

**ELLEN
WALLACE**

MARGARET
CAPEL, VOL. 2

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Ellen Wallace

Margaret Capel: A Novel, vol. 2 of 3

CHAPTER I

*Where'er we gaze, above, around, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound;
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole.
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound,
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll,
Between those hanging rocks that shock yet please the
soul.*

BYRON.

There is a portion of the coast in one of the southern counties of England, which, without aspiring to the sublimity of foreign scenery, possesses a certain grandeur from the abruptness and variety of its outline. High cliffs stand boldly forward into the sea, while the intermediate shore rises and falls in gentle and uncertain undulations. For many miles inland, this irregular character of the surface continues. The ground rises and falls so suddenly, that in many places the trees which clothe the tops of the hills, almost shut out the sky from the spectator in the valley; while many coloured rocks, vary by their wild forms and rich tints, the even line of verdure which extends over the precipitous sides of these ravines.

This part of the country is rich in scenes of peculiar beauty. Brooks trickle from the shade of deep thickets, or sparkle in stony cells overgrown with creepers at the foot of a confused heap of broken rocks.

Hill and dale crowd upon each other in quick succession—every turn in the way leads to fresh aspects of the prospect. Now the traveller's view is bounded by high banks, overgrown with trees and tangled brushwood; now the ground breaks away in such a gradual slope, that the sea may be discerned in the distance, trembling in the sunshine, or breaking in rough foam upon the long brown line of the beach.

Half way between one of these bold headlands and the shore, there stood a beautiful cottage, with a thickly wooded hill at the back, and a highly cultivated plot of garden ground in the front: while the side of the house stood so near the edge of a sudden descent in the cliff, that nothing but a broad terrace-walk intervened between the garden-windows, and the abrupt declivity which was washed by the waves when the tide was higher than usual.

It was a brilliant evening. The sun had almost descended to the horizon, and a long pathway of golden light fell upon the calm sea, and the wet sand from which the waves had just receded.

A dim radiance seemed to fill the air, and to blend hills, trees, and sky together in one soft and many tinted confusion of colours; while the lengthened rays threaded their brilliant way among the slender stems of the trees, and dropped like diamonds upon the dark rivulets that lay in shadow among the brushwood during the early part of the day.

It was an evening when the whole earth looked so bright, so costly, steeped in sunlight, and surrendered to the stillness which belongs to that quiet hour, that it seemed as if this lower world might be fitly inhabited only by fairies or other such fragile creatures of the imagination. Such, however, were not the denizens of the cottage by the hill-side; but a comely old lady in an antique cap and

black silk gown, who had the appearance of a house-keeper, or confidential servant, and who was leaning over the Gothic gate at the end of the shrubbery, and looking along the winding road, as if on the watch for some expected travellers.

Her patience was not put to any lengthened test. In a few minutes, a carriage was seen rapidly advancing to the house. The old woman retreated to the porch; the carriage drew up, and a lady of a commanding aspect descended, followed by a slight graceful girl.

"Ah! nurse, dear nurse! how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed the young lady, throwing herself into the old woman's arms.

"Welcome to England! Welcome back, my darling!" said the nurse, endeavouring to execute a curtsy to the elder lady, while imprisoned in the embrace of the younger one.

"I am rejoiced to see you again, nurse Grant," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the elder of the two ladies, "Aveline, my love, we are just in the way here—let us go in."

"Yes, mamma. I long to see the dear rooms again. How comfortable every thing looks! Nurse, come in. Mamma, you said that nurse should drink tea with us to-night."

"Yes, if nurse pleases," said the lady, as they went into the drawing-room, where tea was awaiting them in all the English delicacy of that meal. "Aveline has been depending on your company all the way from Southampton, Mrs. Grant."

"Bless her, the darling!" said the old woman. "She is tired with her journey, is she not? I hope she means to eat something. A fresh egg, or some cold chicken, Miss Aveline?"

"Eat, nurse! you will see how I eat;" said the young lady drawing to the table. "I should be ashamed that anybody but you should see me eat after a long journey. I am so hungry!"

"Her appetite is very good," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in a decided tone. "She is come back in every respect, nurse, better than she was. Her stay in Italy has been of the utmost advantage to her."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Grant, looking earnestly at the young lady. "There is some good then in foreign parts."

