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English Literature Series No. 133

SELECTED ENGLISH STORIES

VOLUME II



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Selected English Stories

Volume II

Anthony Trollope—William Morris—Wilkie
Collins — Bret Harte — R L Stevenson
Thomas Hardy—H G Wells

Edited with Notes and Exercises by
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INTRODUCTION

THE first volume of these *Selected English Stories* showed something of the development of the short story from the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it was little more than a by-product of the essay and the novel, to the middle of the nineteenth, when it was well established in popularity and artistic importance. This second volume is confined to the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the short story flourished, as it does to day, perhaps largely because periodicals increasing rapidly in number and variety created a new demand.

It is worth noting, however, that in this volume also most of the authors owe their fame mainly to their novels. The art of the short story has been practised more assiduously and successfully during the past sixty years than in the whole previous history of English literature, and a number of novelists, including R. L. Stevenson and Joseph Conrad, have written short stories which seem likely to be remembered as long as their novels, yet only two writers, Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Katherine Mansfield, take high rank by virtue of their short stories alone. And popular as it is with a host of readers, some few of whom are discriminating, the short story remains definitely less popular than the novel.

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MALACHI'S COVE

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

(1815-1882)

ON the northern coast of Cornwall, between Tintagel and Bossiney, down on the very margin of the sea, there lived not long since an old man who got his living by saving seaweed from the waves, and selling it for manure. The cliffs there are bold and fine, and the sea beats in upon them from the north with a grand violence. I doubt whether it be not the finest morsel of cliff scenery in England, though it is beaten by many portions of the west coast of Ireland, and perhaps also by spots in Wales and Scotland. Cliffs should be nearly precipitous, they should be broken in their outlines, and should barely admit here and there of an insecure passage from their summit to the sand at their feet. The sea should come, if not up to them, at least very near to them, and then, above all things, the water below them should be blue, and not of that dead leaden colour which is so familiar to us in England. At Tintagel all these requisites are there, except that bright blue colour which is so lovely. But the cliffs themselves are bold and well broken, and the margin of sand at high water is very narrow,—so narrow that at spring tides there is barely a footing there.

Close upon this margin was the cottage or hovel of Malachi Tienglos, the old man of whom I have spoken

But Malachi, or old Glos, as he was commonly called by the people around him, had not built his house absolutely upon the sand. There was a fissure in the rock so great that at the top it formed a narrow ravine, and so complete from the summit to the base that it afforded an opening for a steep and ragged track from the top of the rock to the bottom. This fissure was so wide at the bottom that it had afforded space for Trenglos to fix his habitation on a foundation of rock, and here he had lived for many years. It was told of him that in the early days of his trade he had always carried the weed in a basket on his back to the top, but latterly he had been possessed of a donkey which had been trained to go up and down the steep track with a single pannier over his loins, for the rocks would not admit of panniers hanging by his side, and for this assistant he had built a shed adjoining his own, and almost as large as that in which he himself resided.

But, as years went on, old Glos procured other assistance than that of the donkey, or, as I should rather say, Providence supplied him with other help, and, indeed, had it not been so, the old man must have given up his cabin and his independence and gone into the workhouse at Camelford. For rheumatism had afflicted him, old age had bowed him till he was nearly double, and by degrees he became unable to attend the donkey on its upward passage to the world above, or even to assist in rescuing the coveted weed from the waves.

At the time to which our story refers Trenglos had not been up the cliff for twelve months, and for the last six months he had done nothing towards the furtherance of his trade, except to take the money and keep it, if any of

it was kept, and occasionally to shake down a bundle of fodder for the donkey. The real work of the business was done altogether by Malala Trenglos, his granddaughter.

Mally Trenglos was known to all the farmers round the coast, and to all the small tradespeople in Camelford. She was a wild-looking, almost unearthly creature, with wild-flowing, black, uncombed hair, small in stature, with small hands and bright black eyes, but people said that she was very strong, and the children around declared that she worked day and night, and knew nothing of fatigue. As to her age there were many doubts. Some said she was ten, and others five-and-twenty, but the reader may be allowed to know that at this time she had in truth passed her twentieth birthday. The old people spoke well of Mally, because she was so good to her grandfather, and it was said of her that though she carried to him a little gin and tobacco almost daily, she bought nothing for herself, -and as to the gin, no one who looked at her would accuse her of meddling with that. But she had no friends, and but few acquaintances among people of her own age. They said that she was fierce and ill-natured, that she had not a good word for anyone, and that she was, complete at all points, a thorough little vixen.

The young men did not care for her, for, as regarded dress, all days were alike with her. She never made herself smart on Sundays. She was generally without stockings, and seemed to care not at all to exercise any of those feminine attractions which might have been hers had she studied to attain them. All days were the same to her in regard to dress, and, indeed, till lately, all days

had, I fear, been the same to her in other respects. Old Malachi had never been seen inside a place of worship since he had taken to live under the cliff.

But within the last two years Mally had submitted herself to the teaching of the clergyman at Tintagel, and had appeared at church on Sundays, if not absolutely with punctuality, at any rate so often that no one who knew the peculiarity of her residence was disposed to quarrel with her on that subject. But she made no difference in her dress on these occasions. She took her place on a low stone seat just inside the church door, clothed as usual in her thick red serge petticoat and loose brown serge jacket, such being the apparel which she had found to be best adapted for her hard and perilous work among the waters. She had pleaded to the clergyman when he attacked her on the subject of church attendance with vigour that she had got no church-going clothes. He had explained to her that she would be received there without distinction to her clothing. Mally had taken him at his word, and had gone, with a courage which certainly deserved admiration, though I doubt whether there was not mingled with it an obstinacy which was less admirable.

For people said that old Glos was rich, and that Mally might have proper clothes if she chose to buy them. Mr Polwarth, the clergyman, who, as the old man could not come to him, went down the rocks to the old man, did make some hint on the matter in Mally's absence. But old Glos, who had been patient with him on other matters, turned upon him so angrily when he made an allusion to money, that Mr Polwarth found himself obliged to give that matter up, and Mally continued to

sit upon the stone bench in her short serge petticoat, with her long hair streaming down her face. She did so far sacrifice to decency as on such occasions to tie up her back hair with an old shoe-string. So tied it would remain through the Monday and Tuesday; but by Wednesday afternoon Mally's hair had generally managed to escape.

As to Mally's indefatigable industry, there could be no manner of doubt for the quantity of seaweed which she and the donkey amassed between them was very surprising. Old Glos, it was declared, had never collected half what Mally gathered together, but then the article was becoming cheaper, and it was necessary that the exertion should be greater. So Mally and the donkey toiled and toiled, and the seaweed came up in heaps which surprised those who looked at her little hands and light form. Was there not someone who helped her at nights, some fairy, or demon, or the like? Mally was so snappish in her answers to people that she had no right to be surprised if ill-natured things were said of her.

No one ever heard Mally Trenglos complain of her work, but about this time she was heard to make great and loud complaints of the treatment she received from some of her neighbours.

It was known that she went with her complaints to Mr Polwarth, and when he could not help her, or did not give her such instant help as she needed, she went—ah, so foolishly!—to the office of a certain attorney at Camelford, who was not likely to prove himself a better friend than Mr Polwarth.

Now the nature of her injury was as follows. The place in which she collected her seaweed was a little

cove, the people had come to call it Malachi's Cove, from the name of the old man who lived there,—which was so formed that the margin of the sea therein could only be reached by the passage from the top down to Trenglos's hut. The breadth of the cove when the sea was out might perhaps be two hundred yards, and on each side the rocks ran out in such a way that both from north and south the domain of Trenglos was guarded from intruders. And this locality had been well chosen for its intended purpose.

There was a rush of the sea into the cove, which carried there large, drifting masses of seaweed, leaving them among the rocks when the tide was out. During the equinoctial winds of the spring and autumn the supply would never fail, and even when the sea was calm the long, soft, salt-bedewed trailing masses of the weed could be gathered there when they could not be found elsewhere for miles along the coast. The task of getting the weed from the breakers was often difficult and dangerous,—so difficult that much of it was left to be carried away by the next incoming tide.

Mally doubtless did not gather half the crop that was there at her feet. What was taken by the returning waves she did not regret, but when interlopers came upon her cove, and gathered her wealth—her grandfather's wealth—beneath her eyes, then her heart was broken. It was this interloping, this intrusion, that drove poor Mally to the Camelford attorney. But, alas, though the Camelford attorney took Mally's money, he could do nothing for her, and her heart was broken!

She had an idea, in which no doubt her grandfather shared, that the path to the cove was, at any rate, their

property. When she was told that the cove, and sea running into the cove, were not the fireholds of her grandfather, she understood that the statement might be true. But what then as to the use of the path? Who had made the path what it was? Had she not painfully, wearily, with exceeding toil, carried up bits of rock with her own little hands, that her grandfather's donkey might have footing for his feet? Had she not scraped together crumbs of earth along the face of the cliff that she might make easier to the animal the track of that rugged way? And now, when she saw big farmers' lads coming down with other donkeys,—and, indeed, there was one who came with a pony, no boy, but a young man, old enough to know better than rob a poor old man and a young girl,—she reviled the whole human race, and swore that the Camelford attorney was a fool.

Any attempt to explain to her that there was still weed enough for her was worse than useless. Was it not all hers and his, or, at any rate, was not the sole way to it his and hers? And was not her trade stopped and impeded? Had she not been forced to back her laden donkey down, twenty yards, she said, but it had, in truth, been five, because Farmer Gunliffe's son had been in the way with his thieving pony? Farmer Gunliffe had wanted to buy her weed at his own price, and because she had refused he had set on his thieving son to destroy her in this wicked way.

'I'll hamstring the beast the next time as he's down here!' said Mally to old Glos, while the angry fire literally streamed from her eyes.

Farmer Gunliffe's small homestead—he held about fifty acres of land—was close by the village of Tintagel,

and not a mile from the cliff. The sea-wrack, as they call it, was pretty well the only manure within his reach, and no doubt he thought it hard that he should be kept from using it by Mally Treglos and her obstinacy.

'There's heaps of other coves, Barty,' said Mally to Barty Gunliffe, the farmer's son.

'But none so nigh, Mally, nor yet none that fills ourselves as this place.'

Then he explained to her that he would not take the weed that came up close to hand. He was bigger than she was, and stronger, and would get it from the outer rocks, with which she never meddled. Then, with scorn in her eye, she swore that she could get it where he durst not venture, and repeated her threat of hamstringing the pony. Barty laughed at her wrath, jeered her because of her wild hair, and called her a mermaid.

'I'll mermaid you!' she cried. 'Mermaid, indeed! I wouldn't be a man to come and rob a poor girl and an old cripple. But you're no man, Barty Gunliffe! You're not half a man.'

Nevertheless, Bartholomew Gunliffe was a very fine young fellow, as far as the eye went. He was about five feet eight inches high, with strong arms and legs, with light curly brown hair and blue eyes. His father was but in a small way as a farmer, but, nevertheless, Barty Gunliffe was well thought of among the girls around. Everybody liked Barty,—excepting only Mally Treglos, and she hated him like poison.

Barty, when he was asked why so good-natured a lad as he persecuted a poor girl and an old man, threw himself upon the justice of the thing. It wouldn't do at all, according to his view, that any single person should take

upon himself to own that which God Almighty sent as the common property of all. He would do Mally no harm, and so he had told her. But Mally was a vixen,—a wicked little vixen, and she must be taught to have a civil tongue in her head. When once Mally would speak him civil as he went for weed, he would get his father to pay the old man some sort of toll for the use of the path.

'Speak him civil!' said Mally. 'Never, not while I have a tongue in my mouth!' And I fear old Glos encouraged her rather than otherwise in her view of the matter.

But her grandfather did not encourage her to hamstring the pony. Hamstringing a pony would be a serious thing, and old Glos thought it might be very awkward for both of them if Mally were put into prison. He suggested, therefore, that all manner of impediments should be put in the way of the pony's feet, surmising that the well-trained donkey might be able to work in spite of them. And Barty Gunhille, on his next descent, did find the passage very awkward when he came near to Malachi's hut, but he made his way down, and poor Mally saw the lumps of rock at which she had laboured so hard pushed on one side or rolled out of the way with a steady persistency of injury towards herself that almost drove her frantic.

'Well, Barty, you're a nice boy,' said old Glos, sitting in the doorway of the hut, as he watched the intruder.

'I ain't a-doin' no harm to none as doesn't harm me,' said Barty. 'The sea's free to all, Malachi.'

'And the sky's free to all, but I mustn't get up on the top of your big barn to look at it,' said Mally, who was standing among the rocks with a long hook in her hand.

The long hook was the tool with which she worked in dragging the weed from the waves. 'But you ain't got no justice nor yet no sperrit, or you wouldn't come here to vex an old man like he.'

'I didn't want to vex him, nor yet to vex you, Mally. You let me be for a while, and we'll be friends yet.'

Friends! 'exclaimed Mally. 'Who'd have the likes of you for a friend? What are you moving them stones for? Them stones belongs to grandfather.' And in her wrath she made a movement as though she were going to fly at him.

'Let him be, Mally,' said the old man, 'let him be. He'll get his punishment. He'll come to be drowned some day if he comes down here when the wind is in shore.'

'That he may be drowned then!' said Mally, in her anger. 'If he was in the big hole there among the rocks, and the sea running in at half tide, I wouldn't lift a hand to help him out.'

'Yes, you would, Mally, you'd fish me up with your hook like a big stick of seaweed.'

She turned from him with scorn as he said this, and went into the hut. It was time for her to get ready for her work, and one of the great injuries done her lay in this,—that such a one as Barty Gunhiffe should come and look at her during her toil among the breakers.

It was an afternoon in April, and the hour was something after four o'clock. There had been a heavy wind from the north-west all the morning, with gusts of rain, and the seagulls had been in and out of the cove all the day, which was a sure sign to Mally that the incoming tide would cover the rocks with weed. The quick waves

were now returning with wonderful celerity over the low reefs, and the time had come at which the treasure must be seized if it was to be garnered on that day. By seven o'clock it would be growing dark, at nine it would be high water, and before daylight the crop would be carried out again if not collected. All this Mally understood very well, and some of this Barty was beginning to understand also.

As Mally came down with her bare feet, bearing her long hook in her hand, she saw Barty's pony standing patiently on the sand, and in her heart she longed to attack the brute. Barty at this moment, with a common three-pronged fork in his hand, was standing down on a large rock, gazing forth towards the waters. He had declared that he would gather the weed only at places which were inaccessible to Mally, and he was looking out that he might settle where he would begin.

'Let 'un be, let 'un be,' shouted the old man to Mally, as he saw her take a step towards the beast, which she hated almost as much as she hated the man.

Hearing her grandfather's voice through the wind, she desisted from her purpose, if any purpose she had had, and went forth to her work. As she passed down the cover, and scrambled in among the rocks, she saw Barty still standing on his perch, out beyond, the white-curling waves were cresting and breaking themselves with violence, and the wind was howling among the caverns and abutments of the cliff.

Every now and then there came a squall of rain, and though there was sufficient light, the heavens were black with clouds. A scene more beautiful might hardly be found by those who love the glories of the coast. The

light for such objects was perfect. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the colours, —the blue of the open sea, the white of the breaking waves, the yellow sands, or the streaks of red and brown which gave such richness to the cliff.

But neither Mally nor Barty were thinking of such things as these. Indeed, they were hardly thinking of their trade after its ordinary forms. Barty was meditating how he might best accomplish his purpose of working beyond the reach of Mally's feminine powers, and Mally was resolving that wherever Barty went she would go farther.

And, in many respects, Mally had the advantage. She knew every rock in the spot, and was sure of those which gave a good foothold, and sure also of those which did not. And then her activity had been made perfect by practice for the purpose to which it was to be devoted. Barty, no doubt, was stronger than she, and quite as active. But Barty could not jump among the waves from one stone to another as she could do, nor was he as yet able to get aid in his work from the very force of the water as she could get it. She had been hunting seaweed in that cove since she had been an urchin of six years old, and she knew every hole and corner and every spot of vantage. The waves were her friends, and she could use them. She could measure their strength, and knew when and where it would cease.

Mally was great down in the salt pools of her own cove,—great, and very fearless. As she watched Barty make his way forward from rock to rock, she told herself, glee-fu-ly, that he was going astray. The curl of the wind as it blew into the cove would not carry the weed up to

the northern buttresses of the cove, and then there was the great hole just there, the great hole of which she had spoken when she wished him evil.

And now she went to work, hooking up the dishevelled hairs of the ocean, and landing many a cargo on the extreme margin of the sand from whence she would be able in the evening to drag it back before the invading waters would return to reclaim the spoil.

And on his side also Barty made his heap up against the northern buttresses of which I have spoken. Barty's heap became big and still bigger, so that he knew, let the pony work as he might he could not take it all up that evening. But still it was not as large as Mally's heap. Mally's hook was better than his fork, and Mally's skill was better than his strength. And when he failed in some haul Mally would jeer him with a wild, weird laughter, and shriek to him through the wind that he was not half a man. At first he answered her with laughing words, but before long, as she boasted of her success and pointed to his failure, he became angry, and then he answered her no more. He became angry with himself, in that he missed so much of the plunder before him.

The broken sea was full of the long straggling growth which the waves had torn up from the bottom of the ocean, but the masses were carried past him, away from him, - nay, once or twice over him, and then Mally's weird voice would sound in his ear, jeering him. The gloom among the rocks was now becoming thicker and thicker, the tide was beating in with increased strength, and the gusts of wind came with quicker and greater violence. But still he worked on. While Mally worked

he would work, and would work for some time after she was driven in. He would not be beaten by a girl.

The great hole was now full of water, but of water which seemed to be boiling as though in a pot. And the pot was full of floating masses,—large treasures of seaweed which were thrown to and fro upon its surface, but lying there so thick that one would seem almost able to rest upon it without sinking.

Mally knew well how useless it was to attempt to rescue aught from the fury of that boiling caldron. The hole went in under the rocks, and the side of it towards the shore lay high, slippery, and steep. The hole, even at low water, was never empty, and Mally believed that there was no bottom to it. Fish thrown in there could escape out to the ocean, miles away, so Mally in her softer moods would tell the visitors to the cove. She knew the hole well. Pouladioul she was accustomed to call it, which was supposed, when translated, to mean that this was the hole of the Evil One. Never did Mally attempt to make her own of weed which had found its way into that pot.

But Barty Gunliffe knew no better, and she watched him as he endeavoured to steady himself on the treacherously slippery edge of the pool. He fixed himself there and made a haul, with some small success. How he managed it she hardly knew, but she stood still for a while watching him anxiously, and then she saw him slip. He slipped, and recovered himself,—slipped again, and again recovered himself.

‘Barty, you fool!’ she screamed, ‘if you get yourself pitched in there, you’ll never come out no more.’

Whether she simply wished to frighten him, or

whether her heart relented and she had thought of his danger with dismay, who shall say? She could not have told herself. She hated him as much as ever,—but she could hardly have wished to see him drowned before her eyes.

‘You go on, and don’t mind me,’ said he, speaking in a hoarse, angry tone.

‘Mind you!—Who minds you?’ retorted the girl. And then she again prepared herself for her work.

But as she went down over the rocks with her long hook balanced in her hands she suddenly heard a splash, and, turning quickly round, saw the body of her enemy tumbling amidst the eddying waves in the pool. The tide had now come up so far that every succeeding wave washed into it and over it from the side nearest to the sea, and then ran down again back from the rocks, as the rolling wave receded, with a noise like the fall of a cataract. And then, when the surplus water had retreated for a moment, the surface of the pool would be partly calm, though the fretting bubbles would still boil up and down, and there was ever a simmer on the surface, as though, in truth, the caldron were heated. But this time of comparative rest was but a moment, for the succeeding breaker would come up almost as soon as the foam of the preceding one had gone, and then again the waters would be dashed upon the rocks, and the sides would echo with the roar of the angry wave.

Instantly Mally hurried across to the edge of the pool, crouching down upon her hands and knees, for security as she did so. As a wave receded, Barty’s head and face was carried near to her, and she could see that his forehead was covered with blood. Whether he were alive or

dead she did not know. She had seen nothing but his blood, and the light-coloured hair of his head lying amidst the foam. Then his body was drawn along by the suction of the retreating wave, but the mass of water that escaped was not on this occasion large enough to carry the man out with it.

Instantly Mally was at work with her hook, and getting it fixed into his coat, dragged him towards the spot on which she was kneeling. During the half-minute of repose she got him so close that she could touch his shoulder. Straining herself down, laying herself over the long bending handle of the hook, she strove to grasp him with her right hand. But she could not do it—she could only touch him.

Then came the next breaker, forcing itself on with a roar, looking to Mally as though it must certainly knock her from her resting-place and destroy them both. But she had nothing for it but to kneel and hold by her hook.

What prayer passed through her mind at that moment for herself or for him, or for that old man who was sitting unconsciously up at the cabin, who can say? The great wave came and rushed over her as she lay almost prostrate, and when the water was gone from her eyes, and the tumult of the foam, and the violence of the roaring breaker had passed by her, she found herself at her length upon the rock, while his body had been lifted up, free from her hook, and was lying upon the slippery ledge, half in the water and half out of it. As she looked at him, in that instant, she could see that his eyes were open and that he was struggling with his hands.

‘Hold by the hook, Barty,’ she cried, pushing the

stick of it before him, while she seized the collar of his coat in her hands

Had he been her brother, her lover, her father, she could not have clung to him with more of the energy of despair. He did contrive to hold by the stick which she had given him, and when the succeeding wave had passed by he was still on the ledge. In the next moment she was seated a yard or two above the hole, in comparative safety, while Barty lay upon the rocks with his still bleeding head resting upon her lap.

What could she do now? She could not carry him and in fifteen minutes the sea would be up where she was sitting. He was quite insensible and very pale, and the blood was coming slowly—very slowly—from the wound on his forehead. Ever so gently she put her hand upon his hair to move it back from his face—and then she bent over his mouth to see if he breathed, and as she looked at him she knew that he was beautiful.

What would she not give that he might live? Nothing now was so precious to her as his life, as this life which she had so far rescued from the waters. But what could she do? Her grandfather could scarcely get himself down over the rocks, if indeed he could succeed in doing so much as that. Could she drag the wounded man backwards, if it were only a few feet that he might lie above the reach of the waves till further assistance could be procured?

She set herself to work and she moved him, almost lifting him. As she did so she wondered at her own strength, but she was very strong at that moment. Slowly, tenderly, falling on the rocks herself so that he might fall on her, she got him back to the margin of the

sand, to a spot which the waters would not reach for the next two hours.

Here her grandfather met them, having seen at last what had happened from the door.

'Dada,' she said, 'he fell into the pool vonder, and was battered against the rocks. See there at his forehead.

'Mally, I'm thinking that he's dead already,' said old Glos, peering down over the body.

'No, Dada, he is not dead, but mavhap he's dying. But I'll go at once up to the farm.'

'Mally,' said the old man, 'look at his head. They'll say we murdered him.'

'Who'll say so? Who'll lie like that? Didn't I pull him out of the hole?

'What matters that? His father'll say we killed him.'

It was manifest to Mally that whatever anyone might say hereafter her present course was plain before her. She must run up the path to Gunliffe's farm and get necessary assistance. If the world were as bad as her grandfather said, it would be so bad that she would not care to live longer in it. But be that as it might, there was no doubt as to what she must do now.

So away she went as fast as her naked feet could carry her up the cliff. When at the top she looked round to see if any person might be within ken, but she saw no one. So she ran with all her speed along the headland of the cornfield which led in the direction of old Gunliffe's house, and as she drew near to the homestead she saw that Barty's mother was leaning on the gate. As she approached she attempted to call, but her breath failed her for any purpose of loud speech, so she ran on till she was able to grasp Mrs. Gunliffe by the arm.

Where's himself ? ' she said, holding her hand upon her beating heart that she might husband her breath

' Who is it you mean ? ' said Mrs Gunliffe, who participated in the family feud against Trenglos and his grand-daughter ' What does the girl clutch me for in that way ? '

' He's dying then, that's all '

' Who is dying ? Is it old Malachi ? If the old man's bad, we'll send some one down '

' It ain't Dada, it's Barty ! Where's himself ? Where's the master ? '

But by this time Mrs Gunliffe was in an agony of despair, and was calling out for assistance lustily Happily Gunliffe, the father, was at hand, and with him a man from the neighbouring village

' Will you not send for the doctor ? ' said Mally ' Oh, man, you should send for the doctor ! '

Whether any orders were given for the doctor she did not know, but in a very few minutes she was hurrying across the field again towards the path to the cove, and Gunliffe with the other man and his wife were following her

As Mally went along she recovered her voice, for their step was not so quick as hers, and that which to them was a hurried movement allowed her to get her breath again And as she went, she tried to explain to the father what had happened, saying but little, however, of her own doings in the matter The wife hung behind listening, exclaiming every now and again that her boy was killed, and then asking wild questions as to his being yet alive The father, as he went, said little He was known as a silent, sober man, well spoken of for diligence

and general conduct, but supposed to be stern and very hard when angered

As they drew near to the top of the path the other man whispered something to him, and then he turned round upon Mally and stopped her

' If he has come by his death between you, your blood shall be taken for his,' said he

Then the wife shrieked out that her child had been murdered and Mally, looking round into the faces of the three, saw that her grandfather's words had come true. They suspected her of having taken the life in saving which she had nearly lost her own

She looked round at them with awe in her face, and then, without saying a word, preceded them down the path. What had she to answer when such a charge as that was made against her? If they chose to say that she pushed him into the pool, and hit him with her hook as he lay amidst the waters, how could she show that it was not so?

Poor Mally knew little of the law of evidence, and it seemed to her that she was in their hands. But as she went down the steep track with a hurried step, - a step so quick that they could not keep up with her - her heart was very full, - very full and very high. She had striven for the man's life as though he had been her brother. The blood was not yet dry on her own legs and arms, where she had torn them in his service. At one moment she had felt sure that she would die with him in that pool. And now they said that she had murdered him! It may be that he was not dead, and what would he say if ever he should speak again? Then she thought of that moment when his eyes had opened, and he had seemed

to see her. She had no fear for herself, for her heart was very high. But it was full also, full of scorn, disdain, and wrath.

When she had reached the bottom she stood close to the door of the hut waiting for them, so that they might precede her to the other group, which was there in front of them, at a little distance on the sand.

