny} white robes the|pink flush on her cheeks, and the wavy gold of her hair giving just the brightness & colouring needed. She looked so lovely and picturelike that| though by this|time pretty well aware of her beauty, and too conscious of it to be vain, the|flush deepened and the|rosy lips parted and smiled as she stood contemplating the white|vision in the depths|of the|dimly lighted mirror<sup>5</sup>



She did not hear the sound of advancing steps but presently she saw depicted beside her own another and {very} different face, and turning round <and> she met M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale's eyes amused and musing and a little mischievous

She was annoyed. That she should be suspected of girlish vanity was too detestable, nevertheless she had nothing to|say for herself, and would have escaped from the room under the pretence of looking for her cloak, had not M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale stopped her {Lansdale 27}

"Don't go" he said playfully "I want to|have to [sic] good long look at you all to {my}<your>self."

Margaret bore the examination a little proudly and|when|it was over he said smiling  
Do you expect a very dull evening

Oh I daresay I shall get on very well" said Margaret indifferently buttoning her glove

At this point in came Edith; the|boys followed the|pony carriage was announced and after|many a farewell kiss and goodnight to|the|Mother who was as much|interested in the evening[ ]s proceedings as any of them they drove off

[§] <It> Glenthorne was a comparatively modern house standing prettily on the|wooded site of the hill on the road leading from High to Low Alford A pretty avenue<sup>6</sup> led up to|the house, and <as> the|Rector party|drove along the peeps of the|house through the trees were sometimes very pretty. M<sup>r</sup> Arncliffe received them in the|hall which generally rather gloomy and dingy-looking, was tonight bright and pretty with|flowers and decorations, and led them up stairs astonishing the boys by his unusually festive appearance, & gaiety of manner. They were the|first comers {28} and only Robert

Barrett was in the|drawingroom† Margaret looked at him curiously as M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts led him up to|her, and introduced him in a few pleasant words; (for it was M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts' {whim} that the|boy whose latents [*sic*] would in all probability at some future time win him both|the|position and means of a gentleman, should be educated and treated as such from the|time of his adoption by himself) Robert was certainly not handsome but there was a mobility and sensitiveness in the face, and a certain latent|power about it expressed by the fine brow, and deep-set restless eyes, which Margaret recognised and acknowledged at once. Evidently awkward and uncomfortable to|the|last degree the|boy made little response to her attempts at conversation, and presently|newcomers were announced and Margaret fell back to|a seat by Edith.

Soon the other candidates arrived with|their respective home parties, and a buzz of laughter & conversation arose in the room. M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts who was considerably fascinated and attracted as were most people at the|first meeting|with Margaret Percy in society, took great care of her {Lansdale 29} and having introduced her to|the principal county grandees present, watched with <some> {no} little amusement the languid indifference of manner with which the|haughty beauty chose to|treat|them all alike from Lady Carbury the wife of the|Member to|the "poor companion" of Miß Manvers the|heiress After|tea which was handed about by servants in the drawingroom† M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts|came up to where Margaret sat on the|same sofa with Lady Carbury, and said stooping down to|speak to|her I have a great favour to ask of you Miß Percy but your Uncle promises me you will not be hard-hearted Will you please us all by taking the seat of honour, and {as} in the tournaments of old, distribute the meeds of success to|those who have earned them. I can

answer for them, that|they|are all your {most loyal} <obedient> knights|& /{obedient} esquires” and he pointed smilingly to the group of boys gathered before a crimson curtain dividing the|larger drawing-room where they|were sitting from another smaller room, the|interior of which nobody had yet seen

I shall be very happy to|make myself useful” said Margaret quietly rising as she spoke, and she moved across the rooms on M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts’ {Lansdale 30} arm, betraying only by the deepened colour on her cheek, her consciousness of the|admiring glances bent upon her from all parts. M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts|led her into the inner drawingroom<sup>†</sup> by another way purposing to make the|tableau<sup>7</sup> complete before raising the curtain between the|two rooms. Here on a temporary dais covered with|red cloth was placed an oaken chair of antique workmanship cushioned with crimson velvet and perfectly <festooned> {embowered} in wreaths and garlands. <The Lamp above the chair and> On <each> {one} side of the chair stood a small round table of inlaid marbles bearing a number of richly bound books and a small silver lamp, the|only visible light. The rest of the light was so managed as while <the> invisible to|the|spectators in the drawingroom, to|have all <Mar>its strength concentrated on the chair in which Margaret Percy was soon placed by M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts. When she had arranged herself, M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts drew back a few paces to|survey the result of his preparations. Apparently well satisfied he left her a moment to|marshall the candidates|on the|other side of the curtain and give the signal for its being raised.

The signal was soon given, and as the curtain slowly rose a universal exclamation of admir- {Lansdale 31} ation rose from the hundred or more people assembled in the larger

drawingroom<sup>†</sup>. The slender form <of the> {&} white robes of the Queen of Beauty were so well shown off by their dark red and green surroundings, the|silver lamp at her side just lit up the|pretty bending face, and glimmered on the pearls round her neck and in her hair, <and> {while} the arch dividing the {two} <whole picture> drawingrooms<sup>†</sup> framed and harmonised the|whole picture.

Oh Papa isn't she pretty" exclaimed Edith

Very" was his smiling reply but he mentally added "I am not at all sure though how far this is morally good for you my pretty|niece How scornfully Margaret would have assured him had she known his thoughts of her utter|indifference to|the admiration and observation of {even} the <most> élite {of} <an> Devonshire county society "petty gentry, personifications of a narrow provincialism of thought and idea! I am not sure though that M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale would have altogether believed|her [§]

Then the business of the|evening was proceeded with. Ernest as everybody had long known or guessed was the successful candidate|for the chief prize, and having been duly informed {Lansdale 32} of the fact by M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts|who stood at Margaret's right hand directing|her in the distribution of the|books, {he} received it from his cousin with great gallantry of manner and then retreated|to where Arthur stood among the|spectators, to|look over the|book together.

The next successful Candidate followed, and all indeed of the competitors for the|prize received <either> a book {given} either as <the> {a} reward of merit or, as a token of encouragement /{accompanied} with a few appropriate words from M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts to|each in turn: <sup>†</sup>All, with|one exception Robert Barrett alone was not included in the ranks

of those who came one by one on to the dais to take the book intended for them from Miss Percy's dainty hand.

Margaret noticed the omission and felt sorry for the boy, for though Mr Arncott made no remark, and gave no reasons for his decision, everybody knew that he had been a competitor and indeed that the examination had been set on foot chiefly for his benefit, and his exclusion from the reward or encouragement given to everybody else must necessarily excite comment & observation, which could not fail to be painful to his morbid sensitive artistic nature<sup>8</sup>. {Lansdale 34}

Mr Arncott" she said speaking so as to be heard by him alone "I have done you a favour. Now do me one. Give something to Robert Barrett You mean to encourage as well as reward do you not" and she looked gaily and pleadingly up in to her host's face, as he bent over the back of the high carved chair in which she sat

He has deserved neither" said Mr Arncotts looking with a little sternness of expression towards the corner <where> Robert Barrett sat near Edith and Mr Lansdale[,] well looked after by them but evidently uncomfortable and ill at ease "However my dear young lady if you wish it it shall be done. In anticipation of his deserving it, I had ordered a<n> drawing easel complete down from London on purpose for him, but he gave himself so little trouble and was so utterly careless of my approbation in the matter, that I put it by for another opportunity

[§] Let me have the pleasure of giving it now instead said Margaret eagerly "I am sure it will do him more good than passing him over Let me

Certainly if you wish it" said Mr Arncotts, smiling <There is only one more> and

<turning> {beckoning} to a servant he bade him bring \*{up-stairs} a {large} brown paper parcel from {Lansdale 18:35} the corner of his library. The servant left the room and soon brought back and placed in M<sup>r</sup> Arncott's<sup>†</sup> hands a<n> long {narrow} parcel. Take it Miß Percy It is properly your gift" said he putting it smilingly into|her hand. "Now shall I call him

By all means

Robert Barratt" said M<sup>r</sup> Arncotts going to|the edge of the dais.

The boy coloured and moved slowly from his place, evidently <supposing> {expecting} a public reprimand for his idleness

Miß Percy has been pleading your cause Robert" said his guardian as the|boy came up to|the|table "and has opportunely reminded me, that|I meant this evening not only to reward but to|encourage. If you will only take|this|as an encouragement to|work and exertion we shall both|have reason to|be grateful|to Miß Percy for her kindness

Margaret put the parcel into|the boy's [*om.: hands*], having first partially uncovered to|show what it was

There is it not a beauty. You ought to|do a great deal with|it You will, will you not?

The tones were so gentle and winning that|the boy involuntarily lifted|his eyes as he murmured {36} confused thanks. Never had Margaret looked more bewitchingly pretty.

Gradually as he looked the artist soul of the boy woke up in the|depths of his sleepy grey eyes, a totally new expression came over the|face, a look of positive enjoyment.

Margaret's eyes sank before the passionate|admiration in his, she began to|feel confused and uncomfortable when M<sup>r</sup> Arncott who had been watching the two and partially

understood what was going on, put an end to|the little scene by sending Robert back to|his seat and proclaiming publicly, that|the|prizegiving was over, and that|the diningroom was ready for dancing whenever the company wished to|adjourn [§] This last long-expected announcement was received with great satisfaction especially by the|younger members|of|the company M<sup>r</sup> Lansdale in his character of general favourite soon found himself the centre of a noisy group, by which he was pushed dragged and otherwise impelled towards the diningroom. Arrived there however he managed skilfully to disentangle himself from their clutches.

End of "Lansdale Manor" in this volume (?)<sup>9</sup>

## Chapter six

### LITERARY ASPECTS OF LANSDALE MANOR (1866 - 1867)

#### 6.1 THE MANUSCRIPTS

There are three separate narrative manuscript variants of Lansdale Manor which are found in three separate bound quarto notebooks, at present held in the Special Collections Department, Honnold Library, Claremont Colleges, California. The two most sustained versions are dated.

Script A, the earliest, found in WARD Box VII, Volume 2, and dedicated to Mary's grandmother, Dr Arnold's widow, dated 6th - 28th August 1866, takes up sixty pages of typescript (pages 53 - 116: Chapter three of this thesis).

Script B, in a separate notebook, Volume 3 'Commonplace Book 1866 -67' is incomplete, as there are pages missing from the notebook, and the remaining draft is comparatively short (pages 207 - 219: Chapter five). It is consonant in tone with A, and in some respects with C, though with some shifts in emotional perspective. Two new characters and one significant new setting which do not appear in either A or C are introduced, and the governess, Miss Manning is absent from the main scene depicted. This draft follows Mary's diary of her first visit to Scotland and was therefore written after July 1867. There are a small number of resonances from her Scottish visit in the draft.

Script C is contained in Volume 4, which bears an inscription from Mary's uncle and a date which may or may not relate directly to the copying of the narrative. The date is 29th January 1867. It is found on pages 117 to 206 of this thesis (Chapter



four). It is clearly a close reworking of material originally written in A, but with very significant modification and a markedly more evangelical emphasis in its moral and devotional tone.

The Volumes were no doubt numbered in the succession indicated above because the dates on which they were begun are clearly marked and clearly consecutive. However as far as the scripts of Lansdale Manor within these volumes are concerned, there are reasons for suggesting the order of composition A, C, B. The clearest reason for putting B last in order of composition is the fact that it follows the dated Scottish diary, dated June - July 1867 in the same progression. However the diary is unfinished and one or two pages after it were torn out at some point in the history of the notebook, loosening others. This means that both Script B and the later narrative Ailie lack a clear beginning. It impossible to know exactly how soon after that date B was written in the notebook. The handwriting of B is far more fluid than that found in A and C, though this might in part reflect the more formal finished intention of A and C. In literary terms B seems to take a new direction. The fictional developments it suggests anticipate romantic attraction between opposite sexes, which is new and will become a major preoccupation of every one of Mary's subsequent novellas and novels.

The writing of A and C shows romantic intensity displaced onto adults, literary texts, natural landscape and religious consolation. The narrative in A also shows a fine observation of the behaviour of children in a family: the half truths, aspirations, need for affirmation and trust as well as humour which must have occurred in Mary's own family. It is a remarkable fictional evocation of a real world and deserves to be read on a number

of counts. Script C, though laboured and often over-varnished with conventional sentiment nevertheless gives an historically unique insight into the tensions experienced by a gifted intellectual girl evangelical believer in the 1860s.

A Collect which is included from the Book of Common Prayer from the fourth Sunday in Advent (which would fall in mid-December) adds to other clues in the surviving texts that Mary worked and reworked the episodes over months. It is likely that she wrote most of A in the late spring and early summer of 1866, most of C in the autumn and winter of 1866 and, from its dating, the fragment B during the summer of 1867. At some point she elected to begin the next complete narrative Ailie, which was probably begun by the autumn of 1867 and must have continued well into 1868.

The tensions and contradictions in Lansdale Manor make it unique in Mary's writing in the same way that A Tale of the Moors is unique: a fictional statement in a narrative style which she would not repeat. It is a paradoxical but fascinating document in the history of feminism and the novel as a vehicle of religious debate. The arguments for and against orthodoxy found in Script C on pages 189 to 192 anticipate the disputes between Squire Wendover and Robert Elsmere and between Alan Helbeck and Laura Fountain. In all respects it is a great leap forward from the dramatic, poetic, ideal but two-dimensional drama of A Tale of the Moors. It is a mid-Victorian document.

## 6.2 CIRCUMSTANCES OF COMPOSITION

The circumstances of composition differ from those which apply to her first story, A Tale of the Moors. Supposing that there were earlier drafts of Lansdale Manor, since the first extant copy dated August 1866 is clearly, certainly at the beginning, a fair copy,

Mary must have begun the story after she left Shifnal. The first Volume, the notebook relating to Shifnal, is full, and bears internal dating on diary items of October 1864 and January 1865 before its completion. A few scattered but eloquent diary items express self-punishing reproaches for her failures which include behaving badly towards her brothers<sup>1</sup>. The suggested date for the diary items is January 1865. These are consonant with possible reflections after spending Christmas with all her brothers and sisters and her parents after prolonged periods of separation. It would not be surprising if she found difficulty in adjusting, or that her preoccupation with this theme might present a good subject for a story<sup>2</sup>.

Her new school, in Clifton, Bristol, gave her much greater intellectual stimulus, and after the first few months, she began to take a leading part there<sup>3</sup>. She did not forget her dear friend Mrs Cunliffe and, despite the emergence of genuine intellectual pleasure in literature, in science and in learning new languages, reflected with tremendous success in the narrative Lansdale Manor, she wrote to her<sup>4</sup> to suggest that she was deliberately moderating the time she spent and the pleasure she gained from reading. In other words Mary, like her heroine Edith, presented an outward conformity to the evangelical ideals of subjection to duty and 'moderation in all things'. The revisions in Script C show a large number of quotations from the New Testament, which suggests the possibility of personal reflection on Biblical texts. Religious vicissitudes were assailing her father for a second time. His resignation from the Oratory School, Birmingham, was caused in part by a row about books which he believed were appropriate as school prizes and the dispute about Gibbon in script C probably rehearses the same arguments.

The dedication of the story to her grandmother is perhaps a tribute to the story-telling powers which appear in one of the earliest surviving letters dictated by Mary before she could write, mentions that her grandmother entertained her with a long story about the river Trent<sup>5</sup>. The same ability to tell a fascinating long story is apparent in Milly and Olly<sup>6</sup>. Surviving letters to Mary from her grandmother show that Mary's duty as the eldest child was urged on her<sup>7</sup>, and this is a major theme of Lansdale Manor. It is also highly possible that Mary was sensitive to the peculiar importance Mrs Arnold held as the unifying force in the emotional and poetic life of the family. It has been argued that all Matthew Arnold's poetry 'faced his parents, [who].. were a dynamic force in his creative life.. his mother especially helped him to define himself,... admiring 'spontaneity' and 'conscience'.. [she] resembled the free Merman and the pious Margaret [in the poem The Forsaken Merman]'<sup>8</sup>. If Mary was alive to this, her act in dedicating her first public piece of fiction to her grandmother combines fascinatingly her own private and public aspirations. Significantly the public duty gains the outward victory, and so it was to remain throughout the rest of Mary's life.

### 6.3 THE SETTING

Lansdale Manor, which is sporadically changed in title to 'Alford Rectory', is set in a remote country vicarage in Devonshire, serving the village of Moorburn, later called Moorbeck, a Westmoreland rather than a Devonian place name, whose landscape, except for the inclusion of a beach, resembles that of Fox How in many respects. It is not known whether Mary visited Devon. She certainly visited Clifton with her parents during August 1864<sup>9</sup> and may possibly on that occasion have visited Devonshire. She sustains

the West country setting fairly well with only an occasional slip, for example when Mr Lansdale addresses Edith as 'my mountain maid'<sup>10</sup>. The fact that a fall occurs on an outing, may have been suggested by reading Jane Austen's Persuasion. Grace Aguilar's first novel<sup>11</sup> was set in Devon and this may well have influenced Mary.

The setting of this narrative provides a powerfully convincing arena for a number of fundamentally new concerns in her writing: the domestic stability of her Arnold inheritance, the interest in reading religious fiction which developed after her writing of the first story, and her return to her own family after her father's (temporary) rejection of Roman Catholicism. Above all it shows her awareness of the dimensions of the internal world of moral conflict facing an intelligent woman in reconciling her place in 'nature', her position in relation to family duty, and in relation to the idealised expectations which were projected on to women in the mid-nineteenth century. Lansdale Manor is highly interesting in the way in which it engages with the explosive issues of Mary's own creative and intellectual independence, through her central character, Edith. This is one of the most problematic literary questions of the nineteenth century and it is arguable that even George Eliot and Thomas Hardy succeed philosophically no better than Mary Arnold in resolving it, though she evades many of the issues which they confront.

#### 6.4. THE HEROINE

In Lansdale Manor Mary develops her own successful versions of four variants of nineteenth-century literary archetype for women: firstly a domestic though interesting version of the 'governess'; secondly, and least successfully, a very anodyne 'angel in the house' who is also, as so often in the more sanctimonious minor fiction of the period, an

invalid; thirdly a cultured, shallow and sophisticated figure who invades the household from abroad, in a manner perhaps reminiscent of, though far less damaging than, that of Countess Czerlaski in Amos Barton (published in Blackwood's Magazine 1857) and centrally, the girl heroine from whose perspective all the other characters and conflicts are seen, Edith Lansdale, the eldest child of a large family. In script B there is a shift towards Margaret Percy as a centre of interest: Edith is largely presented as an observer. Script C edits and reshapes the inner drama, again from Edith's point of view. The variants between the scripts are instructive.

William S. Peterson and John Sutherland, the only two critics who have commented on Lansdale Manor in print, both express the view that a major literary influence on the story can be found in C. M. Yonge's novels, in particular The Daisy Chain (1856) and The Clever Woman of the Family (1865). Peterson goes on from this to argue very seriously that Mary never escaped from this influence:

If one were asked to describe in a single sentence the unique quality of Mrs Ward's novels (though of course all such brief formulations are unsatisfactory), one would have to say that she displays the conservative moral sensibility of a Charlotte Mary Yonge overlaid with the incisive, uncompromising intellect of a Mark Pattison. It sounds like an impossible combination: little wonder that her books sometimes seem baffling to us. But the drama of Mrs Ward's life and fiction alike lies in her unending struggle to reconcile these strangely contrasting demands of head and heart, and it is a drama that holds a good deal of fascination even today.<sup>12</sup>

Sutherland points to the strong possibility that Elizabeth Sewell's novel Laneton Parsonage (1846)<sup>13</sup> might have influenced Mary Arnold's story.

Some of the authority of the writing must also surely derive from the autobiographical experience which is written into the character of Edith Lansdale by her

author, a writer of exactly the same age, fifteen. For the first time in this story, Mary worked on the realistic detail of the world in which she actually lived, and developed habits of observation relating to ordinary family conversation, feeling and psychology which are later found in her mature fiction. Family scenes among the Leyburn sisters in Robert Elsmere and the childhood of the Grieve children in The History of David Grieve are among the best unselfconsciously observed natural scenes of this type. On one or two occasions in versions A and C the worlds of fiction and experience are unevenly resolved: for example in both A and C we are told that the Lansdale family are in 'easy if not affluent circumstances', markedly different from the genteel poverty which Tom Arnold's religious vicissitudes had inflicted on Mary's own family. Yet Edith Lansdale's reaction to her neglect of her brother's welfare while reading includes the following:

For the first time the sight of the closely written manuscript on the writing table and the bright dreams of fame & wealth which they suggested failed to satisfy her conscience or to remove the stinging sense of selfishness which before had been always obviated by the easy reflection "If I do not read now, I can never be an authoress and I will help Papa much better than if I only did little everyday things."<sup>14</sup>

This passage is excised in script C where instead a generalised Christian hypothesis is substituted for personal longing for authorship:

Can anything be more illustrative of the spirit of Christ's gospel, than to see an elder sister in a large family, who if there were no other claims upon her, would gladly spend her life in literary and mental self culture, not ignoring or neglecting her gifts but striving to make them all minister to her Obedience of the New Commandment, Love one another...<sup>15</sup>

It is easy to imagine the exhortation in this passage as it continues addressed primarily to herself. The detached tone and the religious aspirations barely conceal her

longing for intellectual fulfilment.

When Mary Arnold began to live permanently with the rest of her family in Oxford in 1866, she must surely have experienced real difficulty in adjusting to family life, having had to make a virtue, in her loneliness at school, of sustaining herself by reading and by the stories which we know she wrote at school to distract herself from the painful reality of comparative poverty and emotional isolation. In this situation, the dislocations and difficulties in integration which are attributed rather mystifyingly to Edith Lansdale, who has never been separated from the siblings whom she loves, become understandable.