"Oh, nurse!" cried Aveline. "Not a word against Italy. It is the only country to enjoy and improve life. If it were not that this is our home, I could have spent my life at Naples, or—Sorrento."

"You were very fond of Sorrento," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, looking inquiringly at her daughter.

"Yes. That is, I was tired of it at last. It was a great relief to go on to Milan, there is something in the sea-side that—a monotony I mean—after—"

"Yet, you could have spent your life there;" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick in a subdued tone.

"In Italy, mamma? At any place in Italy. It is not the spot, but the thin warm air that makes me feel so full of life. Oh, dear nurse, you do look so handsome. You cannot think how ugly the old Italian women are, with their thick brown skins and deep wrinkles, and coarse grizzled hair. English people have certainly a more delicate texture. Even I was thought pretty in Italy."

"Pretty in Italy!" said the old lady indignantly. "I fancy, Miss Aveline, the gentlemen must be much changed since my time, if you are not thought pretty anywhere."

"Oh, hush, nurse!" said Aveline lifting up her finger. "It is only safe to tell little children they are pretty. Grown up ones are too ready to believe it."

"It is little matter here, Miss Aveline," said the old woman. "You have no neighbours."

"No neighbours, nurse? I was but waiting until we had finished tea to ask you about them all. How is the good old widow by the church—and Mrs. Wood, the baker—and young Mrs. Wood at the post-office? And Harding, the carpenter—and the fisherman's family on the other side of the cliff? Is little Jane as pretty as ever? Of course not. Her father I know has cut all her curls off, as he always does, and she is beginning to lose her teeth; so that she will not be fit to look at for these ten years."

While she was talking on in this lively manner, the old woman kept her eyes fixed on her face with a serious and anxious expression.

Aveline was fearfully thin; her hands, which she used in speaking, more than an English woman, were almost transparent; and from fatigue, the blue veins had risen over them in every direction. The

colour in her cheeks was fixed like a bright spot of rouge under each eye, giving a brilliancy that was almost fierce in its expression to eyes that were dark as night, and remarkable for their size.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who followed the nurse's looks with an eagerness that she could scarcely repress, caught her eye and remained silent, fixing her gaze upon the old woman's countenance with an intensity that she could hardly sustain. It seemed as if she ardently desired to read the nurse's opinion of her child, but was equally anxious that she should not then express it.

"Well, nurse," said Aveline, "what news? I hope all these good people are not dead, that you keep such a profound silence upon their proceedings."

"All pretty much as you left them, Miss Aveline," said the nurse, rousing herself from her contemplation. "I cannot speak positively with respect to the beauty of the fisherman's children; though I always see three or four curly heads round his door when I pass. He lost one poor little one in the winter with the whooping cough. The neighbours said it was a mercy, as he had such a large family, but I don't know that the parents felt the less on that account."

"Poor people!" said Aveline. "I'll tell you what, mamma, I shall get up early to-morrow, and go down to the cottage with Susan, and buy some prawns for breakfast; and then I shall see what the children would like as a present. I am always so glad when people are in want of nice clean little straw bonnets. There is nothing romantic in giving away flannel petticoats or thick worsted stockings."

"Remember, Miss Aveline," said the nurse, "that you give away a great deal of comfort with those warm clothes."

"And if you intend to take a long walk to-morrow," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "you had better not sit up later to-night. You have had a long journey, and should be prudent; though you bore it remarkably well."

But Aveline was unwilling to retire. Although she was evidently suffering from over fatigue, she persisted in wandering restlessly round the room, looking at all the trifling ornaments with which it was strewn. Mrs. Grant noticed with pain that her step was languid, and that she stooped very much as she walked. Presently she was seized with a distressing fit of coughing.

"A lozenge, if you please, Mamma," said Aveline, coming up to her mother's chair.

"Now Aveline I know you are tired," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "take your lozenges and go to bed at once. She always coughs," she said turning to Mrs. Grant, "when she is over fatigued. She always did from a child." "Come, Miss Aveline," said Mrs. Grant, "I am going home in a minute—let me see you off. Dear heart! how I recollect the time when you were a little girl; what a trouble there always was to get you to bed."