‘He is there and Dada is with him. Go and look at him,’ said Mally.

The father and mother ran on stumbling over the stones, but Mally remained behind by the door of the hut.

Barty Gunhile was lying on the sand where Mally had left him, and old Malachi Trenglos was standing over him, resting himself with difficulty upon a stick.

‘Not a move he’s moved since she left him,’ said he, ‘not a move. I put his head on the old rug as you see, and I tried ‘un with a drop of gin, but he wouldn’t take it. He wouldn’t take it.’

‘Oh, my boy! my boy!’ said the mother, throwing herself beside her son upon the sand.

‘Haud your tongue, woman,’ said the father, kneeling down slowly by the lad’s head, ‘whimpering that way will do ‘un no good.’

Then having gazed for a minute or two upon the pale face beneath him, he looked up sternly into that of Malachi Trenglos.

The old man hardly knew how to bear this terrible inquisition.

‘He would come,’ said Malachi, ‘he brought it all upon hisself.’

‘Who was it struck him?’ said the father.

‘ Sure he struck hisself, as he fell among the breakers ’

‘ Liar ! ’ said the father, looking up at the old man

‘ They have murdered him !—They have murdered him ! ’ shrieked the mother

‘ Haud your peace, woman ! ’ said the husband again

‘ They shall give us blood for blood ’

Mally, leaning against the corner of the hovel, heard it all, but did not stir. They might say what they liked. They might make it out to be murder. They might drag her and her grandfather to Camelford gaol, and then to Bodmin, and the gallows, but they could not take from her the conscious feeling that was her own. She had done her best to save him,—her very best. And she had saved him !

She remembered her threat to him before they had gone down on the rocks together, and her evil wish. Those words had been very wicked, but since that she had risked her life to save his. They might say what they pleased of her, and do what they pleased. She knew what she knew.

Then the father raised his son’s head and shoulders in his arms, and called on the others to assist him in carrying Barty towards the path. They raised him between them carefully and tenderly, and lifted their burden on towards the spot at which Mally was standing. She never moved, but watched them at their work, and the old man followed them, hobbling after them with his crutch.

When they had reached the end of the hut she looked upon Barty’s face, and saw that it was very pale. There was no longer blood upon the forehead, but the great gash was to be seen there plainly, with its jagged cut,

and the skin livid and blue round the orifice • His light brown hair was hanging back, as she had made it to hang when she had gathered it with her hand after the big wave had passed over them Ah, how beautiful he was in Mally's eyes with that pale face, and the sad scar upon his brow ! She turned her face away, that they might not see her tears , but she did not move, nor did she speak

But now, when they had passed the end of the hut, shuffling along with their burden, she heard a sound which stirred her She roused herself quickly from her leaning posture, and stretched forth her head as though to listen , then she moved to follow them Yes, they had stopped at the bottom of the path, and had again laid the body on the rocks She heard that sound again, as of a long, long sigh, and then, regardless of any of them, she ran to the wounded man's head

‘ He is not dead,’ she said ‘ There , he is not dead ’

As she spoke Barty's eyes opened, and he looked about him

‘ Barty, my boy, speak to me,’ said the mother

Barty turned his face upon his mother, smiled, and then stared about him wildly

‘ How is it with thee, lad ? ’ said his father Then Barty turned his face again to the latter voice, and as he did so his eyes fell upon Mally

‘ Mally ! ’ he said, ‘ Mally ! ’

It could have wanted nothing further to any of those present to teach them that, according to Barty's own view of the case, Mally had not been his enemy , and, in truth, Mally herself wanted no further triumph That word had vindicated her, and she withdrew back to the hut

Dada, she said, Barty is not dead, and I'm thinking they won't say anything more about our hurting him.

Old Glos shook his head. He was glad the lad hadn't met his death there, he didn't want the young man's blood, but he knew what folk would say. The poorer he was the more sure the world would be to trample on him. Mally said what she could to comfort him, being full of comfort herself.

She would have crept up to the farm if she dared to ask how Barty was. But her courage failed her when she thought of that, so she went to work again, dragging back the weed she had saved to the spot at which on the morrow she would load the donkey. As she did this she saw Barty's pony still standing patiently under the rock, so she got a lock of fodder and threw it down before the beast.

It had become dark down in the cove but she was still dragging back the seaweed when she saw the glimmer of a lantern coming down the pathway. It was a most unusual sight, for lanterns were not common down in Malachi's Cove. Down came the lantern rather slowly, much more slowly than she was in the habit of descending, and then through the gloom she saw the figure of a man standing at the bottom of the path. She went up to him, and saw that it was Mr. Gunhiffe, the father.

Is that Mally? said Gunhiffe.

'Yes, it is Mally, and how is Barty, Mr. Gunhiffe?'

'You must come to un yourself, now at once,' said the farmer. 'He won't sleep a wink till he's seed you. You must not say but you'll come.'

'Sure I'll come if I'm wanted,' said Mally.

Gunhiffe waited a moment, thinking that Mally might

have to prepare herself, but Mally needed no preparation. She was dripping with salt water from the weed which she had been dragging, and her elfin locks were streaming wildly from her head, but, such as she was, she was ready.

'Dada's in bed,' she said, 'and I can go now, if you please.'

Then Gunhille turned round and followed her up the path, wondering at the life which this girl led so far away from all her sex. It was now dark night, and he had found her working at the very edge of the rolling waves by herself, in the darkness, while the only human being who might seem to be her protector had already gone to his bed.

When they were at the top of the cliff Gunhille took her by her hand and led her along. She did not comprehend this, but she made no attempt to take her hand from his. Something he said about falling on the cliffs, but it was muttered so lowly that Mally hardly understood him. But, in truth, the man knew that she had saved his boy's life, and that he had injured her instead of thanking her. He was now taking her to his heart, and as words were wanting to him, he was showing his love after this silent fashion. He held her by the hand as though she were a child, and Mally tripped along at his side asking him no questions.

When they were at the farmyard gate he stopped there for a moment.

'Mally, my girl,' he said, 'he'll not be content till he sees thee, but thou must not stay long with him, lass. Doctor says he's weak like and wants sleep badly.'

Mally merely nodded her head, and then they entered

the house ' Mally had never been within it before, and looked about with wondering eyes at the furniture of the big kitchen Did any idea of her future destiny flash upon her then I wonder ? But she did not pause here a moment, but was led up to the bedroom above stairs where Barty was lying on his mother's bed

' Is it Mally herself ? ' said the voice of the weak youth

' It's Mally herself,' said the mother, ' so now you can say what you please '

' Mally,' said he, ' Mally, it is along of you that I'm alive this moment

' I'll not forget it on her ' said the father, with his eyes turned away from her ' I'll never forget it on her

' We hadn't a one but only him,' said the mother, with her apron up to her face

' Mally, you'll be friends with me now ? ' said Barty

To have been made lady of the manor of the cove for ever, Mally couldn't have spoken a word now It was not only that the words and presence of the people there cowed her and made her speechless, but the big bed and the looking-glass, and the unheard-of wonders of the chamber, made her feel her own insignificance But she crept up to Barty's side, and put her hand upon his

' I'll come and gît the weed, Mally, ' but it shall all be for you,' said Barty

' Indeed, you won't then, Barty dear,' said the mother, ' you'll never go near the awesome place again What would we do if you were took from us ? '

' He mustn't go near the hole if he does,' said Mally, speaking at last in a solemn voice, and imparting the knowledge which she had kept to herself while Barty

was her enemy, 'specially not if the wind's any way from the nor ard'

She'd better go down now,' said the father

Barty kissed the hand which he held, and Mally, looking at him as he did so, thought that he was like an angel

You'll come and see us to-morrow, Mally,' said he

To this she made no answer, but followed Mrs Gunliffe out of the room. When they were down in the kitchen the mother had tea for her and hick milk, and a hot cake, all the delicacies which the farm could afford. I don't know that Mally cared much for the eating and drinking that night, but she began to think that the Gunliffes were good people, - very good people. It was better thus, at any rate, than being accused of murder and carried off to Camelford prison

I'll never forget it on her never,' the father had said

Those words stuck to her from that moment, and seemed to sound in her ears all the night. How glad she was that Barty had come down to the cove,—oh, yes, how glad! There was no question of his dying now, and as for the blow on his forehead, what harm was that to a lad like him?

But Father shall go with you,' said Mrs Gunliffe, when Mally prepared to start for the cove by herself. Mally, however, would not hear of this. She could find her way to the cove whether it was light or dark

'Mally, thou art my child now, and I shall think of thee so,' said the mother, as the girl went off by herself

Mally thought of this, too, as she walked home. How could she become Mrs Gunliffe's child, ah, how?

I need not, I think, tell the tale any further. That Mally did become Mrs. Gunliffe's child, and how she became so the reader will understand, and in process of time the big kitchen and all the wonders of the farmhouse were her own. The people said that Barty Gunliffe had married a mermaid out of the sea, but when it was said in Mally's hearing I doubt whether she liked it, and when Barty himself would call her a mermaid she would frown at him, and throw about her black hair, and pretend to cuff him with her little hand.

Old Glos was brought up to the top of the cliff, and lived his few remaining days under the roof of Mr. Gunliffe's house, and as for the cove and the right of seaweed, from that time forth all that has been supposed to attach itself to Gunliffe's farm, and I do not know that any of the neighbours are prepared to dispute the right.

Good Words, 1864. *Lotta Schmidt and Other Stories*, 1867.

SVEND AND HIS BRETHREN

WILLIAM MORRIS•

(1834-1896)

A KING in the olden time ruled over a mighty nation — a proud man he must have been, any man who was king of that nation — hundreds of lords, each a prince over many people, sat about him in the council chamber, under the dim vault, that was blue like the vault of heaven, and shone with innumerable glistenings of golden stars

North, south, east, and west, spread that land of his, the sea did not stop it, his empire clomb the high mountains, and spread abroad its arms over the valleys of them, all along the sea-line shone cities set with their crowns of towers in the midst of broad bays, each fit, it seemed, to be a harbour for the navies of all the world

Inland the pastures and cornlands lay, chequered much with clambering, over-tumbling grape-vines, under the sun that crumbled their clods, and drew up the young wheat, in the spring time, under the rain that made the long grass soft and fine, under all fair fertilizing influences — the streams leapt down from the mountain tops, or cleft their way through the ridged ravines — they grew great rivers, like seas each one

The mountains were cloven, and gave forth from their scarred sides wealth of ore and splendour of marble, all

things this people that King Valdemar ruled over could do — they levelled mountains, that over the smooth roads the wains might go, laden with silk and spices from the sea — they drained lakes, that the land might yield more and more, as year by year the serfs — driven like cattle, but worse fed, worse housed — died slowly, scarce knowing that they had souls — they builded them huge ships — and said that they were masters of the sea too — only, I trow the sea was an unruly subject, and often sent them back — their ships cut into more pieces than the pines of them were, when the adze first fell upon them — they raised towers, and bridges, and marble palaces, with endless corridors rose-scented, and cooled with welling fountains.

They sent great armies and fleets to all the points of heaven that the wind blows from, who took and burned many happy cities, wasted many fields and valleys, blotted out from the memory of men the names of nations, made their men's lives a hopeless shame and misery to them, their women's lives disgrace, and then — came home to have flowers thrown on them in showers — to be feasted and called heroes.

Should not then their king be proud of them ? Moreover they could fashion stone and brass into the shapes of men, they could write books, they knew the names of the stars, and their number, they knew what moved the passions of men in the hearts of them — and could draw you up cunningly, catalogues of virtues and vices, their wise men could prove to you that any lie was true, that any truth was false, till your head grew dizzy, and your heart sick, and you almost doubted if there were a God.

Should not then their king be proud of them ? Their

men were strong in body, and moved about gracefully—like dancers, and the purple-black, scented hair of their gold-clothed knights seemed to shoot out rays under the blaze of light that shone like many suns in the king's halls. Then women's faces were very fair in red and white, their skins fair and half transparent like the marble of their mountains, and their voices sounded like the rising of soft music from step to step of their own white palaces.

Should not then their king be proud of such a people, who seemed to help so in carrying on the world to its consummate perfection, which they even hoped their grandchildren would see?

Alas! alas! they were slaves—king and priest, noble and burgher, just as much as the meanest tasked serf, perhaps more even than he, for they were so willingly, but he unwillingly enough.

They could do everything but justice, and truth, and mercy—therefore God's judgments hung over their heads, not fallen yet, but surely to fall one time or other.

For ages past they had warred against one people only, whom they could not utterly subdue—a feeble people in numbers, dwelling in the very midst of them, among the mountains, yet now they were pressing them close, acre after acre, with seas of blood to purchase each acre, had been wrested from the free people, and their end seemed drawing near, and this time the king, Valdemar, had marched to their land with a great army, to make war on them, he boasted to himself, almost for the last time.

A walled town in the free land, in that town, a house built of rough, splintery stones, and in a great low-

browed room of that house, a grey-haired man pacing to and fro impatiently. 'Will she never come?' he says, 'it is two hours since the sun set, news, too, of the enemy's being in the land, how dreadful if she is taken!' His great broad face is marked with many furrows made by the fierce restless energy of the man, but there is a wearied look on it, the look of a man who, having done his best, is yet beaten, he seemed to long to be gone and be at peace. He, the fighter in many battles, who often had seemed with his single arm to roll back the whole tide of fight, felt despairing enough now, this last invasion, he thought, must surely quite settle the matter, wave after wave, wave after wave, had broken on that dear land and been rolled back from it, and still the hungry sea pressed on, they must be finally drowned in that sea, how fearfully they had been tried for their sins. Back again to his anxiety concerning Cissela, his daughter, go his thoughts, and he still paces up and down wearily, stopping now and then to gaze intently on things which he has seen a hundred times. And the night has altogether come on.

At last the blast of a horn from outside, challenge and counter-challenge, and the wicket to the court-yard is swung open, for this house, being in a part of the city where the walls are somewhat weak, is a little fortress in itself, and is very carefully guarded. The old man's face brightened at the sound of the new comers, and he went toward the entrance of the house where he was met by two young knights fully armed, and a maiden. 'Thank God you are come,' he says, but stops when he sees her face, which is quite pale, almost wild with some sorrow. 'The saints! Cissela, what is it?' he says. 'Father,

Eric will tell you ' Then suddenly a clang, for Eric has thrown on the ground a richly-jewelled sword, sheathed, and sets his foot on it, crunching the pearls on the sheath, then says, flinging up his head, — ' There, father, the enemy is in the land, may that happen to every one of them ! but for my part I have accounted for two already ' ' Son Eric, son Eric, you talk for ever about yourself, quick, tell me about Cissela instead if you go on boasting and talking always about yourself, you will come to no good end, son, after all ' But as he says this, he smiles nevertheless, and his eye glistens

' Well father, listen—such a strange thing she tells us, not to be believed, if she did not tell us herself, the enemy has suddenly got generous, one of them at least, which is something of a disappointment to me —ah ! pardon, about myself again, and that is about myself too Well, father, what am I to do ? —But Cissela, she wandered some way from her maidens, when —ah ! but I never could tell a story properly, let her tell it herself here, Cissela ! —well, well, I see she is better employed, talking namely, how should I know what ! with Siur in the window-seat yonder —but she told us that, as she wandered almost by herself, she presently heard shouts and saw many of the enemy's knights riding quickly towards her, whereat she knelt only and prayed to God, who was very gracious to her, for when, as she thought, something dreadful was about to happen, the chief of the knights (a very noble-looking man, she said) rescued her, and, after he had gazed earnestly into her face, told her she might go back again to her own home, and her maids with her, if only she would tell him where she dwelt and her name, and withal he sent three knights

to escort her some way toward the city — then he turned and rode away with all his knights but those three, who, when they knew that he was quite gone, she says, began to talk horribly, saying things whereof in her terror she understood the import only — then, before worse came to pass came I and slew two, as I said, and the other ran away “ lustily with a good courage — and that is the sword of one of the slain knights, or, as one might rather call them, rascally carliffs ”

The old man's thoughts seemed to have gone wandering after his son had spoken — for he said nothing for some time, but at last spoke dejectedly

“ Eric, brave son, when I was your age I too hoped and my hopes are come to this at last — you are blind in your hopeful youth, Eric, and do not see that this king (for the king it certainly was) will crush us, and not the less surely because he is plainly not ungenerous, but rather a good, courteous knight — Alas ! poor old Gunnar, broken down now and ready to die, as your country is ! How often, in the olden time, thou usedst to say to thyself, as thou didst ride at the head of our glorious house, “ this charge may finish this matter, this battle must ” They passed away, those gallant fights, and still the foe pressed on, and hope, too, slowly ebbed away, as the boundaries of our land grew less and less — behold, this is the last wave but one or two, and then for a sad farewell to name and freedom — Yet, surely the end of the world must come when we are swept from off the face of the earth — God waits long, they say, before he avenges his covenants ”

As he was speaking, Siur and Cissela came nearer to him, and Cissela, all traces of her late terror gone from

her face now, raising her lips to his bended forehead, kissed him fondly, and said, with glowing face,

‘ Father, how can I help our people ? Do they want death ? I will die Do they want happiness ? I will live miserably through years and years, nor ever pray for death ’

Some hope or other seemed growing up in his heart, and showing through his face, and he spoke again, putting back the hair from off her face and clasping it about with both his hands, while he stooped to kiss her

God remember your mother, Cissela ! Then it was no dream after all but true perhaps, as indeed it seemed at the time, but it must come quickly, that woman’s deliverance, or not at all When was it that I heard that old tale, that sounded even then true to my ears ? for we have not been punished for naught, my son, that is not God’s way It comes across my memory somehow, mingled in a wonderful manner with the purple of the pines on the hill-side, with the fragrance of them borne from far towards me, for know, my children, that in times past, long, long past now, we did an evil deed, for our forefathers, who have been dead now, and forgiven so long ago, once mad with rage at some defeat from their enemies, fired a church, and burned therein many women who had fled thither for refuge, and from that time a curse cleaves to us Only they say, that at the last we may be saved from utter destruction by a woman, I know not God grant it may be so ’

Then she said, ‘ Father, brother, and you, Siur, come with me to the chapel, I wish you to witness me make an oath ’

Her face was pale, her lips were pale, her golden hair

was pale , but not pale, it seemed, from any sinking of blood, but from gathering of intensest light from somewhere, her eyes perhaps, for they appeared to burn inwardly

They followed the sweeping of her purple robe in silence through the low heavy-beamed passages they entered the little chapel, dimly lighted by the moon that night, as it shone through one of the three arrow-slits of windows at the east end. There was little wealth of marble there, I trow little time had those fighting men for stone-smoothing. Albeit, one noted many semblances of flowers even in the dim half-light, and here and there the faces of BRAVE men roughly cut enough, but grand, because the hand of the carver had followed his loving heart. Neither was there gold wanting to the altar and its canopy, and above the low pillars of the nave hung banners, taken from the foe by the men of that house, gallant with gold and jewels.

She walked up to the altar and took the blessed book of the Gospels from the left side of it, then knelt in prayer for a moment or two, while the three men stood behind her reverently. When she rose she made a sign to them, and from their scabbards gleamed three swords in the moonlight, then, while they held them aloft and pointed toward the altar she opened the book at the page whereon was painted Christ the Lord dying on the cross, pale against the gleaming gold. she said, in a firm voice, 'Christ God, who diedst for all men, so help me, as I refuse not life, happiness, even honour, for this people whom I love.'

Then she kissed the face so pale against the gold, and knelt again.

But when she had risen, and before she could leave the space by the altar, Siur had stepped up to her, and seized her hurriedly, folding both his arms about her, she let herself be held there her bosom against his, then he held her away from him a little space, holding her by the arms near the shoulder, then he took her hands and led them across his shoulders, so that now she held him.

And they said nothing — what could they say? Do you know any word for what they meant?

And the father and brother stood by, looking quite awestruck, more so they seemed than by her solemn oath. Till Siur, raising his head from where it lay, cried out aloud — 'May God forgive me as I am true to her! hear you, father and brother?'

Then said Cissela — 'May God help me in my need, as I am true to Siur'.

And the others went, and they two were left standing there alone, with no little awe over them, strange and shy as they had never yet been to each other. Cissela shuddered, and said in a quick whisper — 'Siur, on your knees! and pray that these oaths may never clash.'

'Can they, Cissela?' he said.

'O love, she cried, 'you have loosed my hand, take it again, or I shall die. Siur!'

He took both her hands, he held them fast to his lips, to his forehead, he said — 'No, God does not allow such things, truth does not lie, you are truth, this need not be prayed for.'

She said — 'Oh, forgive me! yet — yet this old chapel is damp and cold even in the burning summer weather. O knight Siur, something strikes through me, I pray you kneel and pray.'

He looked steadily at her for a long time without answering, as if he were trying once for all to become indeed one with her, then said ' Yes, it is possible, in no other way could you give up everything '

Then he took from off his finger a thin golden ring, and broke it in two, and gave her the one half, saying ' When will they come together ? '

Then within a while they left the chapel, and walked as in a dream between the dazzling lights of the hall, where the knights sat now, and between those lights sat down together, dreaming still the same dream each of them, while all the knights shouted for Snur and Cissela. Even if a man had spent all his life looking for sorrowful things, even if he sought for them with all his heart and soul, and even though he had grown grey in that quest yet could he have found nothing in all the world, or perhaps in all the stars either, so sorrowful as Cissela.

They had accepted her sacrifice after long deliberation, they had arrayed her in purple and scarlet, they had crowned her with gold wrought about with jewels, they had spread abroad the veil of her golden hair yet now, as they led her forth in the midst of the band of knights, her brother Eric holding fast her hand, each man felt like a murderer when he beheld her face, whereon was no tear, wherein was no writhing of muscle, twitching of nerve, wherein was no sorrow-mark of her own, but only the sorrow-mark which God sent her, and which she *must* perforce wear.

Yet they had not caught eagerly at her offer, they had said at first almost to a man ' Nay, this thing shall not be, let us die altogether rather than this ' Yet as they sat, and said this, to each man of the council came

floating dim memories of that curse of the burned women, and its remedy, to many it ran rhythmically, an old song better known by the music than the words, heard once and again, long ago, when the gusty wind overmastered the chestnut boughs, and strewed the smooth sward with their star-leaves.

Withal came thoughts to each man, partly selfish, partly wise and just, concerning his own wife and children, concerning children yet unborn, thoughts too of the glory of the old name—all that had been suffered and done that the glorious free land might yet be a nation.

And the spirit of hope, never dead but sleeping only, woke up within their hearts. 'We may yet be a people,' they said to themselves, 'if we can but get breathing time.'

And as they thought these things, and doubted, Siur rose up in the midst of them and said: 'You are right in what you think, countrymen, and she is right, she is altogether good and noble, send her forth.'

Then, with one look of utter despair at her as she stood statue-like, he left the council, lest he should fall down and die in the midst of them, he said, yet he died not then, but lived for many years afterwards.

But they rose from their seats, and when they were armed, and she royally arrayed, they went with her, leading her through the dear streets, whence you always saw the great pine-shadowed mountains—she went away from all that was dear to her, to go and sit a crowned queen in the dreary marble palace, whose outer walls rose right up from the weary-hearted sea. She could not think, she durst not, she feared, if she did, that

she would curse her beauty, almost curse the name of love, curse Sûr, though she knew he was right, for not slaying her, she feared that she might curse God

So she thought not at all, steeping her senses utterly in forgetfulness of the happy past, destroying all anticipation of the future—yet, as they left the city amid the tears of women, and fixed sorrowful gaze of men, she turned round once, and stretched her arms out involuntarily, like a dumb senseless thing towards the place where she was born, and where her life grew happier day by day, and where his arms first crept round about her.

She turned away and thought, but in a cold speculative manner, how it was possible that she was bearing this sorrow, as she often before had wondered, when slight things vexed her overmuch, how people had such sorrows and lived, and almost doubted if the pain was so much greater in great sorrows than in small troubles, or whether the nobleness only was greater, the pain not sharper, but more lingering.

Halfway toward the camp the king's people met her, and over the trampled ground, where they had fought so fiercely but a little time before, they spread breadth of golden cloth, that her feet might not touch the arms of her dead countrymen, or their brave bodies.

And so they came at last with many trumpet-blasts to the king's tent, who stood at the door of it, to welcome his bride that was to be—a noble man truly to look on, kindly, and genial-eyed—the red blood sprang up over his face when she came near, and she looked back no more, but bowed before him almost to the ground, and would have knelt, but that he caught her in his arms and kissed her, she was pale no more now, and the

king, as he gazed delightedly at her, did not notice that sorrow-mark, which was plain enough to her own people.

So the trumpets sounded again one long peal that seemed to make all the air reel and quiver, and the soldiers and lords shouted 'Hurrah for the Peace-Queen, Cissela !'

'Come, Harald,' said a beautiful golden-haired boy to one who was plainly his younger brother, 'Come, and let us leave Robert here by the forge, and show our lady-mother this beautiful thing. Sweet master armourer, farewell !'

'Are you going to the queen then ?' said the armourer.

'Yea,' said the boy, looking wonderingly at the strong craftsman's eager face.

But, nay, let me look at you awhile longer, you remind me so much of one I loved long ago in my own land. Stay awhile till your other brother goes with you.'

'Well, I will stay, and think of what you have been telling me, I do not feel as if I should ever think of anything else for long together, as long as I live.'

So he sat down again on an old battered anvil, and seemed with his bright eyes to be beholding something in the land of dreams. A gallant dream it was he dreamed, for he saw himself with his brothers and friends about him, seated on a throne, the justest king in all the earth, his people the lovindest of all people, he saw the ambassadors of the restored nations, that had been unjustly dealt with long ago, everywhere love, and peace if possible, justice and truth at all events.