Another poignant and otherwise perplexing sentence not included in script C also becomes comprehensible: 'She was not wanted<sup>16</sup>.' This is virtually inexplicable when applied to Edith Lansdale, and suggests that Mary Arnold's identification with her fictional heroine was at times so close that her own strong feeling, perhaps her strongest feelings about her reintegration into her family at the time of writing, flowed into her creation of the character of her heroine. Nevertheless the fact that Mary edited this passionate clause out of script C reveals a critical intelligence at work clarifying the outlines of her fictional heroine in her re-writing six months later.

The creation of Edith Lansdale is therefore eclectic in its use of autobiographical fact, which anticipates Mary Arnold's later fictional practice. Later in Marcella, for example, Mary was also to use unfictionalised autobiographical fact, in listing the titles of the books which she herself loved as a child, as Dickens does in David Copperfield. In both cases sources exist which can verify independently that these were the favourite



novels of their authors at the same age.

It is interesting that script C seems to have far less than script A to say about the evils of reading as such. It develops a transition into the evils of ease, self-indulgence and idleness; of avoidance of the duty, particularly the family duty to which an eldest daughter must be called by the accident of her birth. Script C is a fascinating document from the perspective of a young evangelical believer wrestling with the theological and Biblical positions which defined her world. Later, as we know, she was to modify her religious position radically, but her essential confidence in a religious understanding of reality did not change.

#### 6.5 LITERARY INSPIRATION FOR THE NARRATIVE

Both scripts A and C are remarkable for their celebration of a genuine intellectual pleasure in reading. This marks the story out from C. M. Yonge's approach, where intellectual pleasure on the part of women is invariably subordinate to moral or religious improvement. C.M. Yonge's primary interests were not intellectual whereas Mary Arnold, whose Spanish research later caused her to be invited to be the first woman examiner to the University of Oxford, and to contribute numbers of items to an academic Dictionary of Christian Biography<sup>17</sup> had inherited and greatly enjoyed a flair for intellectual exercise. Mary may have reflected her debt to Yonge in this narrative by the choice of the name, Edith, which belongs to the bookish member of the family in The Daisy Chain. Other aspects of the life of the household depicted in Lansdale Manor may have been inspired by Mary's reading of her father's favourite novelist Mrs Oliphant. Some aspects of Oliphant's The Rector and the Doctor's Family (1863) and The

Perpetual Curate (1864) appear in this and in her next two stories.

It may be seen as an expression of Mary's own conflict between duty and desire that despite the explicit moral strictures Lansdale Manor contains some unusually moving passages about the beauty of literature and the absorbing intellectual pleasure of discussing literary questions. Examples of this are the discussion of Gibbon between Margaret Percy and Edith Lansdale<sup>18</sup>; the poetic delight Edith takes in Margaret's rendering of Thekla from Schiller's Wallenstein<sup>19</sup>; and the profound enjoyment and understanding of the poetry in the original German which comes through when they read Schiller's Maria Stuart together. In comparison with this lyrical enjoyment, the use she makes of the learning of Italian in script A and, in both A and C of references to Prescott's Conquest of Mexico seem comparatively subordinate to the demands made by the plot.

There may well be a parallel in the opening scene, and another in the Sunday evening reading session in script C with Jane Eyre, reading her stories of distant travel and distant natural landscape; perhaps in both cases expressing an unconscious desire to explore regions which are denied to their constricted experience. It is also arguable that there could be a Brontë influence in the treatment of the idle, difficult Robert Barrett in script B. He is not a clear character, is apparently adopted and has disappointed expectations but in response to the beauty and compassion of Margaret Percy, something is awakened in his 'artist's soul'. The dramatic contrast between Margaret and Robert at this interesting moment perhaps reflects Emily Brontë's depiction of the tension and recognition between Catherine Earnshaw and Heathcliff after her return from the first

stay with the Lintons.

A beginning of serious interest in Art is also a departure from the world of C.M. Yonge. In her A Writer's Recollections Mary claimed that Ruskin's Modern Painters and Stones of Venice held a critical influence over her reading at about this time<sup>20</sup>. She lists painters which appear in Ruskin's works in the scene where Margaret and Edith gaze at a landscape of great natural beauty in variant C<sup>21</sup>. The beauty of the scene is subordinate to a moral, or evangelical intention, however. Rhetorically Mary Arnold asks whether despite the authority of her natural taste and knowledge of modern masters, Margaret could really have appreciated a fine landscape without an inward response to God, even in a Wordsworthian sense. The question is not fully answered but it is put in terms which make Mary's later interest in artists as a subject for her novels, such as Fenwick's Career, a development as much of her own interest as of the fact that her husband, a student of Walter Pater, later became Art critic of The Times.

#### 6.6 THE FATHER AS DEPICTED IN LANSDALE MANOR

In Lansdale Manor, the heroine's relationship with her father is of great interest<sup>22</sup>.

Four private conversations between Edith and her father are built into the action and reflection of script A and a further four into script C. During the course of script B Edith speaks trustingly to him during the scene of the prize-giving. Although the tone of much of the dialogue is heavily moral, the atmosphere of trust, of emotional release, of complete confidence in the father's fairness, commitment and affection is very striking. There occurs in script A a short but very revealing piece of description of the certainty, the consciousness on Edith's part of the fact that she occupied a very significant place in

her father's heart. The same was undoubtedly true in the life of Mary Arnold, and her mother's strange rejection of her as a child of six may be understood to reflect on one level a jealous awareness of Mary's very high place in her husband's priorities. He was prepared to make sacrifices for Mary's education which he showed no signs of making for Julia's comfort:

For though perfectly just and impartial as were his dealings with his children, and dearly as he loved them all, if any held a larger share than another in the father's heart, it was given to the daughter who had first given him that name, and to whom he had given a father's first affection. And he knew too that Edith loved him with even more than the natural affection of a child, that in her thought & daydreams he was more constantly & lovingly present, than to any other member of the/ family, so therefore it was but natural that her love should meet on his side an equal if not greater response.<sup>23</sup>

Mary omitted this section from script C. It balances the maddeningly playful, heavily responsible, intrusively moral Arnoldian figure who dominates the household with an authority which busies itself terrifyingly, without resistance, in the affairs of Edith's spiritual welfare. But the truthfulness of the feeling which he confronts, the genuineness of his questioning and concern that she should argue through the fallacy that is holding her with an adult fearlessness is liberating. All this is a significant hidden link in Mary Arnold's later fiction; she, like Edith, was sure of her father's love. Because she was sure, she did not feel the need later to write out in detail the closeness of the bond between Catherine Elsmere and her father which, in the end crippled her ability to follow her husband Robert's creative doubt. She did not elaborate beyond a few eloquent pages the bond between Laura Fountain and her freethinking father Stephen even though it has to bear the weight of her final rejection of life itself. The love offered by their fathers is

greater than either was to know even in their passionate later relationships with such complex figures as Elsmere and Helbeck.

The circumstances of the relationship between father and daughter within the narrative of Lansdale Manor *de facto* exclude the mother, who is an invalid, but in effect it is a symbolic expression of an intellectual world which Tom Arnold and Mary inhabited and from which Julia was barred by her imperfect colonial education, despite her short schooling in Brussels. The love presented in this story between father and daughter is unequal but it is profound; mutually responsive and virtually unconditional.

#### 6.7 DUALITY

Set against the busy good angel of the father, and the established religious and moral aspiring towards the notion of Christian perfectibility which he represents, Margaret is the tormenting evil demon of easy accomplishment concealing pride. Her high culture is a brilliant skin covering scepticism; her proficiency in German, Italian and music a cause for vanity. Unbeknown to Edith she is already an exile from the most discriminating society, and is herself aware of the aridity of her intellectual position. The passionate dialogue between Margaret and Edith at the end of script C on the subject of women's religion can be said to anticipate the wrestling between Squire Wendover and Robert Elsmere and, to some extent, Laura and Helbeck. In this sense script C moves well beyond script A through the technical control of realistic human detail into the heart of what interested Mary most in the most intimate human conflict: arguments of passionate conviction between people of integrity who hold antagonistic theoretical positions.

In the discussion between Edith and Margaret<sup>24</sup>, sterility and doubt is concealed

beneath a passionate and apparently compelling argument. Edith, as the equivalent of Helbeck in this dialogue, incautiously forces an orthodox Christian interpretation on their experience of nature. Margaret, with great eloquence expounds her perception of the hold of convention and superstition over the minds of women. Edith, though awed by her cousin's mastery of argument and urbanity, courageously and soberly counters the attack, winning the match, unknown to herself, as far as Margaret's longing for religious stability is concerned. The description of Margaret which follows anticipates later writing:

Truly Margaret Percy was a strange mixture, one moment a self-conscious artificial beauty, studying dress and effect, vain yet with a vanity so utterly unconcealed, so coolly justified, that it rather astonished than annoyed the bystander, the next a passionate restless souled girl perplexed by questions and problems she could not solve, longing for human teaching & sympathy, yet too entirely wrapped in her creed of self sufficiency too thoroughly entrenched in the bursting belief in her own mental clearness & superiority to ask or even allow either except indirectly. What aspect was real, which assumed? <sup>25</sup>

Some of the behaviour given to Margaret Percy in scripts B and C derive from Julia Arnold's celebrated youthful beauty and dramatic performance in tableaux in Government House Hobart<sup>26</sup>, the toast of that remote colonial society. Tom always considered her 'queenly' and this epithet is applied to Margaret Percy at least three times in Lansdale Manor. Julia was proud of Mary's striking looks and encouraged a taste, which never left her for extravagant dress. The name of Julia's favourite brother was Hugh Percy Sorell. Mrs Lansdale's maiden name in script A is also Sorell. Many of the conflicting aspects attributed to Margaret may have been waging war within her author.

The depiction of pairs of characters who complement each other and act as a foil in terms of psychology and moral balance was begun vestigially in A Tale of the Moors.

It is a line of experimentation which Mary was to continue until Gladstone criticised Robert Elsmere for its development of the fascinatingly contrasted sisters Catherine and Rose Elsmere:

in working two such lives, as those of Catherine and Rose, through so many stages, the authoress has departed from previous example, and has loaded her ship, though a gallant one, with more cargo than it will bear.<sup>27</sup>

Mary took Gladstone's criticism very seriously and it is possible that she decided then to end her work on this line of experimentation which shows steady development through Lansdale Manor, Ailie, where the characters of Ailie and Marie are developed separately but in contrast, and A Gay Life, where the invalid sister narrator observes the uncontrolled, beautiful and heartless heroine Lena.

## 6.8 CONCLUSIONS

The reflection and literary control which is evident when comparing scripts A and C make for absorbing analysis. It is important in addition to register the impact of C.M. Yonge's fiction on the technique and content of the narrative, although Mary's own churchmanship differs from Yonge's. Clearly Mary feels it is legitimate to include quotations from the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer and well known hymns in an atmosphere of piety which can take as read the acceptability of writing of 'the peculiar power and comfort' of a particular Sunday morning attendance at church. Historically, the story gives a unique record of the appallingly intrusive use made by an evangelical family of the parable of the Unjust Servant to sort out its internal domestic tensions in an intimate setting from which there is effectively no escape on a Sunday evening.

Five of the eight chapters in script A conclude on a sustained morally improving note with explicit scriptural quotation or allusion. Script B contains no chapters and is mainly concerned with a society prize-giving. Script C contains six completed chapters of which two end with overt Christian references and one ends with a profound discussion of religion between Edith and Margaret. It is clear therefore that Mary has copied the device of echoing Miss Yonge's digestible moral method: the substitution of an improving thought for a cliff-hanger at the end of a chapter. This narrative suspense responded to a demand for literature which might be read aloud by the Victorian family and resembles the periodical literature of the day.

Both the structure and a great deal of the content of the story have to do with morbidly sensitive self-criticism. This must have been a part of Mary's conditioning and, possibly seemed to her to be the only socially acceptable response to her own psychological inheritance, in particular her tendency to intense emotional reactions, though her outbursts of immoderate anger or intransigent behaviour were clearly giving way to rational control by this time. One sentence, which does not appear in script A, contains a powerful clue to the resolution of some of her later plots:

“I do not think, Papa,” she said at last “that I ought to let myself read at all just now. I ought to punish myself for being so abominably selfish ...”<sup>28</sup>

This punitive, self-accusatory and destructive psychological substratum may be responsible for the deaths in her later fiction of Bessie Costrell, Laura Fountain, Eleanor and Lady Connie, to mention only heroines.



## Chapter seven

### THE TEXT OF THE NARRATIVE AILIE (1867-68)

[[82<sup>h</sup>]]<sup>1</sup> all vehement sorrow would be out of place, - into the presence of death to|give the tender womanly help it seemed only she|could give. No thought but of atonement and solemn duty|was in her mind, <and> <F><sup>†</sup>for a while there was found no place for love. Full of penitence longing to|atone in the|only way left to|it, and full {of} <also> {warm} womanly sympathy and pity for the [*sic*] the|poor dying Marie, Ailie walked silently by Frederick's side along the Corso, her face pure and peaceful and her sad eyes <f>resolved and calm

They turned into|the Piazza di Spagna and soon reached the house where they were bound.

You stay down <sup>†</sup>stairs, Ailie" said Frederick when they were admitted. "I will go up and speak to|him first."

Ailie assented and the woman of the lodgings a Frenchwoman by birth took {her} into a little room to|wait and offered her a chair. Then Ailie's [*sic*] heard the particulars of M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough's Seizure - that it happened all in a moment while she and her brother in law were going through the Colonna Gallery that a doctor had been sent for immediately but that|she had never spoken since. After a while the|{little} Frenchwoman's chatter wandered to|other things and Ailie began to|grow weary and wonder when Frederick was coming back when footsteps were heard descending the stairs and two persons entered the room one of whom was Frederick and the other she rather felt than saw to|be Colonel Musborough for the light was too dim to|admit of seeing each other{s} faces.

[[8/1] Miß Walter this is very kind” he said taking her offered hand and speaking {in} low subdued tones and infected by the quiet of the sick room “Your {friend} brother was making me all sorts|of offers, and I am very thankful for some of them for we are in a bad way. My poor sister’s maid is thoroughly worn out, and a<p>t present there is no one to|nurse her but myself. They talk of sending us a Sister of Charity but in the meantime at least your maid’s help would be very acceptable. She will do all she can I am sure” said Ailie “But Colonel Musborough you will let us do more than this. If M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough does not object I hoped to|be able to|do something myself I have been accustomed to|sick nursing for several years now and am no novice. If it would be of any help to|you that I should come for some time in the day \_ She stopped and looked up. He did not answer for a moment then he said.<sup>†</sup> “I hardly know how to|thank-you<sup>†</sup> enough Miß Walter. It would be a great comfort to|my poor sister, but I hardly know how to|let you give us so much of your time, especially as I know you have not been in good health lately.

Do not think of that” said Ailie checking the|words on Frederick’s lips with an imperative gesture “it will be no harm I assure [om.:you]. I|shall only be too glad to|make myself useful. Is she conscious now <but>.<sup>†</sup> [[8/1]] <sup>†</sup>Yes, but they say <but> they [sic] least exertion or excitement may bring on the bleeding again. I had no idea of anything so sudden as this” he murmured leaning upon a chair as if worn out.

Ailie[’s] eyes filled. How strangely {in the|hour} of sorrow and need had all thought of the Past or of their present relations vanished from both hearts. They were friends and she|was about to|do a friend’s ordinary part.

It was Frederick who spoke next.

“We must not keep you longer now Musborough, but Lisette shall come tonight and <we will see you again early> {the rest can be arranged} tomorrow; I hope poor M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough will have a <good> quiet night. Come Ailie.

Goodbyes’<sup>†</sup> were spoken. Ailie felt a warm pressure on her hand and heard a few murmured words of thanks, and then they passed out again into|the open air.

Well,” said Frederick as they walked homewards “You|have done it now but I cannot think it was wise of you Ailie. You will certainly be knocked up. I don’t think M<sup>r</sup> Walter will like the idea.

“Papa will make no objection” said Ailie quietly and she was right. When she told him<self> {what} had happened|and what she had promised he begged her not to|tire|herself and seemed anxious [*om.:about*] her but evidently had not|the|least idea {{81}} [[80<sup>l</sup>]] of opposing her wishes. Ailie found herself free to|do and act as she pleased and went to|bed early in order to|be the more fit for the morrow[ ’]s exertions. One thing she did before going to|rest. Out of the sacred leaves where it lay carefully hidden she took the|faded myrtle spray, and after looking at [*om.:it*] for a few moments|and even touching it softly with|her lips she took it to|the open window and with a resolute hand threw it into|the night air without. But a wandering breeze caught the flower and bore it back again floating it to|her very feet. She paused a moment|then stooped and lifted it up.

“It is a sign,” she murmured “I will not let it go. Go back to|your old place little faded flower, <sup>†</sup>All that remains to|me from the happy time long ago. I had thought to|throw

away with|you the|feverish longings the vain regrets which have tormented me for so long but let those go and you remain. Many secrets|have been whispered to|you little flower. Keep them safely: let no one know. I {have} done with what you typify for ever. She put it back and stood silently, her hands folded and eyes fixed on the night-heaven full of deep calm. How far off now seemed the afternoon's restless sorrow and despairing conflict. From the romance of life she had suddenly [*om.:come*] to its reality and across the gulf made by those few hours, and above all by those few minutes of strangely ordinary familiar intercourse she looked and wondered at her former self. [§] She thought of the [[80<sup>th</sup>]] scene in St Peter's but it did not move her<sup>2</sup>. It seemed another Ailie Walter who had taken part in it. Deep in the innermost citadel of her heart had retreated the|feeling which in that hour was uppermost and all-powerful. She had loved but that was over now. Woman's pleasure was gone but woman's duty [s]till remained \_ the duty of sympathy of {sisterly} help and all the tender everyday cares a woman's hand alone can give. And this duty with God's help she would fulfil to|the uttermost /{aye} and find peace in the doing. He would take it as it was meant. On that score she had no fear. How undeserved was the happiness that he should accept it at all.

So next morning Ailie came down to|breakfast equipped in a sober-coloured noiseless dress, her attire in Beatrice's sick room. Lisette had come home fatigued with the|night-watch and was going to|bed for a few hours. She said M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough was much the same. The bleeding had recurred|a little in the night but had been almost instantly stopped and now she was conscious and had spoken a few words to the Colonel. He had sat up with her some part of the night and even when he left her room Lisette thought he

had not gone to|bed. Dorothy M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough's maid<sup>.</sup> was with her now, but she was not yet able to|be in the sick room for long together. {{155}}

Ailie sent the tired maid to|bed and made a hasty|breakfast. Reginald was nowhere to|be seen. Since Frederick {{80}} [[79<sup>h</sup>]] had told him of M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough's illness and Ailie's offer <an> he had not made his appearance among the rest of the[m]

<P>Frederick said he had heard footsteps pass his door at about ½ seven that morning, and thought that probably he had gone {out} <back> for an early walk but nobody troubled themselves much about him and immediately after|breakfast Ailie went upstairs to dress.

Frederick walked with|her to|the Piazza di Spagna<sup>3</sup>. It was a lovely April morning with {golden} <balmy> gleams of sunshine and a balmy south-west wind rustling among the trees {along} <in> the Corso and in the|Pincian Gardens. The houses of the Piazza di Spagna were bathed with|the morning sunlight, the glimpses of the|hazy far stretching Campagna were exquisitely {beautiful} from the soft blue colouring and the sunny gleams sweeping every now and then across its grassy undulating surface. Ailie walked along with an unruffled brow, braced by the {unusually} pure fresh air and delighting in the|wonderful<ly> blue depths of the April sky {overhead} and in /{the} spring beauty all around. Spring in Rome! Can words suggest an idea more full of beauty and poetry. Rome the majestic the mournful clothed in unwonted garments of joy and youth, her ruins and desolate|places turned by nature's kindly hand into gardens of beauty where purple violets scent the air, and anemones shed their musky blossoms on ground cushioned with|feather [[79<sup>r</sup>]] moss, - a cloudless heaven above and an indescribable

atmosphere of fragrance and beauty all around, - <such> this is what is meant by a Roman spring.

How long shall you stay Ailie?" asked Frederick after an interval of silence as they neared the house

"As long as I am wanted" said Ailie. "We shall be able to arrange better when <l>we get there"

On arriving M<sup>dme</sup> Groszeau took them up into a sitting room on the second floor. They waited a few minutes during which time Ailie thought of what was coming and how she was to go through it.

At last the door opened and Colonel Musborough entered. He looked worn and haggard, and in every line of his face there was a restless weariness and sorrow which went to Ailie's heart, and she had much ado to preserve the calm unmoved manner {with} which she greeted him. "My sister has been asking for you Miß Walter" he said with a faint smile. "We told her of your kind offer and it seemed to have pleased her more than anything else since her first attack. Her poor maid is almost as ill as herself and I have just sent her to rest for she is really not fit to be up.

Then I have come at the right time" said Ailie quietly moving to the table and putting down <her cloak> {the shade} she carried. Frederick looked after her anxiously. {{153}} {{79}} [[78<sup>l</sup>]] Musborough old fellow," he said in a low tone "You will take care of her?

[§] "I will indeed" was the answer.

Ailie came forward divested of her bonnet and shawls, her gray dress falling round her in

soft folds, her lovely hair brushed plainly [*sic*] back from a brow open and peaceful as a child's. <Ailie> Ralph looked {at her} as she stood in the half-darkened room to|which her sweet womanly presence seemed to give a different aspect, and sighed.