"Why what particular secrets have you good people to talk over that you wish me away?" said Aveline laughing, "what account have you to give mamma of the turkey poults and the guinea fowls that I may not hear? But, good night, nurse; you will have me plaguing you early to-morrow, at your cottage, and pillaging your strawberry beds, which you know are a great deal better than ours. As for you, mamma, I shall not say good night, because you will be upstairs long before I am asleep."

"Her spirits are excellent, nurse," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in a tone that seemed as if she was desirous to be assured of the fact.

"They are—very high, Ma'am;" said Mrs. Grant. "How do you think she is looking?" asked Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

"I shall tell better to-morrow, Ma'am," said the old woman with rather an unsteady voice; "I should like, I confess to see her looking a little less thin."

"She was always thin as a child if you remember, Mrs. Grant, and when a girl grows very tall, she naturally grows thin at the same time. I think nothing of that."

"No, no, Ma'am," said Mrs. Grant cheerfully, "young girls will look thin sometimes."

"She was very ill at Nice you know; the north-east wind brought back her cough and frightened us very much. And we had a desponding kind of a man as our medical attendant. There is nothing

so unfavourable to an invalid as one of those over-anxious people about them. But, you see, now the weather is warm she is getting on nicely."

Mrs. Grant felt her hopes sinking fast away before the news that the medical man's opinion was an unfavourable one. She thought it a bad sign that he should despond, where no particular interest led him to exaggerate the case.

"You can have no idea," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "of what we suffered at Nice. You have heard of the prejudice the Italians entertain against any illness that they consider to be of a consumptive tendency. And Aveline having something of a cough—in short, Mrs. Grant, they fancied that my poor child was in a decline; and when she was at the worst, they took fright, and ordered us out of our lodgings at a moment's notice. Aveline was too ill to travel—our hostess was peremptory—and I knew well that no other house would take us in. It was then that a country-woman of ours, a Mrs. Maxwell Dorset, hearing of our distress, sought us out, and instantly offered us apartments in her house. It was impossible to stand on ceremony at such a time. I accepted her kindness, and had we been her nearest relatives, we could not have been more warmly welcomed nor more carefully attended."

"Thank God that you are safe again on English ground," said the old nurse; "where, at least, we do not turn sick people into the streets, the Pagans! And Heaven reward the good lady who took compassion on you in your need."

And so saying, Mrs. Grant took her departure.

As soon as Mrs. Fitzpatrick was alone, she sat down before her writing case, and leaning her head on her hand seemed lost in thought. She had but few and distant relations, and since her widowhood had lived in such retirement, that except two or three neighbouring families she numbered as few friends. She had in early life, lived much in the world; but having withdrawn into solitude, the world had paid her the usual compliment, and forgotten her existence. She had lost several children when very young, and all her affections centred upon this only girl whose health was so precarious. She wrote a few lines to a medical man of some eminence who lived a few miles off, to announce her return, and to beg that he would lose no time in paying them a visit.

"It is best to be upon the safe side;" she said to herself, "Aveline is gaining strength; but Mr. Lindsay may point out some means that would escape me. He is so clever, and has known her constitution from a child. I am sure he will think she is improved by her residence abroad."

So saying she rose to retire for the night; and casting her eyes round the room, she saw lying about, Aveline's gloves, her handkerchief and scarf, which she had thrown aside and forgotten, with the carelessness of youth. These she gathered up and folded together with that indescribable air of tenderness, which, in a mother, sometimes extends itself to the trifles that her child has worn or touched; and then went up stairs to take a last look at Aveline—and to sleep, if she could.

CHAPTER II

*Mighty power, all powers above!
Great unconquerable Love!
Thou who liest in dimple sleek,
On the tender virgin's cheek:
Thee the rich and great obey;
Every creature owns thy sway.
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the main
Extends thy universal reign.*

SOPHOCLES.

Perhaps few things are more curious to those who, as bystanders, contemplate the game of life, than to see how in the stream of time, persons the most divided, and the least likely to be brought into contact, are whirled by those resistless waves nearer and nearer, until at last they meet; or if no collision takes place, still the course of the one, draws into its channel, or modifies in some strange way the course of the other.

Margaret little thought as she sat dreaming over her lot at Ashdale, that a sick girl in another county, whom she had never seen, and whose name she had never heard, was to exercise a strange influence over her future fate.