Alas ! he knew not that vengeance, so long delayed, must fall at last in his life-time, he knew not that it

takes longer to restore that whose growth has been through age and age, than the few years of a life-time yet was the reality good, if not as good as the dream

Presently his twin-brother Robert woke him from that dream, calling out ' Now, brother Svend, are we really ready , see here ! but stop, kneel first , there, now am I the Bishop '

And he pulled his brother down on to his knees, and put on his head, where it fitted loosely enough now, hanging down from left to right, an iron crown fantastically wrought, which he himself, having just finished it, had taken out of the water, cool and dripping

Robert and Harald laughed loud when they saw the crown hanging all askew, and the great drops rolling from it into Svend's eyes and down his cheeks, looking like tears not so Svend , he rose, holding the crown level on his head, holding it back, so that it pressed against his brow hard, and, first dashing the drops to right and left, caught his brother by the hand, and said

May I keep it, Robert ? I shall wear it some day '

' Yea,' said the other , ' but it is a poor thing , better let Siur put it in the furnace again and make it into sword hilts '

Thereupon they began to go, Svend holding the crown in his hand but as they were going, Siur called out ' Yet will I sell my dagger at a price, Prince Svend, even as you wished at first, rather than give it you for nothing '

' Well, for what ? ' said Svend, somewhat shortly, for he thought Siur was going back from his promise, which seemed ugly to him

' Nay, be not angry, prince,' said the armourer, ' only I pray you to satisfy this whim of mine , it is the first

favour I have asked of you will you ask the fair, noble lady, your mother, from Siur the smith, if she is happy now ?

‘ Willingly, sweet master Siur, if it pleases you , fare-well ’

And with happy young faces they went away , and when they were gone, Siur from a secret place drew out various weapons and armour, and began to work at them, having first drawn bolt and bar of his workshop carefully

Svend, with Harald and Robert his two brethren, went their ways to the queen, and found her sitting alone in a fair court of the palace full of flowers, with a marble cloister round about it , and when she saw them coming, she rose up to meet them, her three fair sons.

Truly as that right royal woman bent over them lovingly, there seemed little need of Siur’s question

So Svend showed her his dagger, but not the crown , and she asked many questions concerning Siur the smith, about his way of talking and his face, the colour of his hair even, till the boys wondered, she questioned them so closely, with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks, so that Svend thought he had never before seen his mother look so beautiful

Then Svend said ‘ And, mother, don’t be angry with Siur, will you ? because he sent a message to you by me ’

‘ Angry ! ’ and straightway her soul was wandering where her body could not come, and for a moment or two she was living as before, with him close by her, in the old mountain land

‘ Well, mother, he wanted me to ask you if you were happy now ’

‘ Did he, Svend, this man with brown hair, grizzled as you say it is now ? Is his hair soft then, this Siur, going down on to his shoulders in waves ? and his eyes, do they glow steadily, as if lighted up from his heart ? and how does he speak ? Did you not tell me that his words led you, whether you would or no, into dreamland ? Ah, well ! tell him I am happy, but not so happy as we shall be, as we were — And so you, son Robert, are getting to be quite a cunning smith — but do you think you will ever beat Siur ? ’

Ah, mother, no, he said, ‘ there is something with him that makes him seem quite infinitely beyond all other workmen I have ever heard of ’

Some memory coming from that dreamland smote upon her heart more than the others, she blushed like a young girl, and said hesitatingly

Does he work with his left hand, son Robert — for I have heard that some men do so ? But in her heart she remembered how once, long ago in the old mountain country, in her father’s house, some one had said that only men who were born so, could do cunningly with the left hand, and how Siur, then quite a boy, had said, ‘ Well, I will try — and how, in a month or two, he had come to her with an armlet of silver, very curiously wrought, which he had done with his own left hand

So Robert said — ‘ Yea, mother, he works with his left hand almost as much as with his right, and sometimes I have seen him change the hammer suddenly from his right hand to his left, with a kind of half smile, as one who would say, ‘ Cannot I then ? ’ and this more when he does smith’s work in metal than when he works in marble, and once I heard him say when he did so, I

wonder where my first left hand work is. ah ! I bide my time " I wonder also, mother, what he meant by that ' "

She answered no word but shook her arm free from its broad sleeve, and something glittered on it, near her wrist, something wrought out of silver set with quaint and uncouthly-cut stones of little value

In the council chamber, among the lords, sat Svend and his six brethren — he chief of all in the wielding of sword or axe, in the government of people, in drawing the love of men and women to him — perfect in face and body, in wisdom and strength was Svend — next to him sat Robert, cunning in working of marble, or wood, or brass — all things could he make to look as if they lived, from the sweep of an angel's wings down to the slipping of a little field-mouse from under the sheaves in the harvest-time. Then there was Harald, who knew concerning all the stars of heaven and flowers of earth — Richard, who drew men's hearts from their bodies, with the words that swung to and fro in his glorious rhymes — William, to whom the air of heaven seemed a servant when the harp-strings quivered underneath his fingers — there were the two sailor-brothers, who the year before, young though they were, had come back from a long, perilous voyage, with news of an island they had found long and long away to the west, larger than any that this people knew of, but very fair and good, though uninhabited

But now over all this noble brotherhood with its various gifts hung one cloud of sorrow, their mother, the Peace-Queen Cissela was dead, she who had taught

them truth and nobleness so well, she was never to see the beginning of the end that they would work, truly it seemed sad

There sat the seven brothers in the council chamber, waiting for the king, speaking no word, only thinking dearly, and under the pavement of the great church Cissela lay, and by the side of her tomb stood two men, old men both, Valdemar the king, and Siur

So the king, after that he had gazed awhile on the carven face of her he had loved well, said at last

'And now, Sir Carver must you carve me also to lie there' And he pointed to the vacant space by the side of the fair alabaster figure

'O king,' said Siur, 'except for a very few strokes on steel, I have done work now, having carved the queen there, I cannot do this thing for you'

What was it sent a sharp pang of bitterest suspicion through the very heart of the poor old man? He looked steadfastly at him for a moment or two, as if he would know all secrets, he could not, he had not strength of life enough to get to the bottom of things doubt vanished soon from his heart and his face under Siur's pitying gaze, he said, 'Then perhaps I shall be my own statue,' and therewithal he sat down on the edge of the low marble tomb, and laid his right arm across her breast, he fixed his eyes on the eastern belt of windows, and sat quite motionless and silent, and he never knew that she loved him not

But Siur, when he had gazed at him for awhile, stole away quietly, as we do when we fear to awaken a sleeper, and the king never turned his head, but still sat there, never moving, scarce breathing, it seemed

Siur stood in his own great hall (for his house was large), he stood before the dais, and saw a fair sight, the work of his own hands

For, fronting him, against the wall were seven thrones, and behind them a cloth of samite of purple wrought with golden stars, and barred across from right to left with long bars of silver and crimson, and edged below with melancholy, fading green, like a September sunset, and opposite each throne was a glittering suit of armour wrought wonderfully in bright steel, except that on the breast of each suit was a face worked marvellously in enamel, the face of Cissela in a glory of golden hair, and the glory of that gold spread away from the breast on all sides and ran cunningly along with the steel rings in such a way as it is hard even to imagine moreover, on the crest of each helm was wrought the phoenix, the never-dying bird, the only creature that knows the sun, and by each suit lay a gleaming sword terrible to look at steel from pommel to point, but wrought along the blade in burnished gold that out-flashed the gleam of the steel, was written in fantastic letters the word Westward . . .

So Siur gazed till he heard footsteps coming, then he turned to meet them. And Svend and his brethren sat silent in the council chamber, till they heard a great noise and clamour of the people arise through all the streets, then they rose to see what it might be. Meanwhile on the low marble tomb, under the dim sweeping vault sat, or rather lay, the king, for, though his right arm still lay over her breast, his head had fallen forward, and rested now on the shoulder of the marble queen. There he lay, with strange confusion of his scarlet, gold-

wrought robes , silent, motionless and dead The seven brethren stood together on a marble terrace of the royal palace, that was dotted about on the balusters of it with white statues they were helmeted and armed to the teeth, only over their armour great black cloaks were thrown.

Now the whole great terrace was a-sway with the crowd of nobles and princes and others that were neither nobles nor princes, but true men only and these were helmeted and wrapped in black cloaks even as the princes were, only the crests of the princes' helms were wrought wonderfully with that bird, the phoenix, all flaming with new power, dying because its old body is not strong enough for its new-found power and those on that terrace who were unarmed had anxious faces, some fearful, some stormy with Devil's rage at disappointment , but among the faces of those helmed ones, though here and there you might see a pale face, there was no fear or rage, scarcely even any anxiety, but calm, brave joy seemed to be on all

Above the heads of all men on that terrace shone out Svend's brave face the golden hair flowing from out of his helmet a smile of quiet confidence overflowing from his mighty heart, in the depths of which it was dwelling, just showed a very little on his eyes and lips

While all the vast square, and all the windows and roofs even of the houses over against the palace, were alive with an innumerable sea of troubled raging faces, showing white, upturned from the undersea of their many-coloured raiment , the murmur from them was like the sigh of the first tempest-wind among the pines , and the gleam of spears here and there like the last few

gleams of the sun through the woods, when the black, thunder-clouds come up over all, soon to be shone through, those woods, by the gleam of the deep lightning.

Also sometimes the murmur would swell, and from the heart of it would come a fierce, hoarse, tearing, shattering roar, strangely discordant, of War! War! give us war O king!

Then Svend stepping forward, his arms hidden under his long cloak as they hung down quietly, the smile on his face broadening somewhat sent from his chest a mighty, effortless voice over all the raging.

Hear, O ye people! War with all that is ugly and base—peace with all that is fair and good—No War with my brother's people!

Just then one of those unhelmeted, creeping round about stealthily to the place where Svend stood, lifted his arm and smote at him with a dagger, whereupon Svend, clearing his right arm from his cloak with his left, lifted up his glutting right hand, and the traitor fell to the earth groaning with a broken jaw, for Svend had smitten him on the mouth a backward blow with his open hand.

One shouted from the crowd—'Ave, murderer Svend, slay our good nobles, as you poisoned the king your father, that you and your false brethren might oppress us with the memory of that Devil's witch, your mother!'

The smile left Svend's face and heart now, he looked very stern as he said

Hear, O ye people! In years past when I was a boy my dream of dreams was ever this, how I should make you good, and because good, happy; when I should become king over you, but as year by year passed I

saw my dream flitting, the deep colours of it changed, faded, grew grey in the light of coming manhood, nevertheless, God be my witness, that I have ever striven to make you just and true, hoping against hope continually, and I had even determined to bear everything and stay with you, even though you should remain unjust and liar, for the sake of the few who really love me—but now, seeing that God has made you mad, and that his vengeance will speedily fall, take heed how you cast out from you all that is good and true-hearted! Once more—which choose you, Peace or War?

Between the good and the base, in the midst of the passionate faces and changing colours stood the great terrace, cold, and calm, and white, with its changeless statues, and for awhile there was silence.

Broken through at last by a yell, and the sharp whirr of arrows, and the cling, clang, from the armour of the terrace as Prince Harald staggered though unhurt, struck by the broad point on the helmet.

‘What! War?’ shouted Svend wrathfully, and his voice sounded like a clap of thunder following the lightning flash when a tower is struck. ‘What! War? Swords for Svend! Round about the king, good men and true! Sons of the golden-haired, show these men WAR!’

As he spoke he let his black cloak fall, and up from their sheaths sprang seven swords, steel from pommel to point only, on the blades of them in fantastic letters of gold, shone the word WESTWARD.

Then all the terrace gleamed with steel, and amid the hurtling of stones and whizz of arrows they began to go westward.

The streets ran with blood, the air was filled with groans and curses, the low waves nearest the granite pier were edged with blood, because they first caught the drippings of the blood

Then those of the people who durst stay on the pier saw the ships of Svend's little fleet leaving one by one, for he had taken aboard those ten ships whosoever had prayed to go, even at the last moment, wounded, or dying even; better so, for in their last moments came thoughts of good things to many of them, and it was good to be among the true

But those haughty ones left behind, sullen and untamed, but with a horrible undefinable dread on them that was worse than death, or mere pain, howsoever fierce these saw all the ships go out of the harbour merrily with swelling sail and dashing oar, and with joyous singing of those aboard, and Svend's was the last of all

Whom they saw kneel on the deck unhelmed, then all sheathed their swords that were about him, and the Prince Robert took from Svend's hand an iron crown fantastically wrought, and placed it on his head as he knelt, then he continued kneeling still, till, as the ship drew further and further away from the harbour, all things aboard of her became indistinct

And they never saw Svend and his brethren again

Here ends what William the Englishman wrote, but afterwards (in the night-time) he found the book of a certain chronicler which saith

' In the spring-time, in May, the 550th year from the death of Svend the wonderful king, the good knights,

sailing due eastward, came to a harbour of a land they knew not wherein they saw many goodly ships, but of a strange fashion like the ships of the ancients, and destitute of any mariners besides they saw no beacons for the guidance of seamen nor was there any sound of bells or singing, though the city was vast, with many goodly towers and palaces. So when they landed they found that which is hardly to be believed, but which is nevertheless true for about the quays and about the streets lay many people dead or stood but quite without motion and they were all white or about the colour of new-hewn freestone, yet were they not statues but real men, for they had some of them, ghastly wounds which showed their entrails, and the structure of their flesh, and veins, and bones.

Moreover the streets were red and wet with blood and the harbour waves were red with it, because it dripped in great drops slowly from the quays.

Then when the good knights saw this they doubted not but that it was a fearful punishment on this people for sins of theirs, thereupon they entered into a church of that city and prayed God to pardon them afterwards, going back to their ships, sailed away marvelling.

And I John who wrote this history saw all this with mine own eyes

The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, 1856

‘BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG!’

A SAILOR'S STORY

WILKIE COLLINS

(1824–1889)

I HAVE an alarming confession to make. I am haunted by a ghost.

If you were to guess for a hundred years, you would never guess what my ghost is. I shall make you laugh to begin with— and afterwards I shall make you flesh creep. My Ghost is the ghost of a Bedroom Candlestick.

Yes, a bedroom candlestick and candle, or a flat candlestick and candle—put it which way you like—that is what haunts me. I wish it was something pleasanter and more out of the common way, a beautiful lady, or a mine of gold and silver, or a cellar of wine and a coach and horses, and such-like. But, being what it is, I must take it for what it is, and make the best of it—and I shall thank you kindly if you will help me out by doing the same.

I am not a scholar myself, but I make bold to believe that the haunting of any man with anything under the sun, begins with the frightening of him. At any rate, the haunting of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle began with the frightening of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle—the frightening of me half out of my life, and, for the time being, the frightening of

me altogether out of my wits. That is not a very pleasant thing to confess, before stating the particulars, but perhaps you will be the readier to believe that I am not a downright coward, because you find me bold enough to make a clean breast of it already—to my own great disadvantage, so far.

Here are the particulars, as well as I can put them.

I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking-stick, and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, I am not quite certain which, that I reached the before-mentioned age of twenty-five. You will please to excuse my memory not being very good for dates, names, numbers, places, and such-like. No fear, though, about the particulars I have undertaken to tell you of, I have got them all ship-shape in my recollection, I can see them, at this moment, as clear as noonday in my own mind. But there is a mist over what went before, and, for the matter of that, a mist likewise over much that came after—and it's not very likely to lift at my time of life, is it?

Well, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, when there was peace in our part of the world—and not before it was wanted, you will say—there was fighting, of a certain scampering, scrambling kind, going on in that old battle-field, which we seafaring men know by the name of the Spanish Main.

The possessions that belonged to the Spaniards in South America had broken into open mutiny and declared for themselves years before. There was plenty

of bloodshed between the new government and the old , but the new had got the best of it, for the most part, under one General Bolivar—a famous man in his time, though he seems to have dropped out of people's memories now—Englishmen and Irishmen with a turn, for fighting, and nothing particular to do at home, joined the general as volunteers , and some of our merchants here found it a good venture to send supplies across the ocean to the popular side. There was risk enough, of course, in doing this , but where one speculation of the kind succeeded, it made up for two, at the least, that failed. And that's the true principle of trade, wherever I have met with it, all the world over.

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business, I, your humble servant, happened in a small way to be one.

I was then mate of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the City, which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer out-of-the-way places, as far from home as possible , and which freighted the brig, in the year I am speaking of, with a cargo of gunpowder for General Bolivar and his volunteers. Nobody knew anything about our instructions, when we sailed, except the captain , and he didn't half seem to like them. „I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board, or how much each barrel held—I only know we had no other cargo. The name of the brig was the *Good Intent*—a queer name enough, you will tell me, for a vessel laden with gunpowder, and sent to help a revolution. And as far as this particular voyage was concerned, so it was. I mean that for a joke, and I hope you will encourage me by laughing at it.

The *Good Intent* was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the worst found in all respects. She was two hundred and thirty or two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which, and she had a crew of eight, all told - nothing like as many as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig. However, we were well and honestly paid our wages - and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea - and, on this occasion, likewise, the chance of being blown up into the bargain.

In consideration of the nature of our cargo - we were harassed with new regulations which we didn't at all like, relative to smoking our pipes and lighting our lanterns - and, as usual in such cases, the captain who made the regulations preached what he didn't practise. Not a man of us was allowed to have a bit of lighted candle in his hand when he went below - except the skipper - and he used his light, when he turned in - or when he looked over his charts on the cabin table, just as usual.

This light was a common kitchen candle or 'dip' - and it stood in an old battered flat candlestick, with all the japan worn and melted off, and all the tin showing through. It would have been more seamanlike and suitable in every respect if he had had a lamp or a lantern, but he stuck to his old candlestick, and that same old candlestick has ever afterwards stuck to *me*. That's another joke, if you please, and a better one than the first, in my opinion.

Well (I said 'well' before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the brig, and shaped our course first for the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies,

and, after sighting them, we made for the Leeward Islands next, and then stood on due south, till the look-out at the mast-head hailed the deck, and said he saw land. That land was the coast of South America. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our spars or sails, and not a man of us had been harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often the *Good Intent* made such a voyage as that, I can tell you.

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure of it.

When I reported the same to the skipper, he went below, and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again, he altered our course a trifle to the eastward. I forget the point on the compass, but that don't matter. What I do remember is, that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and hove the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six. I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us knowing how the currents ran on that coast. We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor, but he said, No, he must first show a light at the fore-top mast-head, and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made it out, best part of an hour before anything happened. and then, instead of seeing the light on shore, we saw a boat coming towards us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered: 'Friends!' and hailed us by our name. They came on board. One of

them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-coloured native pilot, who jabbered a little English

The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who showed it to me. It informed us that the part of the coast we were off was not over safe for discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old government) had been taken and shot in the neighbourhood the day before. We might trust the brig to the native pilot, and he had his instructions to take us to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties, so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat, and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig. He kept us stretching off from the land till noon the next day -- his instructions, seemingly, ordering him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course in the afternoon, so as to close in with the land again a little before midnight.

This same pilot was about as ill-looking a vagabond as ever I saw, a skinny, cowardly, quarrelsome mongrel, who swore at the men, in the vilest broken English, till they were every one of them ready to pitch him overboard. The skipper kept them quiet, and I kept them quiet, for, the pilot being given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near nightfall, however, with the best will in the world to avoid it, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him.

He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that, he tried to hustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down, but, somehow, I did. He picked himself up as quick as

lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon overboard. He gave me one ugly look, and walked aft. I didn't think much of the look then, but I remembered it a little too well afterwards.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between eleven and twelve that night. We dropped our anchor by the pilot's directions.

It was pitch dark, and a dead airless calm. The skipper was on deck with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below, except the pilot, who coiled himself up more like a snake than a man, on the forecabin. It was not my watch till four in the morning. But I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally, and I shook myself down on deck to get my nap there, and be ready for anything at a moment's notice. The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions again. That is the last I remember, before the slow, heavy, regular roll of the old brig on the ground swell rocked me off to sleep.

I was awake by a scuffle on the forecabin, and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast, and a man on my legs, and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute.

The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another. I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companion—and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been

murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left, I couldn't think, till I saw the pilot stoop over me with a lantern, and look, to make sure of who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say, *You* were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of cat and mouse with you in return for it !

I could neither move nor speak, but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and rig the purchases for getting up the cargo. A quarter of an hour afterwards I heard the sweeps of a schooner, or other small vessel, in the water. The strange craft was laid alongside of us, and the Spaniards set to work to discharge our cargo into her. They all worked hard except the pilot, and he came, from time to time, with his lantern, to have another look at me, and to grin and nod always in the same devilish way. I am old enough now not to be ashamed of confessing the truth, and I don't mind acknowledging that the pilot frightened me.

The fright, and the bonds, and the gag, and the not being able to stir hand or foot, had pretty nigh worn me out, by the time the Spaniards gave over work. This was just as the dawn broke. They had shifted good part of our cargo on board their vessel, but nothing like all of it, and they were sharp enough to be off with what they had got, before daylight.

I need hardly say that I had made up my mind, by this time, to the worst I could think of. The pilot, it was clear enough, was one of the spies of the enemy, who had wormed himself into the confidence of our consignees without being suspected. He, or more likely his employers, had got knowledge enough of us to suspect what

our cargo was , we had been anchored for the night in the safest berth for them to surprise us in , and we had paid the penalty of having a small crew, and consequently an insufficient watch All this was clear enough—but what did the pilot mean to do with *me* ?

On the word of a man, it makes my flesh creep now, only to tell you what he did with me

After all the rest of them were out of the brig, except the pilot and two Spanish seamen, these last took me up, bound and gagged as I was, lowered me into the hold of the vessel, and laid me along on the floor, lashing me to it with ropes ends, so that I could just turn from one side to the other, but could not roll myself fairly over, so as to change my place They then left me Both of them were the worse for liquor, but the devil of a pilot was sober—mind that ! as sober as I am at the present moment

I lay in the dark for a little while, with my heart thumping as if it was going to jump out of me I lay about five minutes or so, when the pilot came down into the hold alone

He had the captain’s cursed flat candlestick and a carpenter’s awl in one hand, and a long thin twist of cotton yarn, well oiled, in the other He put the candlestick, with a new ‘dip’ candle lighted in it, down on the floor, about two feet from my face, and close against the side of the vessel The light was feeble enough, but it was sufficient to show a dozen barrels of gunpowder or more, left all round me in the hold of the brig I began to suspect what he was after, the moment I noticed the barrels The horrors laid hold of me from head to foot, and the sweat poured off my face like water

I saw him go next to one of the barrels of powder standing against the side of the vessel, in a line with the candle, and about three feet, or rather better, away from it. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel with his awl, and the horrid powder came truckling out, as black as hell, and dripped into the hollow of his hand, which he held to catch it. When he had got a good handful, he stopped up the hole by jamming one end of his oiled twist of cotton-varn fast into it, and he then rubbed the powder into the whole length of the varn till he had blackened every hairsbreadth of it.

The next thing he did—as true as I sit here, as true as the heaven above us all—the next thing he did was to carry the free end of his long, lean, black, fightful slow-match to the lighted candle alongside my face. He tied it (the bloody-minded villain!) in several folds round the tallow dip, about a third of the distance down, measuring from the flame of the wick to the lip of the candlestick. He did that, he looked to see that my lashings were all safe, and then he put his face down close to mine, and whispered in my ear, ‘Blow up with the brig!’

He was on deck again the moment after, and he and the two others shoved the hatch on over me. At the farthest end from where I lay, they had not fitted it down quite true, and I saw a blink of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—splash! splash! fainter and fainter, as they swept the vessel out in the dead calm, to be ready for the wind in the offing. Fainter and fainter, splash! splash! for a quarter of an hour or more.

While those sounds were in my ears, my eyes were fixed on the candle

It had been freshly lit – if left to itself it would burn for between six and seven hours. The slow-match was twisted round it about a third of the way down – and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay, gagged, bound, lashed to the floor, seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side—there I lay, alone on the sea, doomed to be blown to atoms, and to see that doom drawing on, nearer and nearer with every fresh second of time, through nigh on two hours to come – powerless to help myself, and speechless to call for help to others. The wonder to me is that I didn't cheat the flame – the slow-match, and the powder – and die of the horror of my situation before my first half-hour was out in the hold of the brig.

I can't exactly say how long I kept the command of my senses after I had ceased to hear the splash of the schooner's sweeps in the water. I can trace back everything I did and everything I thought, up to a certain point, but, once past that, I get all abroad, and lose myself in my memory now, much as I lost myself in my own feelings at the time.

The moment the hatch was covered over me I began, as every other man would have begun in my place, with a frantic effort to free my hands. In the mad panic I was in, I cut my flesh with the lashings as if they had been knife-blades, but I never stirred them. There was less chance still of freeing my legs, or of tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor. I gave in, when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, you will please to remember, was a terrible enemy

to me, I could only breathe freely through my nose—and that is but a poor vent when a man is straining his strength as far as ever it will go

I gave in, and lay quiet, and got my breath again, my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time

While I was staring at it, the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was too high above me, and too far away from me, to be reached in that fashion. I tried, and tried, and tried—and then I gave in again and lay quiet again, always with my eyes glaring at the candle, and the candle glaring at *me*. The splash of the schooner's sweeps was very faint by this time. I could only just hear them in the morning stillness. Splash! splash!—fainter and fainter—splash! splash!

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I began to feel it getting queer, as early as this. The snuff of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and the slow-match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calculated that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live.

An hour and a half! Was there a chance, in that time, of a boat pulling off to the brig from shore? Whether the land near which the vessel was anchored was in possession of our side, or in possession of the enemy's side, I made out that they must, sooner or later, send to hail the brig, merely because she was a stranger in those parts. The question for *me* was, how soon? The sun had not risen yet, as I could tell by looking through the chink in the hatch. There was no coast village near us, as we all

knew, before the brig was seized, by seeing no lights on shore. There was no wind, as I could tell by listening, to bring any strange vessel near. If I had had six hours to live, there might have been a chance for me, reckoning from sunrise to noon. But with an hour and a half, which had dwindled to an hour and a quarter by this time—or, in other words, with the earliness of the morning, the uninhabited coast, and the dead calm all against me—there was not the ghost of a chance. As I felt that, I had another struggle—the last—with my bonds—and only cut myself the deeper for my pains.

I gave in once more, and lay quiet, and listened for the splash of the sweeps.

Gone! Not a sound could I hear but the blowing of a fish, now and then, on the surface of the sea, and the creak of the brig's crazy old spars, as she rolled gently from side to side with the little swell there was on the quiet water.

An hour and a quarter. The wick grew terribly as the quarter slipped away, and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom-shape. It would fall off soon. Would it fall off red-hot, and would the swing of the brig cant it over the side of the candle, and let it down on the slow-match? If it would, I had about ten minutes to live instead of an hour.