"Well then Ailie" said Frederick "either Reginald or I will come for you at luncheon-time. Goodbye for the|present Away he went and left these two so strangely united|together. Will you come up-stairs now Miß Walter? My sister-in-law is expecting you I think.

"I am quite ready," said Ailie and up they went.

Ralph opened a door to the left and they entered <a> {the} darkened room where Marie Musborough lay Ralph led her to|the bedside and the servant of the|lodging house who had been watching for a <f>little while during his absence gave up her place to|Ailie and went noiselessly away.

Marie" said Ralph bending over her "I have brought Miß Walter.

Poor Marie's blue eyes unclosed and she looked up. Ailie was even more startled and shocked than she had thought to|be. She had not expected to|see so terrible a change [[78]] in such a short time. With a fast-beating heart and a sensation of awe creeping over her Ailie felt that she was in the|presence of the dying<sup>4</sup>.

A faint smile flitted over Marie's worn features. She drew Ailie down to|her and whispered Dear Miß Walter! it is very kind

Ailie said nothing but shyly with|her pure fresh lips she kissed the invalid's brow then sat down with Marie's hand in her own.

Ralph looked at the two and a gleam of satisfaction passed over his face. He said a few

quiet words to Marie and saw that Ailie was comfortable then left the room for the little ante-chamber where he passed most of his time.

The morning hours passed slowly. Marie lay for the most part in a sort of stupor broken at intervals by the terrible fits of coughing which always brought Ralph into the room and made Ailie tremble lest they should renew the bleeding in which case the Doctors said she must sink instantly.

Ailie proved a good nurse. She was quiet and prompt not given to needless alarms and possessing a more than ordinary share of self-command. The doctor who came at noon soon saw that his patient was in better hands than he had seen her hitherto. He gave her his directions, and saw that she was *[om.:in]* no danger of forgetting them. { {78} } [[ 77' ]]

"The young lady knows her duty" he said to Ralph as they stood outside.

Ralph assented. It was no news to him. It was some time now since he first knew of Ailie's capabilities as a nurse.

"I have enquired for a nurse" the other went on "but it is a difficult thing to get just now. However I will be on the look out.

Not long after the doctor's departure Frederick made his appearance. Ailie heard he was come and leaving her place for awhile went down to him

"Frederick" she said "I cannot come home now. Till they get a nurse I don't think I can leave Mrs Musborough. But I have a plan which if carried out might satisfy every body.

I find M<sup>dme</sup> Groszeau has two rooms which she could let on an emergency like this. Now if Papa did not mind changing his quarters he and I might move here as long as Mrs Musborough's illness lasts and you and Reginald stay where you are."



That might do” said <Reginald> {Frederick} thoughtfully “but Ailie, I am afraid in that case you will overtask your strength.

Ailie made an impatient movement. Do leave my strength alone” she said shortly. “It is quite equal to|the|present demands upon it I assure you. Ask Papa about this and if he consents will you come back and tell me.†

“Very well,” said Frederick rather unwillingly and Ailie left him and went upstairs again to|her post. [[ 77<sup>r</sup>]] Later in the day M<sup>r</sup> Walter appeared. Ailie soon won him over to|her plan and M<sup>dme</sup> Groszeau {was called} and told that the rooms would be wanted that night. She promised to|have them ready, and Lisette having been sent to to|come herself and bring everything necessary, the thing was regarded as settled.

It was a perplexing|day. Ailie <felt> {found} herself called upon|to take the lead in a great measure, and felt it all very strange and bewildering. But she seemed supported|by a strength not her own and wherever she went her|calm face and sweet low voice brought comfort and help. Late|in the afternoon she went into|the anteroom to fetch something and found Ralph sitting near the windows but looking so utterly exhausted that she could not but long to|see him rest<ed>ing. Should she speak? She found what she had come for then gathered up her courage and went timidly towards him.

Colonel Musborough,” she said gently “Do you not think you had better|rest.† I can do everything|that is needed now but you may be wanted|tonight.

He looked up quickly. She stood|before him in an attitude of childlike serious grace.

“Thank|you” he said “it would perhaps be better|but I find it more difficult to|rest than to|exert myself.

Ailie seemed about to speak <a>but finally changed her mind and turned away. {{77}}

[[76]] [§] He followed her with his eyes till the door closed behind her then shut his book and sat musing a while.

As the evening came on Marie recovered a little. The coughing was less frequent, <and> the stupor gave way to|a healthier weakness, and she was able to|speak in whispers. The room was lit up by the|last evening rays as Ailie knelt beside the bed to|catch the words: -

“Dear Miß Walter this is very good of you

Call me Ailie” said Ailie softly “I am so glad to|do it.”

Marie pressed her hand

Poor Ralph - is he resting?” she asked after a while

“I am afraid not,” said Ailie “He says he cannot.

Marie’s eyes closed

Poor Ralph Poor Ralph!” she murmured.

There was a pause Ailie’s heart beat fast. At length Marie looked up once more and fixed her blue eyes made preternaturally large by sickness full on her nurse’s face. It was an eager earnest <f>ga<c>ze <and>. Ailie’s eyes fell before it, and a crimson flush mounted|to|her temples. [§] Marie sighed.

And yet” she murmured “He is so good, so generous.

Ailie trembled but said nothing.

Ailie, if I may call you so, I must say it! Why did you say no”?†

Ailie started and drew back with a girl’s natural instinct of secrecy and reserve, but as she looked into those eyes [[76’]] haunted with|the indefinable presence which hovers round

the dying she felt that to refuse to answer their wistful questioning would be impossible.

Yet how find words wherewith to do it.<sup>†</sup>

Because - because -" she said hurriedly. "Oh! must I tell you? Because I had heard many things - <strange> terrible things and one day in a lane near Harford I saw you and him together, and I fancied, - I fancied - Oh! do not ask what!<sup>5</sup>

She hid her face with a stifled sob as her thoughts travelled back to the irrecoverable Past.

Marie lay for a while as if bewildered then gathered up her strength once more

Tell me this one thing" she whispered, "I have no right to ask it but tell me! - did you ever love him? \_<sup>†</sup>do you love him now?

Poor Ailie?<sup>†</sup> She shrank away from those questioning eyes and hid her burning face on the bed. But more eloquent than words were her silence and her tremor, {and} over Marie[ 's] face there passed an expression of intense relief.

"My <f>Father," she murmured to herself, "be merciful to us all - to him - to her - to me."

The terrible cough they dreaded so much choked her words. Ailie rose in alarm reproaching herself for having let her talk so much and applied the only remedies

possible. The paroxysm was soon over but there was no more conversation. {{76}}

[[75<sup>h</sup>]] Marie fell into a heavy sleep and Ailie knelt on in the darkening twilight, her

thoughts one long prayer. How strange that one whom she had met but once in her life

before should have had power to draw from her the jealously guarded secret of her heart

which it had been her endeavour and object to keep sacred from all eyes. Truly death is a

wonderful Revealer, - the discoverer of the hidden things of all hearts. Nothing but

truth can stand the test of its solemn presence; what it demands the living cannot refuse<sup>6</sup>.

Miß Walter" said a deep grave voice close beside her, "You are tired; let me take your place. Ailie started and rose

No I am not tired" she said quietly resuming her place by Marie's side.

"I have ordered some coffee for you which will be here presently You must want something after|your long watch.

"Thank you" said Ailie and could find nothing else to|say. The coffee shortly appeared.

He took it from the servant's hand brought a little table and put it and the coffee close to|her hand.

That|is how you like it I think" he said.

Ailie looked and saw that it was a little cup of strong coffee without milk or sugar.

Trivial as the|circumstance was, it set her pulses throbbing for she remembered the|days when he used to|laugh at her for her foreign tastes.

Her hand trembled as she put the cup to|her lips but she knew it was too|dark for him to|notice it.

"But you must eat too" he said with a transitory smile holding out biscuits and bread and butter

No thank you" said Ailie feeling that to|eat was a thing im[[ 75<sup>r</sup>]]possible

But I was told to|[om.:take] care of you" he said gently "and cannot let you eat nothing.

The old power of ruling, the gentle|firm tones. \_ Ailie knew them so well of old! She did as she was told and soon felt the|better|for her slender meal.

Your maid is come" he said as he moved away the table. "She says she {is} quite rested.

She and I are to manage the|night watch between us. You must go to|bed early Miß

Walter else you will never be fit for tomorrow.

He moved towards the bed and stood looking down on its sleeping inmate. Ailie could not see but she felt what was on his face, and almost held her breath.

So there was silence for a little while then Marie woke with a sudden start and looked up with troubled eyes into Ralph's face.

Ralph, is that you?" she whispered "Oh Ralph. I have seen them - Frank and little Laurence!<sup>7</sup>

He knelt down beside her and tried to speak calmly.

"You have been dreaming, Marie?" he asked.

"Was it a dream? I think not. They are waiting for me and tomorrow tomorrow!

She clasped her hands with all her feeble strength and her face lightened.

Ralph - poor Ralph," she murmured turning towards him again "I have thought much, but it is best. After {I am gone} promise <me one thing> Ralph - that you will sorrow no more over the terrible Past. It is in God's hands - Oh let it rest {{75}} [[74<sup>l</sup>]] there. He is merciful \_ He knows."

She tried to take his hand in hers, and looked up, <in>to him, her face clouded for the last time with aught of human sorrow or trouble.

And Ralph for all my heartlessness, all the wrong I did you, <long ago> - Oh Ralph it is already forgiven is it not?

So long ago" he said in a voice choked and low.

There was a movement. It was Ailie leaving the room

Miß Walter - Ailie! Call her Ralph"

But Ailie caught the faint whisper and came back again. Marie took her hand.

Do not go my good little nurse. Ralph, you have taken care of her?

Yes," he said rising and resuming his composure "as much as she would let me."

That is right," said Marie with a tremulous smile "She has had a long day. What time is it Ralph?"

<Nearly> {Past} nine" {he said} looking at his watch. "Time for Miß Walter to be resting. There was a knock at the door. Ailie went to it and found M<sup>dme</sup> Groszeau. She had come to announce M<sup>r</sup> Walter's arrival and that he was anxious to see his daughter."

Ailie went back to the bedside and bent over Marie

"I must go now dear M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough" she said softly, "Goodbye till the morning

Adieu" said Marie in the tongue natural to her by birth, "nous nous reverrons".

She smiled and stroked Ailie's cheek caressing {ly} with her wasted fingers as the young girl bent to kiss her brow. [[ 74<sup>r</sup>]]

[§] Very strange and bewildered did Ailie feel when she emerged from that darkened room into the light of the passage and staircase and still more when she entered the little sitting room bespoken for them and found all three gentlemen waiting for her and tea ready on the table.

So you here are [*sic*] at last" said Frederick {jumping [*om.:up*] } "Come and sit down and take some tea.

He placed her in a large chair while Reginald and her father busied themselves in preparing her tea. There was something in the everyday aspect of things in the light and cheerfulness around which made an almost overpowering contrast to the darkness and

sadness and calm of the room she had just left. Ailie was very much exhausted and overwrought and to the astonishment and alarm of everybody she had hardly raised the cup to her lips when she hastily put it down again, and covering her face with her hands burst into a passion of tears. Reginald and Frederick looked from one to the other as much as to say "I told you so," while Mr Walter hung over her, uttering alarmed expressions of endearment and trying in vain to soothe the painful agitation whose cause he hardly understood.

My darling try to eat a little. - You have been doing too much. We must not let you exert yourself so much.

Oh it is not that," said Ailie raising her head and choking back the sob. "I am only foolish - weak. Let me go dear {{74}} [[73<sup>h</sup>]] Papa I shall be better when I have rested" She rose, her hands trembling and her lips white with exhaustion and excitement. Clearly the best thing to [om.:be] done with her was to send her to bed. When Reginald came back to the sitting room after escorting her to her room the gentlemen looked at each [om.:other] with long faces and decided that come what might she could [om.:not] be allowed to overtask her strength in this way.

Meanwhile {no sooner had} Ailie gained the little room so hastily prepared for her than she threw herself down and let the tears have full sway. It was a great relief poor child and when the bitter weeping spent itself she rose feeling less burdened and oppressed, and more able for rest and sleep.

Lisette came in for a few minutes to help her in undressing and to say that a bed [om.:had been] made up for her in the anteroom where she might rest till Colonel Musborough who

was to|watch the first part of the night should call her. She seemed inclined to|talk but Ailie was in no mood to bear it and soon dismissed her with instructions of [*sic*] rouse her immediately if any change for the worse occurred.

A little while more and Ailie was left alone in the|darkness. The moonlight poured into|the room, <and> glimmer<ed>ing on the polished floor and scanty|furniture of the|little room. On a little white crucifix over the chimney piece it|lingered bringing out|its delicate carving into sharp silvery relief against the surrounding shadows. To Ailie's weary heart and brain it seemed a sign, a symbol and emblem of comfort, sent at the|time when it was most needed. Many [[ 73<sup>7</sup>]] a healing and resting thought the little crucifix awoke within|her as she lay listening to|the occasional murmurs and movements|in the next room. She occupied the adjoining room to|Marie's and there was only a very thin partition between. She heard at long intervals Ralph's low deep tones and even caught though she could not distinguished [*sic*] Marie's feeble answers. Once after a long period of silence the voices raised themselves a little and Ailie involuntarily started up fancying that she heard her own name. A moment afterwards however she lay down again angry with herself for having heard and determining if possible to|go to|sleep and listen no more. It was an easier determination to|make than to|keep, but at length "Sleep long-sought"<sup>8</sup> descended on the heavy eyelids and Ailie lay wrapt in the dreamless slumber of exhaustion.

Meanwhile the|moonlight held sway over heaven and earth. Such a lovely night! \_ a great stretch of dark and cloudless blue above, and beneath the|ancient city lying {chequered with} <steeped in> ghostly lights and shadow in the midst of the|shadowless



illimitable Campagna. A night when it {would} seem<s> a good thing to|die and become a portion of the|marvellous incredible beauty|we see around us, - a night when the soul of the|watcher bows in wondering voiceless adoration before the|power and grandeur of the Creator. {{73}} [[72<sup>l</sup>]] Th[e] hours wore on, marked by the great bell of St Peter's and every moment brought nearer to|one weary soul the moment of|release and rest.

Ailie slept quietly for several hours. But at last in the|very early morning when the dawn was just lightening faintly in the East and the moonlight had begun {to|pale} [om.:on] a sudden she awoke in the silent house. Swift footsteps passed her door there was a hum and murmur in the next room and in the passages. The sounds mingled with her dreams and she was lying in a light restless sleep when the door was hastily opened, and Lisette stood with terrified eyes and unbound hair in the waning moonlight

Levez-vous Mademoiselle" she cried under her breath C'est arrivé \_ elle meurt!

"Elle meurt." The shock of the words was enough. In an instant Ailie was standing on the|floor, sleep effectually banished from her eyes. Her hasty|toilette was soon accomplished and throwing a shawl over her long dressing gown of blue flannel she followed Lisette from the room.

Outside Marie's door she paused a moment. There was no sound within; everything was still. She softly|opened the door and glided into|the d{imly lighted} <arkened> room.

Round Marie's bed a hushed group was gathered consisting of Ralph, her old servant Dorothy, the doctor and a young English clergyman only just arrived. Ralph was kneeling by Marie's side, her hand in his and his eyes [[72<sup>l</sup>]] fixed with an /{un}alterable gaze on her face. Ailie stood behind him for a minute then he looked up and made room

for her.

“There is no hope” he whispered in strangely passive emotionless tones “She is sinking fast.

Truly there was no hope written on that white still|face over which the grey shadows of death|were gathering and deepening. Ailie hid her face and prayed. In the presence of death {the} spiritual world is so real and God so near!

There was a faint movement, and a scarcely audible murmur from the dying lips. Ralph bent down to catch the|broken words.

“The clergyman \_ the prayer.”

Ralph looked across to|where the young clergyman knelt book in hand, and soon the words of the Commendatory prayer were heard in the hushed and silent room.

Marie lay with closed eyes, her hands lying passively in Ralph’s. When the|prayer was over there|was a slight revival of strength. She looked up and /{as} her eyes met Ailie’s a faint smile passed over her face

“Bring her to me Ralph” she murmured.

Ralph rose and beckoned to Ailie to|take his place. She knelt down and took the damp hands into|her own.

Thank|you, \_ you have been very kind, - take care. - †do not let him grieve too|much”  
{{139}}

Oh the broken laboured utterance of death, \_ there is naught {{72}} [[71<sup>h</sup>]] else in the|world so binding and so solemn

“I will not” said Ailie so low that no one else heard and {then} in obedience to|a faint

pressure of her hands bent down and pressed her lips to the brow already damp with the death dew

Then for a little while there was silence broken only by Marie's laboured breathing and Dorothy's suppressed sobbing. Slowly through the half-open window the morning stole into the room, and from the eaves without was heard the "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds"<sup>9</sup> The chill grey light rested on the face of the dying, and lit up the eyes so soon to close on every thing earthly. Marie seemed to notice it

Raise me" she murmured.

Ailie raised her in her arms till her head rested on her shoulder, then Ralph divining her desire drew aside the curtains and let in the sunrise. The window looked upon Monte Pincio and beyond there was a view of the Campagna and the distant Apennines. From the sea of rolling mist which shrouded the great plain, the mountains rose flushed with a faint pink. Over everything brooded the silence and the mystery which accompanies the birth of the daylight.

Ralph - do you remember. - "at Simla?" We are happier now. It is come -- Ralph Goodbye!"

Her last word, her last look was for him, then her head fell back on Ailie's shoulder - there was a slight struggle, [[ 71<sup>7</sup>]] a moment's pain, and Marie entered "upon another dawn than ours."<sup>10</sup>

Chap.

He is waiting for you upstairs, Ailie

Alone Frederick?

Yes; but you must go in. He particularly wishes to speak to|you.

Ailie mounted the stairs and opened the|door of their little sitting-room with a timid hand.

A gentleman was standing near the table; he turned round as she entered and the light falling on his worn intellectual features showed him to|be Colonel Musborough.

It is very kind of you {to|come}" he said coming to|meet her and speaking in the subdued way habitual to|him of late.

Oh!" said Ailie, and could find no more words for the|choking feeling in her throat.

He took no notice of her emotion and immediately entered upon the|object of the|interview \_ the choice of a monument for poor Marie's grave.

He showed her several drawings but Ailie soon gave her opinion in favour of a sketch of a plain {white marble} cross.

Yes I think you are right" he said "The simpler the better. Well we will decide for this one. But there is one more thing - the text, the inscription.

"I have thought of that" said Ailie in a low tone "And it seemed to|me that the most appropriate one would be that verse in the {{71}} [[70']] Psalms: \_ "Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning"<sup>11</sup>

His {face} changed but he said nothing.

It seems to|me suitable" said Ailie looking up with dewy reverent eyes "because it was really so with|her. Joy, - {the} greatest joy of all, \_ came to|her in the|morning.

[§] His look showed that he understood her, then he turned away murmuring "Yes but the night of sorrow came first."

There was a pause then he said abruptly M<sup>r</sup> Cotton (the young clergyman before referred

to) and I have arranged between us that the funeral shall take place to-morrow.

To-morrow!" repeated Ailie a little startled for only one whole day had elapsed since Marie's death.

"Yes" was the answer "we think it best. Delay will neither benefit the living nor the dead, and she would have liked it so I feel sure. Then when the cross you have chosen is put up over her grave, and nothing more remains to do I shall leave Rome, to see it and Italy I trust no more.

He spoke more to himself than to her, but Ailie pressed her hands lightly together to keep back the tears. He noticed her emotion and turning to her said not without a shade or [of] constraint in his manner.

I have only one thing more to do Miss Walter and that is to thank you <f> on her behalf and my own for the help you brought us when we most needed it. But for you \_ He hesitated; it seemed as if the words he would fain have spoken would not come.

Oh!" exclaimed Ailie involuntarily, drawing away "Why will you thank me.<sup>†</sup> You must know as well as I can [[ 70' ]] tell you that what I did deserves no thanks - no gratitude. No one could have done otherwise.

She felt hurt she hardly knew why that he should have thought such formal thanks due to her, and both were standing embarrassed and silent when the door opened and Frederick Lyon asked

"May I come in

The Colonel went to the door and the old friends greeted one another warmly. They had not met since poor Marie's death for all yesterday the Colonel had spent shut up in his

own room away from all eyes. Frederick now was shocked to see how worn and haggard and even old he looked and urged the request he came to make with the greater earnestness

“Ailie and I thought of walking <with us> to the Villa Borghese this afternoon, and we should be very glad if you would join us Colonel. Come with us” he urged seeing that Ralph hesitated “You look worn out and as if a breath of fresh air would do you all the good in the world.”

There was something about Frederick's practical heartiness mixed as it was with an evident respectful sympathy which could not but win its way and Ralph consented but more as if it was too much trouble to refuse than for any other motive.

“Very well; then in a quarter of an hour will you join Ailie and myself downstairs. We must not put it off longer. I think; it is past four now.

“I will be ready” said Ralph, and Frederick and Ailie left the room. Ralph put [om.:away] the designs scattered on the table { {70} } [[69]] then stood for a moment with that far-off look which of late had dwelt there so often At length he got up and left the room. After traversing the darkened corridor he opened a door at the further end and entered a hushed and silent room. Advancing to the bedside he put back the white covering and gazed long and earnestly on the face of her who lay there.