Mr. Haveloc was constantly at Ashdale. He went, it is true, backwards and forwards from his own place to that of Mr. Grey, but his visits to his home were wonderfully short, and those at Ashdale longer and longer. His attention, his devotion to Margaret increased daily; she never had occasion to form a wish. He seemed to divine all her thoughts, to anticipate everything that she could by possibility enjoy. And his was especially the kind of character to interest her; his failings were not of a nature to come in her way, and the earnestness of his disposition suited her ideas of the romance of love. She was not likely to mistake a devotion that knew no pause, that entertained no other idea than herself day after day.

Then his knowledge, which though rather desultory, was unusual in a man who had not to earn his living—his command of languages, his accomplishments—all things that he never cared to bring forward, but that accident discovered to her by degrees, increased his power over her mind.

Men cannot forgive acquirement in a woman, though they will sometimes pardon a sort of natural cleverness; but it is a common story that women are swayed by genius or learning in a man.

Margaret was hardly aware of the impatience of his temper, which he never showed except to Mr. Casement, when she fully sympathised with him; but she daily noticed his attention to her uncle, his anxiety about his health, and the readiness with which he would give up his evenings to amuse his old friend. All that she had heard of him before their acquaintance was merged into the facts which were to his advantage. She remembered the defence of the lady and her daughter in Calabria. She forgot all about Mrs. Maxwell Dorset.

At first, after her rejection of Hubert Gage, she was a good deal annoyed and distressed by his perseverance. He called on Mr. Grey, he wrote to her, he described himself as distracted, herself as mistaken. He was determined to believe that they were made for each other; and that Margaret was under some strong delusion when she did not think as he did on that subject. Margaret began to dread and dislike the very name of Hubert Gage; she feared to meet him in her walks; every ring at the bell gave her the apprehension that he was coming to see her. And whether it was his youth or his disposition, that must be blamed for the fact, he acted very unreasonably in the affair. He did not take his disappointment at all like a philosopher; and to crown everything, when Captain Gage had with

infinite difficulty procured him a ship, he declined the appointment, upon some trivial excuse, and persisted in remaining in the neighbourhood; to the great vexation of his family, and the annoyance of Margaret.

At last he was persuaded to accompany his brother who was returning to Ireland; and then Margaret had an interval of peace. She was able to see Elizabeth whenever she pleased; and Mr. Grey left off pitying poor Hubert, when he no longer saw him passing the house, or looking disconsolate at church.

As Margaret had no female companion, her natural delicacy of feeling told her that she ought never to be alone with Mr. Haveloc: but those quiet evenings were almost tête-à-tête when her uncle slept in his easy chair, and she sat working by the fire, with Mr. Haveloc always by her side, talking or reading to her in a low voice, or making her speak Italian, and playfully correcting her mistakes.

And when the spring mellowed into summer, and Mr. Grey had his chair moved to the large window that opened upon the broad terrace, Mr. Haveloc would persuade Margaret to pace up and down the walk, always in sight, though not in hearing, of her kind uncle, whose great delight was to watch them as they passed and repassed.

The moon had risen, and gleamed brightly behind one of the dark cedars upon the lawn. Part of the smooth turf was almost whitened by its peculiar light, while the trees cast their inky shadows forward upon the grass. Every flower, half closed and hung with dew, gave forth its sweetest fragrance.

"And you like sunlight really better than this, Mr. Haveloc?" said Margaret, as they paused to look upon the landscape.

"Good honest sunlight—strong enough to steep everything in mist, I really do," replied Mr. Haveloc.

"You are thinking of Italy?"

"No; of English sunshine. I never think of Italy."

These last words were spoken as if he meant to infer that there was something a great deal more attractive than Italy in her near neighbourhood.

Her hand was resting on his arm; he pressed it, and she did not attempt to withdraw it. She felt, no doubt respecting his love; he expressed it in his manner, and she was sure he would not act a falsehood. It was all under her uncle's eye, and if he had disapproved of it, he would have put a stop to it before now. It made her perfectly happy, and a little frightened only when she thought he was on the point of saying something decisive. She would so gladly have gone on exactly as they were then.

"This is very pretty," said Mr. Haveloc, as they again paused opposite to the dark mournful cedars.