This discovery set my mind for a minute on a new tack altogether. I began to ponder with myself what sort of a death blowing-up might be. Painful? Well, it would be, surely, too sudden for that. Perhaps just one crash inside me, or outside me, or both, and nothing more? Perhaps not even a crash—that and death; and the scattering of this living body of mine into millions

of fiery sparks, might all happen in the same instant ! I couldn't make it out , I couldn't settle how it would be . The minute of calmness in my mind left it, before I had half done thinking , and I got all abroad again .

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me (I can't say which), the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a smoke above it, the charred top was broad and red, and heavily spreading out to its fall .

My despair and horror at seeing it took me in a new way, which was good and right, at any rate, for my poor soul . I tried to pray , in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power . I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me , I struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight . I tried once, tried twice , and gave it up . I tried next only to shut my eyes, and keep them shut - once - twice - and the second time I did it . ' God bless old mother, and sister Lizzie - God keep them both, and forgive *me* ' . That was all I had time to say, in my own heart, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, flew all over me, and burnt up the rest of my thoughts in an instant .

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now , I couldn't hear the creak of the spars , I couldn't think , I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death agony on my face —I could only look at the heavy, charred top of the wick . It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—red hot at the moment of its fall—black and harmless, even before the swing of the brig had canted it over into the bottom of the candlestick .

I caught myself laughing

Yes ! laughing at the safe fall of the bit of wick But for the gag I should have screamed with laughing As it was, I shook with it inside me shook till the blood was in my head, and I was all but suffocated for want of breath I had just sense enough left to feel that my own horrid laughter, at that awful moment, was a sign of my brain going at last I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my mind broke loose like a frightened horse, and ran away with me

One comforting look at the blink of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more The fight to force my eyes from the candle and to get that one look at the daylight, was the hardest I had had yet, and I lost the fight The flame had hold of my eyes as fast as the lashings had hold of my hands I couldn't look away from it I couldn't even shut my eyes, when I tried that next, for the second time There was the wick growing tall once more ! There was the space of unburnt candle between the light and the slow-match shortened to an inch or less !

How much life did that inch leave me ? Three-quarters of an hour ? Half-an-hour ? Fifty minutes ? Twenty minutes ? Steady ! an inch of tallow candle would burn longer than twenty minutes An inch of tallow ! the notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow ! Wonderful ! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a man's body and soul together, and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't ! There's something to tell mother, when I get home, which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together I

laughed inwardly, again, at the thought of that, and shook and swelled and suffocated myself, till the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes, and licked up the laughter, and burnt it out of me, and made me all empty, and cold, and quiet once more

Mother and Lizzie I don't know when they came back, but they did come back—not, as it seemed to me, into my mind this time—but right down bodily before me, in the hold of the bug

Yes—sure enough, there was Lizzie, just as light-hearted as usual, laughing at me—Laughing! Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my back, drunk in the cellar, with the beer barrels all round me? Steady! she's crying now—spinning round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screeching out for help—fainter and fainter, like the splash of the schooner's sweeps—Gone!—burnt up in the fiery mist—Mist? fire? no—neither one nor the other—It's mother makes the light—mother knitting, with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-matches hanging in bunches all round her face instead of her own grey hair—Mother in her old arm-chair, and the pilot's long skinny hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder—No, no gunpowder—no chair, no mother—nothing but the pilot's face, shining red hot, like a sun, in the fiery mist, turning upside down in the fiery mist, running backwards and forwards along the slow-match, in the fiery mist, spinning millions of miles in a minute, in the fiery mist—spinning itself smaller and smaller into one tiny point, and that point darting on a sudden straight into my head—and then, all fire and all mist—no hearing,

no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

After what I’ve just told you, I know nothing, and remember nothing, till I woke up (as it seemed to me) in a comfortable bed, with two rough and ready men like myself sitting on each side of my pillow, and a gentleman standing watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like my sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months—I was among my own countrymen in the island of Trinidad—the men at each side of my pillow were my keepers, turn and turn about—and the gentleman standing at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months, I never have known and never shall. I woke out of it, as if it had been one long sleep—that’s all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly under cover of night.

My life had not been saved from the shore, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose, and the captain having his time on his hands in consequence of the calm, and seeing a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats and sent his mate with it, to look a little closer into the matter, and bring back a report of what he saw.

What he saw, when he and his men found the brig

deserted and boarded her, was a gleam of candlelight through the chink in the hatchway. The flame was within about a thread's breadth of the slow-match when he lowered himself into the hold — and if he had not had the sense and coolness to cut the match in two with his knife, before he touched the candle, he and his men might have been blown up along with the brig, as well as me. The match caught and turned into sputtering red fire, in the very act of putting the candle out; and if the communication with the powder barrel had not been cut off, the Lord only knows what might have happened.

What became of the Spanish schooner and the pilot I have never heard from that day to this.

As for the brig, the Yankees took her, as they took me, to Trinidad, and claimed their salvage, and got it, I hope, for their own sakes. I was landed just in the same state as when they rescued me from the brig — that is to say, clean out of my senses. But, please to remember it was a long time ago, and, take my word for it, I was discharged cured, as I have told you. Bless your hearts, I'm all right now, as you may see. I'm a little shaken by telling the story, as is only natural — a little shaken, my good friends, that's all.

*All the Year Round, Christmas Number, 1859,
Miss or Mrs. ? 1875*

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR

BRET HARTE

(1836-1902)

IT had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento. The North Fork had overflowed its banks, and Rattlesnake Creek was impassable. The few boulders that had marked the summer ford at Simpson's Crossing were obliterated by a vast sheet of water stretching to the foothills. The up-stage was stopped at Grangers, the last mail had been abandoned in the *tules*, the rider swimming for his life. 'An area,' remarked the *Sierra Avalanche*, with pensive local pride, 'as large as the State of Massachusetts is now under water.'

Nor was the weather any better in the foothills. The mud lay deep on the mountain road, wagons that neither physical force nor moral oburgation could move from the evil ways into which they had fallen, encumbered the track, and the way to Simpson's Bar was indicated by broken-down teams and hard sweating. And further on, cut off and inaccessible, rained upon and bedraggled, smitten by high winds and threatened by high water, Simpson's Bar, on the eve of Christmas Day, 1862, clung like a swallow's nest to the rocky entablature and splintered capitals of Table Mountain, and shook in the blast.

As night shut down on the settlement, a few lights

gleamed through the mist from the windows of cabins on either side of the highway now crossed and gullied by lawless streams and swept by marauding winds. Happily most of the population were gathered at Thompson's store, clustered around a red-hot stove, at which they silently spat in some accepted sense of social communion that perhaps rendered conversation unnecessary. Indeed, most methods of diversion had long since been exhausted on Simpson's Bar, high water had suspended the regular occupations on gulch and on river, and a consequent lack of money and whisky had taken the zest from most illegitimate recreation. Even Mr Hamlin was fain to leave the Bar with fifty dollars in his pocket—the only amount actually realised of the large sums won by him in the successful exercise of his arduous profession. If I was asked, he remarked somewhat later,—‘if I was asked to point out a pretty little village where a retired sport as didn't care for money could exercise himself frequent and lively, I'd say Simpson's Bar, but for a young man with a large family depending on his exertions, it don't pay.’

Howbeit, the unconscious objects of this satire sat that evening in the listless apathy begotten of idleness and lack of excitement. Even the sudden splashing of hoofs before the door did not arouse them. Dick Bullen alone paused in the act of scraping out his pipe, and lifted his head, but no other one of the group indicated any interest in, or recognition of, the man who entered.

It was a figure familiar enough to the company, and known in Simpson's Bar, as ‘The Old Man’. A man of perhaps fifty years, grizzled and scant of hair, but still fresh and youthful of complexion. A face full of ready

but not very powerful sympathy, with a chameleon-like aptitude for taking on the shade and colour of contiguous moods and feelings. He had evidently just left some hilarious companions, and did not at first notice the gravity of the group, but clapped the shoulder of the nearest man jocularly, and threw himself into a vacant chair.

'Jest heard the best thing out, boys! Ye know Smiley, over yar—Jim Smiley—funniest man in the Bar? Well, Jim was jest telling the richest yarn about —'

Smiley's a --- fool,' interrupted a gloomy voice.

'A particular --- skunk,' added another in sepulchral accents.

A silence followed these positive statements. The Old Man glanced quickly around the group. Then his face slowly changed. 'That's so,' he said reflectively, after a pause, 'certingly a sort of a skunk and suthin' of a fool. In course. He was silent for a moment as in painful contemplation of the unsavouriness and folly of the unpopular Smiley. 'Dismal weather, ain't it?' he added, now fully embarked on the current of prevailing sentiment. 'Mighty rough papers on the boys, and no show for money this season. And to-morrow's Christmas.'

There was a movement among the men at this announcement, but whether of satisfaction or disgust was not plain. 'Yes,' continued the Old Man in the lugubrious tone he had, within the last few moments, unconsciously adopted, — 'yes, Christmas, and to-night's Christmas Eve. Ye see, boys, I kinder thought—that is, I sorter had an idee, jest passin' like, you know—that

maybe ye d all like to come over to my house to-night and have a sort of tear round But I suppose, now, you wouldn't ? Don't feel like it, maybe ? ' he added with anxious sympathy, peering into the faces of his companions

Well, I don't know,' responded Tom Flynn with some cheerfulness ' P'r'aps we may But how about your wife, Old Man ? What does *she* say to it ? '

The Old Man hesitated His conjugal experience had not been a happy one, and the fact was known to Simpson's Bar His first wife, a delicate, pretty little woman, had left a boy of three years to comfort her bereaved husband The Old Man's present wife had been his cook She was large, loyal, and aggressive

Before he could reply, Joe Dimmick suggested with great directness that it was the ' Old Man's house,' and that, invoking the Divine Power, if the case were his own, he would invite whom he pleased, even if in so doing he impetilled his salvation The Powers of Evil, he further remarked, should contend against him vainly All this delivered with a terseness and vigour lost in this necessary translation

' In course Certainly Thet's it,' said the Old Man with a sympathetic frown ' Thar's no trouble about *thet* It's my own house, built every stick on it myself Don't you be afeard o' her, boys She *may* cut up a trifle rough—ez wimmin do—but she ll come round ' Secretly the Old Man trusted to the exaltation of liquor and the power of courageous example to sustain him in such an emergency

As yet, Dick Pullen, the oracle and leader of Simpson's Bar, had not spoken He now took his pipe from his

lips ' Old Man, how's that yer Johnny gettin' on ? Seems to me he didn't look so peart last time I seed him on the bluff heavin' rocks at Chinamen Didn't seem to take much interest in it Thar was a gang of 'em by yar yesterday—drownded out up the river—and I kinder thought o' Johnny, and how he d miss 'em ! Maybe now, we'd be in the way ef he was sick ? '

The father, evidently touched not only by this pathetic picture of Johnny's deprivation, but by the considerate delicacy of the speaker, hastened to assure him, that Johnny was better and that a ' little fun might 'liven him up ' Whereupon Dick arose, shook himself, and saying, ' I'm ready Lead the way, Old Man here goes,' himself led the way with a leap, a characteristic howl, and darted out into the night As he passed through the outer room he caught up a blazing brand from the hearth The action was repeated by the rest of the party, closely following and elbowing each other, and before the astonished proprietor of Thompson's grocery was aware of the intention of his guests, the room was deserted

The night was pitchy dark In the first gust of wind their temporary torches were extinguished, and only the red brands dancing and flitting in the gloom like drunken will-o'-the-wisps indicated their whereabouts Their way led up Pine-Tree Cañon, at the head of which a broad, low, bark-thatched cabin burrowed in the mountain-side It was the home of the Old Man, and the entrance to the tunnel in which he worked when he worked at all Here the crowd paused for a moment, out of delicate deference to their host, who came up panting in the rear

‘ P'r'aps ye d better hold on a second out yer, whilst I go in and see thet things is all right,’ said the Old Man, with an indifference he was far from feeling. The suggestion was graciously accepted, the door opened and closed on the host, and the crowd, leaning their backs against the wall and cowering under the eaves, waited and listened.

For a few moments there was no sound but the dripping of water from the eaves, and the stir and rustle of wrestling boughs above them. Then the men became uneasy, and whispered suggestion and suspicion passed from the one to the other. ‘ Reckon she’s caved in his head the first lick ! ’ ‘ Decoyed him inter the tunnel, and barred him up, likely. ’ ‘ Got him down and sittin’ on him. ’ ‘ Probly bilin’ suthin’ to heave on us. Stand clear the door, boys ! ’ For just then the latch clicked, the door slowly opened, and a voice said, ‘ Come in out o’ the wet.’

The voice was neither that of the Old Man nor of his wife. It was the voice of a small boy, its weak treble broken by that preternatural hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-assertion can give. It was the face of a small boy that looked up at theirs,—a face that might have been pretty, and even refined, but that it was darkened by evil knowledge from within, and dirt and hard experience from without. He had a blanket around his shoulders, and had evidently just risen from his bed. ‘ Come in,’ he repeated, and don’t make a noise. The Old Man’s in there talking to mar,’ he continued, pointing to an adjacent room which seemed to be a litchen, from which the Old Man’s voice came in deprecating accents. ‘ Let me be,’ he added

querulously, to Dick Bullen, who had caught him up, blanket and all, and was affecting to toss him into the fire, 'let go o' me, you d--d old fool, d'ye hear?'

Thus adjured, Dick Bullen lowered Johnny to the ground with a smothered laugh, while the men, entering quietly, ranged themselves around a long table of rough boards which occupied the centre of the room. Johnny then gravely proceeded to a cupboard and brought out several articles, which he deposited on the table. 'Thar's whisky. And crackers. And red herons. And cheese.' He took a bite of the latter on his way to the table.

'And sugar.' He scooped up a mouthful *en route* with a small and very dirty hand. 'And terbacker. Thar's dried appls too on the shelf, but I don't admire 'em. Appls is swellin' Thar,' he concluded, now waded in, and don't be afeard. *I* don't mind the old woman. She don't b long to *me*. S long.'

He had stepped to the threshold of a small room, scarcely larger than a closet, partitioned off from the main apartment, and holding in its dim recess a small bed. He stood there a moment looking at the company, his bare feet peeping from the blanket, and nodded.

'Hello, Johnny! You ain't gon' to turn in agin, are ye?' said Dick.

Yes, I are,' responded Johnny decidedly.

'Why, wot's up, old fellow?'

'I'm sick.'

'How sick?'

'I've got a fevier. And childblains. And roomatiz,' returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bed-clothes, -- 'And biles!'

There was an embarrassing silence. The men looked at each other and at the fire. Even with the appetising banquet before them, it seemed as if they might again fall into the despondency of Thompson's grocery, when the voice of the Old Man, incautiously lifted, came deprecatingly from the kitchen.

'Certainly! That's so. In course they is. A gang o' lazy, drunken loafers, and that ar Dick Bullen's the ornariest of all. Didn't hev no more *subp* than to come round var with sickness in the house and no provision. That's what I said. "Bullen," sez I, "it's crazy drunk you are, or a fool," sez I, 'to think o' such a thing.' "Staples," I sez, "be you a man, Staples, and 'spect to raise h—ll under my roof and invalids lyin' round? But they would come,—they would. That's wot you must 'spect o' such trash as lays round the Bar.

A burst of laughter from the men followed this unfortunate exposure. Whether it was overheard in the kitchen, or whether the Old Man's irate companion had just then exhausted all other modes of expressing her contemptuous indignation, I cannot say, but a back door was suddenly slammed with great violence. A moment later and the Old Man reappeared, haply unconscious of the cause of the late hilarious outburst, and smiled blandly.

'The old woman thought she'd jest run over to Mrs. McFadden's for a sociable call,' he explained, with jaunty indifference, as he took a seat at the board.

Oddly enough it needed this untoward incident to relieve the embarrassment that was beginning to be felt by the party, and their natural audacity returned with their host. I do not propose to record the convivialities

of that evening. The inquisitive reader will accept the statement that the conversation was characterized by the same intellectual exaltation, the same cautious reverence, the same fastidious delicacy, the same rhetorical precision and the same logical and coherent discourse somewhat later in the evening, which distinguish similar gatherings of the masculine sex in more civilized localities and under more favourable auspices. No glasses were broken in the absence of any, no liquor was uselessly spilt on the floor or table in the scarcity of that article.

It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted. 'Hush,' said Dick Bullen, holding up his hand. It was the querulous voice of Johnny from his adjacent closet. 'O dad!'

The Old Man arose hurriedly and disappeared in the closet. Presently he reappeared. 'His rheumatiz is coming on agin bad,' he explained, 'and he wants rubbin'.' He lifted the demijohn of whisky from the table and shook it. It was empty. Dick Bullen put down his tin cup with an embarrassed laugh. So did the others. The Old Man examined their contents and said hopefully, 'I reckon that's enough, he don't need much. You hold on all o' you for a spell, and I'll be back', and vanished in the closet with an old flannel shirt and the whisky. The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue was distinctly audible.

'Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?'

'Sometimes over yer and sometimes under yer, but it's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad.'

A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny

'Hevin' a good time out yer, dad ?'

'Yes, sonny.'

'To-morrer's Chrissmiss,—ain't it ?'

Yes, sonny. How does she feel now ?'

'Better. Rub a little fuder down. Wot's Chrissmiss, anyway ? Wot's it all about ?'

'Oh, it's a day.'

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again

'Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrissmiss, and then she jist waded inter you. She sez that's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man you know, but a kind o' Chinee-min, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrissmiss and gives things to chillern, boys like me. Puts 'em in their butes ! That's what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to, '—thet's a mile from the place. She jist made that up, didn't she, jist to aggreuate me and you ? Don't rub thar. Why, dad !'

In the great quiet that seemed to have fallen upon the house the sigh of the near pines and the drip of leaves without was very distinct. Johnny's voice, too, was lowered as he went on, 'Don't you take on now, fur I'm gettin' all right fast. Wot's the boys doin' out thar ?'

The Old Man partly opened the door and peered through. His guests were sitting there sociably enough, and there were a few silver coins and a lean buckskin purse on the table. 'Bettin' on suthin'—some little game or 'nother. They're all right,' he replied to Johnny, and recommenced his rubbing.

'I'd like to take a hand and win some money,' said Johnny reflectively after a pause

The Old Man glibly repeated what was evidently a familiar formula, that if Johnny would wait until he struck it rich in the tunnel he'd have lots of money, etc., etc

'Yes,' said Johnny, 'but you don't. And whether you strike it or I win it, it's about the same. It's all luck. But it's mighty curious about Chrismiss — ain't it? Why do they call it Chrismiss?'

Perhaps from some instinctive deference to the over-hearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

'Yes,' said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest, 'I've heerd o' *him* before. That, that'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now' he added in a muffled whisper, 'sit down yer by me till I go asleep.' To assure himself of obedience, he disengaged one hand from the blanket and, grasping his father's sleeve, again composed himself to rest.

For some moments the Old Man waited patiently. Then the unwonted stillness of the house excited his curiosity, and without moving from the bed he cautiously opened the door with his disengaged hand, and looked into the main room. To his infinite surprise it was dark and deserted. But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke, and by the upspringing blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.

'Hello!'

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat unsteadily toward him.

‘Whar’s the boys?’ said the Old Man.

‘Gone up the cañon on a little *pasear*. They’re coming back for me in a minit. I’m waitin’ round for ‘em. What are you starn’ at, Old Man?’ he added with a forced laugh, ‘do you think I’m drunk?’

The Old Man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick’s eyes were humid and his face flushed. He loitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttoned up his coat and laughed. ‘Liquor ain’t so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don’t you git up,’ he continued, as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeve from Johnny’s hand. ‘Don’t you mind manners. Sit jest whar you be, I’m goin’ in a jiffy. That’s them now.’

There was a low tap at the door. Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded ‘Good night’ to his host, and disappeared. The Old Man would have followed him but for the hand that still unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it—it was small, weak, and emaciated. But perhaps because it *was* small, weak, and emaciated, he changed his mind, and, drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenceless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him—asleep.

Meantime Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions. ‘Are you ready?’ said Staples. ‘Ready,’ said Dick, ‘what’s the time?’ ‘Past twelve,’ was the reply, ‘can you make it?—it’s nigh on fifty

miles, the round trip hither and yon ' ' I reckon,' returned Dick, shortly ' What's the mare? ' ' Bill and Jack's holdin' her at the crossin ' ' Let 'em hold on a minit longer,' said Dick

He turned and re-entered the house softly By the light of the guttering candle and dying fire he saw that the door of the little room was open He stepped toward it on tiptoe and looked in The Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring, his helpless feet thrust out in a line with his collapsed shoulders, and his hat pulled over his eyes Beside him, on a narrow wooden bedstead, lay Johnny, muffled tightly in a blanket that hid all save a strip of forehead and a few curls damp with perspiration Dick Bullen made a step forward, hesitated, and glanced over his shoulder into the deserted room Everything was quiet With a sudden resolution he parted his huge moustaches with both hands and stooped over the sleeping boy But even as he did so a mischievous blast, lying in wait, swooped down the chimney, rekindled the hearth, and lit up the room with a shameless glow from which Dick fled in bashful terror

His companions were already waiting for him at the crossing Two of them were struggling in the darkness with some strange misshapen bulk, which as Dick came nearer took the semblance of a great yellow horse

It was the mare She was not a pretty picture From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched spine hidden by the stiff *machillas* of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace In her half-blind but wholly vicious white eyes, in her protruding underlip, in her monstrous colour, there was nothing but ugliness and vice

‘ Now then,’ said Staples, ‘ stand el’ar of her heels, boys, and up with you— Don’t miss your first hold of her mane, and mind ye get your off stirrup *quick*— Ready!’

There was a leap, a scrambling struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, a circle of flying hoofs, two springless leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play and jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness, ‘ All right!’

‘ Don’t take the lower road back unless you’re hard pushed for time!’ Don’t hold her in down hill— We’ll be at the ford at five— Glang! Hoopa! Mula! Go!

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rocky cut beyond— and Dick was gone.

Sing, O Muse, the ride of Richard Bullen! Sing, O Muse, of chivalrous men! the sacred quest, the doughty deeds, the battery of low churls, the fearsome ride and gruesome perils of the Flower of Simpson’s Bar! Alack! she is dainty, this Muse! She will have none of this bucking brute and swaggering, ragged rider, and I must fain follow him in prose, afoot!

It was one o’clock, and yet he had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita had rehearsed to him all her imperfections and practised all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled— Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and, resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country— Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward, and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his seat before she found her vicious legs again. And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek.

Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression. Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill. Here the artful Richard pretended to hold her in with ostentatious oburgation and well-feigned cries of alarm. It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran away. Nor need I state the time made in the descent, it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar. Enough that in another moment as it seemed to Dick, she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking, and, holding her well together for a mighty leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits. Once she bucked, but it was from force of habit, once she shied, but it was from a new, freshly-painted meeting-house at the crossing of the county road. Hollows, ditches, gravelly deposits, patches of freshly-springing grasses, flew from beneath her rattling hoofs. She began to smell unpleasantly, once or twice she coughed slightly, but there was no abatement of her strength or speed. By two o'clock he had passed Red Mountain and begun the descent to the

plain Ten minutes later the driver of the fast Pioneer coach was overtaken and passed by a man on a Pinto boss,—an event sufficiently notable for remark At half-past two Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds, and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flagstaff, and a straggling line of black objects Dick jingled his spurs and swung his *mata*, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttleville, and drew up before the wooden piazza of The 'Hotel of All Nations

What transpired that night at Tuttleville is not strictly a part of this record Briefly I may state, however, that after Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy ostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out with the bar-keeper for a tour of the sleeping town Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling-houses, but, avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbolt the doors of their magazines and expose their wares Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a drink It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and with a small waterproof bag of india-rubber strapped on his shoulders Dick returned to the hotel And then he sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street and out into the lonelier plain, where presently the lights, the black line of houses, the spires, and the flagstaff sank into the earth behind him again and were lost in the distance

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was half-past four before Dick reached the meeting-house and the crossing of the county road. To avoid the rising grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock-deep at every bound. It was a poor preparation for a steady ascent of five miles more, but Jovita, gathering her legs under her, took it with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half-hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Another half-hour would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practised rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. 'Throw up your hands,' commanded the second apparition, with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared.

'Stand aside, Jack Simpson. I know you, you d-d thief! Let me pass, or——'

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slackening his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that had slipped in the onset. This in his crippled condition took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek. But now Jovita's breath came broken by gasps, Dick reeled in his saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky.

Ride, Richard, run, Jovita, linger, O day!

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognize his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swum a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake Hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east, swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpson's Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a

shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling driftwood.

The Old Man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

'Dick?'

'Hush! Is he awake yet?'

'No,—but, Dick?—'

'Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whisky, quick!' The Old Man flew and returned with—an empty bottle! Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

'That's suthin' in my pack yet for Johnny. Take it off. I can't.'

The Old Man unstrapped the pack, and laid it before the exhausted man.

'Open it, quick!'

He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys,—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken, another, I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water, and on the third—ah me!—there was a cruel spot.

'It don't look like much, that's a fact,' said Dick ruefully. 'But it's the best we could do. Take

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'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him — tell him, you know — hold me, Old Man——' The Old Man caught at his sinking figure — 'Tell him,' said Dick, with a weak little laugh,— tell him Sandy Claus has come.'

And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven, and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came, to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

The Atlantic Monthly, 1872

(And in various collections of the
author's tales.)

THE BOTTLE IMP

R. L. STEVENSON

(1850-1894)

THERE was a man of the island of Hawan, whom I shall call Keawe — for the truth is — he still lives, and his name must be kept a secret, — but the place of his birth was not far from Honaunau, where the bones of Keawe the Great lie hidden in a cave. This man was poor — brave, and active — he could read and write like a schoolmaster, — he was a first-rate mariner besides, sailed for some time in the island steamers, and steered a whale-boat on the Hamakua coast. At length it came in Keawe's mind to have a sight of the great world and foreign cities, and he shipped on a vessel bound to San Francisco.