There she lay {in the repose &} silen<t>ce {of death} <and peaceful>. The golden hair already streaked with grey was drawn smoothly from the broad white brow; the eyes which so often in life had looked forth from the fringes which veiled them, sadly hopelessly through a mist of tears, \_\_ closed and peaceful; and the clear cut lips which in

youth|had given a weak undecided look to|the|face folded together firmly restfully, as if life's last secret had been learnt and the mute|lips were guarding till the renewed life of the Distant Eternity should breathe through them once more and bid them speak it to|the|glory of Him who through his servant Death|had taught it. In the|whole face and look there was an unutterable|Peace which had never dwelt there|in life, and as he gazed Ralph remembered her last words "We are happier now" and felt with his whole heart that as regarded her own heart they|were the simple blessed truth. The terrible thoughts which yesterday had overwhelmed him, and the despair which had prompted|him to|say as he looked upon the|dead "This is my doing" passed away from him and in their place came a sense of utter thankfulness that weariness and sorrow, remorse and loneliness had no more power to|touch her who had ever seemed too|fragile to|endure them. [[ 69<sup>n</sup>]] He knelt down and laid one of his own on the cold hands <lying r> folded {on the heart} over a bunch of fragrant violets. Every where the scented purple blossom mingled with yellow-eyed primroses had been lavishly strewn by a tender hand<sup>12</sup>, and as the|flowers caught his eye, Ralph's thoughts travelled back to|that long night before the end when lying awake with dying lips Marie had spoken to|him of the|last wish of her heart, had urged him with her little|strength to|fulfilled [sic] promising with|a last quivering smile that|this|time it should not be in vain As he thought of those broken words what they related to what they were connected with Ralph's brow darkened and his face lost something of its rapt high|look. For Ralph Musborough {was a proud man} quick to resent and slow to|forgive even where he loved most, and the|sacrifice of pride and putting away of resentment which Marie had asked of|him were easier to|promise than to

accomplish. Yet love and sorrow and many a half-bitter memory from the far Past won the day at last

“Yes Marie” he murmured {bending over her} as if she could hear the promise so solemnly renewed “it shall be as you wish, - as you asked of me in those last hours together. If you are near if you know, be content, \_ pride, bitterness, resentment \_ All are gone, and there only remains a hope for which I thank you and a love wh<ich>ose reward if it comes to me at last will be your gift also. Sister, - Schwesterchen, as {{69}} Frank and I used to call you in the olden|days. [[68']] Goodbye - good night.

He bent and kissed the meekly folded hands, then with a long last lingering look at her who had been his childhood’s friend, and the only love of his youth, turned away and left her to|the silence [§] which is the fittest surrounding of the dead.

And a few minutes afterwards, three people passed through the|Piazza del Popolo on their way to|the Villa Borghese. The Colonel walked a little apart from his companions and took but little share in the|conversation they|tried hard to|keep up. Between thimself and Ailie there|was growing up once more the st<range>{iff}ness and coldness which for a while in the presence of death had given way to|something like the|ease and friendliness of former days Ailie felt it, but no longer with the|old keeness<sup>¶</sup> of feeling She accepted it simply meekly as her due, avoid<ed>{ing} him whenever she could, and <speaking to him when speech was necessary> {acting towards him} when {that was no longer possible} with a simple serious dignity which became her well. She had no hope, no wish. All she longed for was to go home to|Beata’s<sup>13</sup> love and Beata’s care, and learn from her how to be happy once more. And meanwhile this state of|mind imparted a poise



and quiet grace to her manner which often attracted Frederick's attention and made him wonder what had become of the frolicsome mirthful Ailie of former days.

Frederick was the only person who in the least understood how things were going. His powers of observation had not been used in vain during the last few days, and [[ 68<sup>7</sup>]] a few scattered hints from poor jealous Reginald, joined with a little explanation drawn from the unsuspecting M<sup>r</sup> Walter had thrown no small light upon the present position of affairs. He fancied that it was a case of hope on both sides <and> {but} that some obstacle or other lay in the way of a happy éclaircissement. For a long time he puzzled his brain to find what it could be, till suddenly there flashed across his memory the fact of Robert Carr[ 's] relationship to the Walters. He remembered too that never from Ailie's lips had he ever heard any allusion to Colonel Musborough's past life which doing [knowing] as Frederick did what it contained it would have seemed only natural to make. "I have it" he exclaimed bringing his hand down with a thump on the window-sill near which he happened to be standing at the time. "Those wretched Carrs are at the bottom of it somehow. One would have thought they had done him enough mischief in India without pursuing him to England. I'll warrant they sent home a letter<sup>14</sup> of the true Carr type full of mysterious hints and inexplicable sentences, and the old people were [§] frightened and Ailie bewildered, and the Colonel who is quicker to take a hint than most men I know found it desirable to take his departure and went accordingly. Yet I am not so certain. If letter there was, M<sup>r</sup> Walter certainly never saw it or I should have heard of it from him after what has happened lately. And then too, {{ 68 }} it is strange that if they were really attached to [[ 67<sup>7</sup>]] each other the Colonel did not attempt any explanation, or

clear up the|mystery in any way. Well there is at least one thing I can do, which cannot harm anyone and may do good. I will tell Ailie the Colonel's story, as I perhaps of all men now living am the most capable of telling it And by that means I shall soon know whether it is as I think between them.

But it was destined that Another more capable should|anticipate Frederick's kindly purpose.

At last the entrance to|the|Villa Borghese was reached and the three turned into those lovely grounds which in their own particular way, have hardly their equal in the|world. Across sweeps of mossy neglected turf they wandered and among groves of the shiny-leavy ilex, till at the end of a grassy avenue bordered by the dark cypress, a spot was reached wh<ich>{ose beauty} drew an exclamation from Ailie and a proposal that they should sit and rest and [a]while. It [om.:was] a small open glade from which the trees retreated on all sides, {and through their branches the|afternoon sun} cast<ing> long irregular shadows across its carpet of mossy turf. In the|centre|what had once been the statue|of a faun<sup>15</sup> lay prostrate and discoloured, but over the fallen limbs and partly - outlined head, graceful creeping plants and feathery mosses had woven a bed of soft greens, as if to|hide the degradation of the|Sylvan monarch. Towards the|east there was an opening in the|trees, and through <the> {a} distant arch made by overhanging branches clothed|in the|green of early spring, the eye might rove over the surrounding Campagna to|the blue line of|the Alban hills beyond. It was a scene such as only Rome can show, in which natural beauty is so {delicately} blended with Art as to gain not lose by the|union. Ailie sat down on a fragment of what had once been the faun's [[67]]

pedestal and her companions followed her example.

“A happy ending to|our pilgrimage” said Frederick, throwing himself lazily back on the grass, and gazing up into the cloudless blue overhead.

Poor faun” said Ailie stooping down to|brush away the rest of the creepers which hung over the {once} shapely features|of the|marble.

“Lucky fellow.” said Frederick “He has had his day and now the|flowers tend|him.”

But naturally he would rather reign than be pitied” said Ralph smiling.

I don’t know” said Frederick “Pity and love and all that sort of thing are uncommonly pleasant in their way.

Very” said Ralph “but he is a poor creature who prefers the degradation which excites them, to|the state dignified if lonely which does not need them.”

Ailie bent down over the marble till the|veil she had thrown back fell forward over her face and hid it from view The movement attracted Frederick’s attention and he looked from one to|the other with curious half-shut eyes.

Hollo!” he exclaimed starting up “Well was there ever such a head as mine. Past five I declare, and that young German will be waiting till all’s blue I must go Ailie. I made an appointment with|the young man to|<p> {meet him} this afternoon|and look at a picture of his which I intend buying.

“You are not going Frederick?” said Ailie looking up startled

I must but Colonel Musborough will take<see> you safely home Musborough I leave her in your charge. The poor fellow will be wondering what has become of me Au revoir

But Frederick -” exclaimed Ailie, start<ed>ing up in {an} agony.

Stay|where you are” said Frederick gaily waving his hand to|her from the avenue “There is no need to spoil your {{67}} [[66]] outing Goodbye I have no time to|lose.

And quickening {his} steps he was out of sight before Ailie could make any further remonstrations. In a sort of desperation {s}he sat down again resolved to|make the best of things. Anything was better than silen<t>ce so she began to|talk hurriedly quickly on the|topics most readily discussed in Rome \_ its noble galleries and the|masterpieces of painting and sculpture contained in them. She spoke of th<at>e Transfiguration<sup>16</sup>, that wonderful Picture which while it lasts will still|fascinate and enchain<s> the|minds of men against all the dictates of judgement and taste.

Yes it is a Divine Countenance” the Colonel said in answer. It seems as if Human skill and genius alone could hardly have depicted it. But the picture is a great though an immortal failure. <But> The contrast between the two parts so perfect in themselves, to|say nothing of the improbability which lies on the face of it, is so great and glaring as to|become antagonism. Looked at apart there is nothing more to|desire brought together each marring<sup>1</sup> the effect of the|other.”

I am no artist and cannot criticise” said Ailie ease returning as she saw his calmness Then she spoke of the|other great works of ancient art which had made the greatest impression upon her with|all the enthusiasm of her warm and sensitive nature But the|Colonel’s answers were not altogether satisfactory. He had generally some fault to find or some critical remark to|make which checked her and threw her back upon herself. Ailie grew half impatient and desisted, feeling much as she used to do in the olden days when he refused to|share her raptures and damped her romance by unwelcome reality.

She relapsed into silence and occupied herself in picking the violets which scented the air of the little glen. Her light form framed amongst the cypresses behind, she sat among the broken marble, a fair sweet white vision. The day was hot and she had taken off her hat and was idly filling it with fragrant white and purple blossoms. Far away through the long vista of overarching trees her eyes wandered dreamily to the mountainous distance; her lips were slightly parted and her cheeks flushed with a faint pink. She was hardly thinking; the warmth of the April sunshine and the youthful feathery green of the spring landscape impressed her mind with poetical fancies to which she passively surrendered herself.

So there was silence but it was broken in a way she little thought of. Before she knew he had moved Ralph had drawn nearer to her. Looking down upon her with large intent eyes he said in low controlled tones which told far more than his words,

“Miss Walter, long ago I gave you {I believe} a spray of myrtle, - will you return my gift in kind?”

Ailie let fall her flowers and turned slowly round towards him with dilated eyes and lips from which the colour gradually faded. There was a moment's pause then a flood of sudden crimson spread itself over neck and brow; she raised the flowers in her trembling hands and rising held them out to him with a gesture half piteous half bewildered.

Ailie! At last — my child! my darling!”

And taking the cold little hands into both his own he drew her into the shelter of his strong arms and held her close. Then there was another silence, - a silence far more full of meaning than its predecessor. An added glory and music seemed to have come

into|all the April air around; everywhere the sunshine o<f>n the dewy leaves and the song of birds among the budding shrubberies, seemed to|<harmonise> {make} a glad unison with that happy thing passing in their midst. {{66}}

[[65<sup>l</sup>]] Ailie for a while was perfectly still as if fearing to break the charm which held her. She felt nothing, thought|of nothing; she was only conscious that here was the|home she had missed a while ago, the resting-place she had thought one short hour<s> {before} <ago> could never be hers. But at last happening to|look up she met a pair of grey eyes looking down into hers whose expression roused her from her dreams.

No no” she cried breaking away and hiding her burning face with|her hands “You cannot forgive, - you will never forget.

But he took her hands and held them tightly with his own.

Ailie” he said in grave tender tones. “I will tell you the whole truth \_ yes darling the whole truth. At one time you know when and why \_ I was very angry and it seemed as if to forgive and forget would be impossible. But there [*om.:it*] is over now, quite over. I believe now that you thought you were right in what you did, and that you had reasons and motives of which I not knowing what|they were, did not take sufficient account. And there were faults on my side: I ought \_\_\_\_

But I doubted you” she said with a half sob “And you do not know yet on what evidence. Oh I have been wrong and weak. \_ †you do not know yet how wrong how weak”

Oh Ailie” he said a little sadly “If you had but trusted me a little.”

Then the|tears dropped bright and fast <and> {till} he could hardly bear to|see them

[§] There are explanations to|make on both|sides” he said tenderly Look up and smile Ailie, else I shall never have strength for mine Do you not know you foolish child that the|Past is all over now, that we are together and shall be together as long as [[ 65<sup>7</sup>]] we live.

Then Ailie raised her head and looked at him smiling shyly and slightly through her tears. I am happy Ralph” she said softly “only I cannot /{forget} that it is my fault, we have {both} been unhappy lately. I ought not to have drawn such hasty conclusions, I ought to|have tried \_ but there you shall hear

And summoning up her courage she told him simply and truthfully all that had passed; how letters had arrived from India containing nothing definite but hinting at some “strange story” connected with his name, and one had always [also] come from Margaret Bruce to|her in which Margaret wrote|triumphantly that all her suspicions were confirmed for {that} she had lately met with a young Indian officer who shook his head when she mentioned the|name and pronounced its owner possessed “of a most unenviable notoriety in the service and an altogether undesirable acquaintance for any lady.” She did not say and probably did not know that this young man {not long commissioned} was speaking merely from hearsay, on no better authority than mess-table conversation {upon} whose allusions to|Colonel Musborough he, probably not understanding them, had chosen to|put the|worse [sic] possible construction. But even these apparent proofs did not shake Ailie’s loyalty and faith till that terrible {day} when she saw with her own eyes what appeared to|her to|confirm them all.

Oh Ralph” she said, looking up with entreating eyes “I cannot tell how it was, \_ it seems

now impossible that I should ever have been so utterly foolish but then - then - I did not know what to think. I only believed that you loved someone {{65}} [[64']] else and that you had gained my heart for your pleasure and thrown it away when you found what you had done Do you wonder Ralph that when you came to me a week after that day without a word of explanation, without even hinting at any mystery to be unravelled, that I with what I had seen and heard fresh in my memory received you as I did. Yes yes you must wonder, \_ you always will Seeing the love, I ought to have trusted you for the rest. But Ralph if I was wrong I have suffered for it \_ believe it Ralph. She bent forward and timidly touched his hands The movement roused him <sel>from his reverie.

This is altogether new to me” he said speaking with an effort

“Then these were your only reasons for what you said and did last December, \_ the only reasons Ailie?

Yes, I have told you all” she said half bewildered by his look and tone.

It makes my task the harder” he murmured “but perhaps it is better after all that she should hear it first from my lips

What Ralph?” asked Ailie catching the words.

My darling do not ask yet. It is a long story and a time will come before long when I must tell and you must listen but now - just now, let us forget these things for a little. We are happy Ailie are we not?” and bending forward with questioning eyes dimmed <with> {by} emotion he looked into her face

So happy” she murmured, and her shy blush and smile made her once more like the Ailie of former days. Yet is [sic] was a grave and somewhat sad reunion, no joyous ordinary



betrothal but a pledging of hearts who had learnt through suffering the strength of their love. The grave sadness of manner [[64<sup>r</sup>]] which in Ralph marked {his constant remembrance of} the sorrow which had so recently befallen him was only softened by his love, not dis{s}ipated, and Ailie felt too vividly that but for sickness and death they might never have been brought together for any of the girlish abandon and lighthearted joyousness in which she would naturally have expressed herself a few months [om.:before]. Yet they were very happy. The remembrance of poor Marie's last words and thoughts seemed over them, hallowing their reunion and make [sic] their joy graver deeper fuller than they had ever thought for.

They rose <away> and walked away under the long vista of trees till they seemed as it were standing on the|brink of great heights <and> {while} beneath and around them spread a wide sunset world lit by golden lights fading here and there into depths of purple shadow

Do you remember?" \_ said Ralph looking down at her with tender smiling eyes.

"Across the|hills and far away

Beyond their utmost purple rim

And deep into the dying day

The happy princess followed him<sup>17</sup>

Is my princess happy? Will she come?"

Ailie clasped her hands her eyes lustrous with|happy thoughts.

Look" she murmured her gaze wandering over the rich-toned colouring of|the|nearer landscape to|where the mountains and the|heavens met and girdled the whole with a

circle of infinite blue “is it not beautiful, beautiful, this “new world which is the old”<sup>18</sup>?  
Oh Ralph let us enter it \_ this “new world” of our lives \_ hand in hand and heart with  
heart and then whatever be the|secrets of the {{64}} [[63]] hidden distance whatever of  
sorrow or trial it may hide from our eyes - it matters not, for you shall lead and I follow,  
and together we will bear and brave it all.

She turned to|him as she spoke her eyes bright with happiest tears her face full of deep  
and tender content

It is a compact” he said and kissed the|little|hands half reverently for the|time of such  
innocent spontaneous emotion was long passed away for him

Then they turned and wandered home again through the deepening twilight. They were  
silent but from no lack of words. If Ralph’s happiness was somewhat dimmed {as} <by>  
<▷he thought of the story which had still to|be told and the|pain which had yet to|be gone  
through Ailie’s flowed in a serene uninterrupted tide to|the exclusion of every thought  
She cared neither for Indian letters nor reports nearer home. A boundless trust filled her  
heart and about the mystery which Ralph {had} told her he had still to|explain, she hardly  
thought at all and when it crossed her memory felt well content to|wait as long as he liked  
for the|time of its revealing. But that evening {after} <when> M<sup>r</sup> Walter and Ralph had  
had a long interview, in which {the|discourses of the|latter had <moved> {excited} in  
the|man of books and letters a sympathy and interest he was [om.:seldom] wont to show  
or feel, Ralph sitting with Ailie in the|balcony where we met her first in Rome while all  
was still above and the stars shone over head in the clear blue of the Italian night with a  
steady and tender light, <Ralph> - told the|history of his life, her hand in his and her

sweet and steadfast eyes looking the comfort and pity she could not speak.

[[63<sup>r</sup>]]

Chap.

But what Colonel Musborough told Ailie with many breaks and pauses, we will tell as shortly as we can, presenting its substance to the reader in {the form of} a brief narrative <form>. Ralph and Frank Musborough were the only children of a gentleman of independent fortune resid<ed>{ing} in Wharfe<sup>19</sup>dale Yorkshire. Squire Musborough was a <Tory> {gentleman} of the old school a staunch Tory, a true believer in the greatness of England and a steady opponent of all new-fangled notions. The Chartist and Corn-Law times in which he had the misfortune to live were altogether too much for him, and excited in him a bitter<ness> {because helpless} [*om.:sense*] of wrath. The world was going to rack and ruin he would say under the guidance of the Devil and the Radical; and indeed after such a step as the repeal of the Corn-Laws the sooner the end of all things came the better. By this it will be seen his opinions took no middle course, and he would fain have transmitted them entire to his sons had that been possible. But no sooner did the lads attain the age of indep[en]dent thought than the very strictness of the Tory atmosphere in which they had been brought [*om.:up*] produced a corresponding reaction<sup>20</sup> on the other side. The old Squire would listen horrified while as boys of sixteen and eighteen they talked with youthful enthusiasm of M<sup>r</sup> Gladstone and rejoiced over the revolution of 1848. †and found the task of training the “young ideas”<sup>21</sup> of his sons, in a political line at least a somewhat hopeless one. They were well-grown {{63}} [[62<sup>r</sup>]] lads, but save that both were tall and long of limb there was little likeness between them. Ralph the elder was dark and strongly built; he delighted

chiefly in books and intellectual exercises and amusements|of all sorts, yet was no contemptible cricketer and a tolerable shot; while Frank the younger with his curly hair and handsome face his open hand and ready laugh was the darling of his father's heart {and} the|pride of the|village; a captain among his school-fellows and a favourite every where. The brothers were very much attached to|each other in their own undemonstrative fashion. Frank believed that Ralph would some|day be a very great man and beat Sir Robert Peel into|files while the|elder brother had a secret and truly sincere admiration for the|generous nature and winning qualities of the|younger. As boys they had only one playfellow, \_ the|Marie of our narrative.

The rector of the parish where their father was squire was a man of no small character. His hobbies were many but the most prominent among them was an undisguised aversion to|female society. So when after a somewhat longer summer holiday than usual he reappeared in Opley bringing with|him a wife and a step-daughter his parishioners felt it incumbent upon them to express a proper amount of astonishment. French and a beauty|! - well it was to|be hoped M<sup>r</sup> Mariott knew his own business best but it certainly was surprising. M<sup>rs</sup> Mariott it was soon found out was very delicate else the close seclusion in which she lived and the rarity [[ 62<sup>r</sup>]] of her appearances out of doors might have converted the|nine days' wonder into|a more lasting topic of conversation {discussion} People were not left long in ignorance as to how it had all come about for {if} M<sup>rs</sup> Mariott was rarely seen outside the|walls of her own house little Marie La Rivière her daughter soon made her light step and lovely childish face well known in the village. She was always accompanied by a French maid, and it was the maid who furnished

the particulars which would never have been won from her reserved and dignified little mistress. She told how M<sup>dme</sup> Rivière staying for a night at an hotel in Paris with her daughter and servant had been suddenly taken so dangerously ill that her life was despaired of and {how} when after some days of illness her slender purse was all but exhausted and the people of the hotel began to look angrily and suspiciously at their lodgers, a saving angel had appeared in the shape of an English clergyman who called in to administer the consolations of religion to the dying Hug[u]enot lady <made> and learning their destitute condition made it his business to supply physical comforts and necessities as well as spiritual By his oddly-manifested but unremitting care, poor Madame La Rivière gradually struggled back to life, and as the days of her recovery went on, and the pale delicate features assumed something of their old beauty and the sad blue eyes lost something of their heaviness, it became evident that M<sup>r</sup> Mariott was not attracted {{62}} [[61']] to her side simply from the Christian impulses of benevolence and charity. Odd strange uncouth as he was in general to her and with her his manner assumed an unwonted and most winning softness. In his own peculiar fashion he let her know the reason for all this and she wearied out poor thing<s> with long years of suffering poverty-stricken widowhood <feeling> {thinking} that it could not be for long and {feeling} that rest and home were the only things left to live for fell in with his wishes and consented to become his wife. So it was that one Autumn day <that> the village was startled by the news <of> that M<sup>r</sup> Mariott was coming home - married! and a week afterwards through the windows of the carriage which bore the newly wedded pair to their Rectory home caught sight of a pensive delicate face lit by such wan and

spiritual eyes that all who met their languid glances went home prophesying under their breaths a speedy end to|the|honeymoon.