"Oh, beautiful!" returned Margaret. "If there were but some old oaks about the place: but those ash-trees in the meadow near the copse—those are really splendid, are they not?"

"Very fine! When I was staying here as Mr. Grey's ward, I believe I used to sketch those trees once a week."

"I wish I could sketch!"

"Do you? I have no respect for the arts; I had rather a person should appreciate pictures than paint them."

"But do you not think painting them helps one to appreciate them?"

"I think it teaches one to know the difficulties, but not to feel the sentiment."

"Uncle Grey, do you smell the Chinese honeysuckle?" asked Margaret, pausing before the window.

"Yes my love; it is very strong to-night."

"Are you ready for your tea, uncle?"

"I shall be in about ten minutes, my dear."

"Can you guess ten minutes, Mr. Haveloc?"

Mr. Haveloc looked at his watch, and could not distinguish the figures. Margaret thought she could see better. He held the watch to her—she pored over it in vain.

"You must guess it now, Mr. Haveloc."

"Mr. Grey is not very particular," said Mr. Haveloc, "I think I may venture."

They walked on to the end of the terrace.

"Do you recollect one day when I kept the dinner waiting," said Mr. Haveloc.

"Oh, yes! I remember," said Margaret with a sigh—it was the day that had begun her troubles with Hubert Gage. "Mr. Casement was so cross because he could not fathom your business with Mr. Grey."

"What a long deliverance we have had from the old monster," said Mr. Haveloc.

"Oh, yes! I was so glad when—" Margaret stopped short.

"When he was laid up with the rheumatism," added Mr. Haveloc, laughing.

"Oh, no! not exactly. One ought not to be glad of that; but really, I think I rejoiced that anything kept him out of the way."

"Gessina is growing quite fat," said Mr. Haveloc, as the beautiful creature bounded towards them.

"Stop! I am going to carry her," said Margaret stooping down.

"Cannot you trust me to do that?" asked Mr. Haveloc.

"No; because I am going to wrap her in a corner of my shawl."

"Stay, do not give her too much," said Mr. Haveloc, assisting in the distribution of the shawl, "you must take care of yourself, in the evening air."

"She has had so much running about to-day," said Margaret.

"Yes, I saw you taking her out to exercise this morning, before breakfast."

"Did you? When we were on the lawn?"

"Yes, with that Indian-rubber ball you made her a present of."

"You laugh, but it is a capital ball for Gessina to play with."

"I thought Gessina and her mistress both seemed to enjoy it very much."

"I did not know you were up then, Mr. Haveloc."

"I had not left my room, I confess."

"How very idle!"

"Oh, it was! but then I had been sitting up half the night."

"What a strange fancy of yours."

"I was writing letters."

"What! with all the day before you?"

"I like to spend the day in your company."

Here a low growl that seemed hardly human, made both start violently. Margaret dropped Gessina. Mr. Haveloc turned sharply round.

"Ugh! little woman; are you going to give us tea to-night?" growled Mr. Casement.

"Oh, dear yes, Sir. I declare I did not know what time it was," said Margaret hastily.

"There is not the slightest hurry," said Mr. Haveloc detaining Margaret by the hand, "there can be no possible occasion for you to make tea before the usual time."

Margaret looked up in deprecation of his contemptuous tone. Mr. Casement turned to hobble back to the house.

"Ugh, sweethearts!" he grumbled, as he left them.

Margaret blushed crimson. Mr. Haveloc still holding her hand, walking slowly and silently in the same direction. At last, in that calm voice which in people of impatient temper always marks strong emotion, he said:—

"He is right Margaret—I love you!"

Margaret was excessively agitated—she trembled violently; but the transparent candour of her nature did not now desert her. In a faltering tone she replied: "I thought so."

"Come along, little woman," said Mr. Casement as Margaret stepped in at the window. "It is well I am come among you again. Poor uncle is laid on the shelf now; that's very plain."

"Did I keep you waiting, uncle?" said Margaret softly as she took her place before the urn.

"No, my love, never mind what he says. You know his ways by this time."

"Come, sit down, youngster, and don't make a fuss. Take it easy," said Mr. Casement addressing Mr. Haveloc, who was behind Margaret's chair.