This is a fine town, with a fine harbour, and rich people uncountable, — and, in particular, there is one hill which is covered with palaces. Upon this hill Keawe was one day taking a walk, with his pocket full of money, viewing the great houses upon either hand with pleasure. 'What fine houses there are!' he was thinking, 'and how happy must these people be who dwell in them, and take no care for the morrow!' The thought was in his mind when he came abreast of a house that was smaller than some others, but all finished and beautified like a toy, the steps of that house shone like silver, and the borders of the garden bloomed like garlands, and the windows

were bright like diamonds , and Keawe stopped and wondered at the excellence of all he saw . So stopping, he was aware of a man that looked forth upon him through a window, so clear that Keawe could see him as you see a fish in a pool upon the reef . The man was elderly, with a bald head and a black beard , and his face was heavy with sorrow, and he bitterly sighed . And the truth of it is, that as Keawe looked in upon the man, and the man looked out upon Keawe, each envied the other .

All of a sudden the man smiled and nodded, and beckoned Keawe to enter and met him at the door of the house .

‘ This is a fine house of mine,’ said the man, and bitterly sighed . ‘ Would you not care to view the chambers ? ’

So he led Keawe all over it, from the cellar to the roof, and there was nothing there that was not perfect of its kind, and Keawe was astonished .

‘ Truly,’ said Keawe, ‘ this is a beautiful house , if I lived in the like of it, I should be laughing all day long . How comes it, then, that you should be sighing ? ’

‘ There is no reason,’ said the man, ‘ why you should not have a house in all points similar to this, and finer, if you wish . You have some money, I suppose ? ’

‘ I have fifty dollars,’ said Keawe , ‘ but a house like this will cost more than fifty dollars ’ .

The man made a computation . ‘ I am sorry you have no more,’ said he, ‘ for it may raise you trouble in the future , but it shall be yours at fifty dollars ’ .

‘ The house ? ’ asked Keawe

‘ No, not the house,’ replied the man , ‘ but the

bottle For, I must tell you, although I appear to you so rich and fortunate, all my fortune, and this house itself and its garden, came out of a bottle not much bigger than a pint This is it '

And he opened a lock-fast place, and took out a round-bellied bottle with a long neck , the glass of it was white like milk, with changing rainbow colours in the grain Withinsides something obscurely moved, like a shadow and a fire

' This is the bottle ' said the man , and, when Keawe laughed, ' You do not believe me ? ' he added ' Try, then, for yourself See if you can break it '

So Keawe took the bottle up and dashed it on the floor till he was weary , but it jumped on the floor like a child's ball, and was not injured

This is a strange thing, said Keawe ' For by the touch of it, as well as by the look, the bottle should be of glass

' Of glass it is,' replied the man, sighing more heavily than ever but the glass of it was tempered in the flames of hell An imp lives in it, and that is the shadow we behold there moving , or, so I suppose If any man buy this bottle the imp is at his command all that he desires—love, fame, money, houses like this house, ay, or a city like this city all are his at the word uttered Napoleon had this bottle, and by it he grew to be the king of the world , but he sold it at the last and fell Captain Cook had this bottle, and by it he found his way to so many islands , but he, too, sold it, and was slain upon Hawan For, once it is sold, the power goes and the protection , and unless a man remain content with what he has, ill will befall him '

‘ And yet you talk of selling it yourself ? ’ Keawe said

‘ I have all I wish, and I am growing elderly,’ replied the man ‘ There is one thing the imp cannot do – he cannot prolong life – and, it would not be fair to conceal from you there is a drawback to the bottle – for if a man die before he sells it – he must burn in hell for ever ’

‘ To be sure, that is a drawback and no mistake,’ cried Keawe ‘ I would not meddle with the thing • I can do without a house – thank God – but there is one thing I could not be doing with one particle – and that is to be damned ’

‘ Dear me – you must not run away with things ’ returned the man ‘ All you have to do is to use the power of the imp in moderation, and then sell it to someone else, as I do to you, and finish your life in comfort ’

‘ Well – I observe two things ’ said Keawe ‘ All the time you keep sighing like a maid in love, that is one – and, for the other, you sell this bottle very cheap ’

‘ I have told you already why I sigh ’ said the man ‘ It is because I fear my health is breaking up , and, as you said yourself, to die and go to the devil is a pity for anyone ‘ As for why I sell so cheap, I must explain to you there is a peculiarity about the bottle ‘ Long ago, when the devil brought it first upon earth, it was extremely expensive, and was sold first of all to Prester John for many millions of dollars , but it cannot be sold at all, unless sold at a loss ‘ If you sell it for as much as you paid for it, back it comes to you again like a homing pigeon ‘ It follows that the price has kept falling in these centuries, and the bottle is now remarkably cheap ‘ I bought it myself from one of my great

neighbours on this hill, and the price I paid was only ninety dollars. I could sell it for as high as eighty nine dollars and ninety-nine cents, but not a penny dearer, or back the thing must come to me. Now, about this there are two bothers. First, when you offer a bottle so singular for eighty-odd dollars, people suppose you to be jesting. And second but there is no hurry about that and I need not go into it. Only remember it must be coined money that you sell it for.

How am I to know that this is all true? asked Keawe.

'Some of it you can try at once,' replied the man. 'Give me your fifty dollars, take the bottle, and wish your fifty dollars back into your pocket. If that does not happen, I pledge you my honour I will cry off the bargain and restore your money.'

'You are not deceiving me?' said Keawe.

The man bound himself with a great oath.

Well, I will risk that much,' said Keawe, 'for that can do no harm,' and he paid over his money to the man, and the man handed him the bottle.

'Imp of the bottle,' said Keawe, 'I want my fifty dollars back.' And sure enough, he had scarce said the word before his pocket was as heavy as ever.

To be sure this is a wonderful bottle,' said Keawe.

'And now good-morning to you, my fine fellow, and the devil go with you for me,' said the man.

'Hold on,' said Keawe, 'I don't want any more of this fun. Here, take your bottle back.'

'You have bought it for less than I paid for it,' replied the man, rubbing his hands. 'It is yours now; and, for my part, I am only concerned to see the back

of you 'And with that he rang for his Chinese servant, and had Keawe shown out of the house

Now, when Keawe was in the street, with the bottle under his arm, he began to think 'If all is true about this bottle, I may have made a losing bargain,' thinks he 'But, perhaps the man was only fooling me' The first thing he did was to count his money the sum was exact- forty-nine dollars American money, and one Chili piece 'That looks like the truth,' said Keawe 'Now I will try another part

The streets in that part of the city were as clean as a ship's decks, and though it was noon, there were no passengers Keawe set the bottle in the gutter, and walked away Twice he looked back, and there was the milky, round-bellied bottle where he left it A third time he looked back, and turned a corner but he had scarce done so, when something knocked upon his elbow, and behold! it was the long neck sticking up, and as for the round belly, it was jammed into the pocket of his pilot-coat

'And that looks like the truth,' said Keawe

The next thing he did was to buy a corkscrew in a shop and go apart into a secret place in the fields And there he tried to draw the cork, but as often as he put the screw in, out it came again, and the cork was as whole as ever

'This is some new sort of cork,' said Keawe, and all at once he began to shake and sweat, for he was afraid of that bottle

On his way back to the port-side he saw a shop where a man sold shells and clubs from the wild islands, old heathen deities, old coined money, pictures from China

and Japan, and all manner of things that sailors bring in their sea-chests. And here he had an idea. So he went in and offered the bottle for a hundred dollars. The man of the shop laughed at him at first, and offered him five, but, indeed, it was a curious bottle, such glass was never blown in any human glass-works, so prettily the colours shone under the milky white, and so strangely the shadow hovered in the midst, so, after he had disputed a while after the manner of his kind, the shopman gave Keawe sixty silver dollars for the thing and set it on a shelf in the midst of his window.

Now, said Keawe, I have sold that for sixty which I bought for fifty—or, to say truth, a little less, because one of my dollars was from Chih. Now I shall know the truth upon another point.

So he went back on board his ship, and when he opened his chest, there was the bottle, and had come more quickly than himself. Now Keawe had a mate on board whose name was Lopaka.

‘What ails you?’ said Lopaka, ‘that you stare in your chest?’

They were alone in the ship’s fore-castle, and Keawe bound him to secrecy, and told all.

‘This is a very strange affair,’ said Lopaka, ‘and I fear you will be in trouble about this bottle. But there is one point very clear—that you are sure of the trouble, and you had better have the profit in the bargain. Make up your mind what you want with it, give the order, and if it is done as you desire, I will buy the bottle myself, for I have an idea of my own to get a schooner, and go trading through the islands.’

‘That is not my idea,’ said Keawe, ‘but to have a

beautiful house and garden on the Kona Coast, where I was born, the sun shining in at the door, flowers in the garden, glass in the windows, pictures on the walls, and toys and fine carpets on the tables, for all the world like the house I was in this day - only a story higher, and with balconies all about like the King's palace, and to live there without care and make merry with my friends and relatives ' .

' Well,' said Lopaka, ' let us carry it back with us to Hawan, and if all comes true, as you suppose, I will buy the bottle, as I said, and ask a schooner ' .

Upon that they were agreed, and it was not long before the ship returned to Honolulu, carrying Keawe and Lopaka, and the bottle. They were scarce come ashore when they met a friend upon the beach, who began at once to condole with Keawe.

' I do not know what I am to be condoled about,' said Keawe .

' Is it possible you have not heard,' said the friend, ' your uncle—that good old man—is dead, and your cousin—that beautiful boy—was drowned at sea ? ' .

Keawe was filled with sorrow, and, beginning to weep and to lament, he forgot about the bottle. But Lopaka was thinking to himself, and presently, when Keawe's grief was a little abated, ' I have been thinking,' said Lopaka, ' had not your uncle lands in Hawan, in the district of Kau ? ' .

' No,' said Keawe, ' not in Kau—they are on the mountain side—a little be-south Hookena ' .

' These lands will now be yours ? ' asked Lopaka .

' And so they will,' says Keawe, and began again to lament for his relatives .

‘No,’ said Lopaka, ‘do not lament at present I have a thought in my mind. How if this should be the doing of the bottle? For here is the place ready for your house.’

‘If this be so,’ cried Keawe, ‘it is a very ill way to serve me by killing my relatives. But it may be, indeed, for it was in just such a station that I saw the house with my mind’s eye.’

‘The house, however, is not yet built,’ said Lopaka.

‘No, nor like to be!’ said Keawe, ‘for though my uncle has some coffee and ava and bananas, it will not be more than will keep me in comfort, and the rest of that land is the black lava.’

‘Let us go to the lawyer,’ said Lopaka, ‘I have still this idea in my mind.’

Now, when they came to the lawyer’s, it appeared Keawe’s uncle had grown monstrous rich in the last days, and there was a fund of money.

‘And here is the money for the house!’ cried Lopaka.

‘If you are thinking of a new house,’ said the lawyer, ‘here is the card of a new architect of whom they tell me great things.’

‘Better and better!’ cried Lopaka. ‘Here is all made plain for us. Let us continue to obey orders.’

So they went to the architect, and he had drawings of houses on his table.

‘You want something out of the way,’ said the architect. ‘How do you like this?’ and he handed a drawing to Keawe.

Now, when Keawe set eyes on the drawing, he cried out aloud, for it was the picture of his thought exactly drawn.

‘ I am in for this house,’ thought he ‘ Little as I like the way it comes to me, I am in for it now, and I may as well take the good along with the evil ’

So he told the architect all that he wished, and how he would have that house furnished, and about the pictures on the wall and the knick-knacks on the tables and he asked the man plainly for how much he would undertake the whole affair

The architect put many questions, and took his pen and made a computation, and when he had done he named the very sum that Keawe had inherited

Lopaka and Keawe looked at one another and nodded

‘ It is quite clear, thought Keawe, ‘ that I am to have this house, whether or no It comes from the devil, and I fear I will get little good by that, and of one thing I am sure, I will make no more wishes as long as I have this bottle But with the house I am saddled, and I may as well take the good along with the evil ’

So he made his terms with the architect, and they signed a paper, and Keawe and Lopaka took ship again and sailed to Australia, for it was concluded between them they should not interfere at all, but leave the architect and the bottle imp to build and to adorn the house at their own pleasure

The voyage was a good voyage, only all the time Keawe was holding in his breath, for he had sworn he would utter no more wishes, and take no more favours, from the devil The time was up when they got back The architect told them that the house was ready, and Keawe and Lopaka took a passage in the *Hall*, and went down Kona way to view the house, and see if all had

been done fitly according to the thought that was in Keawe's mind

Now, the house stood on the mountain side, visible to ships. Above, the forest ran up into the clouds of rain, below, the black lava fell in cliffs, where the kings of old lay buried. A garden bloomed about that house with every hue of flowers, and there was an orchard of papai'a on the one hand and an orchard of bread-fruit on the other, and right in front, towards the sea, a ship's mast had been rigged up and bore a flag. As for the house, it was three stories high, with great chambers and broad balconies on each. The windows were of glass, so excellent that it was as clear as water and as bright as day. All manner of furniture adorned the chambers. Pictures hung upon the wall in golden frames—pictures of ships, and men fighting, and of the most beautiful women, and of singular places, nowhere in the world are there pictures of so bright a colour as those Keawe found hanging in his house. As for the knick-knacks, they were extraordinarily fine—chiming clocks and musical boxes, little men with nodding heads, books filled with pictures, weapons of price from all quarters of the world, and the most elegant puzzles to entertain the leisure of a solitary man. And as no one would care to live in such chambers, only to walk through and view them, the balconies were made so broad that a whole town might have lived upon them in delight, and Keawe knew not which to prefer, whether the back porch, where you got the land breeze and looked upon the orchards and the flowers, or the front balcony, where you could drink the wind of the sea, and look down the steep wall of the mountain and

see the *Hall* going by once a week or so between Hookena and the hills of Pele, or the schooners plying up the coast for wood and ava and bananas

When they had viewed all, Keawe and Lopaka sat on the porch

‘ Well,’ asked Lopaka, ‘ is it all as you designed ? ’

‘ Words cannot utter it, said Keawe — It is better than I dreamed, and I am sick with satisfaction ’

‘ There is but one thing to consider,’ said Lopaka, ‘ all this may be quite natural, and the bottle imp have nothing whatever to say to it — If I were to buy the bottle, and got no schooner after all, I should have put my hand in the fire for nothing — I gave you my word, I know, but yet I think you would not grudge me one more proof ’

‘ I have sworn I would take no more favours, said Keawe — I have gone already deep enough

‘ This is no favour I am thinking of,’ replied Lopaka ‘ It is only to see the imp himself — There is nothing to be gained by that, and so nothing to be ashamed of, and yet, if I once saw him, I should be sure of the whole matter — So indulge me so far, and let me see the imp, and, after that, here is the money in my hand, and I will buy it ’

There is only one thing I am afraid of, said Keawe ‘ The imp may be very ugly to view, and if you once set eyes upon him you might be very undesirous of the bottle ’

‘ I am a man of my word,’ said Lopaka ‘ And here is the money betwixt us ’

‘ Very well,’ replied Keawe, ‘ I have a curiosity myself — So come, let us have one look at you, Mr Imp ’

Now as soon as that was said, the imp looked out of

the bottle, and in again, swift as a lizard, and there sat Keawe and Lopaka turned to stone. The night had quite come, before either found a thought to say or voice to say it with, and then Lopaka pushed the money over and took the bottle.

‘I am a man of my word,’ said he, ‘and had need to be so, or I would not touch this bottle with my foot. Well, I shall get my schooner and a dollar or two for my pocket, and then I will be rid of this devil as fast as I can. For to tell you the plain truth, the look of him has cast me down.’

‘Lopaka,’ said Keawe, ‘do not you think any worse of me than you can help, I know it is night, and the roads bad, and the pass by the tombs an ill place to go by so late, but I declare since I have seen that little face, I cannot eat or sleep or pray till it is gone from me. I will give you a lantern, and a basket to put the bottle in, and any picture or fine thing in all my house that takes your fancy—and be gone at once, and go sleep at Hookena with Nahinu.’

Keawe,’ said Lopaka, ‘many a man would take this ill, above all, when I am doing you a turn so friendly, as to keep my word and buy the bottle, and for that matter, the night and the dark, and the way by the tombs, must be all tenfold more dangerous to a man with such a sin upon his conscience and such a bottle under his arm. But for my part, I am so extremely terrified myself, I have not the heart to blame you. Here I go, then, and I pray God you may be happy in your house, and I fortunate with my schooner, and both get to heaven in the end in spite of the devil and his bottle.’

So Lopaka went down the mountain, and Keawe stood in his front balcony, and listened to the clink of the horse's shoes, and watched the lantern go shining down the path, and along the cliff of caves where the old dead are buried, and all the time he trembled and clasped his hands, and prayed for his friend, and gave glory to God that he himself was escaped out of that trouble.

But the next day came very brightly and that new house of his was so delightful to behold that he forgot his terrors. One day followed another, and Keawe dwelt there in perpetual joy. He had his place on the back porch, it was there he ate and lived, and read the stories in the Honolulu newspapers, but when any one came by they would go in and view the chambers and the pictures. And the fame of the house went far and wide, it was called *Ka-Hale Nui*—the Great House—in all Kona, and sometimes the Bright House, for Keawe kept a Chinaman, who was all day dusting and furbishing, and the glass, and the gilt, and the fine stuffs, and the pictures, shone as bright as the morning. As for Keawe himself, he could not walk in the chambers without singing, his heart was so enlarged, and when ships sailed by upon the sea, he would fly his colours on the mast.

So time went by, until one day Keawe went upon a visit as far as Kailua to certain of his friends. There he was well feasted, and left as soon as he could the next morning, and rode hard, for he was impatient to behold his beautiful house, and, besides, the night then coming on was the night in which the dead of old days go abroad in the sides of Kona, and having already meddled with the devil, he was the more chary of meeting with the

dead. A little beyond Honaunau, looking far ahead, he was aware of a woman bathing in the edge of the sea, and she seemed a well-grown girl, but he thought no more of it. Then he saw her white shift flutter as she put it on, and then her red holoku, and by the time he came abreast of her she was done with her toilet, and had come up from the sea, and stood by the track-side in her red holoku, and she was all freshened with the bath, and her eyes shone and were kind. Now Keawe no sooner beheld her than he drew rein.

'I thought I knew every one in this country,' said he. 'How comes it that I do not know you?'

'I am Kokua, daughter of Kiano,' said the girl, 'and I have just returned from Oahu. Who are you?'

'I will tell you who I am in a little,' said Keawe, dismounting from his horse, 'but not now. For I have a thought in my mind, and if you knew who I was, you might have heard of me, and would not give me a true answer. But tell me, first of all, one thing—are you married?'

At this Kokua laughed out aloud. 'It is you who ask questions,' she said. 'Are you married yourself?'

'Indeed, Kokua, I am not,' replied Keawe, 'and never thought to be until this hour. But here is the plain truth. I have met you here at the road-side, and I saw your eyes, which are like the stars, and my heart went to you as swift as a bird. And so now, if you want none of me, say so, and I will go on to my own place, but if you think me no worse than any other young man, say so, too, and I will turn aside to your father's for the night, and to-morrow I will talk with the good man.'

Kokua said never a word, but she looked at the sea and laughed.

'Kokua,' said Keawe, 'if you say nothing, I will take that for the good answer, so let us be stepping to your father's door.'

She went on ahead of him, still without speech, only sometimes she glanced back and glanced away again, and she kept the strings of her hat in her mouth.

Now, when they had come to the door, Kiano came out on his verandah, and cried out and welcomed Keawe by name. At that the girl looked over, for the fame of the great house had come to her ears, and, to be sure, it was a great temptation. All that evening they were very merry together, and the girl was as bold as brass under the eyes of her parents, and made a mark of Keawe, for she had a quick wit. The next day he had a word with Kiano, and found the girl alone.

'Kokua,' said he, 'you made a mark of me all the evening, and it is still time to bid me go. I would not tell you who I was, because I have so fine a house, and I feared you would think too much of that house and too little of the man that loves you. Now you know all, and if you wish to have seen the last of me, say so at once.'

'No,' said Kokua, but this time she did not laugh, nor did Keawe ask for more.

This was the wooing of Keawe, things had gone quickly, but so an arrow goes, and the ball of a rifle swifter still, and yet both may strike the target. Things had gone fast, but they had gone far also, and the thought of Keawe rang in the maiden's head, she heard his voice in the breach of the surf upon the lava, and for

this young man that she had seen but twice she would have left father and mother and her native islands. As for Keawe himself, his horse flew up the path of the mountain under the cliff of tombs, and the sound of the hoofs, and the sound of Keawe singing to himself for pleasure, echoed in the caverns of the dead. He came to the Bright House, and still he was singing. He sat and ate in the broad balcony, and the Chinaman wondered at his master, to hear how he sang between the mouthfuls. The sun went down into the sea, and the night came, and Keawe walked the balconies by lamp-light, high on the mountains, and the voice of his singing startled men on ships.

'Here am I now upon my high place,' he said to himself. 'Life may be no better, this is the mountain top, and all shelves about me towards the worse. For the first time I will light up the chambers, and bathe in my fine bath with the hot water and the cold, and sleep above in the bed of my bridal chamber.'

So the Chinaman had word, and he must rise from sleep and light the furnaces, and as he walked below, beside the boilers, he heard his master singing and rejoicing above him in the lighted chambers. When the water began to be hot the Chinaman cried to his master and Keawe went into the bathroom; and the Chinaman heard him sing as he filled the marble basin, and heard him sing, and the singing broken, as he undressed, until of a sudden, the song ceased. The Chinaman listened, and listened, he called up the house to Keawe to ask if all were well, and Keawe answered him 'Yes,' and bade him go to bed, but there was no more singing in the Bright House, and all night long the Chinaman heard

his master's feet go round and round the balconies without repose

Now, the truth of it was this — as Keawe undressed for his bath, he spied upon his flesh a patch like a patch of lichen on a rock, and it was then that he stopped singing. For he knew the likeness of that patch, and knew that he was fallen in the Chinese Evil *

Now, it is a sad thing for any man to fall into this sickness. And it would be a sad thing for any one to leave a house so beautiful and so commodious, and depart from all his friends to the north coast of Molokai, between the mighty cliff and the sea-breakers. But what was that to the case of the man Keawe, he who had met his love but yesterday and won her but that morning, and now saw all his hopes break, in a moment, like a piece of glass?

A while he sat upon the edge of the bath, then sprang, with a cry, and ran outside, and to and fro, to and fro, along the balcony, like one despairing.

'Very willingly could I leave Hawan, the home of my fathers,' Keawe was thinking. 'Very lightly could I leave my house, the high-placed, the many-windowed, here upon the mountains. Very bravely could I go to Molokai, to Kalaupapa by the cliffs, to live with the smitten and to sleep there, far from my fathers. But what wrong have I done, what sin lies upon my soul, that I should have encountered Kokua coming cool from the sea-water in the evening? Kokua, the soul-ensnarer! Kokua, the light of my life! Her may I never wed, her may I look upon no longer, her may I no more handle with my loving hand, and it is for this, it is for you, O Kokua! that I pour my lamentations!

* Leprosy

Now you are to observe what sort of a man Keawe was, for he might have dwelt there in the Bright House for years, and no one been the wiser of his sickness, but he reckoned nothing of that, if he must lose Kokua. And again he might have wed Kokua even as he was, and so many would have done, because they have the souls of pigs, but Keawe loved the maid manfully, and he would do her no hurt and bring her in no danger.

A little beyond the midst of the night, there came in his mind the recollection of that bottle. He went round to the back porch, and called to memory the day when the devil had looked forth, and at the thought ice ran in his veins.

A dreadful thing is the bottle, thought Keawe, and dreadful is the imp, and it is a dreadful thing to risk the flames of hell. But what other hope have I to cure my sickness or to wed Kokua? What! he thought, 'would I beard the devil once, only to get me a house, and not face him again to win Kokua?

Thereupon he called to mind it was the next day the *Hall* went by on her return to Honolulu. There must I go first, he thought, and see Lopaka. For the best hope that I have now is to find that same bottle I was so pleased to be rid of.

Never a wink could he sleep, the food stuck in his throat, but he sent a letter to Kiano, and about the time when the steamer would be coming, rode down beside the cliff of the tombs. It rained, his horse went heavily, he looked up at the black mouths of the caves, and he envied the dead that slept there and were done with trouble, and called to mind how he had galloped by the day before, and was astonished. So he came down

to Hookena, and there was all the country gathered for the steamer as usual. In the shed before the store they sat and jested and passed the news, but there was no matter of speech in Keawe's bosom, and he sat in their midst and looked without on the rain falling on the houses, and the surf beating among the rocks, and the sighs arose in his throat.

'Keawe of the Bright House is out of spirits,' said one to another. Indeed, and so he was, and little wonder.

Then the *Hall* came and the whale-boat carried him on board. The after-part of the ship was full of Haoles* - who had been to visit the volcano, as their custom is - and the midst was crowded with Kanakas, and the fore-part with wild bulls from Hilo and horses from Kau, but Keawe sat apart from all in his sorrow, and watched for the house of Kiano. There it sat low upon the shore in the black rocks, and shaded by the cocoa-palms, and there by the door was a red holoku, no greater than a fly, and going to and fro with a fly's busyness. 'Ah, queen of my heart,' he cried, 'I'll venture my dear soul to win you!'

Soon after darkness fell and the cabins were lit up, and the Haoles sat and played at the cards and drank whisky as their custom is, but Keawe walked the deck all night, and all the next day, as they steamed under the lee of Maui or of Molokai, he was still pacing to and fro like a wild animal in a menagerie.

Towards evening they passed Diamond Head, and came to the pier of Honolulu. Keawe stepped out among the crowd and began to ask for Lopaka. It seemed he had become the owner of a schooner—none

better in the islands —and was gone upon an adventure as far as Pōla-Pōla or Kahikī, so there was no help to be looked for from Lopaka. Keawe called to mind a friend of his, a lawyer in the town (I must not tell his name), and inquired of him. They said he was grown suddenly rich, and had a fine new house upon Waikī shore —and this put a thought in Keawe's head, and he called a hack and drove to the lawyer's house.

The house was all brand new, and the trees in the garden no greater than walking-sticks, and the lawyer, when he came, had the air of a man well pleased.

'What can I do to serve you?' said the lawyer.

'You are a friend of Lopaka's,' replied Keawe, 'and Lopaka purchased from me a certain piece of goods that I thought you might enable me to trace.'