And not without sufficient grounds. Little more than a year after|his marriage M<sup>r</sup> Mariott|buried his one and only love in the|village churchyard and over her memory the|waves of ordinary life and occupation quietly closed and save in the|hearts of her husband and child the name and history|of the one year's bride sank out of sight and remembrance and be<g>came a thing of the|Past.

Little Marie was still left to|the sorrowing husband, but it seemed as if over the grave of his dead wife his heart had closed once more against the outer|world and he took little notice of her deep childish grief or of the attempts she made from time to|time|to|soothe|with her tender caresses and winning ways him whom she had [[ 61<sup>7</sup>]] early leant to|call "Father" So untended well might untaught Marie struggled [*sic*] upwards from childhood into girlhood. A merry blue eyed romp she was, the queen of the village if unnoticed at home, and the delight especially of the|male population far and near. Indeed she seemed made to|be the|torment of the|opposite sex. With her coquettish airs <of> and graces her dimples her loveliness and her quaint foreign betwitching ways she was enough to|keep a whole town in hot water, an operation which as she grew older she succeeded pretty|frequently|in accomplishing.

But when she had passed her fourteenth birthday M<sup>r</sup> Mariott thought it time to|interfere and sending for her told her plainly and briefly that she must henceforth be content|with the companionship of her equals and leave the|village and farmer world in which she had hitherto reigned supreme to|take care of itself Marie pouted <however> and rebelled but

all to|no purpose<sup>22</sup> <Maying rustic expeditions when at the head of a merry troupe of rustic admirers she would ramble through the|whitened woodlands plaiting the boughs whose loosened <showers> {petals} drifted in [?:<p>showers] of pinky snow through the fresh May air well knowing that before evening fell they will have been woven into a crown for <her> a golden hair and scattered on the triumphant pathway of a certain blue eyed> May queen<sup>23</sup>

She was obliged to relinquish the|May day frolics the nutting expeditions and all the other rural festivities in which she had hitherto { {117} } [*om.:engaged*] and it seemed to|her as if the society of all the well-brought up young ladies in the neighbourhood { {61} } was but a poor exchange for all this. The only consolation [[60<sup>1</sup>]] was that she now became the almost constant companion of the two young Musboroughs whose father's grounds adjoined the Rectory garden and who possessing no sister|of their own were constantly coming to|Marie for the sisterly offices which boys need so much and which her dainty and <will> {ready} fingers were always able and willing to|accomplish. She disentangled their lines \_\_\_\_ and then it was natural|that she should accompany them on their fishing expeditions to|see that all went right; she hemmed the sails of their miniature frigates and of course she must go and see them sailed. She divided her liking between them equally. The handsome fearless Frank was perhaps her favourite, but then the|grave protecting Ralph was so serviceable in getting her out [*om.:of*] the scrapes into|which her wild ways and high spirits were always leading her.

Well years passed on. The boys went away to|school and college and every returning holidays the|little playmate of their childhood became <less> {more} of a woman and

less of a child. But when Marie was about sixteen her step-father's health rendered it necessary that they should spend a little time abroad. And for two years the inmates of the Hall and the Rectory never met. At last one summer vacation when there were only two more terms of college life before the young men, the old playmates met once more — but on different terms. The queenly graceful maiden, with her well appointed dress and half reserved {<and>} half alluring manners was altogether a new being in the eyes of her old friends. For a while they did not [*om.:know what to*] make of her, then the old childish familiarity [[607]] gave way to an altogether different state of things. And as these {young men} floated down the river on the summer evenings <and> {or} listened to her distant singing as she wandered up and down the Rectory garden, the same feeling began to stir in the hearts of both. In vain they tried to conceal it even from themselves and continue still the fast friends the constant companions they had always been. Each knew as he hovered near the home where dwelt the blue-eyed vision which had bewitched them that the other bent on the same quest was not far off and that his hopes and fears and thoughts were in this matter at least too like his own. Gradually a slight distance and coolness sprang up between them and the offices of the sisterly peacemaker who in olden times used to heal their childish differences and laugh them out of their boyish spites were wanting now. Marie herself was changed. Once so open and {un}embarrass<ing>ed she had now become shy and reserved and as much as she could she withdrew from the society of her quondam playfellows. But at last matters came to a climax. A slight boating accident it was which first revealed the relations of the various parties. As Marie borne in Ralph's arms to land lay white and unconscious on the bank



hot angry words passed between the brothers, who knelt beside her. But not for long.

Hardly were the passionate words spoken and answered {when} Marie waking from her swoon but only half-conscious still looked up into Ralph's bending face murmuring broken incoherent words which made him <bear> raise the light form in his arms in an ecstasy of love and joy <and turned> {recking little of} Frank's handsome face paler than before. They bore her home and next morning with the consent of all parties concerned Ralph and Marie were {{60}} [[59']] betrothed. The old Squire indeed was some time before he could be persuaded to consent to his son's marriage with a penniless Frenchwoman<sup>24</sup> but devoted to his boys he could deny them nothing and touched by his son's eager spontaneous confidence and remembered [sic] his own courting days was at last induced to welcome and receive his future daughter.

Frank abruptly left the place and it was not long before Ralph left his betrothed for Oxford, where he only {however} remained till the earliest time fixed by the University statute, when he might take his degree while Frank stayed up some six months longer. So for a little time the lovers had it all their own way and many were the walks and readings, the wanderings in the park and boatings on the river But happy as they were the course of true love never ran smooth from the beginning. Marie, sweet and womanly as she was, had many faults. She was quick-tempered, hasty and disposed to resent the least attempt to control her and Ralph's inflexible will and quiet determination were often exercised by her perverse and capricious defiance of his wishes The vexed question of dancing and gaiety which has troubled so many betrothals did not leave theirs untouched<sup>25</sup>. Ralph thought his lady love should confine herself to such festivities as he

could share; Marie scouted the idea and principally to prove her independence took many opportunities of going contrary to it. So there were as many as lovers' quarrel and Ralph tender and forbearing as he was sometimes a little lost patience. The Christmas holidays came and with them Frank. He seemed at length to have resigned himself to the inevitable and his manner towards Ralph and his betrothed was such as to draw Ralph's heart to him more closely than ever. And a happy Christmas they had together. Marie left off teasing Ralph and showed herself so grave and sweet so tender and womanly that Ralph poor fellow lived in a continual dream of happiness. So things went on till one memorable day when walking home from a skating party, Ralph pressed Marie to name a day for their marriage. But Marie received the petition in a most unexpected way. She did not {at all} wish to lose her liberty so soon she said; he must not imagine it could {be} as soon as he wished; a year thence would be quite time enough. Ralph who knew that there was nothing in the way but her own whim, and who looking back on their somewhat stormy courtship thought the sooner it was terminated by marriage the better was vexed and said so, urging at the same time every argument he could think of. But Marie was in one of her perverse moods and would listen to neither reasoning nor entreaty. Perhaps she thought after being so very good and agreeable for so long it was just as well now to assert herself a little. Ralph grew more {and more} indignant and in an unlucky moment used some unfortunate expression of authority and command which fanned Marie's sensitive pride into a flame. She drew away from him with {a} hasty <words> {exclamation} and flushed cheeks; rapid <passionate> {angry} words passed between them; and as Marie's passion increased, Ralph's face grew more white and his

words fewer and more stern, till before they knew it the thing was done never to be recalled, the irrevocable words spoken and hearts never so full of love as in this overmastering moment of pride passion separated for ever. And Marie went with { {59} } [[58']] [*om.:proud*] steps and lips white and quivering { with the pain } she could not repress overwhelmed with sudden bitter remorse and sorrow but alas too proud ever to think of saying the few gentler softer words which might even then have won back for her all that she had lost; and Ralph left to himself struggled for the first time with that bitter sense of wrong and loneliness which would [*sic*] his character and life during so many dreary years. The old Squire's wrath and dismay were great; and Frank though he said little seemed entirely to take Ralph's side in the matter. But sympathy could not reach the wound; Ralph left his home and wandered about amongst the mountainous scenery of Wales striving by hard walking and the severest physical exertion to banish memory. Calm if not happiness had returned and he was beginning to look forward to his future life in a spirit which though far removed from his former youthful hopelessness [*sic*] was yet worthy and manly when news arrived which ended the work of months and made him vow with clenched hands and set lips that henceforward he would trust neither brother nor friend neither man nor woman. Frank and Marie were engaged the letter said; <and> they were to be married in little more than a month; a speedy consummation necessitated by the fact that Frank had received his commission and must sail to join his regiment in India before the spring was over.

A few days afterwards came a letter from Frank confused and somewhat { stiff } as if uncertain how the news it referred to had been received. Ralph responded with a few

short lines of ordinary congratulations whose formality and absence of all allusion to the Past must have seemed to Frank very like irony

[[58<sup>r</sup>]] He saw them once in Southampton before they sailed and it would be hard to say which of the three felt the interview most. Scarcely were they gone when just as Ralph had resolved in the weariness of <t>his heart to study hard for the Law a new trouble arose. The old Squire who since the departure of his favourite younger son had grown depressed, and <who withdrawing very much from society> seemed {had <become><sup>†</sup> more than ever ex}asperated by the state of the country and politics [§] generally suddenly announced his resolution of partially remedying these evils by a marriage with an attractive and wealthy widow who had lately appeared in the neighbourhood. Ralph made no remonstrance. He knew too well what was meant by loneliness to blame his father for desiring to escape it at any price, but the fact loosened the <little> last tie which bound him to his home. He took rather a dislike to his stepmother, a soft showy smooth woman, and withdrawing from Yorkshire and its memories located himself once more in South Wales in order to determine und<etermine> {isturbed} the course of his future life. But solitude could not banish thought; it only gave it greater intensity; and Ralph felt many a wild desire and passionate rising up within him as he trod the purple heather or gazed seawards over the changing ocean. He could not stay them poor Ralph though he knew well that to yield to them would be {good} [sic] if not wrong at least neither <good> {prudent} nor <desirable> {good} for his future happiness. But still strive as he might and reason as he might his thoughts were ever winging their way across {{58}} [[57<sup>l</sup>]] the seas to that distant and tropical land whither Frank and Marie

had gone and whither|he now felt irresistibly impelled to|follow them.

I need not be anywhere near them” he said to|himsel|f “in|that vast country separation and distance|are no difficult matter to|compass, but to|be within reach, \_ at hand \_ to|begin a new life out there and live down the unspoken enmity|which has arisen between|us making our hearts|like graves where the Past lies buried, and whence the Future cannot spring with any promise of happiness, \_ this|would be better|nobler|than to|go through life apart intent unforgiving, till Time digs between us a chasm and a gulf which strive<d> as we may can never be bridged over \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

So reasoned Ralph confident in his own strength full of vague noble thoughts and desirous of reaching that higher serener state of patience and <pa> wisdom compared to|which his present condition|of mind was but tumult and disorder. But he mistook his own powers somewhat, this|true-hearted Ralph whose whose [sic] whole younger life was but a succession of {<no>dreams} noble but impossible.

Well things were hurried on; the|old Squire in the|bustle|of|his wedding preparations felt this|second wrench less than had been expected, and in a wonderfully short time <Ralph> {a} Cavalry Commission was purchased {and} Ralph, {having} paid a round of farewell visits to|friends and the few relations he possessed, found himself one October morning to|his own bitter astonishment on board the good ship Hesperus bound for that empire whose history dating as it does from dim {and} distant ages seems still in our own|day to have [[57]] its|greatest and most important scenes still|to|play [§] Then came the landing at Calcutta, and the|meeting to which Ralph had looked forward with a mixture|of hope and dread. <A> It was a strange meeting and alas did more to|widen the breach than

years of separation could have done. Marie no longer <a> {the} shy blue-eyed maiden of former days but changed by one short year of marriage into what seemed to Ralph a mere handsome self-possessed woman of the world, chose to assume towards him a manner at once easy and off-hand which could not but jar on Ralph's still quivering nerves. He could not know how much of the coolness and sang froid which repelled him was but put on to hide at any cost, the nervous shrinking and emotion which would else have overpowered her, and finding that Frank was too constrained and uncomfortable in the presence of the elder brother he could not but feel he had supplanted to meet his advances with warmth or cordiality, Ralph bitterly and sadly came to the conclusion that the less they saw of each other for the future the better. So while Frank and Marie were in the thick of <Govern> {Calcutta} Society admired sought after and universally popular, Ralph was living a solitary life at Agra, getting more and more disgusted with military duties and military society and acknowledging when too late that the impulse which took him to India was { {57} } [[56<sup>l</sup>]] a mistaken one. He was [om.:the] reverse of popular with his brother officers Oakfield<sup>26</sup> has [sic] just been written to the no small indignation and commotion of the Indian Army generally and Ralph who admired the book's tone and cleverness was wont gloomily to declare to Frederick Lyon, a civilian with whom he had formed an accidental acquaintance and his only friend in Agra, \_ his belief that his own regiment was the prototype of the mythical "81<sup>st</sup>" He was too cultivated and literary himself to understand or tolerate the idleness and ignorance of some [of] his brother officers; their amusements were a mystery to him and their conversation distasteful; so hastily judging of the many by the few with whom in his short experience he had come in

contact, he withdrew into his shell, spent the|time not claimed by the|routine duties of drill parade [e]tc shut up with his books and writing and was so rough and short in his dealings with the outer world as to|draw upon him the unqualified dislike of {many} <his brother officers> {with whom} he had to|associate and the|disapprobation and avoidance of the|older graver and more cultivated men whose acquaintance he had not cared to|seek. Seven years passed. Ralph was past thirty and had grown so utterly tired of his Indian life as to resolve upon giving it up at all hazards when suddenly there|came a great and terrible break in the monotony of Indian military|life. The Mutiny broke out and no true Englishman could think of leaving his post at such a time. Ralph's regiment [[56]] was ordered {to|the|Punjab} and he found himself for some time stationed at Simla. Here it was that while wandering in the|cool {of early} morning beyond the outskirts of the city along a road crossing the|fertile plain which divides <the> it from the|snow-covered and Eternal mountains Ralph came face to face with the|two who embodied to|him the lost dreams and|happiness of his youth. But this|time it was a less painful meeting. The Past was too far-off to influence them as it had done seven years before: each and all were strangely glad to <meet> {hear} the|old familiar tones and meet the old familiar looks <it seemed> {and} they turned back together talking with|the eagerness of children of old friends and times, <and> wondering to themselves now that the time of meeting|had come how it was that they|had kept apart for so long.

Never {for many a long year} had Ralph's heart felt so light as on that August evening when after|parting from Frank and Marie he stood at the door of his bungalow looking over the hazy purple plain to|where the|mountains towered above the land flushed with

the|sunset. He thought of <the good> {many} things; of the coming years in which he hoped once|more to|play a brother's part to|Frank and prove a true|friend and helper to|his delicate|wife and ailing child and of many a bygone hour and forgotten scene which once bitter and irritating to|remember had now only power to|bring a graver shade across his face and a mist and dimness into his eyes. Poor Ralph - gravely yet hopefully he looked {{56}} [[55']] forward to|the Future while all the land was flushed with rose-colour<s> and the city lay peacefully in its|plain at the foot of the snow-capped Himalayas.

But the morning brought a strange scene of panic disorder and terror. Ralph woke to|find a cry going through the|plain "The Goorkhas are upon us" and turning out he went into the streets to|learn if he could what it meant. All was distress|hurry and panic, ladies invalids and children mingled with officers civilians and native servants all flying hither and thither with|one common thought of escape and flight Ralph caught hold of a brother|officer and hurriedly asked what was the matter.

The Goorkha battalion at Jutor is in the|Open Mutiny" was the|hasty answer "Officers' lives despaired of - expected at Simla every hour - get the women and children out of the way"

And he tore himself from Ralph's hold before the|latter <the> could ask what foundation there was for the|report or what means of defence were being taken. Slowly and thoughtfully like one bewildered he made his way through the terror-stricken crowd and soon reached the house where Frank and Marie were quartered. Both|sprang towards him as he entered with quick agitated|questions. The rumour had only just reached them and Frank was at his wit's<sup>†</sup> end to|know where to|place Marie for safety. Both|felt that



their|best chance of escape was with|Ralph whose cool head and daring hand|made him invaluable in times of danger. So they were holding [[55<sup>r</sup>]] a hasty council over what was to|be done when the|door was burst open and an officer whom Ralph recognised as one of high standing in the|regiment rushed into the room {rushed into|the room} his face crimson and dress disordered shouting "Fly for your lives; the|Goorkhas are upon us." Ralph and Frank tried to|detain him and learn particulars but he broke from them with a few more hasty <exclam> words, and they saw him dash across the|enclosure which divided them from the next house and enter in the|same manner and no doubt with|a like message. Then Frank almost beside himself with|fear for Marie's safety, and heedless of Ralph's exhortations to|calm and deliberation caught hold of his wife and gathering a few things which they could carry in their hands left the house, called to|Ralph to|follow. Ralph unwillingly obeyed; he felt that|his place { was } beside them, or else convinced as he was that the report was exaggerated and the|panic unnecessarily great he would have hesitated before joining the stream of petrified fugitives with|which they mingled on reaching the|downward road leading to Dagshai and Kurrowlie [*Karauli, Rajastahan*] Down they went surrounded on all sides by terrified women, carrying or leading children whose cries increased the|noise and hubbub. Men there were in plenty but Ralph looked in vain for a|familiar face. No fresh information could he gain except that {{55}} [[54<sup>l</sup>]] the news had been brought by a terrified messenger whose tidings had been immediately believed and acted upon. On they went through snowy glens and pine-roofed ravines whose peaceful shades had never been so invaded before till Marie clinging to Frank's arm cried with white lips "Oh! Wait - rest. I cannot go on."

Frank looked at Ralph in an agony. The elder brother's only answer was to take up the fainting Marie in his strong arms and pushing his way through the crowd deposit her on the ground under one of the stately pines which grew around.

"It is no use Frank \_ we must let her be. There can be no cause for such terrible haste. Here at least we are safe for a while." Frank sat down by his wife's side and tried by every means love could devise to revive her. But naturally delicate the shock and sudden flight had been too much and she was barely conscious.

"What shall we do?" asked Frank with wild eyes.

"Let her rest for a while" was the steady answer. "We shall soon know whether there is any pressing reason for any further flight. If there is you and I can carry her by turns.

"You will not leave us" said Frank catching his brother's hand.

"Never" said Ralph firmly. {{ 102 }}

God bless you Ralph! If the worst comes to the worst it will be some consolation to die together.

There was a pause. The silence <of th> and solitude of the little [[54']] glen were a strange contrast to the { scene of } hubbub and distraction they had just left. Marie had opened <t>he<i>r eyes and [[her] lips were beginning to recover their colour when Ralph catching sight of a man's figure at the entrance to the glen sprang forward and seized the new-comer by both hands.

"Lyon old fellow I was wondering what had become of you" "And I have been looking all over the place for you. I little thought to find you here Musborough. The report is - must be - an exaggeration."

So I thought but I came with|these \_ my brother and his wife” he said pointing <the> to|them.

At such time no introduction was necessary and all four were soon discussing further proceedings. Ere long they were joined by another small party of|officers and ladies and the little glen was the|scene of a council hasty indeed but neither terror-stricken nor undignified. It had just been arranged that two officers were to|go on immediately to|Kurrowlic and prepare for the|ladies of the|party who with a sufficient escort were to|follow more slowly.

Scarcely was this settled and the|spirits and courage of all steadied <f>to the|requisite point for concerted|and firm action when <all> a noise was heard in the|distance. In burst a terrified crowd, shouting running, gesticulating “The Goorkhas are but a hundred yards off! Save yourselves; fly \_ the|enemy is upon us.”

In an instant all was confusion but above the|tumult { {54} }

[[.53<sup>1</sup>]] <as> Ralph’s voice as he stood on a hillock raised a little above the|rest rang clear and <decided> { <and>firm } issuing rapid decided <commands> orders which those who heard them were only too|glad to|obey. In {a} shorter|time than a shorter time than [sic] seemed possible the|men were gathered together|with Colonel Musborough for their <children> {leader} while the|women and children were placed in the|background slenderly guarded.

Then there|was a moment[ ’s] pause during which every ear was strained to|catch|the sounds of the|rebels’ approach. Ralph turned to his brother|who stood next to|him.

Frank if I fall remember this \_ I never wished you aught but well <and> in my cooler

moments I never believed you other|than honourable and true. Forgive me if {I} could not all at once give up my happiness to|you without a pang If I die Frank think of|me sometimes. Tell the|Father of this and tell him too how I remembered him. Shake hands old fellow

Ralph” exclaimed Frank dashing away the|hard [?: searing] tears which dimmed his eyes “What do you mean by unmanning a fellow in this way? Cheer up old boy. You and I will go in and win or die together. Here they come. God bless you old fellow.

And {2†a little way off ten or [om.:a] dozen} natives appeared in sight <sup>1†</sup>with a whoop and a [om.:cry]

There they are” shouted a young ensign whose gallantry cost him dear poor fellow.

“Let’s have at them at once, the|sooner it’s over the better|the better [sic] {{100}}

Musborough!” exclaimed Lyon pushing his way to|his friend. “Those men have no intention of fighting; look [[53<sup>7</sup>]] at them \_ they|have scarcely a gun amongst them

But he was unheeded. The young Ensign raised his gun and fired. The Goorkhas turned bewildered then with a yell of vengeance the foremost amongst them returned the shot. It struck the|unfortunate|man in the|chest and he fell mortally wounded to|the|ground.