Margaret ventured to cast an imploring glance at Mr. Haveloc, who regarded Mr. Casement as if he should like to reduce him to ashes; but being unprovided with any apparatus for this ceremony, he sat down beside Margaret, without making any reply.

It seemed as if Mr. Casement would never go that evening. He wrangled through one game of piquet after another; at last he got up. "Well, good night Master Grey," he said, "if you are blind-folded, I am not. Those young ones have been muttering at the window there, ever since we sat down to cards."

"What is it Claude?" asked Mr. Grey, as soon as Mr. Casement had gone.

Mr. Haveloc told him what it was. Margaret laid her head on her uncle's shoulder—he put his arm round her waist. "Well then, Claude," he said, "your best plan is to set off to-morrow morning; the sooner you go, the sooner you will come back."

Margaret looked up with a face suddenly blanched even to her lips. "What—go away—leave me, uncle?" she said. Her voice failed her; almost her breath; she had not believed it possible that they should ever be parted.

Mr. Grey explained to Margaret as he had before explained to Mr. Haveloc his reasons for insisting on this measure.

When he had finished, she burst into one of those paroxysms of tears that she only gave way to under very strong emotion. Mr. Haveloc hung over her chair in speechless distress. Mr. Grey endeavoured in the tenderest manner to moderate her agitation.

"You see, my child," he said, "you are but seventeen, and very young for your age; and this fellow here, somewhere about two-and-twenty. It is very important you should both know your own minds a little more clearly than you can do now. In such serious affairs, it is right to be very cautious. You see, my dear little girl, what day of the month is it? You see, a year soon passes; and next 14th of June, he will be here again."

Margaret checked her tears, and tried to reward his efforts with a smile.

"Well, then, Claude, you and I must have a little conversation together. Wish him good night, my child; you had better part now and not see each other to-morrow morning. It is wisest, is it not Claude? There give her a kiss and have done with it. That's good children!"

Margaret was speechless with grief: the last words Mr. Haveloc addressed to her as he led her to the door, were, "If I ever bestow a thought upon another, forget me; I can invoke no heavier curse upon my head."

CHAPTER III

*Ansel. His food—sharp sorrow, ever galling doubt,
Fear, that aye nettles near the core of love—
And long suspense that maketh faint the heart;
Patience it may be, and much jealousy,
And all that fretteth youth to timeless age.
Isa. And what the recompence?
Ansel. To sleep awhile;
Dreaming of fairy worlds bestrewn with flowers.
And close companionship of equal hearts;
Warm, faultless, kind, unspotted, human hearts!
Of hope so bright, as never felt a care,
And love, that if care was, would smile it down.
Then wake—like Ariadne on the shore,
To battle with the tempest—but alone!*

ANON.

Aveline was up the next morning as early as she had threatened; and with the restlessness peculiar to her complaint, she was not content with a walk to the fisher man's cottage to buy prawns, but when she returned, finding that it still wanted some minutes to breakfast time, she wandered out into the garden, and began working at the flower-beds.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was perfectly astonished when she came down to find her daughter weeding and hoeing, in her straw bonnet and garden gloves.

"I really cannot help it, mamma," was Aveline's reply to Mrs. Fitzpatrick's remonstrances; "it is so pleasant to feel better, that I could not resist a little independence of action. I have made your petunias look quite another thing."

"Here are some beautiful strawberries, Aveline," said her mother, "if you go out rambling to-day you must fortify yourself with a good breakfast."

"Yes! not strawberries, mamma. I will try some prawns. Jane's brother caught these. Tom. I don't know if you have ever seen him. There are two Toms. The other one is a cousin, and not nearly so good as the real Tom, Brand's eldest boy. I am afraid the other Tom is rather suspected of smuggling; but then what a temptation. This is just the coast for adventure."

"But all this time, Aveline, you are eating nothing," said her mother, looking anxiously at the trembling hands with which she held her tea-cup.

"Presently, mamma. I always need a little self-encouragement before I begin anything so important as breakfast. No, I think I will not venture on the prawns. I will take some strawberries; they are too fine to be wasted. I am going to have some cream with them—to make quite a feast, as the little children call it. And now, mamma, you must have one half, and I will take the other."

Aveline having divided the strawberries, tasted them, and they shared the same fate with the prawns; then she broke a delicate crust off the little loaf, and having tasted that, declared that she had finished her breakfast, and that as soon as Mark could clear away, she meant to sit down to her drawing for a little while.