The lawyer's face became very dark. 'I do not profess to misunderstand you, Mr. Keawe,' said he, 'though this is an ugly business to be stirring in. You may be sure I know nothing, but yet I have a guess, and if you would apply in a certain quarter I think you might have news.'

And he named the name of a man, which, again, I had better not repeat. So it was for days, and Keawe went from one to another, finding everywhere new clothes and carriages, and fine new houses and men everywhere in great contentment, although, to be sure, when he hinted at his business their faces would cloud over.

'No doubt I am upon the track,' thought Keawe. 'These new clothes and carriages are all the gifts of the little imp, and these glad faces are the faces of men who have taken their profit and got rid of the accursed thing.'

in safety. When I see pale cheeks and hear sighing, I shall know that I am near the bottle.'

So it befell at last he was recommended to a Haole in Bentania Street. When he came to the door, about the hour of the evening meal, there were the usual marks of the new house, and the young garden, and the electric light shining in the windows, but when the owner came, a shock of hope and fear ran through Keawe, for here was a young man, white as a corpse, and black about the eyes, the hair shedding from his head and such a look in his countenance as a man may have when he is waiting for the gallows.

Here it is, to be sure, thought Keawe, and so with this man he noways veiled his errand. 'I am come to buy the bottle,' said he.

At the word, the young Haole of Bentania Street reeled against the wall.

'The bottle!' he gasped. 'To buy the bottle!' Then he seemed to choke, and seizing Keawe by the arm, carried him into a room and poured out wine in two glasses.

Here is my respects, said Keawe, who had been much about with Haoles in his time. 'Yes,' he added,

'I am come to buy the bottle. What is the price by now?'

At that word the young man let his glass slip through his fingers, and looked upon Keawe like a ghost.

'The price,' says he. 'the price!' You do not know the price?'

'It is for that I am asking you,' returned Keawe.

But why are you so much concerned? Is there anything wrong about the price?'

‘ It has dropped a great deal in value since your time, Mr Keawe,’ said the young man, stammering

‘ Well, well, I shall have the less to pay for it,’ says Keawe ‘ How much did it cost you ? ’

The young man was as white as a sheet ‘ Two cents,’ said he

What ? cried Keawe, two cents ? Why, then, you can only sell it for one And he who buys it – The words died upon Keawe’s tongue he who bought it could never sell it again, the bottle and the bottle imp must abide with him until he died, and when he died must carry him to the red end of hell

The young man of Benitania Street fell upon his knees

For God’s sake, buy it ! he cried ‘ You can have all my fortune in the bargain I was mad when I bought it at that price I had embezzled money at my store, I was lost else, I must have gone to jail

Poor creature, said Keawe, you would risk your soul upon so desperate an adventure, and to avoid the proper punishment of your own disgrace, and you think I could hesitate with love in front of me Give me the bottle, and the change which I make sure you have all ready Here is a five-cent piece

It was as Keawe supposed, the young man had the change ready in a drawer, the bottle changed hands, and Keawe’s fingers were no sooner clasped upon the stalk than he had breathed his wish to be a clean man And, sure enough, when he got home to his room, and stripped himself before a glass, his flesh was whole like an infant’s And here was the strange thing, he had no sooner seen this miracle than his mind was changed within him, and he cared naught for the Chinese Evil,

and little enough for Kokua, and had but the one thought, that here he was bound to the bottle imp for time and for eternity, and had no better hope but to be a cinder for ever in the flames of hell. Away ahead of him he saw them blaze with his mind's eye, and his soul shrank, and darkness fell upon the light.

When Keawe came to himself a little, he was aware it was the night when the band played at the hotel. Thither he went, because he feared to be alone, and there, among happy faces, walked to and fro, and heard the tunes go up and down, and saw Berger beat the measure, and all the while he heard the flames crackle and saw the red fire burning in the bottomless pit. Of a sudden the band played *Hiki-ao-ao*, that was a song that he had sung with Kokua, and at the strain courage returned to him.

'It is done now,' he thought, 'and once more let me take the good along with the evil.'

So it befell that he returned to Hawaii by the first steamer, and as soon as it could be managed he was wedded to Kokua, and carried her up the mountain side to the Bright House.

Now it was so with these two, that when they were together Keawe's heart was stilled, but as soon as he was alone he fell into a brooding horror, and heard the flames crackle, and saw the red fire burn in the bottomless pit. The girl, indeed, had come to him wholly, her heart leaped in her side at sight of him, her hand clung to his, and she was so fashioned, from the hair upon her head to the nails upon her toes, that none could see her without joy. She was pleasant in her nature. She had the good word always. Full of song she was, and

went to and fro in the Bright House, the brightest thing in its three stories, carolling like the birds. And Keawe beheld and heard her with delight, and then must shrink upon one side, and weep and groan to think upon the price that he had paid for her, and then he must dry his eyes, and wash his face, and go and sit with her on the broad balconies, joining in her songs, and, with a sick spirit, answering her smiles.

There came a day when her feet began to be heavy and her songs more rare, and now it was not Keawe only that would weep apart, but each would sunder from the other and sit in opposite balconies with the whole width of the Bright House betwixt. Keawe was so sunk in his despair, he scarce observed the change, and was only glad he had more hours to sit alone and brood upon his destiny, and was not so frequently condemned to pull a smiling face on a sick heart. But one day, coming softly through the house, he heard the sound of a child sobbing, and there was Kokua rolling her face upon the balcony floor, and weeping like the lost

‘You do well to weep in this house, Kokua,’ he said. ‘And yet I would give the head off my body that you (at least) might have been happy.’

‘Happy!’ she cried. ‘Keawe, when you lived alone in your Bright House you were the word of the island for a happy man, laughter and song were in your mouth, and your face was as bright as the sunrise. Then you wedded poor Kokua, and the good God knows what is amiss in her—but from that day you have not smiled. Oh!’ she cried, ‘what ails me? I thought I was pretty, and I knew I loved him. What ails me, that I throw this cloud upon my husband?’

'Poor Kokua,' said Keawe. He sat down by her side, and sought to take her hand, but that she plucked away. 'Poor Kokua,' he said again. 'My poor child, my pretty. And I had thought all this while to spare you! Well, you shall know all. Then, at least, you will pity poor Keawe, then you will understand how much he loved you in the past, that he dared hell for your possession - and how much he loves you still (the poor condemned one), that he can yet call up a smile when he beholds you.'

With that he told her all, even from the beginning.

'You have done this for me?' she cried. 'Ah, well, then what do I care!' and she clasped and wept upon him.

'Ah, child!' said Keawe, 'and yet, when I consider of the fire of hell, I care a good deal!'

'Never tell me,' said she, 'no man can be lost because he loved Kokua, and no other fault. I tell you, Keawe, I shall save you with these hands, or perish in your company. What! you loved me and gave your soul, and you think I will not die to save you in return?'

'Ah, my dear, you might die a hundred times, and what difference would that make?' he cried, 'except to leave me lonely till the time comes for my damnation?'

'You know nothing,' said she. 'I was educated in a school in Honolulu, I am no common girl. And I tell you I shall save my lover. What is this you say about a cent? But all the world is not American. In England they have a piece they call a farthing, which is about half a cent. 'Ah! sorrow!' she cried, 'that makes it scarcely better, for the buyer must be lost, and we shall find none so brave as my Keawe! But, then, there is

France, they have a small coin there which they call a centime, and these go five to the cent, or thereabout. We could not do better. Come, Keawe, let us go to the French islands. Let us go to Tahiti, as fast as ships can bear us. There we have four centimes, three centimes, two centimes, one centime, four possible sales to come and go on, and two of us to push the bargain. Come, my Keawe! kiss me, and banish care. Kokua will defend you.

'Gift of God!' he cried. 'I cannot think that God will punish me for desiring aught so good. Be it as you will, then, take me where you please. I put my life and my salvation in your hands.'

Early the next day Kokua went about her preparations. She took Keawe's chest that he went with sailing, and first she put the bottle in a corner, and then packed it with the richest of their clothes and the bravest of the knick-knacks in the house. 'For,' said she, 'we must seem to be rich folks, or who would believe in the bottle?' All the time of her preparation she was as gay as a bird, only when she looked upon Keawe the tears would spring in her eye, and she must run and kiss him. As for Keawe, a weight was off his soul, now that he had his secret shared, and some hope in front of him, he seemed like a new man, his feet went lightly on the earth, and his breath was good to him again. Yet was terror still at his elbow, and ever and again, as the wind blows out a taper, hope died in him, and he saw the flames toss and the red fire burn in hell.

It was given out in the country they were gone pleasuring to the States, which was thought a strange thing, and yet not so strange as the truth, if any could

have guessed it. So they went to Honolulu in the *Hall*, and thence in the *Umatilla* to San Francisco with a crowd of Haoles, and at San Francisco took their passage by the mail brigantine, the *Tropic Bird*, for Papeete, the chief place of the French in the south islands. Thither they came, after a pleasant voyage, on a fair day of the Trade Wind, and saw the reef with the surf breaking, and Motuuti with its palms, and the schooner riding withinside, and the white houses of the town lay down along the shore among green trees, and overhead the mountains and the clouds of Tahiti, the wise island.

It was judged the most wise to hire a house, which they did accordingly, opposite the British Consul's, to make a great parade of money, and themselves conspicuous with carriages and horses. This it was very easy to do, so long as they had the bottle in their possession, for Kokua was more bold than Keawe, and, whenever she had a mind, called on the imp for twenty or a hundred dollars. At this rate they soon grew to be remarked in the town, and the strangers from Hawaii, their riding and their driving, the fine holokus, and the rich lace of Kokua, became the matter of much talk.

They got on well after the first with the Tahitian language, which is indeed like to the Hawaiian, with a change of certain letters, and as soon as they had any freedom of speech, began to push the bottle. You are to consider it was not an easy subject to introduce. It was not easy to persuade people you are in earnest, when you offer to sell them for four centimes the spring of health and riches inexhaustible. It was necessary

besides to explain the dangers of the bottle , and either people disbelieved the whole thing and laughed, or they thought the more of the darker part, became overcast with gravity, and drew away from Keawe and Kokua, as from persons who had dealings with the devil . So far from gaming ground, these two began to find they were avoided in the town , the children ran away from them screaming, a thing intolerable to Kokua , Catholics crossed themselves as they went by , and all persons began with one accord to disengage themselves from their advances

Depression fell upon their spirits . They would sit at night in their new house, after a day's weariness, and not exchange one word, or the silence would be broken by Kokua bursting suddenly into sobs . Sometimes they would pray together , sometimes they would have the bottle out upon the floor, and sit all evening watching how the shadow hovered in the midst . At such times they would be afraid to go to rest . It was long ere slumber came to them, and, if either dozed off, it would be to wake and find the other silently weeping in the dark, or, perhaps, to wake alone, the other having fled from the house and the neighbourhood of that bottle, to pace under the bananas in the little garden, or to wander on the beach by moonlight .

One night it was so when Kokua awoke . Keawe was gone . She felt in the bed and his place was cold . Then fear fell upon her, and she sat up in bed . A little moonshine filtered through the shutters . The room was bright, and she could spy the bottle on the floor . Outside it blew high, the great trees of the avenue cried aloud, and the fallen leaves rattled in the verandah . In the

midst of this Kokua was aware of another sound—whether of a least or of a man she could scarce tell, but it was as sad as death, and cut her to the soul. Softly she arose, set the door ajar, and looked forth into the moonlit yard. There, under the bananas, lay Keawe, his mouth in the dust, and as he lay he moaned.

It was Kokua's first thought to run forward and console him, her second potently withheld her. Keawe had borne himself before his wife like a brave man—it became her little in the hour of weakness to intrude upon his shame. With the thought she drew back into the house.

'Heaven,' she thought, 'how careless have I been—how weak!' It is he, not I, that stands in this eternal peril; it was he, not I, that took the curse upon his soul. It is for my sake, and for the love of a creature of so little worth and such poor help, that he now beholds so close to him the flames of hell—ay, and smells the smoke of it, lying without there in the wind and moonlight. Am I so dull of spirit that never till now I have surmised my duty, or have I seen it before and turned aside? But now, at least, I take up my soul in both the hands of my affection—now I say farewell to the white steps of heaven and the waiting faces of my friends. A love for a love, and let mine be equalled with Keawe's! A soul for a soul, and be it mine to perish!'

She was a deft woman with her hands, and was soon apparelled. She took in her hands the change—the precious centimes they kept ever at their side, for this coin is little used, and they had made provision at a government office. When she was forth in the avenue clouds came on the wind, and the moon was blackened.

The town slept, and she knew not whither to turn till she heard one coughing in the shadow of the trees

‘ Old man,’ said Kokua, ‘ what do you here abroad in the cold night ? ’

The old man could scarce express himself for coughing, but she made out that he was old and poor, and a stranger in the island

Will you do me a service ? ’ said Kokua ‘ As one stranger to another, and as an old man to a young woman, will you help a daughter of Hawan ? ’

‘ Ah,’ said the old man ‘ So you are the witch from the Eight Islands, and even my old soul you seek to entangle But I have heard of you, and defy your wickedness

Sit down here,’ said Kokua, ‘ and let me tell you a tale And she told him the story of Keawe from the beginning to the end

And now,’ said she, ‘ I am his wife, whom he bought with his soul’s welfare And what should I do ? If I went to him myself and offered to buy it, he will refuse But if you go, he will sell it eagerly , I will await you here , you will buy it for four centimes, and I will buy it again for three And the Lord strengthen a poor girl ! ’

‘ If you meant falsely, said the old man, I think God would strike you dead ’

‘ He would ! ’ cried Kokua ‘ Be sure he would I could not be so treacherous God would not suffer it ’

‘ Give me the four centimes and await me here,’ said the old man

Now, when Kokua stood alone in the street, her spirit died The wind roared in the trees, and it seemed to

her the rushing of the flames of hell, the shadows towered in the light of the street lamp, and they seemed to her the snatching hands of evil ones. If she had had the strength, she must have run away, and if she had had the breath, she must have screamed aloud, but, in truth, she could do neither, and stood and trembled in the avenue, like an affrighted child.

Then she saw the old man returning, and he had the bottle in his hand.

‘I have done your bidding,’ said he, ‘I left your husband weeping like a child—to-night he will sleep easy. And he held the bottle forth.

‘Before you give it me,’ Kokua panted, ‘take the good with the evil—ask to be delivered from your cough.

‘I am an old man,’ replied the other, ‘and too near the gate of the grave to take a favour from the devil. But what is this? Why do you not take the bottle? Do not hesitate!’

‘Not hesitate!’ cried Kokua. ‘I am only weak. Give me a moment. It is my hand resists, my flesh shrinks back from the accursed thing. One moment only!’

The old man looked upon Kokua kindly. ‘Poor child!’ said he, ‘you fear—your soul misgives you. Well, let me keep it. I am old, and can never more be happy in this world, and as for the next—’

‘Give it me!’ gasped Kokua. ‘There is your money. Do you think I am so base as that? Give me the bottle.’

‘God bless you, child,’ said the old man.

Kokua concealed the bottle under her holoku, said farewell to the old man, and walked off along the

avenue, she cared not whither. For all roads were now the same to her, and led equally to hell. Sometimes she walked, and sometimes ran, sometimes she screamed out loud in the night, and sometimes lay by the wayside in the dust and wept. All that she had heard of hell came back to her, she saw the flames blaze, and she smelled the smoke, and her flesh withered on the coals.

Near day she came to her mind again, and returned to the house. It was even as the old man said - Keawe slumbered like a child. Kokua stood and gazed upon his face.

'Now, my husband,' said she, 'it is your turn to sleep. When you wake it will be your turn to sing and laugh. But for poor Kokua, alas! that meant no evil - for poor Kokua no more sleep, no more singing, no more delight, whether in earth or heaven.'

With that she lay down in the bed by his side, and her misery was so extreme that she fell in a deep slumber instantly.

Late in the morning her husband woke her and gave her the good news. It seemed he was silly with delight, for he paid no heed to her distress, ill though she dissembled it. The words stuck in her mouth, it mattered not, Keawe did the speaking. She ate not a bite, but who was to observe it? For Keawe cleared the dish. Kokua saw and heard him, like some strange thing in a dream, there were times when she forgot or doubted, and put her hands to her brow, to know herself doomed and hear her husband babble, seemed so monstrous.

All the while Keawe was eating and talking, and planning the time of their return, and thanking her for saving him and fondling her, and calling her the true

helper after all. He laughed at the old man that was fool enough to buy that bottle.

‘A worthy old man he seemed,’ Keawe said. ‘But no one can judge by appearances. For why did the old reprobate require the bottle?’

My husband, said Kokua, humbly, ‘his purpose may have been good.

Keawe laughed like an angry man.

‘Fiddle-de-dee!’ cried Keawe. ‘An old rogue, I tell you, and an old ass to boot. For the bottle was hard enough to sell at four centimes – and at three it will be quite impossible. The margin is not broad enough – the thing begins to smell of scorching – *bin!*’ said he, and shuddered. ‘It is true I bought it myself at a cent – when I knew not there were smaller coins. I was a fool for my pains, there will never be found another – and whoever has that bottle now will carry it to the pit.

‘O my husband!’ said Kokua. ‘Is it not a terrible thing to save oneself by the eternal ruin of another?’ It seems to me I could not laugh. I would be humbled. I would be filled with melancholy. I would pray for the poor holder.

Then Keawe, because he felt the truth of what she said, grew the more angry. ‘Heighty-teighty!’ cried he. ‘You may be filled with melancholy if you please. It is not the mind of a good wife. If you thought at all of me, you would sit shamed.’

Thereupon he went out, and Kokua was alone.

What chance had she to sell that bottle at two centimes? None, she perceived. And if she had any, here was her husband hurrying her away to a country where there was nothing lower than a cent. And here

—on the morrow of her sacrifice—was her husband leaving her and blaming her

She would not even try to profit by what time she had, but sat in the house, and now had the bottle out and viewed it with unutterable fear, and now, with loathing, hid it out of sight

By and by, Keawe came back, and would have her take a drive

My husband, I am ill,' she said ' I am out of heart
Excuse me, I can take no pleasure '

Then was Keawe more wroth than ever With her, because he thought she was brooding over the case of the old man , and with himself, because he thought she was right and was ashamed to be so happy

' This is your truth,' cried he, ' and this your affection ! Your husband is just saved from eternal ruin, which he encountered for the love of you and you can take no pleasure ! Kōkua, you have a disloyal heart '

He went forth again furious, and wandered in the town all day He met friends, and drank with them , they hired a carriage and drove into the country, and there drank again All the time Keawe was ill at ease, because he was taking this pastime while his wife was sad, and because he knew in his heart that she was more right than he and the knowledge made him drink the deeper

Now there was an old brutal Haole drinking with him, one that had been a boatswain of a whaler —a runaway, a digger in gold mines, a convict in prisons He had a low mind and a foul mouth , he loved to drink and to see others drunken , and he pressed the glass upon Keawe Soon there was no more money in the company

Here, you ! ' says the boatswain, ' you are rich, you

have been always saying 'You have a bottle or some foolishness.'

'Yes,' says Keawe, 'I am rich, I will go back and get some money from my wife, who keeps it.'

'That's a bad idea, mate,' said the boatswain. 'Never you trust a petticoat with dollars. They're all as false as water. You keep an eye on her.'

Now this word stuck in Keawe's mind, for he was muddled with what he had been drinking.

'I should not wonder but she was false, indeed,' thought he. 'Why else should she be so cast down at my release? But I will show her I am not the man to be fooled. I will catch her in the act.'

Accordingly, when they were back in town, Keawe bade the boatswain wait for him at the corner, by the old calaboose, and went forward up the avenue alone to the door of his house. The night had come again, there was a light within, but never a sound, and Keawe crept about the corner, opened the back door softly, and looked in.

There was Kokua on the floor, the lamp at her side, before her was a milk-white bottle, with a round belly and a long neck, and as she viewed it, Kokua wrung her hands.

A long time Keawe stood and looked in the doorway. At first he was struck stupid, and then fear fell upon him that the bargain had been made amiss, and the bottle had come back to him as it came at San Francisco, and at that his knees were loosened, and the fumes of the wine from his head like mists off a river in the morning. And then he had another thought, and it was a strange one, that made his cheeks to burn.

‘ I must make sure of this,’ thought he

So he closed the door, and went softly round the corner again, and then came noisily in, as though he were but now returned. And, lo ! by the time he opened the front door no bottle was to be seen and Kokua sat in a chair and started up like one awakened out of sleep

‘ I have been drinking all day and making merry,’ said Keawe. ‘ I have been with good companions, and now I only came back for money, and return to drink and carouse with them again.’

Both his face and voice were as stern as judgment, but Kokua was too troubled to observe

‘ You do well to use your own, my husband,’ said she, and her words trembled

‘ Oh, I do well in all things,’ said Keawe, and he went straight to the chest and took out money. But he looked besides in the corner where they kept the bottle, and there was no bottle there

At that the chest heaved upon the floor like a sea-billow, and the house span about him like a wreath of smoke, for he saw she was lost now, and there was no escape. ‘ It is what I feared,’ he thought. ‘ It is she who has bought it.’

And then he came to himself a little and rose up, but the sweat streamed on his face as thick as the rain and as cold as the well-water

‘ Kokua,’ said he, ‘ I said to you to-day what ill became me. Now I return to house with my jolly companions,’ and at that he laughed a little quietly. ‘ I will take more pleasure in the cup if you forgive me.’

She clasped his knees in a moment, she kissed his knees with flowing tears

‘ Oh,’ she cried, ‘ I ask but a kind word ’

‘ Let us never one think hardly of the other,’ said Keawe, and was gone out of the house

Now, the money that Keawe had taken was only some of that store of centime pieces they had laid in at their arrival. It was very sure he had no mind to be drinking. His wife had given her soul for him, now he must give his for hers, no other thought was in the world with him

At the corner, by the old calaboose, there was the boatswain waiting

‘ My wife has the bottle,’ said Keawe, ‘ and, unless you help me to recover it, there can be no more money and no more liquor to-night ’

‘ You do not mean to say you are serious about that bottle ? ’ cried the boatswain

‘ There is the lamp,’ said Keawe ‘ Do I look as if I was jesting ? ’

‘ That is so,’ said the boatswain ‘ You look as serious as a ghost ’

Well, then, said Keawe, here are two centimes, you just go to my wife in the house, and offer her these for the bottle, which (if I am not much mistaken) she will give you instantly. Bring it to me here, and I will buy it back from you for one – for that is ‘ the law with this bottle that it still must be sold for a less sum. But whatever you do, never breathe a word to her that you have come from me ’

‘ Mate, I wonder are you making a fool of me ? ’ asked the boatswain

‘ It will do you no harm if I am,’ returned Keawe

That is so, mate,’ said the boatswain

‘ And if you doubt me,’ added Keawe, ‘ you can try
As soon as you are clear of the house, wish to have your
pocket full of money, or a bottle of the best rum, or what
you please, and you will see the virtue of the thing ’

Very well, Kanaka,’ says the boatswain ‘ I will try ,
but if you are having your fun out of me, I will take my
fun out of you with a belaying-pin ’

So the whaler-man went off up the avenue , and
Keawe stood and waited . It was near the same spot
where Kokua had waited the night before , but Keawe
was more resolved, and never faltered in his purpose
only his soul was bitter with despair

It seemed a long time he had to wait before he heard
a voice singing in the darkness of the avenue . He knew
the voice to be the boatswain’s , but it was strange how
drunken it appeared upon a sudden

Next the man himself came stumbling into the light
of the lamp . He had the devil’s bottle buttoned in his
coat , another bottle was in his hand , and even as he
came in view he raised it to his mouth and drank

‘ You have it,’ said Keawe ‘ I see that ’

Hands off ! cried the boatswain, jumping back
‘ Take a step near me, and I’ll smash your mouth . You
thought you could make a catpaw of me, did you ? ’

‘ What do you mean ? ’ cried Keawe

Mean ? ’ cried the boatswain ‘ This is a pretty good
bottle, this is , that’s what I mean . How I got it for
two centimes I can’t make out , but I am sure you
shan’t have it for one ’

‘ You mean you won’t sell ? ’ gasped Keawe

‘No, sir,’ cried the boatswain ‘But I’ll give you a drink of the rum, if you like’

‘I tell you,’ said Keawe, ‘the man who has that bottle goes to hell’

‘I reckon I’m going anyway,’ returned the sailor, ‘and this bottle’s the best thing to go with I’ve struck yet. No, sir!’ he cried again, ‘this is my bottle now, and you can go and fish for another’

‘Can this be true?’ Keawe cried ‘For your own sake, I beseech you, sell it me!’

‘I don’t value any of your talk,’ replied the boatswain ‘You thought I was a flat, now you see I’m not, and there’s an end. If you won’t have a swallow of the rum I’ll have one myself. Here’s your health and good-night to you!’

So off he went down the avenue towards town, and there goes the bottle out of the story.

But Keawe ran to Kokua light as the wind – and great was then joy that night, and great, since then, has been the peace of all their days in the Bight House.

Black and White 1891 *Island Nights Entertainments*, 1893

THE THREE STRANGERS

THOMAS HARDY

(1840-1927)

AMONG the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy and fuzzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and south-west. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county-town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar, much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who 'conceive and meditate of pleasant things.'

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind

of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by 'wuzzes and flames' (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighbouring valley.

The night of March 28, 1827, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the cloth-yard shafts of Senlac and Crey. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds, while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside-out like umbrellas. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly-polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled 'like the laughter of the fool.'

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall, girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench, four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighbouring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle, a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard and

an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever - which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket - and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages, but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of topping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative, but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her

own gentle mind the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favourite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamoured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planev-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame—his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way, and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian and his boots hobnailed, yet in his

progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water, and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such

exigencies, a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail. The roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden-gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze, while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of

movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

Walk in ! ' said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich, deep voice, ' The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile '.

To be sure, stranger,' said the shepherd. ' And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause — though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year '.

' Nor less,' spoke up a woman. ' For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fog o' t '.

' And what may be this glad cause ? ' asked the stranger.

' A birth and christening,' said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he

readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

‘Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hev?’ said the engaged man of fifty.

‘Late it is, master, as you say—I’ll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma’am, for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain.’

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

‘Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp,’ he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd’s wife fell upon his boots, ‘and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home.’

‘One of hereabouts?’ she inquired.

‘Not quite that—further up the country.’