There ensued a quick and <deadly> {sharp} struggle. The Goorkhas were not so utterly unarmed as Frederick supposed

Frank come back - are you mad?” shouted Ralph|as he saw his brother|make an incautious rush to|the|front. But Frank either did not hear or did not heed and two natives rushed forward to|cut off his retreat. In despair Ralph hastily raised his gun|and aimed at the|foremost of them. There was {a} sudden \*{movement} the|figures <of|two>

{seemed} to|have changed but before either action or aim could be altered the bullet had sped!

And it was aimed with terrible truth. There was a heavy fall \_ a groan \_ but alas that fair hair dabbled with blood belonged to|[*om.:no*]native.

Good heavens Musborough” cried Frederick {Lyon} aghast and horror-stricken

“They run! they run!” was the|joyful exclamation. And as the last native took|to|his heels a general shout of victory arose from the|little band of English. But it was strangely mingled with|a woman’s agonised shriek { {53} }

[[.52<sup>l</sup>]] Swift as thought a <s>light figure sped through the excited <passed> {group} never pausing till|it sunk [*sic*] beside that motionless form in the|front.

Frank Frank!” she moaned Look up - you must, you shall.

Musborough, for Heaven’s sake wake-up and come and see what is [*om.:the*] matter”

said Frederick seizing hold of the|Colonel’s arm as he stood motionless and rigid, his eyes wide open and fixed on his brother’s prostrate form and dragging him forward

There he lay shot through the lungs fast passing away whe<nce>{re} poor Marie’s cries and tears could not reach him and whence {fond} her clinging hands strove in vain to|hold him back.

As soon as Ralph saw the white up|turned face and the crimson stream wrung from the|parted lips, the|numbness which held his senses gave way and he flung himself down beside his brother.

Oh God! Oh God!” he moaned “and I have done this.” Frank looked up with|a last gleam of consciousness and strength. Ralph’s face told|him the terrible truth|if he had not

guessed it before

Ralph” then as Marie made a quick agonized gesture|to|beg him not to|speak \_ “let me it can make no difference. Ralph old fellow this is terrible but God did it - not you. Tell him so Marie. Wife - darling goodbye Take care of her Ralph - brother.

He tried to|press a hand of each but strength was gone and even as Marie kissed him with|fast dropping bitter tears the|smile faded from the|stiffening lips, the|eyes full of affection [[52]] grew dim and glazed and with a scarcely perceptible struggle for breath|the|soul passed into the|hands of Him who gave it

Marie sank insensible at her husband’s side, and several of those behind who had held back till now feeling the best help they could render was to|keep away came forward and offered assistance. They raised the body and two Lieutenant[s], personal friends of Frank made a rude litter|of pine-branches and carried it between them. Then Ralph lifted|the|unconscious Marie in his arms and with|a face scarcely human in its rigid agony though not a word or sound escaped him headed the little procession {utterly} heedless of {the} awestruck compassionate looks which all present cast upon him.

Down they went and scarcely a word was spoken on the way. As they reached the little village of Kurrowlie <l>night had fallen and the scene presented as they entered by the dark streets already crowded with fugitives from [*sic* ?:*Simla*] was gloomy and dreary in the extreme. With great difficulty a room in the Dâk bungalow (a building which answers in intention though in nothing else to|the English Hotel) was secured and there they laid the unconscious Marie side by side with|her dead husband. Roughly fiercely speaking more by gestures than words, Ralph put them all aside and shut himself in with

the dead. Who can describe the agony of that hour, the torment of rebellious thought the terrible feeling of helplessness of utter powerlessness to recall the past, mixed with a crushing { {52}} [[51']] bewilder<ed>{ing} sorrow <which> <w{as}> seemed to numb and deaden his every sense. Frederick Lyon it was who after two|hours had elapsed and the Colonel still remained closeted|in the chamber of death, doubted|and hesitated for a while and finally nerved by fear and pity forced his way into|the room. He found Ralph kneeling insensible on the floor by the side of his dead brother, his face bowed on the cold hands which would never more clasp his in brotherly greeting rigid and stiff as the|motionless form by which he knelt. The tension and horror of those fearful hours had done their work and Ralph was laid prostrate by brain-fever.

Two days afterwards they bore him {back to|Simla} up the|green slopes where Frank had met his death but he knew it not He lay in the same dead stupor for hours and days unconscious of the trembling hands which bathed his brow[,] of the quivering lips which for his sake forced themselves to|speak words of comfort and cheer, or of the broken widowed heart which but for the|call upon its courage|and endurance supplied by his illness would have sank [*sic*] altogether beneath the shock and burden of its|sorrow. Poor Marie! It was heartrending to|see her moving about quiet and subdued with|that look upon her face which is more pathetic than tears, and many a stout and veteran soldier coming to|ask after|her Colonel went away with a tight feeling in his throat which|the [[51']] sight of violent grief could hardly have produced. The general feeling of the regiment was compassionate|and sympathetic while Ralph's illness lasted, but no sooner was his recovery was [*sic*] pronounced certain and people's minds were set free

to|cogitate|more upon the|cause than the|fact of his illness than public opinion veered round in a strange and unlooked for way.

It had been Ralph's misfortune some time before to draw upon himself the enmity of one Robert Carr a surgeon attached to|the 96<sup>th</sup>. Some dishonourable transaction in which this man was involved had by chance|come to|Ralph's knowledge, and <it> for the clearing of someone else it was <d>necessary <for>that Robert Carr's share in the affair should be publicly made known. The result of this step was that M<sup>r</sup> Carr lost caste|considerably and found himself sent to|Coventry|by all those|in the|regiment whose good opinion was worth|having; while Ralph gained a bitter|and unscrupulous {enemy}. Amongst a small set of rakish do-nothing young officers Robert Carr's Irish stories and caustic|if not always decorous rakish stile [*sic*] found favour, and it may well be imagined that vindictive and fierce as was the man[ 's] resentment against [*om.:Ralph*] he lost no opportunity of giving that gentleman [*om.:a bad name*]. Unfortunately Ralph's general unpopularity and odd reserved manner afforded but a too|favourable [*om.:foundation*] for envy and malignity to|build on. However Ralph's {{51}} [[50<sup>h</sup>]] military character|was so irreproachable and the facts|known about him altogether so few in number that Robert Carr's machinations and secret enmity produced little visible effect till that unhappy event which made Ralph's life for a while altogether desolate occurred.

[§] "Shot his own brother did he?" said Robert Carr knitting his heavy eyebrows as he walked home after|hearing the|story of the rencontre. "No reason, of course - pure accident. Hang it,<sup>†</sup> It's a hard thing when a man lays himself open in this|way that a fellow can't take hold of him <any>{some}where. Motive - there's the|rub. People do



talk such stuff about early attachment - devoted to each other [e]tc as almost makes one sick I heard something about a woman in the case too. Oh "M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough was nursing her brother-in-law \_ never left him night or day. - bears up for his sake. Then if this story of their not meeting for <8> years is true she knew him before her marriage. I begin to|see daylight but caution's the|word."

And he set to work and by dint of much perseverance and ingenuity at length|extracted it would be difficult to|say how the {whole} story of Marie's previous engagement to|Ralph, its rupture and her hasty|marriage with Frank. These facts might be turned in many ways and then|there|was the|fact of the seven year'<sup>†</sup>s separation from which it was easy to deduce long-cherished enmity, jealousy on one side and resentment on the|other. Then there was the end of all this - the successful brother dying by the|hand of the|unsuccessful under { {94} } circumstances which made it well-nigh impossible [[50<sup>n</sup>]] to|fix the|guilt on Ralph - and M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough's devotion <of> to|her old love now become the slayer of her husband. Altogether|Robert Carr was not dissatisfied<sup>¶</sup> with|the results of his researches and was not slow in making use of them <sup>†</sup>that <th> Ralph should suffer|the penalty he had dealt to|another - this was his object and he pursued it with|a vindictive perseverance worthy|of a better|cause.

When Ralph weak and broken ventured out once more into the|military world where he had hitherto possessed the respect if not the liking of all, he found it hostile cold, bent upon keeping him at arm's length|and treating {him} with|a silence as insulting as it was significant. He was at first bewildered and sought an explanation of the|change from those few with whom he had hitherto been on friendly if not intimate terms; but he was

everywhere repulsed and in such a way as cost him many a struggle to preserve composure and dignity. At last a few words overheard as he walked wearily home to the bungalow where he had taken up his abode since his illness revealed to him the truth; and it flashed upon him that henceforth he must go through life a doomed man, bearing with him wherever he went the weight [om.:of] an awful suspicion. {He was too crushed} It was the {last} drop in as bitter a cup as ever man drank, and enfeebled as he was, the unexpected blow brought Ralph once more to the brink of the grave. But unweariedly tended by Frederick Lyon and Marie, he struggled back <to> once more to the life and strength he had hoped this time to have laid aside for ever. In the days of his second convalescence {50} [[49]] a fresh sorrow came to him but so far useful that it helped him materially in deciding on the manner and course of his future life. The old Squire was dead and his last letter to his sons it was (for before the news of Frank's death reached him he was mercifully taken away) which Frederick Lyons after many misgivings put into Ralph's hand as he lay one cool April evening watching the sunset from the open windows of the bungalow. The letter was very touching from the disjointedness and incoherence which showed it to have been written when the mind of the writer was clouded by the near approach of death. The old man recommended his wife to his sons' care and charge, begging that as long as she lived the old house might be her home. There were also letters from the executors and a copy of the Will. The personal property was principally left to Frank while the estate and house of course went to Ralph as the eldest son. The Colonel's first act [§] when he was sufficiently recovered to transact business was to settle all that {had} been left to Frank upon his widow. Marie

remonstrated but [*om.:to*] no purpose and desisted at last feeling that it would {be} cruel to|refuse to|let him do as he wished in the|matter. Then steps were taken for his immediate retirement from the army and there only remained to be determined the place of poor Marie's future residence. Ralph painfully mindful of poor Frank's last words, proposed that she should return with {him} to England, and live with his mother-in-law but some {{92}} inexplicable impulse made Marie give the plan so decided a negative that Ralph never broached [*om.:it again*]. [[49<sup>r</sup>]] His health made it absolutely necessary for him to|leave India and if Marie would not come with him the chief thing|to|consider was with|whom could she be left?†

Marie at last settled the question herself by decid<ed>{ing} to go to|those friends and distant relatives in Calcutta with whom she had become very intimate during her six years[ ] residence there. It was found that they were very willing [*om.:to*] receive her and treat her as one of themselves and so the matter was arranged to|the relief and satisfaction of all parties.

On the last evening before leaving Simla for ever Ralph and Marie paid a farewell visit to Frank's grave. Marked with a plain marble headstone it had been made in a lovely spot under the mountain brow where dark and lofty pines intertwined their branches overhead and kept the space beneath them ever shady and cool. We need not describe that last scene of the|sorrowful Drama. Suffice it to|say that by his brother's grave Ralph laid down the last remnants of his youth, and took up instead the doom of loneliness and sorrow which he believed he should bear with|him to|his grave.

A few weeks more and Ralph bade a long farewell to Marie, Frederick Lyon and the

country which had proved so fateful to him in more ways than one. He went to India a youth who {if} not ignorant of sorrow, still {{49}} poss[[48']]essed much of youth's buoyant energy and enthusiasm he left it a grave and middle-aged man so scathed and wounded by sorrow and suffering that all who came near him felt the sorrowful spell of his sad and dignified presence. [§] Upon arriving in England his first act was to write to his mother-in-law saying <w>that as it was his wish to travel for some time for the benefit of his health, he desired to relinquish Hurst Park to her <for her lifetime> {undivided} possession for some few years. Provided she consented to undertake such a charge he should always [§] be very willing to help or advise her in any emergency but beyond this he desired to have little or no communication with a place which must ever be connected in his <Pa> mind with scenes and memories which if mental health and tone were ever to be recovered must be as far as possible put away from his mind. So resolved to master himself and do battle with the sorrow which would else have unnerved him, Ralph looked round for some quiet spot where he might both do this and recruit his health more shattered by the events of the last year than by all the wear and tear of the Indian life and climate that had gone before. Then Harford, the pleasant country-place where in years long past he had spent a summer of his happy boyhood recurred to his memory. To Harford he went seeking rest and forgetfulness; our readers know well what he found.<sup>27</sup>

#### Chap <I>II<sup>28</sup>

[§] Such was the history which with many pauses for self mastery many broken words and many a long silence Colonel Musborough told his betrothed. With what intense

painful sympathy what loving passionate pity she listened we need not say. It was as if she had been for the first time admitted to the inner life of the man <in> to whose <charge> {fate} <she had <given> {linked} her <life> {own} <l happiness> {for ever}, and apart from her deep and high delight of knowing its nobleness and purity it was a revelation which no woman much less one who loved as Ailie did could listen to unmoved.

Is this all"?† she said in a stifled voice when he finally ceased speaking.

Yes all," and rising he paced up and down before her in silence. He was thankful it was over; he did not feel as if ever again he could bring himself thus vividly and minutely to recall the Past. But yet the relation had been in some sense a relief and the tender voiceless sympathy with which it had been listened {to} had been wonderfully calming and soothing. For some few minutes he paced up and down thinking of many things, then the sound of low suppressed sobs caught his ear and made him pause in his restless walk <For> Ailie had hid {den} her face on the marble balustrade and tears she could not stop were dropping fast through her slender fingers

Ralph bent over her and made her look up.

"What is it little woman" he said fondly, "do not cry so { {48} } [[47<sup>1</sup>]] sadly, rather rejoice with me that where I least expected it so much happiness has been granted me. You are to be guide Comforter everything you know; your office dear one will be no sinecure I promise you

But Ailie could not smile.

But Ralph it is terrible \_ dreadful. Oh Ralph \_ poor Ralph \_ What have you not

suffered.<sup>†</sup> It {was} too|much \_ too|hard.

My darling it was God's will and we have no right to say the|burdens he lays upon us are too|heavy or too|hard. He knows best. I can acknowledge that heartily {&} thankfully now that I see how much strength and good the|bearing it patiently <has> brought me. You must be brave <both>|for me as well as for yourself Ailie if you are to|be happy as my wife."

He smiled {down upon her} imploringly and Ailie looking up could not but smile too. Then|feeling that <any> further show of emotion would only distress {him} she drove back the tears and rose with such a sweet serene patient face that Ralph secretly wondered at the|powers of self-control possessed by [om.:one] so fragile. No other woman would so have received his story he said exultingly to|himself; she had shown a mixture of tact and sympathy which could hardly have been expected|from one so young, and which every minute|that he experienced it seemed to|deepen and increase his love for her. He drew her arm within his and they walked up and down talking gravely and cheerfully. He spoke to|her of their future home and told|her <what her read> {of the wooded} Park and ancient house where he had spent his boyish days and to|which his heart still clung with|all the warmth of early affection. It appeared that <wh> a short time before his second meeting with Ailie he had received a letter from his stepmother in which she said [[47]] that she found living {alone} in the great house very lonely work and the burden and responsibility|of keeping it more than her strength could bear and therefore she had determined if Ralph approved of the|step to leave it and go and live with a companion <on> {in} a {much} smaller house on the|estate, more suited she

thought to|her present income and powers of management. Ralph after some thought had written to|beg her to|do exactly as she liked in the matter, and he was glad that he had done so now that he looked forward to|taking Ailie home with him as his bride.

“Not that I think you are one of|those women who <must> {will} reign alone or not at all” said Ralph smiling as he looked at the refined little being at his side “but after all it is best. We shall like to|be alone together for a little while. Do you {not} think you shall soon get very tired of your old husband and his old home Ailie?”

No because I am so young” said Ailie brightly “I have youth enough for|both and to|spare. Ah Ralph I will have no more frowns and black looks when I am your wife How you used to|frighten|me last summer, poor little me. I did not know what to|make of you with your quiet ways and cold speeches I little thought

“how much <you> {a} certain little|woman had to|do with|the quiet ways and cold speeches as you call them,” interrupted Ralph with|a smile. “Did you never suspect my feeling for you Ailie all that time?” {{47}} [[46<sup>h</sup>]].

Only once,” said Ailie in low tones “but I thought I must have mistaken afterwards.

When was that “once””† said Ralph bending down to|see her downcast face.

Do you remember that last evening in the garden?” she said, thinking and shrinking as she thought of it.

Remember it? Aye well - well! You little know Ailie what it was to|see you going away from me - vanishing - melting into|the darkness, \_ and feel that duty, honour, love and everything else forbade my speaking. Poor little Ailie - I remember your face so well \_ it was sad to|be sure but I saw no deeper meaning in its gravity. You liked me as a friend I

thought \_ it is always sad to|lose a friend \_ so I went a|way to try if the noise of Picadilly<sup>4</sup>  
would|put you out of my head. But Alas \_ {Ah} you know the sequel so I shall not tell  
it over again <only for the satisfaction of> {to please} feminine vanity!

But Ralph,” said Ailie as she answered his smile, “I may ask - may I not? What made  
you come down that time when \_ when.

She stopped. The very memory of how she had repulsed a love which she knew now to  
have been so generous {and true} was painful to|her

“Ask me some other time cherie<sup>†</sup>” said Ralph lightly. “Some time - when we are married  
- I will tell|you but not now I have told|you many secrets - let me keep this one a little  
while longer.

For chivalrous and loyal as was his love, it would have [[46<sup>r</sup>]] gone against the grain to  
have even hinted|to|her in these their courting days that it was the certainty of her  
affection which first led to|the avowal of his own. Till now their tete-a<sup>†</sup> tête had been  
[un]interrupted, but as they|passed the|window at this moment, the sound of eager voices  
within in dispute|or conversation diverted|the attention of both.

[§] “It is Reginald” said Ailie {carelessly} stopping to|listen “We have not seen him for  
some days now. He has always been out walking or reading in his own room at meal-  
times lately and we have seen very little of him Oh! \_

She drew her arm from Ralph’s and stood silently with down cast head and burning  
cheeks a very picture of shame and confusion. For it suddenly flashed across her mind  
what Reginald’s unusual behaviour and change of manner meant. Oh that she had  
spoken to him \_ had had that interview with|him which she had fully meant to|have but



which Marie's illness had put out of her thoughts before what had happened to-day. What must he think. She had given him leave to hope, and now without a word of warning or preparation she had crushed the hope for ever and in a way which she knew would wound him more deeply than any other. Poor Reginald \_ she had been thoughtless and unkind, and the only thing left to do now was to apologise and explain as quickly and gently as she could. But then - what would Ralph say Oh that was worst of all. How should [om.:she] tell him that while he was faithful in deed and {{46}} [[45<sup>l</sup>]] loving her even while most deeply resenting her conduct, she was \_ not faithless indeed but weak \_ allowing what had she thought there was the least hope left of ever<y> regaining Ralph's affection, she would never never have permitted. True, she had given {Reginald} the very smallest encouragement a woman can well give, but still to have encouraged his suit at all and not to have checked it at once was a mistake and she felt sure Ralph would think so even if he gave it no harder name. Yet the truth must be told and the sooner the better for all parties

Ralph" she began with pleading eyes as she saw him look astonished at her silence and change of manner "I have something {to} tell you which will not please you I know, but you will not be angry with <you> {me} \_ please Ralph? I thought I was doing right \_ but I know {now} it was a mistake. It is about Reginald

She hung her head once more and locked her fingers nervously together. In these early days her love for her betrothed was almost equalled by her fear of him for she had not yet learnt the secret of that outer panoply of sternness and reserve by which the warm sensitive heart beneath strove to protect itself from the hard world which had already

wounded it so deeply.

About Reginald?" echoed R<sup>e</sup>ginald<sup>d</sup>{alph}, "M<sup>r</sup> Winton you mean I suppose. What about him Ailie? Surely there is nothing about him which need concern you and I - tonight.

Yes there is" said Ailie gathering up her courage. "A<sup><t></sup> little time after we first came to Rome when I had given up all hope and it seemed as if I should never see you again Reginald told me one day in the garden of Hadrian's Villa that \_ asked me to be his wife in short. And I \_ Oh Ralph do not look so indeed you need not doubt me. [[45<sup>r</sup>]] And she held <sup><then></sup> {out} her hands to him with a sweet imploring gesture. He took them and held them firmly in his own but his face did not lose his gravity and she saw she must hasten on or he would misunderstand her.

I told him to wait a year and then if things were different \_ if I had found it possible to forget I meant really but I did not tell him so \_ he was to come again and I would give him a definite [answer]. Either this or he must considered [sic] his proposal definitely refused. He chose to wait and I let it be so. But Ralph after <sup><I></sup> we met again I saw that what I had done was wrong \_ mistaken - and I meant to have had an interview with Reginald and {had} told him that he must give up hope and that never {under} any circumstances should I be able to give him the answer he wished. But just after I had determined upon this came the news of your trouble and it went out of my head altogether. I had never thought of it till now. What shall I do Ralph? You are not angry with me?"

No; I have no right. You cannot expect me to be pleased Ailie but we have had enough

of doubts|and misunderstandings and \_

Oh Ralph! you are unkind” said Ailie turning away to|hide the glistening eyes and trembling lips she|could not <suppress> {help}

Unkind!” he said his manner changing “My darling no! It was foolish perhaps but I could not help feeling a little|vexed that at a time when one dear face and name were ever in my thoughts you were - not forgetting me but having the|way to|forgetting me. Unkind again? {{45}} [[44<sup>1</sup>]] Nay then come here and tell|me what to|say and I will say it darling every word.

And taking her in his arms he gazed with grave tenderness in|the|brown depths|of those tear-dimmed eyes. So the tiny ruffling which had come in the stream of their happiness passed leaving only peace behind it.