"You must not undertake too much, Aveline," said her mother. "Remember that you can only expect to get well by degrees."

Aveline laughed and brought forward her portfolio to select a sketch.

"This is the one I wished to finish, mamma," she said. "Brand's cottage, with all those good masses of rock behind it, and the nets and children at the door. I sketched it before I went abroad."

"Let me rub your colours for you," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, taking a cake from her daughter's unsteady hand.

"Thank you, mamma. I am really very idle to let you do it for me," said Aveline, setting to work hurriedly. "I feel at home with my pencil. I wish I could model a little better. There is something so incomplete in all my busts; but that must be a consideration for the future. When I get strong, I shall delight in improving myself in sculpture."

"My love, that is the last thing I am anxious about," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick. "You do already much more than most girls, and most grown women. Whatever study you have pursued, you know thoroughly."

"Yes, to a certain point; but how much I have before me. There is such a pleasure in acquiring knowledge."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was turning over her daughter's portfolio.

"Where is that beautiful drawing, Aveline, which I used to think your best? That part of the coast, near Sorrento, at low water."

"I have not kept it, mamma."

"Did you give it away, my dear?" asked Mrs. Fitzpatrick with a smile. For it was at Sorrento that Mr. Haveloc had been very much with them; and, during the progress of the drawing, as he was very fond of the art, and a pretty good draughts-man himself, he had often interfered, greatly to the benefit of the picture, as Aveline then declared.

"No, mamma," said Aveline, after a pause.

"Have you lost it then?" asked Mrs. Fitzpatrick, thinking it not unlikely that Mr. Haveloc might have stolen it as a remembrance of the hours they had passed together.

"No, mamma," said Aveline speaking very distinctly, but with much effort. "I destroyed it."

"And why, dearest?"

"I thought it wisest, mamma," said Aveline, going rapidly on with her drawing.

"Dear Aveline," said her mother, taking her in her arms. "Now that we are at home, and at rest—are you unhappy?"

"No, no, indeed, mamma!" said Aveline, hiding her face upon her mother's shoulder. "Not unhappy! Nobody can tell but myself how deeply I have longed for home and rest; often, when I have thought I should never rest again."

"But how was that, my Aveline?"

"It was not that I did not despise myself every day and every hour for my folly," said Aveline, plunging at once into the confession that she had often longed to make. "It was no cherished weakness, you will believe that, mamma."

"I do, my dear."

"And it was not because he defended us from the brigands. I know it is common enough for men to be brave. But then he thought so little of it—he always made so light of it; and we should have never known he had been wounded, if his man had not told our courier, when we met at Sorrento."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick pressed her daughter's hand.

"And then seeing him day by day at Sorrento; although he never said any thing that might lead me to think he noticed me more than a sick child. Always so kind—more than attentive; so vigilant that I should not be fatigued. So active in choosing resting places for us on the shore, and finding views for sketching; and I watching every time he spoke for some word that might show I was as much treasured in his secret heart, as he was in mine;—it was almost too hard. Oh! how glad I was when he left Sorrento. And yet it seemed so dreary that I was glad to go too. Then, I had nothing to do but to forget all that was past; and that was hard. There was that drawing—he had helped me with the sky,

and most of the distance. I destroyed that, when I found myself always looking at it; and the cornelian amulet, that he used to laugh at me for wearing. I gave it to Mrs. Maxwell Dorset, you remember."

"Mrs. Maxwell Dorset said that he had made her acquaintance at Florence, did she not?" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, anxious to lead her daughter to talk of this, as of an indifferent subject.

"Yes," she said, "he was a great pet of hers. He gave her that bracelet of purple enamel with the diamond head. I should be very sorry to be ungrateful mamma, but I thought—"

"What, my dearest?"

"I thought a woman should be very old, to talk as she used to do about Mr. Haveloc and Mr. Leslie. I saw a great deal of her you know, when you were out arranging our journey home with Johannot."

"I should be sorry to see you imitate that, or any other freedom of manner," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "because I consider it very ungraceful; but I am persuaded that with Mrs. Maxwell Dorset, it was only manner. Mr. Leslie you know was a clergyman, and Mrs. Maxwell says she never likes to be without the intimate acquaintance of a clergyman. She considers it so advantageous both for herself; and for her children. Mr. Leslie came twice a week to explain the bible to her girls."