‘I thought so. And so be I, and by your tongue you come from my neighbourhood.’

‘But you would hardly have heard of me,’ he said quickly. ‘My time would be long before yours, ma’am, you see.’

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

‘There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy,’ continued the new-comer. ‘And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of.’

'I'll fill your pipe,' said the shepherd

'I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise

'A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee ?'

'I have dropped it somewhere on the road

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, 'Hand me your baccy-box I'll fill that too, now I am about it'

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets

'Lost that too ?' said his entertainer, with some surprise

'I am afraid so,' said the man with some confusion

'Give it to me in a screw of paper' Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence, and a second time the shepherd said, 'Walk in !' In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven doormat He too was a stranger

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat

upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighbourhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of emerald-gray shade throughout large heavy seals of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said: 'I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge.'

'Make yourself at home, master,' said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition—but the room was far from large: spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-coloured gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire, and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbour the family mug—a

huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters

HERE IS NO FUN
UNTIL I CUM

The other man, nothing loth raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on and on till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

'I knew it!' said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. 'When I walked up your garden before coming in and saw the hives all of a row I said to myself, "Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead." But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days.' He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

'Glad you enjoy it!' said the shepherd warmly.

'It is goodish mead,' assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. 'It is trouble enough to make - and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings.'

'O, but you'll never have the heart!' reproachfully

cried the stranger in cinder-grav, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty 'I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week.

'Ha, ha, ha!' said the man in the chimney-corner who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humour.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon - with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring - tasted remarkably strong - but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-grav at the table - moved by its creeping influence - unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

Well, well, as I say, he resumed - I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go - I should have been almost there by this time, but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it.

You don't live in Casterbridge?' said the shepherd.

Not as yet - though I shortly mean to move there.

'Going to set up in trade, perhaps?'

No, no,' said the shepherd's wife - 'It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything.'

The cinder-grav stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, 'Rich is not quite the word for me, dame - I do work, and I must work

And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, hot or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done.'

'Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?' replied the shepherd's wife.

'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town. However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, 'There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go, and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry.'

Here's a mug o' small, said Mrs. Fennel. Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs.'

No,' said the stranger disdainfully. 'I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second.'

'Certainly not,' broke in Fennel. 'We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again.' He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the bariel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

'Why should you do this?' she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people, and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all.'

'But he's in the house, my honey, and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning.'

‘ Very well—this time, then,’ she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. ‘ But what is the man’s calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this ? ’

I don’t know. I’ll ask him again.

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger’s occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, ‘ Anybody may know my trade. I’m a wheel-wrig^{ht}. ’

‘ A very good trade for these parts,’ said the shepherd.

‘ And anybody may know mine—if they’ve the sense to find it out,’ said the stranger in cinder-gray.

‘ You may generally tell what a man is by his claws,’ observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. ‘ My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pin-cushion is of pins. ’

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter’s remark, and added smartly, ‘ True, but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers. ’

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd’s wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as

at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-hooks above the mantelpiece, began

‘ O my trade it is the rarest one
 Simple shepherds all
 My trade is a sight to see
 For my customers I tie and take them up on high,
 And waft ’em to a far countree ! ’

The room was silent when he had finished the verse — with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer’s word, ‘Chorus!’ joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish —

‘ And waft ’em to a far countree ! ’

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion, she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar’s Feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, ‘Second verse, stranger,’ and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza as requested

‘ My tools are but common ones

Simple shepherds all

My tools are no sight to see

A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,

Are implements enough for me ! ’

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

‘ O he s the ! ’ whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. ‘ He s come to do it ! ’ Tis to be at Gasterbridge jail to-morrow the man for sheep-stealing the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do — Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the high-road, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer’s wife and the farmer’s lad, and every man jack among ’em. He ’ (and they nodded towards the stranger of the deadly trade) ‘ is come from up the country to do it because there’s not enough to do in his own county-town, and he’s got the place here now our own county man’s dead, he’s going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall ’

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this

whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse, but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared—the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, 'Walk in!'

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

'Can you tell me the way to ———?' he began—when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-grass. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse.

'To-morrow is my working day,

Simple shepherds all—

To-morrow is a working day for me

For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,

And on his soul may God ha' mercy!'

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before

‘ And on his soul may God ha’ mercy ! ’

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly—his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

‘ What a man can it be ? ’ said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him.

‘ *circulus, cujus centrum diabolus* ’

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county-town.

Be jiggered! cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

‘What does that mean?’ asked several.

A prisoner escaped from the jail—that’s what it means.’

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said quietly, ‘I’ve often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times, but I never heard it till now.’

‘I wonder if it is *my* man?’ murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

‘Surely it is!’ said the shepherd involuntarily. ‘And surely we’ve zeed him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he zeed ye and heard your song!’

‘His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body,’ said the dairyman.

‘And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone,’ said Oliver Giles.

‘And he bolted as if he’d been shot at,’ said the hedge-carpenter.

‘True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink, and he bolted as if he’d been shot at,’ slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

‘I didn’t notice it,’ remarked the hangman.

‘We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright,’ faltered one of the women against the wall, ‘and now ’tis explained!’

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. 'Is there a constable here?' he asked, in thick tones. 'If so, let him step forward.'

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

'You are a sworn constable?'

'I be, sir.'

'Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far.'

'I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here and start in a body.'

'Staff!—never mind your staff—the man'll be gone!'

'But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No, for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!'

'Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this,' said the formidable officer in gray. 'Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?'

'Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!'

said the constable

'And the rest of you able-bodied——'

'Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!'

said the constable

‘ Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks

‘ Staves and pitchforks—in the name o’ the law ! And take ’em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye ! ’

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd’s guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns, and lighting these hastily, and with huddle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there,

he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly — his friend in cinder-gray.

‘O — you here?’ said the latter, smiling. ‘I thought you had gone to help in the capture. And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.’

‘And I thought you had gone,’ said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

‘Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me,’ said the first confidentially, ‘and such a night as it is, too. Besides, tis the business o’ the Government to take care of its criminals — not mine.’

‘True, so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me.’

‘I don’t want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country.’

‘Nor I neither, between you and me.’

‘These shepherd-people are used to it — simple-minded souls, you know, stured up to anything in a moment. They ll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all.’

‘They ll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labour in the matter.’

‘True — true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge, and

'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far
Going the same way ? '

' No, I am sorry to say ! I have to get home over
there (he nodded indefinitely to the right), ' and I feel
as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before
bedtime

The other had by this time finished the mead in the
mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door,
and wishing each other well, they went then several
ways

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached
the end of the hog s-back elevation which dominated this
part of the down. They had decided on no particular
plan of action, and finding that the man of the baleful
trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite
unable to form any such plan now. They descended in
all directions down the hill, and straightway several of
the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all mis-
guided midnight rambles over this part of the cretaceous
formation. The lancets, or flint slopes, which belted
the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the
less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on
the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns
rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying
on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together,
the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best,
took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous
inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle
their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them
in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was
observed, and in this more rational order they plunged

into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it, but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

‘Your money or your life!’ said the constable sternly to the still figure.

‘No, no,’ whispered John Pitcher. ‘Tisn’t our side ought to say that. That’s the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law.’

‘Well, well,’ replied the constable impatiently. ‘I must say something, mustn’t I?’ and if you had all the weight o’ this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you’d say the wrong thing too! Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!’

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger, but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

‘Well, travellers,’ he said, ‘did I hear ye speak to me?’

' You did — you've got to come and be our prisoner at once ! ' said the constable. ' We arrest ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung to-morrow morning. Neighbours, do your duty, and seize the culprit ! '

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

' Gentlemen,' said the constable, ' I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger, but every one must do his duty ! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner ! ' And the third stranger was led to the light.

' Who is this ? ' said one of the officials.

' The man,' said the constable.

' Certainly not,' said the turnkey, and the first corroborated his statement.

' But how can it be otherwise ? ' asked the constable. Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing

instrument of the law who sat there ? ' Here he related the strange behaviour of the third stranger 'on entering the house during the hangman's song

' Can't understand it, said the officer coolly. ' All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one—a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived

' Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner ! '

' Hey—what ? ' said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. ' Haven't you got the man after all ? '

' Well, sir, said the constable, ' he's the man we were in search of—that's true, and yet he's not the man we were^r in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my every-day way, for 'twas the man in 'the chimney-corner' !

' A pretty kettle of fish altogether ! ' said the magistrate. ' You had better start for the other man at once

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. ' Sir, ' he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, ' take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing, my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was beighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to

see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner, and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see—my life depend on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away.

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. 'And do you know where your brother is at the present time?' asked the magistrate.

I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door.

'I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since,' said the constable.

'Where does he think to fly to? what is his occupation?'

He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir.

'A said a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue,' said the constable.

The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt, said Shepherd Fennel. 'I thought his hands were palish for s trade.'

'Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody,' said the magistrate, 'your business lies with the other—unquestionably.'

And so the little man was released off-hand, but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out

the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country-folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvellous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hargman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stones were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads, but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-grav never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife , the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb , the baby in whose honour they all had met is a matron in the sear and yellow leaf . But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs

Longmans' Magazine, 1883 , *Wessex Tales*, 1888

IN THE ABYSS

H. G. WELLS

(1866—)

'THE lieutenant stood in front of the steel sphere and gnawed a piece of pine splinter. 'What do you think of it, Steevens?' he asked.

'It's an idea,' said Steevens, in the tone of one who keeps an open mind.

'I believe it will smash flat,' said the lieutenant.

'He seems to have calculated it all out pretty well,' said Steevens, still impartial.

'But think of the pressure,' said the lieutenant. 'At the surface of the water it's fourteen pound to the inch, thirty feet down it's double that—sixty, triple, ninety-four times—nine hundred forty times—five thousand, three hundred—that's a mile—it's two hundred and forty times fourteen pounds—that's let's see, thirty hundredweight—a ton and a half. Steevens—*a ton and a half* to the square inch. And the ocean where he's going is five miles deep. That's seven and a half.

'Sounds a lot,' said Steevens, 'but it's jolly thick steel.

The lieutenant made no answer, but resumed his pine splinter. The object of their conversation was a huge ball of steel, having an exterior diameter of perhaps nine feet. It looked like the shot for some Titanic piece

of artillery. It was elaborately nested in a monstrous scaffolding built into the framework of the vessel, and the gigantic spars that were presently to sling it overboard gave the stern of the ship an appearance that had raised the curiosity of every decent sailor who had sighted it, from the Pool of London to the Tropic of Capricorn. In two places, one above the other, the steel gave place to a couple of circular windows of enormously thick glass, and one of these, set in a steel frame of great solidity, was now partially unscrewed. Both the men had seen the interior of this globe for the first time that morning. It was elaborately padded with air cushions, with little studs sunk between bulging pillows to work the simple mechanism of the affair. Everything was elaborately padded, even the Myers apparatus, which was to absorb carbonic acid and replace the oxygen inspired by its tenant, when he had crept in by the glass manhole, and had been screwed in. It was so elaborately padded that a man might have been fired from a gun in it with perfect safety. And it had need to be, for presently a man was to crawl in through that glass manhole, to be screwed up tightly, and to be flung overboard, and to sink down, down, down, for five miles, even as the lieutenant said. It had taken the strongest hold of his imagination, it made him a bore at mess, and he found Steevens, the new arrival aboard, a godsend to talk to about it, over and over again.

'It's my opinion,' said the lieutenant, 'that that glass will simply bend in and bulge and smash under a pressure of that sort. Daubrée has made rocks run like water under big pressures, and, you mark my words' —

'If the glass did break in,' said Steevens, 'what then?'

'The water would shoot in like a jet of iron. Have you ever felt a straight jet of high pressure water? It would hit as hard as a bullet. It would simply smash him and flatten him. It would tear down his throat, and into his lungs, it would blow in his ears' -

'What a detailed imagination you have!' protested Steevens, who saw things vividly.

'It's a simple statement of the inevitable,' said the lieutenant.

And the globe?

'Would just give out a few little bubbles, and it would settle down comfortably against the day of judgment, among the oozes and the bottom clay, with poor Elstead spread over his own smashed cushions like butter over bread.'

He repeated this sentence as though he liked it very much. 'Like butter over bread,' he said.

'Having a look at the jigger?' said a voice, and Elstead stood behind them, spick and span in white, with a cigarette between his teeth, and his eyes smiling out of the shadow of his ample hat-brim. 'What's that about bread and butter, Weybridge? Grumbling as usual about the insufficient pay of naval officers? It won't be more than a day now before I start. We are to get the slings ready to-day. This clean sky and gentle swell is just the kind of thing for swinging off a dozen tons of lead and iron, isn't it?'

It won't affect you much, said Weybridge.

'No. Seventy or eighty feet down, and I shall be there in a dozen seconds, there's not a particle moving, though the wind shriek itself hoarse up above, and the

water lifts halfway to the clouds. No. Down there.' He moved to the side of the ship and the other two followed him. All three leant forward on their elbows and stared down into the yellow-green water.

'Peace,' said Elstead, finishing his thought aloud.

'Are you dead certain that clockwork will act?' asked Weybridge presently.

'It has worked thirty-five times,' said Elstead. 'It's bound to work.'

'But if it doesn't?'

'Why shouldn't it?'

'I wouldn't go down in that confounded thing,' said Weybridge, 'for twenty thousand pounds.'

'Cheerful chap you are,' said Elstead, and spat sociably at a bubble below.

'I don't understand yet how you mean to work the thing,' said Steevens.

'In the first place, I'm screwed into the sphere,' said Elstead, 'and when I've turned the electric light off and on three times to show I'm cheerful, I'm swung out over the stern by that crane, with all those big lead sinkers slung below me. The top lead weight has a roller carrying a hundred fathoms of strong cord rolled up, and that's all that joins the sinkers to the sphere, except the slings that will be cut when the affair is dropped. We use cord rather than wire rope because it's easier to cut and more buoyant—necessary points, as you will see.'

'Through each of these lead weights you notice there is a hole, and an iron rod will be run through that and will project six feet on the lower side. If that rod is rammed up from below, it knocks up a lever and sets

the clockwork in motion at the side of the cylinder on which the cord winds.

Very well. The whole affair is lowered gently into the water, and the slings are cut. The sphere floats, — with the air in it, it's lighter than water, — but the lead weights go down straight and the cord runs out. When the cord is all paid out, the sphere will go down too, pulled down by the cord.

But why the cord? asked Steevens. 'Why not fasten the weights directly to the sphere?'

Because of the smash down below. The whole affair will go rushing down, mile after mile, at a headlong pace at last. It would be knocked to pieces on the bottom if it wasn't for that cord. But the weights will hit the bottom — and directly they do, the buoyancy of the sphere will come into play. It will go on sinking slower and slower, come to a stop at last, and then begin to float upward again.

That's where the clockwork comes in. Directly the weights smash against the sea bottom, the rod will be knocked through and will kick up the clockwork, and the cord will be rewound on the reel. I shall be lugged down to the sea bottom. There I shall stay for half an hour, with the electric light on, looking about me. Then the clockwork will release a spring knife, the cord will be cut, and up I shall rush again, like a soda-water bubble. The cord itself will help the float on.

And if you should chance to hit a ship? said Weybridge.

I should come up at such a pace, I should go clean through it,' said Elstead, 'like a cannon ball. You needn't worry about that.'

‘ And suppose some nimble crustacean should wriggle into your clockwork ’—

It would be a pressing sort of invitation for me to stop, said Elstead, turning his back on the water and staring at the sphere

They had swung Elstead overboard by eleven o'clock. The day was serenely bright and calm, with the horizon lost in haze. The electric glare in the little upper compartment beamed cheerfully three times. Then they let him down slowly to the surface of the water, and a sailor in the stern chains hung ready to cut the tackle that held the lead weights and the sphere together. The globe, which had looked so large on deck, looked the smallest thing conceivable under the stern of the ship. It rolled a little, and its two dark windows, which floated uppermost, seemed like eyes turned up in round wonderment at the people who crowded the rail. A voice wondered how Elstead liked the rolling. ‘ Are you ready ? ’ sang out the commander. ‘ Ay, ay, sir ! ’ ‘ Then let her go ! ’

The rope of the tackle tightened against the blade and was cut, and an eddy rolled over the globe in a grotesquely helpless fashion. Someone waved a handkerchief, someone else tried an ineffectual cheer, a middy was counting slowly, ‘ Eight, nine, ten ! ’ Another roll, then with a jerk and a splash the thing righted itself.

It seemed to be stationary for a moment, to grow rapidly smaller, and then the water closed over it, and it became visible, enlarged by refraction and dimmer, below the surface. Before one could count three it had disappeared. There was a flicker of white light far down

in the water, that diminished to a speck and vanished. Then there was nothing but a depth of water going down into blackness, through which a shark was swimming.

Then suddenly the screw of the cruiser began to rotate, the water was crickled, the shark disappeared in a wrinkled confusion, and a torrent of foam rushed across the crystalline clearness that had swallowed up Elstead. 'What's the idee?' said one A. B. to another.

'We're going to lay off about a couple of miles, fear he should hit us when he comes up,' said his mate.

The ship steamed slowly to her new position. Aboard her almost everyone who was unoccupied remained watching the breathing swell into which the sphere had sunk. For the next half-hour it is doubtful if a word was spoken that did not bear directly or indirectly on Elstead. The December sun was now high in the sky, and the heat very considerable.

'He'll be cold enough down there,' said Weybridge.

They say that below a certain depth sea waters always just about freezing.

'Where'll he come up?' asked Steevens. 'I've lost my bearings.'

'That's the spot,' said the commander, who prided himself on his omniscience. He extended a precise finger south-eastward. 'And this, I reckon, is pretty nearly the moment,' he said. 'He's been thirty-five minutes.'

'How long does it take to reach the bottom of the ocean?' asked Steevens.

'For a depth of five miles, and reckoning—as we did—an acceleration of two feet per second, both ways, is just about three-quarters of a minute.'

'Then he's overdue,' said Weybridge

Pretty nearly,' said the commander I suppose it takes a few minutes for that cord of his to wind in '

I forgot that,' said Weybridge, evidently relieved

And then began the suspense A minute slowly dragged itself out, and no sphere shot out of the water Another followed, and nothing broke the low oily swell The sailors explained to one another that little point about the winding-in of the cord The rigging was dotted with expectant faces 'Come up, Elstead !' called one hairy-chested salt impatiently, and the others caught it up, and shouted as though they were waiting for the curtain of a theatre to rise

The commander glanced irritably at them

Of course, if the acceleration's less than two,' he said, 'he'll be all the longer We aren't absolutely certain that was the proper figure I'm no slavish believer in calculations

Steevens agreed concisely No one on the quarter-deck spoke for a couple of minutes Then Steevens' watchcase clicked

When, twenty-one minutes after, the sun reached the zenith, they were still waiting for the globe to reappear, and not a man aboard had dared to whisper that hope was dead It was Weybridge who first gave expression to that realisation He spoke while the sound of eight bells still hung in the air 'I always distrusted that window,' he said quite suddenly to Steevens

'Good God !' said Steevens, 'you don't think- ?'

'Well !' said Weybridge, and left the rest to his imagination

'I'm no great believer in calculations myself,' said

the commander dubiously, 'so that I'm not altogether hopeless yet.' And at midnight the gunboat was steaming slowly in a spiral round the spot where the globe had sunk, and the white beam of the electric light fled and halted and swept discontentedly onward again over the waste of phosphorescent waters under the little stars.

If his window hasn't burst and smashed him, said Weybudge, 'then it's a cursed sight worse, for his clockwork has gone wrong, and he's alive now, five miles under our feet, down there in the cold and dark, anchored in that little bubble of his, where never a ray of light has shone or a human being lived, since the waters were gathered together. He's there without food, feeling hungry and thirsty and scared, wondering whether he'll starve or stifle. Which will it be? The Myers apparatus is running out, I suppose. How long do they last?'

'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'what little things we are! What daring little devils! Down there, miles and miles of water - all water, and all this empty water about us and this sky. Gulfs!' He threw his hands out, and as he did so, a little white streak swept noiselessly up the sky, travelled more slowly, stopped, became a motionless dot, as though a new star had fallen up into the sky. Then it went sliding back again and lost itself amidst the reflections of the stars and the white haze of the sea's phosphorescence.

At the sight he stopped, arm extended and mouth open. He shut his mouth, opened it again, and waved his arms with an impatient gesture. Then he turned, shouted 'El-stead ahoy!' to the first watch, and went

at a run to Landlev and the searchlight. I saw him, he said. 'Starboard there ! His light's on, and he's just shot out of the water. Bring the light round. We ought to see him drifting, when he lifts on the swell.'

But they never picked up the explorer until dawn. Then they almost ran him down. The crane was swung out and a boat's crew hooked the chain to the sphere. When they had shipped the sphere they unscrewed the manhole and peered into the darkness of the interior (for the electric light chamber was intended to illuminate the water about the sphere, and was shut off entirely from its general cavity).

The air was very hot within the cavity, and the india-rubber at the lip of the manhole was soft. There was no answer to their eager questions and no sound of movement within. Elstead seemed to be lying motionless, crumpled up in the bottom of the globe. The ship's doctor crawled in and lifted him out to the men outside. For a moment or so they did not know whether Elstead was alive or dead. His face, in the yellow light of the ship's lamps, glistened with perspiration. They carried him down to his own cabin.

He was not dead, they found, but in a state of absolute nervous collapse, and besides cruelly bruised. For some days he had to lie perfectly still. It was a week before he could tell his experiences.

Almost his first words were that he was going down again. The sphere would have to be altered, he said, in order to allow him to throw off the cord if need be, and that was all. He had had the most marvellous experience. 'You thought I should find nothing but ooze,' he said. You laughed at my explorations, and I've

discovered a new world ! ' He told his story in disconnected fragments, and chiefly from the wrong end, so that it is impossible to retell it in his words. But what follows is the narrative of his experience.

It began atrociously, he said. Before the cord ran out, the thing kept rolling over. He felt like a frog in a football. He could see nothing but the crane and the sky overhead, with an occasional glimpse of the people on the ship's rail. He couldn't tell a bit which way the thing would roll next. Suddenly he would find his feet going up, and try to step, and over he went rolling, head over heels, and just anyhow, on the padding. Any other shape would have been more comfortable, but no other shape was to be relied upon under the huge pressure of the nethermost abyss.

Suddenly the swaying ceased, the globe righted, and when he had picked himself up, he saw the water all about him greeny-blue, with an attenuated light filtering down from above, and a shoal of little floating things went rushing up past him, as it seemed to him, towards the light. And even as he looked, it grew darker and darker, until the water above was as dark as the midnight sky, albeit of a greener shade, and the water below black. And little transparent things in the water developed a faint glint of luminescence, and shot past him in faint greenish streaks.

And the feeling of falling ! It was just like the start of a lift, he said, only it kept on. One has to imagine what that means, that keeping on. It was then of all times that Elstead repented of his adventure. He saw the chances against him in an altogether new light. He thought of the big cuttlefish people knew to exist in the

middle waters, the kind of things they find half digested in whales at times or floating dead and rotten and half eaten by fish. Suppose one caught hold and wouldn't let go. And had the clockwork really been sufficiently tested? But whether he wanted to go on or to go back mattered not the slightest now.

In fifty seconds everything was as black as night outside except where the beam from his light struck through the waters, and picked out every now and then some fish or scrap of sinking matter. They flashed by too fast for him to see what they were. Once he thinks he passed a shark. And then the sphere began to get hot by friction against the water. They had underestimated this, it seems.

The first thing he noticed was that he was perspiring, and then he heard a hissing growing louder under his feet, and saw a lot of little bubbles—very little bubbles they were—rushing upward like a fan through the water outside. Steam! He felt the window, and it was hot. He turned on the minute glow-lamp that lit his own cavity, looked at the padded watch by the studs, and saw he had been travelling now for two minutes. It came into his head that the window would crack through the conflict of temperatures, for he knew the bottom water is very near freezing.

Then suddenly the floor of the sphere seemed to press against his feet, the rush of bubbles outside grew slower and slower, and the hissing diminished. The sphere rolled a little. The window had not cracked, nothing had given, and he knew that the dangers of sinking, at any rate, were over.

In another minute or so he would be on the floor of

the abyss. He thought, he said, of Steevens and Weybridge and the rest of them five miles overhead, higher to him than the very highest clouds that ever floated over land are to us, steaming slowly and staring down and wondering what had happened to him.

He peered out of the window. There were no more bubbles now, and the hissing had stopped. Outside there was a heavy blackness—as black as black velvet—except where the electric light pierced the empty water and showed the colour of it—a yellow-green. Then three things like shapes of fire swam into sight following each other through the water. Whether they were little and near or big and far off he could not tell.

Each was outlined in a bluish light almost as bright as the lights of a fishing smack, a light which seemed to be smoking greatly, and all along the sides of them were specks of this—like the lighter portholes of a ship. Their phosphorescence seemed to go out as they came into the radiance of his lamp, and he saw then that they were little fish of some strange sort, with huge heads, vast eyes, and dwindling bodies and tails. Their eyes were turned towards him, and he judged they were following him down. He supposed they were attracted by his glare.

Presently others of the same sort joined them. As he went on down he noticed that the water became of a pallid colour, and that little specks twinkled in his ray like motes in a sunbeam. This was probably due to the clouds of ooze and mud that the impact of his leaden sinkers had disturbed.

By the time he was drawn down to the lead weights he was in a dense fog of white that his electric light failed

altogether to pierce for more than a few yards, and many minutes elapsed before the hanging sheets of sediment subsided to any extent. Then, lit by his light and by the transient phosphorescence of a distant shoal of fishes, he was able to see under the huge blackness of the superincumbent water an undulating expanse of greyish-white ooze, broken here and there by tangled thickets of a growth of sea-lilies, waving hungry tentacles in the air.

Farther away were the graceful, translucent outlines of a group of gigantic sponges. About this floor there were scattered a number of bristling flattish tufts of rich purple and black, which he decided must be some sort of sea-urchin, and small large-eyed or blind things having a curious resemblance, some to woodlice and others to lobsters, crawled sluggishly across the track of the light and vanished into the obscurity again, leaving furrowed trails behind them.