But Ralph” said Ailie after|a pause “what is to|be done now? Had I not better see Reginald directly and tell|him myself what has happened and how it was I did not speak to|him before? It will be hard but I deserve it. Tell me

Yes” said Ralph after|some thought. “I think <I> {you} must. Poor fellow! I think the|less he sees of me the|better

No Ralph” said Ailie laying an eager hand on his arm. While I speak to|him here do you wait in the sitting room and when it is over I will call you and make friends between you.

Let me Ralph. I should feel it an evil omen if <we> our happiness was to|begin in a quarrel. Trust me; I can do it. Reginald is young; he does not love me much

She moved away and stood|thoughtfully a moment, her hands folded together and her face grave and considering. Ralph watched her well content to|let her do as she pleased

in the matter. Her own tact and womanly judgement would guide her better than any advice that he could give.

Let us go in now" said Ailie after a while, "and I will ask Reginald to come and speak to me out here. I wish it was over but there \_ it must be done."

In they went and as Reginald, looking towards the window saw the silken curtains raised and two figures - one dark and tall, the other small and slight, the outlines of her form partly hidden by the shawl which draped her face and lay in heavy folds on her <f>white dress \_ standing in the opening sharply defined against the pale blue of the evening sky it may be questioned whether his feelings towards Colonel Musborough were of the most friendly description. Poor fellow! He had seen what was coming before any one else even the parties principally concerned. Love and jealousy had given him quick eyes, and the news Frederick had just given him unconscious how vitally it concerned him, was not unexpected; yet the blow though foreseen was hard to bear and it was not without justice that he told himself he had not been well-treated in the matter. Ailie had slighted him treated his affection as of no account even while giving him leave to hope that it might some day win its reward; he knew that it was not possible now for him to change the position of affairs, but {he could not} surrender without a word; Ailie should listen once more to both his love and his anger before he left her forever. Yet he was not prepared to see her take the initiative and when she glided up to him saying in low tones that she wished particularly to speak of [to] him and would he come out into the balcony with her, Reginald rose half bewildered and uncertain as to what {line} <s>he should take in <to> the coming interview

He followed her out into the|balcony. She closed the curtains { {44} }

[[34<sup>l</sup>]]<sup>29</sup> [A] behind them and then stood <b> confronting him looking so fair and sweet in the dim and dreamy moonlight that poor Reginald felt love and anger rising up hot within him as he gazed. What had he done to|be for ever shut out from the|happiness other|men gained so easily and held so lightly. Was not his love worthy and strong? Why had God granted|the|capacity for love if it was to|rest for ever unsatisfied And there came into|his mind some lines from {a} poem which in common with|the|majority of|young Oxford he had admired principally on|account of its|perfect rhythm and music -

Was there not evil enough,

Mother, and anguish on earth

Born with a man at his birth,

-----

That thou having wings as a dove

Being girt with desire for a girth

That thou must come after these

That thou|must lay on him love?<sup>30</sup>

Yes truly life was sad and love <h>its saddest fruit He would have his say his last protest against fate, then farewell for ever to|all love's tantalising vexing sweetnesss and welcome duty|and work and all life's grimmest realities. So reasoned this <Swinburne- ridden> young man in a manner worthy of the|poet {above mentioned} amongst whose following he was proud to|count himself. Yet grim and strong and gathered-up|as he felt himself so long as the silence lasted, the|first tones of Ailie's peculiarly sweet and

musical voice sent a thrill through him which if it was to recur might seriously ruffle his hard-won composure<sup>31</sup>

[B] [[43<sup>7</sup>]] "Reginald, you know what has happened?"

What possessed her to look so pleading and penitent: if she would only have queened it in her old way he could have borne it and known how to answer <sh>her.

Yes I know" he said and his voice sounded rough and hoarse

I have been very careless and thoughtless Reginald. In thinking of others I forgot to think of you as much as I ought to have done But I meant <Reginald> to have spared you this pain \_ I did indeed. I meant to have told you much earlier than this that what I said to you a month ago when we went to Hadrian's Villa could not stand \_ that I was mistaken and that the hope I left you then must be given up altogether but just as I {had} determined upon this I was called away \_ you know where and for what purpose. Since then Reginald \_ forgive me \_ but I <have {never} never intend> have had so many things to do and think of that till to-day I never once remembered you or the wrong I had done you. Please forgive me Reginald and believe I did not mean to pain you

She held out her hand but Reginald would not take it He <was> {would not be} conquered yet; she was very sweet and by and by he would yield to the sweetness but not yet.

Whether you meant it or not is of little consequence," he said half glad to see how {<al>} the <tone> upraised face darkened at his tone "that you have succeeded most thoroughly in doing it is of no consequence either I suppose - to you! {{43}} [C]

Yes it is" said Ailie simply "I am very sorry for it. It was all my fault from the beginning.

And I would do anything in my power to|make up to|yòu for the|pain <the> {my} mistake  
<I made> has <given> {caused} you.

Mistake!" echoed Reginald his face flushing "what mistake? You played with|me and  
gave me leave to|hope and all the|time you had given - your heart {away} and were only  
waiting -

No Reginald! I had given my heart away but <as> I thought then it had been given in  
vain! I was miserable - lonely - I had no hope or expectation - none of any kind - and <I  
thought> {when} you came to|me I|thought \_ but I was mistaken \_ that in a year's time it  
was possible I might have conquered my sorrow and stifled memory And as you wished  
it so much I let you stake your hopes on the chance. But Reginald I did not know - how  
could I? \_ what was coming. I thought all hope was over and now \_ my lost hopes have  
come back to|me fulfilled \_ a thousand times fulfilled!

And erect and exulting she stood|in the|moonlight her <l>face flushed with a conscious  
wistful glow, her hands clasped on her breast as if to|guard the|treasure of happy|love  
which had come to nestle|there. It was a pretty picture|Reginald thought with|a jealous  
pang - one that Colonel Musborough should have seen

I know it," he said abruptly "You are happy and can afford to|forget me and my tiresome  
love. I bear no/† malice - it was but natural - \_ only \_ Oh Ailie! Ailie! do you know what  
love - my love means, that you speak so [D] [[33<sup>r</sup>]] calmly of a "mistake" and "forgive  
me" as if when that was said all was made straight and right. You have wounded but you  
cannot heal it is beyond your power. Let me go \_ I am not angry I tell you \_ only let me  
go where my love and your happiness can never never clash any|more. There \_ we need

say no more, only we say Goodbye for a long long time

Anger and love had striven together but love had gained the mastery. Ailie's eyes filled for she saw that though Reginald was young he did love her. And something too she felt of that wonderful power of love which out of the lightest most volatile material can manufacture something massive noble and durable if only it be given free sway. A feeling of respect began to grow up in her mind towards her cousin which much as she liked him <f> she had never felt for him before, and under its influence she spoke again. Not {for} so very long! I am not worth so much thought and sorrow believe me. Make friends Reggie. I shall never be anything but thoughtless careless wilful, Ailie as long as I live \_ you must not be hard upon me

Ah that old childish "Reggie" was too|much. It fairly broke the|neck of pride and scattered the|last remnants of anger to|the winds for it recalled many a forgotten <year> {hour} and bygone time when as children they had [E] [[397]] <played and quarrelled> and made it up again twenty {365} times a {day} <year>. It seemed to|push out of side [sight] for a moment all the troublesome present and take them back into|the past when all was smooth|between them and they /{<were> nothing more to each other but the} fastest friends and merr<y>iest companions <but nothing more> {in the world}. This time he took|her offered hand and held it in his own <while> his blue eyes <were> dim with irrepressible emotion and all the|boyish face {so} sobered and saddened <so> that Ailie looking <out> {on} half trembled to|think that hers had been|the|hand to <bring over it> {call up} so unwonted|an expression there.

[§] "Goodbye Ailie - cousin Ailie. I shall go home to-morrow and {when} we meet



again I shall {have} grown stronger - braver. I was a fool to expect that such a shallow-pated fellow could ever win your love. This has made a man of me {though} I think - at least I am not <the boy> {what} I was a few months ago. So you may have done good after all and I ought to be thanking you instead \_ Ailie don't!

For profoundly touched and full of a longing vain compassion and regret Ailie was crying softly and passionately her face hidden in her hands. It was all very hard and sorrowful. She would so willingly have made everybody happy and yet in her short life she had caused so much {sorrow}. Reginald watched her ruefully wishing that his tongue had been cut /{out} before his rough and angry words had made her cry. But she was not crying for that; it was not {the} anger but the love which had touched her; the love whose stubborn state she pitied almost as if it had been {{39}} [F] [[42<sup>n</sup>]] her own. Yet there was no help for it. She must dry up her tears and say Goodbye in the best fashion she could. What he said was very true; she had done what it was not in her power to undo. "Goodbye," he said again.

She did not speak but her sweet and sorrowful eyes looked her farewell. He was almost overcome /{and} bending down, before she knew what he was doing he /{had} caught her hands kissing them again and again. It was the last evidence of emotion; he let them fall quickly and turned away with one more low "Goodbye"

Ralph was leaning deep in thought against the carved and antique chimney piece of the sitting room when the window opened and Reginald came in. Some simultaneous impulse made both turn and front each other \_ these two /{of} whom {it might} <never> have /{been} supposed that never friends, they would have been most hostile at

this moment of|their lives. Yet there was little of enmity or anger in either|face: and it was Reginald who spoke first { {79} }

She has told me how it was” he said in a husky voice pointing|to|the|balcony. “It is all right \_ quite right I am going away early tomorrow morning and will bid you Goodbye now

<the> He held out his hand and the|Colonel shook it|warmly The “tame cousin” he had somewhat despised had something in|him after|all <while>. In another|minute Reginald had left the|house and was pacing wearily { {42} } [G] back to|the|Via Grottino

Ralph” said Ailie as she stood|beside him in the|darkness “I could not do <as I wished> {what I} intended. I could not call you in and make friends between you as I wished; it would have been treating it as a light and temporary thing, and it was so much more real than I thought!

No” said Ralph with his quiet smile “I knew it would be so. Such things are not smoothed over in a moment. But your cousin and I parted friends for all that

Ailie looked up enquiringly. The Colonel told|her what had passed; she was very {much} touched and began blaming herself again for all the|sins of commission and omission of which she conceived herself guilty till Ralph, seeing how the conflict of thought {and emotion} which had gone on all day was wearing <back> {her} out and bringing {back} <out> the languid delicate|look to|her face which it had lost of late vetoed any further conversation and putting his arm round her led her to|the|sofa <on which she settled> with instruction to|rest and be quiet till it was time to|go to|bed.

The {next} day was the day of poor Marie’s funeral. Under cypress trees where the turf

opened out in shady stretches of flower-enamelled green, near many another English wanderer they laid her, while all around the summer air was warm and balmy and the birds sang overhead, undaunted by the gloom and shadow of the cypress boughs. Ailie and Ralph were there. Together they had taken a last look at the face [H] which even death could not rob of its pure and pallid beauty, and together they listened to the solemn and pathetic Burial Service and watched the brown and moistened earth thrown in upon her coffin. Then sadly and slowly Ralph drew his betrothed away and while everyone else went home they two wandered about in the Pincian Gardens talking gravely and reverently of her who was gone. The last tie which bound them to the earthly Marie was cut and they thought of her only as a pure and blessed spirit who had reached her rest for ever beneath the sheltering wings of Almighty Wisdom and Eternal Love. A short life it had been but passed <ing> among stormy and changing scenes and now far away from the busy teeming tropical land where her husband lay buried her youth's early love and laid her to her long rest beneath the walls of the Eternal City surrounded by the silence and <gloom> quiet which covers as with a pall the once busy and active centre of the world. <And all un-{realised} finished> Those who loved her had no cause <o> for pain as they looked back; they could {not} but rejoice that a speedy and peaceful ending had been granted to so sorrowful and vexed a life. - - - - -

Look" said Ralph after a pause as they stood near the Muro Iosto; looking down an alley of trees "Surely I know that face

A young man was walking quickly up the path { {39}} [I] [[40]] an open letter in his hand and an abstracted thoughtful expression of [on] his face. By the open boyish

look and slight figure Ralph knew {<him>} it|to|be Wilfrid Tennant.

Well Wilfrid” he said as the|young man came up seeming in his abstraction about to|pass them|without notice, “you are out early

<She> Wilfrid started and looked up. His face brightened as he saw the|Colonel

[§] Oh Sir” he said eagerly “you are the|very person I have been wishing to|see. I have had news from England which has put me all at sixes and sevens and I thought of coming to|ask you what it would be best to do

From Grizel I suppose?” said Ralph pleasantly, glancing at the open letter.

Yes Sir. She tells|me sad news. Old M<sup>r</sup> Madden died a fortnight since and Grizel is gone for <t>a time to|some cousins in the country. But she doesn’t seem comfortable and altogether her letter is rather|down-hearted. <And I’ve been> {It’s|hard to} think<ing that> {of her} left alone with|no one to care for her or look after|her and I’ve been thinking that perhaps \_ {{75}} “The best thing you can do is to|start|off at once and go <for> {to} her” said Ralph with a smile, “Is that it?

“Why yes Sir” said Wilfrid hesitating. “That’s what I should like to|do but then \_ You see I have just begun to get work, and I have had several commissions given me lately which if I go home for Grizel I must {{40}} throw [J] [[41’]] up and just as one is beginning to|get known it would never do <d>to go away and break|up one’s connection even for a short time. I might go and fetch|Grizel <home> and then find {when we got back} we hadn’t enough to|live upon. Art is a capricious Mistress” {he added} <said Wilfrid> with a smile|half sad half conscious as he looked up into|his benefactor’s face and remembered the|time when he had spoken {and thought} of her as a hard and cruel

one. Times were changed with him; he looked on the sunny side of things now and was not to [*sic*] so prone to ascribe to adverse and implacable fate every evil which happened to him.

“I see” said Ralph considering. “It would certainly be a rather hazardous step. When did you mean originally to go home for Grizel

“I had hardly decided but I thought probably in the autumn {{77}}

Does Grizel say anything about wishing to come

She no - not a word. She never complains. You know Grizel Sir,” and Wilfrid drew himself {up} in all the pride of his true young love.

<Ralph> {Wait a moment” said Ralph. “I shall be back in a minute”} and he walked to where Ailie was sitting waiting for him a little way off.

Ailie” he said in a low tone as he came up to her. “Has not your father settled to go home to-morrow.

“Yes” said Ailie “but what \_

I will tell you,” and in a few words he told her {{41}} [K] Wilfrid’s history and the present dilemma.

Then doesn’t he think he can leave her with her cousins” said Ailie {her} interest<ed> awakened

No he has got it into his head that she is unhappy there I do not see how he can leave Rome {just now} very well and yet if something isn’t done he will certainly fret himself If any place could be found <till> {where} she could be comfortable till the Autumn it would set the poor fellow’s mind at rest.

Oh!" said Ailie considering, then|looking up|as if a thought had struck her \_ "What do you say to|our taking her in Ralph. We have room enough in all conscience and our old housekeeper would look after her capitally. I am sure I can promise for Mamma. She is always ready to|do anything of that sort We had a relation of her maid's who was out of health staying with|us some|time last year.

Clever child!" he said with|a smile "See how I come to you for advice Your plan seems a very good one, {dear} and even if we found on getting to|England that|you could not have her at the|Grange we could still undertake to find some suitable place for her. So suppose we go and <set the poor fellow's mind at rest> tell Wilfrid so.

You go Ralph," said Ailie drawing back "I will sit here and wait

No no" he said looking down at her "That won't do at all. Come along little|woman are you ashamed of belonging to|me? [L] Ailie flushed and tried to|say something [?:saucy] then|took his arm and went with him as he wished to|where Wilfrid stood waiting. She had that natural maidenly feeling which makes one shrink from making one's happiness public and giv<e>ing strangers the|right of intermedling<sup>¶</sup> with|our joy. No one else except her own immediate relatives knew of the|engagement|as yet And it was with a strange feeling \_ for the moment half disenchantment \_ that Ailie felt Wilfrid's <admiring> {eyes on} her and knew that|they were looking from her to|Ralph with a curious understanding look borne<sup>¶</sup> of his own experience.

<Well Wilfrid> { You know Miß Walter I think Wilfrid}" said Ralph /{drawing her forward} <cheerfully>. "<The {lady}> {<Miß Walter} she and I between us have come to|an agreement and it {only} remains to|see whether|you will consent <too> She says

that if Grizel likes on reaching London she will find her out and take her down with her to Sussex where {she and} M<sup>rs</sup> Walter will take every care of her. Will that do do you think?"

We should be glad to have her" said Ailie's gentle voice and you may be sure we should take {good} care of her.

Oh you are very kind" said Wilfrid gratefully "I do not know what Grizel will say but if she consents I {at least} sh<sup>ould</sup>{all} feel <be> quite satisfied and content <about her>.

Thank you \_ It is a great relief. And if anything should happen and the arrangement could not be [M] carried out I could still come home for her

[?Or] we could find some other place for her" said Ralph Well we will do our best

Wilfrid Work hard and don't fret about anything and the time will soon come when you can go home with a good conscience. I shall not see you again for many years it may be Goodbye and God bless you Do well and keep straight and then whether it be after many <or few> years /{or few} you and I will have a merry meeting

Goodbye Sir Goodbye" said Wilfrid while his voice trembled "God knows I have much to thank you for but I cannot say it all \_ you understand.

"Yes said Ralph with his grave kind smile. "I understand. You shall hear from me after Grizel has been communicated with so make yourself easy. Come Ailie

Again Wilfrid looked from one to the other and again Ailie felt her colour rise as she bowed and smiled.

[M(i)]<sup>32</sup> "Ah!" thought Wilfrid when they were gone "I <t> <will be> {shall} <a long> {never} see the Colonel {left alone in London} in bachelor lodgings again: - nor

[om.: will] anybody else! It will make Grizel and I all the happier when we are  
/{married and} settled <down in a home of our own> to think the man who brought us  
together has got a wife and home too. And he has chosen well. If I might only take her  
likeness for my picture of Perdita I should make my fortune.

Late that evening a basket was brought to the Via

[M(ii)]<sup>33</sup> [§] Ah!" thought Wilfrid when they were [om.: gone] "no one will ever see the  
Colonel left alone in London in bachelor lodgings again! I am very glad! It will make  
Grizel and I all the happier when we are married and settled to know that the man who  
brought us together has got a wife and home of his own too And he has chosen well; she  
<has> {is} <{very}> sweet and gracious and her face is so good [§] and true. The  
features and colouring are beautiful! If I might take her likeness for my picture of Perdita  
I should make my fortune.

Whether Perdita<sup>34</sup> the flower-bearing maiden suggested the action or not I cannot say but  
certain it is that late that evening a basket was brought to the Via

[N] Grottino and sent up to Miß Walter When opened it was found to contain nothing but  
violets white and fragrant pillowed on the dewiest and greenest of moss. A tiny wreath  
of bridal myrtle lay on the top of all and told its own story

"Ah" said Ralph as he bent over his betrothed. "He guessed. I thought so. Is it not a  
delicate compliment? It is the artist's taste and tact I suppose. <I did>

Ailie said nothing. She bent over her flowers in silence and Ralph could not see her face  
A penny for your thoughts" he said fondly putting his arm round her and drawing her  
to him "What makes my darling so grave



Because I am so happy she murmured hiding her face on his shoulder "so happy that it frightens me I am so unworthy How shall I keep it or your love

Do not fear" said Ralph as he kissed her brow. "God gave it \_ he will guard it \_ our great, great happiness."

[M] [§]

### Chap III

One more scene and we have done.

On the pier at Dover {one October afternoon} two people are standing in close conversation. One is a young girl of about 19 or twenty with an attractive thoughtful face somewhat disturbed out of its ordinary serenity, the other \_ a gentleman whose erect figure and powerful frame seem well fitted to battle with the storm of wind and rain which is driving and howling around them. They are standing on the outskirts of {a} crowd and behind them steams and smokes in right royal fashion the {Calais-bound} steamer "Ashington". All around them is bustle and activity; <-> stalwart porters staggering under their loads[,] new arrivals in an agony lest they should be too late elbowing and pushing their way Screaming children and distracted mammas. All are doing their best to give animation to the scene. But the two we are writing of seem to stand apart from all the noise and bustle taking no part in it. They are talking quietly and earnestly; let us hear what they are saying

Oh he will meet you" said the gentleman in answer to a somewhat anxious remark from his companion.

"Have no fears on that score. You have his letter with you"

Yes but suppose he should be prevented and I have [*om.:never*] been on the sea in my

life before" with an anxious [O] [[38<sup>r</sup>]] looked anything but inviting as she saw it <today> {at that moment} through a grey and drifting mist of rain and spray.

"Even if anything does happen to|delay him which is not likely M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Porter|will take [om.:care] of you. They have promised me to|look after|you."

Oh I daresay I shall do very well." †she said but in rather a melancholy tone as if the|event was rather doubtful. You have plenty|of wraps?" M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough sent this grey shawl with|her love, and I was to|be sure and see you we<ll>{re} well wrapped up. She was anxious about you when she saw what a bad day it was and gave me many directions for your comfort.

"M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough is very kind" was the grateful answer. "Remember me to|her if you please, Sir. Wilfrid and I will both|write|as soon as we get {to} Rome. I wish we {were} there now.

And Grizel Madden looked agonised with that|nervous apprehensive look by which people totally unaccustomed to|travelling may always be distinguished. She had travelled down from London that morning under Colonel Musborough's escort who had himself come all the way from Yorkshire to|see her safely started on her journey. For about 8 months now she had been living at Harford Grange under the|Walters' guardianship { {38} } [P] and now the|time had come for her to|say to|[sic]Goodbye to the friends who had been so kind to|her /{to} the land of her birth, and the country where her father lay buried, and go forth to a far distant land there to|enter upon a new and untried life and meet the exigencies of an unknown Future London born and bred as she was Grizel's heart sometimes sank a little at the prospect, but then there was the thought of

the meeting awaiting her at Calais to|bear {her} up. Would he be changed - the boyish suitor whose blue eyes and heedless <erratic clever> {impulsive} ways had won her heart two years ago? She looked over the|grey expanse of <grey> tumbling breaking /{waves} and wondered with an intense and wistful <long> {wonder} what awaited her on that other shore {between} which and her the|mist hung like a heavy curtain. Was his love the same as ever or had absence and separation cooled it? In his hands lay the happiness or the sorrow of her future life, and were they not very young and inexperienced hands to|which to trust so much? As these questions rose up before her in grim and frightening array Grizel[ 's] fingers involuntarily tightened over the|letter in her hand, <A> and thinking of its|strong and tender words, the|longing for her presence and love breathed in every line and the|minute details and directions with|which care for her comfort had filled page after|page, she took heart and would doubt no longer. If he loved her let him <be as> {be ever so} untried or inexperienced <as he pleased> things would all [Q] [[35<sup>1</sup>]] come right in /{the} end And Grizel too had a sweet and womanly consciousness of her own powers and remembered the days when he had called her his help and guide and leant upon her for strength and comfort. Yes she and her love would be strong whate'er befell and true woman's love is no weak and feeble thing but a great and powerful agent of the|best and highest good.

Colonel Musborough had secured a very good escort for her as far as Paris, a {Liverpool merchant to|take every care of their charge.} Wilfrid was to|meet <her> \*{them} at Calais And all four were to|travel together to|the capital when <they> Wilfrid and Grizel were to|be married very quietly at the|little English church in the|Rue St. Honoré.

Then after a week's honeymoon and holiday in the great French capital the|bridal pair were to|proceed on their southwards way so as to|reach Rome in the|beginning of November. Wilfrid had originally meant to|come to|England and marry there but the|present arrangement was found to be so much less expensive and troublesome to|all parties concerned that by Colonel Musborough's advice it had been adopted at the|last moment. <[§] Grizel was leaving England no portionless bride. Trunks {stored} with household linen, clothes|suited|to|the|warm climate|in which she was to|live and a|small comfort and luxury such as England best supplies attested both|the|kindness and the|forethought of her Harford friends. Altogether the|prospect of happiness lying before the|artist and his bride was no>

(Insert) Grizel was leaving England no portionless bride. The little store left by her father|was sufficient to|afford her a small annuity and to|this {the} Colonel and his wife had added considerably so that she had quite a small fortune of her own. Nor was this all. Trunks stored with household linen, clothes suited to|the warm climate in which she was to|live and many a small comfort and luxury such as England best supplies attested both|the|kindness and the forethought of her Harford friends. Altogether, as regarded worldly prosperity the|prospect lying before the artist and his bride was no [[.31/]] mean one and far better than could have been anticipated when Colonel Musborough's kindness sent Wilfrid forth to seek his fortune on Italian soil.

Is the young lady ready?" said a dignified white-haired old gentleman touching the Colonel's arm.

Grizel w<a>{o}ke<s> from her reverie with a start and answered in the affirmative

Then we had better go on board before the crush begins. M<sup>rs</sup> Porter dislikes being flurried," \_ with a wave of his hand towards a very comfortable portly looking matron standing placidly waiting a little way off

"Take my arm Miss Madden" said the Colonel gathering up her shawls and packets. "Keep close and don't be afraid of pushing

They made their way <through> {into} the crowd and by dint of holding their own got / {safely} through it. A moment more and all were standing on deck looking back with a comfortable feeling of superiority on the struggling pushing crowd on the pier

"Oh! my boxes!" cries Grizel looking round with a look so comic in its helpless bewilderment that the Colonel cannot help laughing

"Do not distress yourself. I saw them safely on board and M<sup>r</sup> Porter will look after them at the other end. You are like everybody else travelling for the first time, you think everything must go wrong.

"Yes," said Grizel naively. "It {all} looks to me like a great tangle and I cannot imagine how we are to get safely out of [[32]] it.

"Oh you will find the right thread when the time comes, or" with a kind look and smile, "somebody else will find it for you

Grizel blushes and straightway forgets the crowd the pier, England and her white cliffs and falls a thinking of that other side and him who waits there.

Colonel Musborough leaves her for a moment to satisfy his mind about the luggage

"All right" he says coming back, "well I must be going now; they are turning all the non-passengers off. Goodbye Miss Madden, a happy journey and a pleasant meeting to you.

Remember me to|Wilfrid and thank him for his last letter. Don't let him work too|much;  
he has not got head enough to|stand {it} and don't whatever you do let him keep you in  
Rome during the|hot<test> months. I have written to|tell him what I think of <hi>his  
rashness this year, and if you were to|repeat the lecture it would do him no harm  
I am afraid he would not take it so well from me," said Grizel with|her shy arch smile  
"Goodbye Sir. Wilfrid and I will never never forget what you have done for us  
We owe everything to|you and dear M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough. Thank her for me Sir when you go  
back. When I see her again I shall be better {able} to tell her what I think of her  
kindness." She held out her hand while tears stood|in her soft eyes. [*om.:The*] Colonel  
took|it and wrung it heartily.

"Goodbye, and God bless you both. To|have been able to do what we have done has  
been a great pleasure to|both my wife and myself. We wish you every happiness  
[[31<sup>1</sup>]] and shall often think of you. M<sup>rs</sup> Porter I leave her in your charge

And with another nod and smile to|that amiable lady and her husband and and a wave of  
the|hand to|Grizel the Colonel disappears among the crowd. Grizel <watches> {looks} -  
till|she sees him come out on the other side and walk slowly down the|pier then as with a  
majestic easy motion the great steamer moves slowly off and they are fairly started upon  
their journey <Griz> she leans over the side watching with eyes blinded with natural tears  
the retreating figure and the dear English shore which possibly she may never see again.  
Time passes and fainter and fainter grow the|outlines of the cliffs, the houses become an  
indistinguishable white mass - /{till} at length the sweeping curtain of mist and rain  
closes over the familiar scene and shuts it from her view Then with eyes dim no longer

but bright with happy expectation she turns and looks eastwards; awhile she waits then with a sudden rent the veil of cloud and fog parts asunder, and through the opening a long low line of hazy coast breaks upon her sight. "It is France!" she murmurs <shy> hiding her face," and he is there!" Oh! happy thought! Secure in love and trust she waits<ing> and ever nearer and nearer grows the|distant shore.

It was very late that night before Colonel Musborough reached the|little {Yorkshire} station of Streaton-wick

"Anything <y>here for me?" he asked as he stepped out of the carriage

Yes Sir," said the|sleepy porter roused<ing> into alacrity as the|lamplight reveals who it is speaking" They've sent summat Sir, leastways the|horses have been keeping me awake this half hour Train's late and they don't like waiting."

[[30<sup>h</sup>]] "George," called the Colonel and a groom appeared from the|other side of the railings {and} possessed himself of his master's rugs and carpet-bag.

Mistress said" with a touch of his hat "that I had better bring the brougham to|meet you Sir. There's a keen wind blowing and she thought you'd find the|phaeton cold."

All right; put the things in and get home as quickly as you can.

<All> The order <i>was promptly|obeyed and then with a fee to|the porter|which sen<ds>t him back to|bed not sorry on the|whole to|have had his nap disturbed, the Colonel settled|himself comfortably in a corner of the|brougham for the six miles' drive which was before him

[§] The two|bays after|their rest at the station were in full force and the carriage went bravely onwards. Ralph was too sleepy and tired to|notice anything on the|way till

they|turned|into|a long lane and the|softer roll of the carriage on the|carpet of dead leaves with|which the trees overhead had strewn it told him that home was not far off.

Here we are” he murmured and letting down the window looked out There was a sharp wind and the night was keen and frosty. Overhead {burned} <the> stars above and twinkled in the clear and frosty blue and on every side long low undulating moors closed in the distance Gradually the|trees grew thicker and closer till sky and moor were alike {shut out} from view and strive as it might the eye could not penetrate the gloom

Here are the gates” said Ralph gladly drawing in his head Is my darling waiting I wonder? I hope not It is too late for her to|be up

Yet I think he would have been very disappointed if things had happened otherwise than they did. As the carriage [[29<sup>l</sup>]] wheels grated on the gravel and finally drove up before the doors of a stately pile of building rising dark and high against the sky, the curtains of one of the front windows were hastily drawn aside in the|opening a small white figure prettily relieved against the|light background of the warm well-lighted drawing room stood with shaded eyes gazing out into the|night<s>. A moment’s observation sufficed {apparently} to|show who it was mounting the steps, the curtain was quickly dropped and as the door opened, behind the tall and unimpeachable footman a slender form was seen impatiently waiting, her sweet face all smiles, and her hands stretched out in joyous welcome.

Oh! Ralph it was so late I hardly expected|you would come, and I had only just this minute made up my mind that you were staying in London for the|night.”

Well then unmake it again little woman” /{said the Colonel as he stooped to kiss the



bright face} for here I am safe and sound and very glad to be at home again and a<nd>s  
hungry as a hunter.

Oh that is just as it should be. Now do leave the stupid packages alone and come and get  
warm and let me have a good look at you”

Ah! You don’t know what the|stupid packages contain

No and I don’t care, at least not just yet. Oh Ralph you have been away such a long  
time!

Just two days!

Two days or not it has seemed an age. [§] Did you do all you had to do? Was Grizel  
looking well? Did you see her safely [[28<sup>h</sup>]] off?”

How many more Miß Chatterbox One at a time if you please Ah! This is comfortable!

For Ailie had opened a door at the end of the drawing room and within there was a view  
of a long low room whose light tasteful furnishings book lined walls and profusion of  
easy chairs and lady-like knick[*knack*]eries were at this moment so pleasantly lighted up  
by the flames of a huge wood fire as to look the very abode of comfort.

Yes I thought you would like this better|than that great big drawing room. Here is tea and  
there is your arm chair. How will that do?”

Aye grandly” said the|Colonel contentedly rubbing his hands over the|blaze and then  
turning to|look at his wife as if after|all she was the|most comfortable sight of all

Come here Ailie I have hardly had a look at you yet.

Ailie came and knelt down by his side. He took her face in his hands and looked at her  
with such fond and deep affection in those dark gray eyes of his, that the|smile half faded

from the young wife's lips and her eyelids fell to|hide the|happy tears welling up  
beneath|them Ah my darling it is something to|come home now," he said as he  
gently|kissed the clear open brow "I little thought ever to|see this house as bright as it is  
now. What have you been doing with yourself since I went away

Oh a great many things" said Ailie springing up as the urn came in and busying herself  
with|the|tea-things I have quite a budget for when you have had tea. But first I want  
to|hear about Grizel. Was she quite [[27<sup>l</sup>]] happy and contented do you think? †and was  
she well wrapped up?

Well she had three shawls and as many cloaks: I don't know what I could have provided  
further. She seemed rather in a flurry about the luggage and things in general but|else we  
had a very pleasant parting. <She> {I thought her} <seems> perfectly /{happy} and it is  
pretty to|see her - quiet and undemonstrative as she is in general - blush and smile  
whenever Wilfrid's name is mentioned. <S> I was charged with all manner of grateful  
messages to|you.

Poor Grizel" said Ailie thoughtfully. "I do hope it will all turn out well but it is so  
ridiculous to|thank me. It was Mamma and Beata /{who} did everything for her at  
the|last. Bye the|bye I had such a beautiful letter from Beata|this morning Ralph.  
Frederick is staying there now.

Indeed! <said Ralph> That will be a pleasure to|her <!>

Yes poor Beata! You must read it Ralph, I can hardly bear those letters|of hers now  
They make me fear-

What my darling?" said Ralph looking up at her as she stood on the|hearthrug her head

bowed her hands locked together and her sweet face a moment ago so merry, sad and thoughtful.

"I hardly know," was the answer in {a} low tone. "Only Mamma says she is weaker than she was in the|summer and there are passages in her letters \_

The words were choked by tears. It was evident that a great fear and anxiety had taken possession of her and Ralph's heart filled with|sorrow and sympathy {with her}. He knew well how close and dear was the|bond between the|sisters and though he had himself long felt that Beatrice's frail life could not linger on amongst them much longer he [[26<sup>l</sup>]] trembled to|think what the|blow would be to|his wife. With [om.:the] tender protecting fatherliness of manner Ailie liked so well from him he drew her to|him soothing her with strong and loving words too|sacred in import and allusion to|be repeated here. And Ailie at last was comforted {though at first painfully startled} <. Whatever was tak> <sh ?><sup>†</sup> to|find how long he had foreseen what had only just dawned upon her. Whatever was taken her husband's love still remained and earth|was not all.

She disengaged herself from him and brought him his tea gradually recovering her spirits as he praised her handiwork and eat and drank heartily enough even to|please her

Well but I have not heard half yet," he said as he finished his last cup of tea, "Where is the|rest of your budget M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough?

Have patience and you shall hear," said Ailie bringing a low chair and settling herself at his side. "Who do you think called this afternoon?

Some country grandee I suppose. I hope you felt duly honoured you small person

Country grandee indeed! Bye the|bye Ralph we have dinner invitations next week for

every <one> {evening} but \*{one}. I know what I should do with them all!

Put them behind the|fire?" suggested|Ralph

Something very like it," <rejoined Ailie with a smile> {was the smiling answer}." It is so tiresome when we have only been married such a short time.

Ah you three months' bride! wait till this {time} next year and see what you will say then to|a solitary evening [[25<sup>l</sup>]] at home with|your grave old husband!

I|wish you would not say such things Ralph" said <R>Ailie, half<e> vexed, [§] "I know it is only in fun but I don't like it They sound as if you thought there was nothing lasting or earnest about me and there is a little you know - Just enough to|love you with," she added with her winning saucy smile <putting> {laying} her hands on his knees as she knelt by the fire and looking up into|his face There is no need to<|write> {say what} the answer Ralph made to|this remark \_ Suffice it to|say it was entirely satisfactory and Ailie was perfectly content therewith

Well but you have haven't {guessed} who my visitor was all this time" she said, "you will never find out I know unless I help you. Think over all the people you met at Harford when we first knew you

<Dear me> {Too much trouble}!" said the Colonel \*lazily "<what a task for {a} tired man>. Run over the names for me.

What good will that do you tiresome Ralph when I want you to|guess? Well must I tell you? It was a M<sup>rs</sup> Pierrepont who called this afternoon.

And who may M<sup>rs</sup> Pierrepont be?"

Ah that is the question Now I will describe her. She is a tall person on the wrong side of

thirty with, to|put it mildly, a great deal of feature, black eyes and hair and a generally severe and educational air <about her> which makes such an ignoramus as <me> {I} feel very foolish and small indeed

“Margaret Bruce of course” said the Colonel calmly <as if it was a matter of course>

[[24<sup>h</sup>]] Well?” said Ailie disappointed at this cool reception of her grand piece of news “but aren't you surprised to|hear of her in this part of the|world and as M<sup>rs</sup> Pierrepont too?

Ah that {last fact} is rather astonishing,” said the Colonel. “The man <who had the|pleasure of giving> {converted} Miß Bruce <his name> /{into M<sup>rs</sup> Pierrepont} must be an <exceptional> {enterprising} individual Did he appear this afternoon

Oh yes” said Ailie laughing at the remembrance. “Such a short funny clerical looking {little} man! I didn't know what to|make of him. He only made one remark all the time he was here and that about the weather. Margaret of course was inexhaustible. It appears that M<sup>r</sup> Pierrepont is M<sup>r</sup> Gray's curate, \_ M<sup>r</sup> Gray of Streaton-wick you know six miles from here, and Margaret is full of schools, almshouses, orphanages [e]tc

Apparently she and the vicar don't get on very well together - “that obstructive man M<sup>r</sup> Gray” as she calls him! She talked just in her old style, called me “my dear” and asked after you \_ till I felt inclined to|ask her whether it was {all} her “kind regard” for you <of> and me which made her write|me that letter|you and I know of! She must have thought me very stiff and I daresay went away moralising on the “astonishing pride of some people” but Ralph I could not forget \_ Nay, nay little|woman,” said Ralph as he

stroked back the glossy hair. “<Don’t you> remember that <story> {speech of Louis XII} you used to <be so fond of> {think so noble}. “The King of France can afford to|forget the|injuries done to|the Duke of Orleans<?> <I think you might find an application in it for both of us> and apply it to M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough and Miß Walter? <Do you think M<sup>rs</sup> Musborough can afford to|forget Miß Walter’s wrong>?”

{“well after|all}” said Ailie laughing, [[23<sup>l</sup>]] “they did us no harm in the end \_ that is very true But I have not finished my story yet. After|they|were gone M<sup>rs</sup> Maudesley came in and by way of making conversation I|told|her who had just been calling. Oh! she said “you don’t mean to|say you know those people. Everyone is talking about them At Streaton-wick they have put everything in hot water, and poor M<sup>r</sup> Gray is at his wits’ end. M<sup>rs</sup> Pierrepont has been meddling with the|school offending everybody and driving several children away. She won’t listen|to|a word from M<sup>r</sup> Gray whom she altogether despises and {as} for M<sup>r<s></sup> Pierrepont poor man he follows her about like a <{her}> footman and never dares to say a word.”

Unfortunate vicar!” exclaimed Ralph laughing, “he has caught a Tartar! I never met Miß Bruce’s match|yet.”

But I have!” said Ailie, “Oh Ralph it used to|be the|best fun in the|world to|watch|your battles royal in the|olden time, \_ you so cool and sarcastic and poor Margaret fuming and fretting and using longer words than ever in her excitement. Poor <P>M<sup>r</sup> Pierrepont! He never could have had the audacity to|propose.

Ah that is <a> {the} mysterious part of it! But we have had enough about them for tonight. Little woman your eyes are looking extinguished. Come here and bid me Good-

night

Ailie came and he took her tenderly into his strong arms and kissed and blessed her. It was pleasant to see them together - Ralph with his grand head and powerful [[ 22']] frame looked still taller and nobler by the side of his slender fairylike wife who <se pretty> {bore her} |matronly {character} <air of trust and pride in her husband> {dignity} with the prettiest proudest air in the world.

And here we leave them \_ these two whose {varying} fortunes we have followed for a while. That the wedded life which lies before them will be a happy one we may safely predict for their love is strong and tried and rooted |on the|basis of a faith which looks beyond the world its partings and its sorrow, to Him from whom are all good gifts \_ love and home and sweet companionship. But though happy it will not be an idle one Ralph knows[ *om.*: , *even*] if Ailie is too young and too absorbed |in her happy love fully to|understand[, ] that lands and wealth and talents are not only means of enjoyment but grave and heavy <s> responsibilities \_ not a possession but a trust. There is much work to|be done and God willing he within his own sphere will be the|man to|do it and his wife <with her womanly touch and winning ways> will help him For she is no plaything but a brave and loving little soul ready to do and bear as much as in her lies, for kindness' sake and at her husband's bidding (Copy no further). And Reginald \_ poor Reginald - what of him? Ah! he is a rising barrister|now and the|last thing we heard of him was that [*om.*: *at*] a certain county ball not far from Harford he had been to|seen [*sic*] to|dance somewhat frequently <who> {with} a young lady whose brown eyes and hair were said by competent judges to|be very like M<sup>TS</sup> Colonel Musborough's - Miß Walter that was

[*The narrative ends here but experimental sentences follow:*]

<sup>36</sup>Who can describe the {crushing terrible agony of|that hour when the|full and fearful import of all that {had} happened was first made clear to him \_ when he looked upon the pallid peaceful face of his brother and knew that his had been the hand to|dim for ever the|light of those blue eyes and quench the gallant generous spirit reflected|in them? Ah! God grant that when crushed and goaded by the overpowering weight the soul looked up despairingly and rebelliously to|Heaven He who had allowed the blow forgave the murmur {pitying the sorrow !} <and the recoil with which it was received>!

For <the>|God's love to man is a fact an {eternal} changeless reality and he who clings to his belief in it whate'er betide is resting upon a foundation from which no tempest however fierce shall move or shake him.

<sup>37</sup>But their height and depth shall not be made fully manifest <th>till through God's mercy having passed safely through this outer court <we enter> {the hand of death <within the veil>} we shall lift into the presence of Him who having been our light and hope <and> on earth|shall be throughout eternity our "exceeding great reward!"

safely though this outer court the|hand of death shall lift the|veil and bear us {where} <into that holy place> to him where circled with light unapproachable



A FRAGMENT OF THE TEXT AILIE (1867-1868) \*

[17<sup>h</sup>]<sup>38</sup> A strange tumult of emotion and feeling had arisen within her. For the first time as she met those wistful eyes the secret of her heart revealed itself; and she knew that the innocent <careless> {joyous} tenor of her girlish life was at an end for ever. The angel had descended and was even {now} stirring the very depths of her nature never {again} alas to rest in their hitherto unbroken peacefulness. Would the visitant {ultimately} bring healing? Ah who could tell? <yet Hope Whispered and Yet whatever happens> ever a sense of hindrance and obstacle beat down her striving wings. <Yes a long adieu to the thoughtless summer-day existence life had been to her for so long> Ailie knew now that between|her and Ralph Musborough there could never be again any question of common every-day intercourse. <yet her imagination did not leap forward as it might have done to|an intercourse in the future> They loved each other. Oh surely since Love was there happiness could not be far off. Why was it that the new overpowering sensation was more akin to|pain than joy, that a sense of hindrance of obstacle of impending evil oppressed her and