Then suddenly the hovering swarm of little fishes veered about and came towards him as a flight of starlings might do. They passed over him like a phosphorescent snow, and then he saw behind them some larger creature advancing towards the sphere.

At first he could see it only dimly, a faintly moving figure remotely suggestive of a walking man, and then it came into the spray of light that the lamp shot out. As the glare struck it, it shut its eyes, dazzled. He stared in rigid astonishment.

It was a strange vertebrated animal. Its dark purple head was dimly suggestive of a chameleon, but it had such a high forehead and such a brain-case as no reptile ever displayed before, the vertical pitch of its face gave it a most extraordinary resemblance to a human being.

Two large and protruding eyes projected from sockets in chameleon fashion, and it had a broad reptilian mouth with horny lips beneath its little nostrils. In the position of the ears were two huge gill-covers, and out of these floated a branching tree of coralline filaments, almost like the tree-like gills that very young rays and sharks possess.

But the humanity of the face was not the most extraordinary thing about the creature. It was a biped, its almost globular body was poised on a tripod of two frog-like legs and a long thick tail, and its fore limbs, which grotesquely caricatured the human hand much as a frog's do, carried a long shaft of bone tipped with copper. The colour of the creature was variegated: its head, hands, and legs were purple, but its skin, which hung loosely upon it, even as clothes might do, was a phosphorescent grey. And it stood there blinded by the light.

At last this unknown creature of the abyss blinked its eyes open, and, shading them with its disengaged hand, opened its mouth and gave vent to a shouting noise, articulate almost as speech might be, that penetrated even the steel case and padded jacket of the sphere. How a shouting may be accomplished without lungs Elstead does not profess to explain. It then moved sideways out of the glare into the mystery of shadow that bordered it on either side, and Elstead felt rather than saw that it was coming towards him. Fancying the light had attracted it, he turned the switch that cut off the current. In another moment something soft dabbed upon the steel, and the globe swayed.

Then the shouting was repeated, and it seemed to him

that a distant echo answered it. The dabbling recurred, and the globe swayed and ground against the spindle over which the cord was rolled. He stood in the blackness and peered out into the everlasting night of the abyss. And presently he saw, very faint and remote, other phosphorescent quasi-human forms hurrying towards him.

Hardly knowing what he did, he felt about in his swaying prison for the stud of the exterior electric light, and came by accident against his own small glow-lamp in its padded recess. The sphere twisted, and then threw him down; he heard shouts like shouts of surprise, and when he rose to his feet, he saw two pairs of stalked eyes peering into the lower window and reflecting his light.

In another moment hands were dabbling vigorously at his steel casing, and there was a sound, horrible enough in his position, of the metal protection of the clockwork being vigorously hammered. That, indeed, sent his heart into his mouth, for if these strange creatures succeeded in stopping that, his release would never occur. Scarcely had he thought as much when he felt the sphere sway violently, and the floor of it press hard against his feet. He turned off the small glow-lamp that lit the interior, and sent the ray of the large light in the separate compartment out into the water. The sea-floor and the man-like creatures had disappeared, and a couple of fish chasing each other dropped suddenly by the window.

He thought at once that these strange denizens of the deep sea had broken the rope, and that he had escaped. He drove up faster and faster, and then stopped with a

jerk that sent him flying against the padded roof of his prison. For half a minute, perhaps, he was too astonished to think.

Then he felt that the sphere was spinning slowly and rocking, and it seemed to him that it was also being drawn through the water. By crouching close to the window he managed to make his weight effective and roll that part of the sphere downward, but he could see nothing save the pale ray of his light striking down ineffectively into the darkness. It occurred to him that he would see more if he turned the lamp off and allowed his eyes to grow accustomed to the profound obscurity.

In this he was wise. After some minutes the velvety blackness became a translucent blackness, and then, far away, and as faint as the zodiacal light of an English summer evening, he saw shapes moving below. He judged these creatures had detached his cable, and were towing him along the sea bottom.

And then he saw something faint and remote across the undulations of the submarine plain, a broad horizon of pale luminescence that extended this way and that way as far as the range of his little window permitted him to see. To this he was being towed, as a balloon might be towed by men out of the open country into a town. He approached it very slowly, and very slowly the dim irradiation was gathered together into more definite shapes.

It was nearly five o'clock before he came over this luminous area, and by that time he could make out an arrangement suggestive of streets and houses grouped about a vast roofless erection that was grotesquely suggestive of a ruined abbey. It was spread out like a

map below him. The houses were all roofless enclosures of walls, and their substance being, as he afterwards saw, of phosphorescent bones, gave the place an appearance as if it were built of drowned moonshine.

Among the inner caves of the place waving trees of cinnoid stretched their tentacles and tall, slender glassy sponges shot like shining minarets and lilies of filmy light out of the general glow of the city. In the open spaces of the place he could see a stirring movement as of crowds of people but he was too many fathoms above them to distinguish the individuals in those crowds.

Then slowly they pulled him down and as they did so, the details of the place crept slowly upon his apprehension. He saw that the courses of the cloudy buildings were marked out with beaded lines of round objects, and then he perceived that at several points below him, in broad open spaces, were forms like the encrusted shapes of ships.

Slowly and surely he was drawn down and the forms below him became brighter, clearer, more distinct. He was being pulled down, he perceived towards the large building in the centre of the town, and he could catch a glimpse ever and again of the multitudinous forms that were hugging at his cord. He was astonished to see that the rigging of one of the ships, which formed such a prominent feature of the place, was crowded with a host of gesticulating figures regarding him, and then the walls of the great building rose about him silently, and hid the city from his eyes.

And such walls they were, of water-logged wood, and twisted wire-rope, and iron spars, and copper, and the bones and skulls of dead men. The skulls ran in zigzag

lines and spirals and fantastic curves over the building ; and in and out of their eye-sockets, and over the whole surface of the place, lurked and played a multitude of silvery little fishes

Suddenly his ears were filled with a low shouting and a noise like the violent blowing of horns, and this gave place to a fantastic chant. Down the sphere sank, past the huge pointed windows, through which he saw vaguely a great number of these strange ghostlike people regarding him, and at last he came to rest, as it seemed, on a kind of altar that stood in the centre of the place.

And now he was at such a level that he could see these strange people of the abyss plainly once more. To his astonishment, he perceived that they were prostrating themselves before him, all save one, dressed as it seemed in a robe of plicoid scales, and crowned with a luminous diadem, who stood with his reptilian mouth opening and shutting as though he led the chanting of the worshippers.

A curious impulse made Elstead turn on his small glow-lamp again, so that he became visible to these creatures of the abyss, albeit the glare made them disappear forthwith into night. At this sudden sight of him, the chanting gave place to a tumult of exultant shouts, and Elstead, being anxious to watch them, turned his light off again, and vanished from before their eyes. But for a time he was too blind to make out what they were doing, and when at last he could distinguish them, they were kneeling again. And thus they continued worshipping him, without rest or intermission, for the space of three hours.

Most circumstantial was Elstead's account of this

astounding city and its people, these people of perpetual night, who have never seen sun or moon or stars, green vegetation, nor any living, air-breathing creatures, who know nothing of fire, nor any light but the phosphorescent light of living things

Startling as is his story, it is yet more startling to find that scientific men, of such eminence as Adams and Jenkins find nothing incredible in it. They tell me they see no reason why intelligent, water-breathing, vertebrated creatures, mured to a low temperature and enormous pressure, and of such a heavy structure that neither alive nor dead would they float, might not live upon the bottom of the deep sea, and quite unsuspected by us, descendants like ourselves of the great Theriomorpha of the New Red Sandstone age

We should be known to them, however, as strange, meteoric creatures, wont to fall catastrophically dead out of the mysterious blackness of their watery sky. And not only we ourselves, but our ships, our metals, our appliances, would come raining down out of the night. Sometimes sinking things would smite down and crush them, as if it were the judgment of some unseen power above, and sometimes would come things of the utmost rarity or utility, or shapes of inspiring suggestion. One can understand, perhaps, something of their behaviour at the descent of a living man, if one thinks what a barbaric people might do, to whom an enhaloed, shining creature came suddenly out of the sky

At one time or another Elstead probably told the officers of the *Ptarmigan* every detail of his strange twelve hours in the abyss. That he also intended to

write them down is certain, but he never did, and so unhappily we have to piece together the discrepant fragments of his story from the reminiscences of Commander Simmons, Weybridge, Steevens, Lindley, and the others.

We see the thing darkly in fragmentary glimpses — the huge ghostly building, the bowing, chanting people, with their dark chameleon-like heads and faintly luminous clothing, and Elstead, with his light turned on again, vainly trying to convey to their minds that the cord by which the sphere was held was to be severed. Minute after minute slipped away, and Elstead, looking at his watch, was horrified to find that he had oxygen only for four hours more. But the chant in his honour kept on as remorselessly as if it was the marching song of his approaching death.

The manner of his release he does not understand, but to judge by the end of the cord that hung from the sphere, it had been cut through by rubbing against the edge of the altar. Abruptly the sphere rolled over, and he swept up, out of their world, as an ethereal creature clothed in a vacuum would sweep through our own atmosphere back to its native ether again. He must have torn out of their sight as a hydrogen bubble hastens upwards from our air. A strange ascension it must have seemed to them.

The sphere rushed up with even greater velocity than, when weighted with the lead sinkers, it had rushed down. It became exceedingly hot. It drove up with the windows uppermost, and he remembers the torrent of bubbles frothing against the glass. Every moment he expected this to fly. Then suddenly 'something like a

huge wheel seemed to be released in his head, the padded compartment began spinning about him, and he fainted. His next recollection was of his cabin, and of the doctor's voice.

But that is the substance of the extraordinary story that Elstead related in fragments to the officers of the *Platman*. He promised to write it all down at a later date. His mind was chiefly occupied with the improvement of his apparatus, which was effected at Rio.

It remains only to tell that on February 2, 1896, he made his second descent into the ocean abyss, with the improvements his first experience suggested. What happened we shall probably never know. He never returned. The *Platman* beat about over the point of his submersion, seeking him in vain for thirteen days. Then she returned to Rio, and the news was telegraphed to his friends. So the matter remains for the present. But it is hardly probable that no further attempt will be made to verify his strange story of these hitherto unsuspected cities of the deep sea.

The Plattner Story and Others, 1897

NOTES AND EXERCISES*

MALACHI'S COVE

ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815-1882)

Anthony Trollope, the son of a popular novelist, was educated at Winchester and Harrow, and after some ventures in other directions passed twenty-six years in the service of the Post Office, first as a clerk in Ireland and then as a surveyor in England. His work took him also to the West Indies, Egypt and the United States, he travelled in France, Australia and South Africa, and everywhere his keen observation provided him with material for his novels. He made his first popular success with *The Warden* (1855). This was followed by others of the famous Barchester series, which enabled him to boast that he had added a new county, 'Barchestershire,' to the map of England. Certainly his best and most characteristic work was done in describing upper and upper middle class life in county and cathedral town, for this was the society with which he was thoroughly familiar.

He was one of the most methodical and industrious of novelists, often setting himself to write so many words an hour – and (which is very much rarer) succeeding! His fifty novels are nearly all good. None of them is really great, but *Barchester Towers*, *Doctor Thorne* and one or two more come not far short of greatness and contain unforgettable figures. He never tried to probe deeply into human character, or to do much more than chronicle everyday life as he saw it, but he saw it so clearly and described it so well that his novels have lately regained the popularity which they enjoyed in his own lifetime.

'Malachi's Cove,' typical in manner, shows much of his quiet skill.

1. Say what you think of Barty's behaviour to Mally before the accident.

2. Write in full the conversation which took place between Mally and Barty on his first visit to the cove, or arrange a debate between two speakers who represent the two characters.

The exercises have been made fairly numerous and of varying difficulty in order to provide a choice. It is not intended that every class should plough through every exercise!

Some of the questions may be profitably discussed in class before they are answered in writing. The sections on the authors and their work are also intended to provide material for discussion and amplification.

3 Why did Barty's father and mother think that Mally had caused his injuries, and how far were they justified?

4 Describe Mally's character and appearance, making the picture as alive as possible. You might begin: 'She was leaping from rock to rock when I saw her first.'

5 Imagine that you are standing on the cliff path, looking down into Mulachi's Cove, and when you can see it all clearly (not before) describe what you see.

6 Write a short story which explains how Mully came to be living alone with her grandfather and working for him so devotedly.

FURTHER READING

The Warden by Anthony Trollope, edited by J. D. Myers (Macmillan, 2s.) *Barchester Towers* by Anthony Trollope (Macmillan, 5s.)

SVEND AND HIS BRETHREN

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)

There is an even greater contrast between the life and character of Morris and Trollope than between the two stories by which they are represented here. Trollope was an efficient civil servant, a lover of fox hunting and good living, a teller of tales for their own sake. William Morris was one of the most versatile of all English men of letters. Poet, romance writer, painter, architect, printer and publisher, craftsman in wood and metal and stained glass, social reformer and prophet, he was inspired in all his activities by the love of beauty and the desire to make English life more beautiful. In his hatred of the ugliness which was spreading over the face of England like a plague, and still continues to spread, Morris often turned back to the Middle Ages for both subject-matter and style, as in 'Svend and his Brethren' and this was his chief link with D. G. Rossetti and others of the Pre-Raphaelites.

He wrote easily and copiously. His numerous poems included two very long narratives in verse, *The Life and Death of Jason* (1867) and *The Earthly Paradise* (1868-70). He translated Icelandic Sagas, the *Iceland* and the *Odyssey*, wrote many short tales and longer romances, and lectured much on socialism and art. Probably, however, his most influential work was in craftsmanship. He did a great deal to revive decorative art and fine printing, and his name will always be associated with the famous Kelmscott Press which he set up at Hammersmith.

1 'They were slaves,' says Morris (Page 31) Explain his meaning

2 What connection is there between the story and the concluding passage from 'the book of a certain chronicler'?

3 Divide the story into five or six sections, show where each section begins and suggest a title for each

4 Imagine that you are Saur and tell the story briefly in your own words

5 Is there any point which is not made clear? Is there any thing in the story which you dislike?

6 Say briefly what you think of Cissela, Saur and Svend

7 Write a sequel showing either (a) how destruction came to the people whom Svend left behind or (b) what happened to Svend and his followers. Imitate Morris's style as closely as you can

8 What have you noticed about the style in which this story is written? Does it remind you of any books you know? What effect is Morris trying to get? Does he succeed? Do you like the style?

9 Who were the Pre-Raphaelites and what were their aims?

FURTHER READING

The Life and Death of Jason by William Morris, abridged and edited by R. W. Jepson (Uniform with this volume) *Prose and Poetry*, by William Morris *Le Morte D'Arthur*, by Sir Thomas Malory. Selections edited by D. M. Macardle (Uniform with this volume)

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG!

WILKIE COLLINS (1824-1889)

Wilkie Collins is one of the many English writers who have been called to the Bar and have then drifted from law into literature. After the publication of his first novel, *Antonina*, in 1850, he became very friendly with Dickens and thenceforth the two were closely associated. A number of Collins' novels appeared as serials in Dickens' paper, *All the Year Round*, and Dickens acted in *The Lighthouse* (1855) and others of Collins' plays. They collaborated in several novels and tales and the greater care in plot construction which marks Dickens' later work was due partly to his friend's example and influence.

In the greatest novels, as in the greatest plays, characterisation is of more importance than anything else and by this standard Collins' work never attained greatness. But he had remarkable gifts for the construction of plot and the creation of dramatic suspense which have rarely been rivalled, and his two best novels, *The Woman in White* (1860) and *The Moonstone* (1868) are mystery stories which hold the reader fascinated to the end by sheer skill in the telling.

1. What are the advantages and disadvantages of telling a story in the first person?

2. What have you learned from the story about South America, Bolivar, and life at sea in the early nineteenth century?

3. Write a paragraph contrasting Collins' style with that adopted by William Morris in 'Svend and his Brethren'.

4. Describe the circumstances in which the story is told and give a pen portrait of the sailor. Before beginning work you might consider as models the setting in which the story of Richard Doubledick is told, and the pen portrait of Lord George Gordon and his secretary both by Dickens. (See 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' in Volume I of these *Selected English Stories*, and *Barnaby Rudge*.)

5. Compare this story with Poe's 'Descent into the Macabre,' which is in Volume I.

6. Write a story about a man who is haunted by a petrol gauge or by the ticking of a clock.

7. Imagine that you were the mate from the American ship who rescued the sailor, and tell your story.

FURTHER READING

The Moonstone and *The Woman in White*, by Wilkie Collins.
'The Perils of Certain English Prisoners,' by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR

BRET HARTE (1839-1902)

The last American writer to be represented in this volume, Francis Bret Harte, was born in New York, with English, German and Hebrew blood in his veins. At the age of seventeen, very fortunately for his development as an author, he went with his mother to California, where gold had been discovered in 1848.

The delicate lad became in turn chemist's clerk, schoolmaster, compositor, miner, Indian fighter, journalist and secretary to the superintendent of the San Francisco Mint, and the rugged life of the new settlements nourished him in body and mind. When he founded the *Overland Monthly* in 1868 he already had a more than local reputation for his sketches of California life, poems and humorous verses, and a series of *Condensed Novels*, which were amusing parodies of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Victor Hugo and other novelists of the time. The 'Luck of Roaring Camp,' 'Tennessee's Partner' and other tales which he published in his magazine greatly increased his fame, and he returned to the East to lecture and to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1878 he was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld, in Prussia, and later at Glasgow. In 1885 he went to London, to devote himself wholly to literature. He died at Cumberley, Surrey, in 1902.

To the last he was a prolific writer, but his work is undistinguished apart from his earlier tales and poems of California. It was the strange rough life of the mining camps, full of contrasts, extravagances and humour, which stimulated his talent and gave him the unique material which he shaped with such refined skill.

1. What were Dick Bullen's motives for making his dangerous journey?

2. The Old Man's phrase, 'a tear round' (page 74) is richly humorous when all the circumstances are considered. Write down four or five other phrases from the story which have a similar richness and explain why you have chosen any one of them.

3. Tell the story of Dick Bullen's ride—or compare it with any other heroic ride of which you have read.

4. Say briefly what you think of (a) Dick, (b) the Old Man, (c) the child.

5. Would you describe this story as romantic?

6. It was the genius of Bret Harte to be at once real and unreal, warm with true sentiment and the teller of an evidently fanciful tale. When he was himself, he fused reality and unreality, or, if that be impossible, mingled them in such a way that we know not whether we believe or disbelieve, and do not care. Here is humanity in fancy dress, the roughness of it making no difference to the fact that it is fancy dress, and we may take a smiling pleasure in the masquerade and yet be moved by the genuine sentiments of the figures. The word 'sentiments' is used advisedly. Bret Harte does not venture on the 'passions' Stetson in the *Saturday Review*.

How far does this criticism apply to this story?

FURTHER READING

The Luck of Roaring Camp and Selected Stories and Poems, by Bret Harte (Modern Reader's Series, Macmillan, 5s.) — Paul Revere's Ride — in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn* — *A Book of Escapes and Hurried Journeys*, by John Buchan

THE BOTTLE IMP

ROBERT L. STEVENSON (1870-1894)

Robert Louis Stevenson remains the most popular of the later Victorian writers, for his stories of romantic adventure appeal to readers of all ages and the best of his essays and poems are as charming as he was himself.

Born and educated in Edinburgh, of a family of engineers, he was called to the Scottish Bar, but fortunately he knew that literature not law was his true vocation. For years he wandered Europe and America, seeking health and new experiences. His eager love of adventure always lured him on. 'Romance to him was whatever was happening round the next turn of the road and beyond the next bend of the river.' At last he settled with his wife and family in Samoa, where the natives, whom he befriended to good purpose, named him 'Tusitala, teller of tales'. He died in Samoa at the early age of forty-four, leaving unfinished his greatest novel, *Wear of Hermiston*.

When he began to write he 'played the sedulous ape' to great authors of the past and so developed a highly polished style which was at first too artificial but later became freer, more virile, without losing its delicacy and beauty. His first success was with the immortal *Treasure Island* (1883). His fame grew with the novels and short stories which followed, notably *Kidnapped*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *The Master of Ballantrae* and *Island Nights' Entertainments*. He is one of the most accomplished of English short-story writers and novelists. If he had lived to fulfil the promise of *Wear of Hermiston* he would have been one of the greatest.

'The Bottle Imp' was the first piece of fiction ever offered to the Samoan people, writes Mrs. Stevenson, 'its publication (in the *Sulu*, the *Torch of Samoa*) raising the circulation of the paper to an unprecedented extent'. It was written in English and translated by a missionary into the Samoan tongue, with the title, *O Le Fangu Aitu*.

1 Does the story end happily?

2 Outline the character of Keawe or Kokua.

3 By what method does the author try to impress the reader with the horrible appearance of the imp? Does he succeed? What advantage has this method?

4 Why did Keawe try to get the bottle back after selling it to Lopoka? How did he obtain it?

5 What general ideas about Hawaii and its people has the story given you?

6 Is there anything in the story which suggests that it was not originally written for an English audience?

7 Look up *ava*, *kanaka*, Captain Cook and Prester John in a dictionary and an encyclopedia, and then write from memory a brief note on each.

8 Write a short story showing how the imp got into the bottle, or relate another adventure of the bottle before or after the events described by Stevenson.

9 Indicate any passage in the story which seems to you particularly well written and say why you like it.

10 The Hawaiians have degenerated terribly as their islands have become more civilised. Do you know any other primitive peoples who have suffered in the same way? Can you suggest an explanation?

FURTHER READING

'Markheim,' 'Thrawn Janet,' 'The Suet de Malcotron's Door,' 'The Merry Men,' short stories by R. L. Stevenson. 'The Monkey's Paw,' by W. W. Jacobs.

THE THREE STRANGERS

THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)

Thomas Hardy was born ten years before Stevenson and had published nearly all his novels and short stories when Stevenson died, yet it is difficult to think of him as the earlier of the two. It was not only that he survived Stevenson by more than thirty years, living on into a new era in which his novels had become classics and his genius was universally recognised, it was also that more fortunate than Wordsworth, he kept his literary vitality to the last. Deserting prose at the age of fifty-eight or so, he turned back to his early ambition and made himself a second reputation, as a poet.

He was born and he died near the quiet town of Dorchester, in Dorset, and he belonged to the countryside, which he understood

as only the countryman can. While still practising as an architect, in his early manhood, he travelled extensively in the southern and western counties, and it was the life of these counties, for which he revived the name of the Saxon kingdom, that he depicted in his 'Wessex Novels' and short stories. The atmosphere of his works is often dark with tragedy and misery, but it is relieved by rustic humour and unforgettable pictures of scenery, and by his genius for the interpretation of character, especially peasant character, his skill in unfolding a story, his poetic insight and the grim imaginative power which holds the reader like a spell, he ranks among the greatest English novelists. For many readers, however, his masterpiece is *The Dynasts* (1904-8), a great 'epic drama' of Europe during the Napoleonic wars.

1. Describe the scene which the third stranger saw when he opened the door.

2. Sketch the characters of the constable, the hangman and the escaped prisoner.

3. Compare Hardy's countrymen with Bret Harte's miners.

4. If you were turning this story into a one act play what are the chief alterations which you would make?

5. Which character supplies the humour in this story, and when is he most amusing?

6. Write the account of the evening's adventures which the magistrate gave to his family when he got home.

7. Arrange a debate on the motion: 'That capital punishment should be abolished.'

FURTHER READING

The Trumpet Major, abridged by C. F. Knox. *Scenes from the Dynasts*, selected and edited by J. H. Fowler. (Both uniform with this book.) *Under the Greenwood Tree*. All by Thomas Hardy.

IN THE ABYSS

H. G. WELLS (1866-)

Mr. H. G. Wells, the only living writer represented in this book, is one of the most popular novelists of the day, and something more, for his novels and his many other books have had a good deal of influence upon people who think about the way in which the world is organised and how it might be improved.

After being in turn draper's assistant, schoolmaster and science lecturer, Mr. Wells was driven into literature by a severe illness.

His first novel, *The Time Machine* (1895) was a strikingly original story of a machine which enabled its inventor to travel backwards and forwards in time. This was followed by other romances, such as *The War of the Worlds*, *The War in the Air* and *The Food of the Gods*, in which he put his scientific knowledge to highly imaginative use and far surpassed the similar attempts made by Jules Verne and Edgar Allan Poe, and at the same time he wrote *Kipps* (1905), *The History of Mr. Polly* (1910) and other richly humorous novels which were based partly upon his own early experiences.

Fiction alone could not satisfy him. His mind has always been restless, his energy inexhaustible, and he is passionately interested in the problems of society, politics, education and religion. His later works include a great History of the World, surveys of science and of economics, and many political pamphlets, while his novels have become more and more 'novels with a purpose,' until they have almost ceased to be novels at all. His work has suffered from over-production, and the artist in him has given way to the social reformer to the detriment of his literary achievement, but for thousands of readers all over the world he has been a prophet of hope, and his earlier novels and short stories, full of humour, originality and imaginative power, remain among the best that have been written in our time.

1. Describe the sphere and explain how it worked.
2. 'The explorer,' the author calls Elstead. Do you agree with the description?
3. Write the story of what happened to Elstead on his second descent.
4. Describe the city at the bottom of the sea, using only the details given by Mr. Wells.
5. From encyclopedias and other reference books find out all you can about the descents into the ocean depths which have been made by Dr. William Beebe in his bathysphere.
6. In what respects does this story differ from all the others in this book?
7. Write a short story explaining what a barbaric people might do, to whom an enhaloed, shining creature came suddenly out of the sky. The creature might be an aviator in a parachute.

FURTHER READING

Collected Short Stories, The History of Mr. Polly, The Time Machine, The War of the Worlds, The War in the Air, by H. G. Wells. *The Maracot Deep*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 'The Lost God,' by John Russell.

GENERAL

- 1 Which character in this book interests you most and why?
- 2 Choose from the book three or four passages which seem to you particularly well written, and make any intelligent comment on them.
- 3 Compare any story in this book with any other short story you know.
- 4 Which stories (if any) would you describe as (1) humorous, (2) tragic, (3) pathetic, (4) realistic, (5) fantastic, (6) romantic, (7) farcical, (8) melodramatic, (9) historical? The same story may appear under more than one heading.
- 5 Describe any amusing or exciting incident in the book.
- 6 Which of these stories do you like best and why?

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