This was true enough; but Aveline remembered that Mrs. Maxwell Dorset's remarks about Mr. Leslie, who was really a most excellent and earnest young man in the discharge of his duty, had been confined to repeated eulogiums upon his teeth, and his hands, and had never touched upon the doctrines which he wished to inculcate.

She said, however, that Mrs. Maxwell Dorset had been most kind to them when they most needed it; and that she should be very sorry to form a harsh judgment of her foibles. And then having talked too long upon subjects of an exciting nature, she brought on a severe fit of coughing, which Mrs. Fitzpatrick attributed to her having bent so much over her drawing.

"It is very odd we cannot get rid of that cough of yours, Aveline," she said. "Here comes Mr. Lindsay, we must consult with him about it."

Aveline was flushed with coughing, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure at the sight of her great favourite, Mr. Lindsay; so that when he dismounted, and came in at the open window, he could hardly be expected to detect through the eagerness of her warm welcome, any strong trace of indisposition.

"Nothing the matter with you, I see!" were his first words to her.

"Indeed, there is, Mr. Lindsay," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick. "There is still something left for you to do with her. She cannot be quite right with that troublesome cough." And Mrs. Fitzpatrick fixed her black eyes upon Mr. Lindsay's immovable countenance, with a scrutiny that it was not easy to avoid.

"I wish you would not feel my pulse, doctor," said Aveline, using a term she often playfully applied to Mr. Lindsay. "It always makes me faint."

"There then," said he removing his fingers, "you have not left any of your fancies behind you. I wish you had, or your cough!"

"You despise foreigners almost as much as Mrs. Grant," said Aveline laughing; "but you cannot deny that I have gained a great deal by my absence."

"Gained. Yes; an inch or more. Were you not tall enough before you went?" said Mr. Lindsay, surveying her from head to foot.

"You are as tiresome as ever," said Aveline. "I have gained strength, spirits, and appetite!"

"What did you eat for breakfast?" asked Mr. Lindsay suddenly.

"Oh! breakfast. That is never a good meal with me. I could eat half a chicken for dinner," said Aveline, still laughing.

"Well, I suppose you want me to send you some medicine," said Mr. Lindsay, taking up his hat; "people are never contented without it, whether they need it or not."

"But do I not need it?" asked Aveline.

"No."

"What shall I take for my cough then?"

"Cherries, shrimps, tamarinds, whatever you like."

"And why are you running away?"

"Because I am going to see a woman who really wants me and my physic."

"Anybody I know?"

"A Mrs. Brand. I cannot tell how far your circle of acquaintance may extend."

"To be sure I know her. Brand's wife mamma! She is always sickly. Do you think her worse?"

"Why, yes—rather."

"And will she get well?"

"Perhaps. I am doubtful about it."

"Oh, dear! with all those poor little children."

"She would be much more likely to get well without the poor little children."

"And what could we send her that would be of use?"

"Chicken broth, port wine, brandy, if she could keep it from her husband."

"Oh, yes! he is a very good man. He never drinks."

"Excellent. Good bye to you," and the doctor stepped out upon the terrace. Mrs. Fitzpatrick followed him.

"What do you think of her, Mr. Lindsay?" she asked.

"I hardly know yet. I am not quite satisfied with her pulse; but I must see her when she has recovered the fatigue of her journey."

"And have you no advice to give me in the meantime?"

"Care—care—care. You know my axiom," said the doctor as he mounted his horse. "A better one I warrant, than that of Demosthenes."

"But you are really oracular this morning."

"Keep her mind quiet," said Mr. Lindsay gathering up the bridle, "and if she cries for the moon, let her have it."

And having given utterance to this easy and infallible receipt, galloped off. Yes, it was very pleasant to be told that she must keep her daughter's mind quiet, when she had just learned that Aveline was engaged in one long hopeless struggle against an attachment that had never been declared, or sought, or requited.

It had often crossed her mind at Sorrento, that Mr. Haveloc must admire her daughter; but she had never alluded to the subject, even in jest; because hers was a mind to treat all grave matters gravely; and because she did not think it very conducive to the delicacy of a young girl to jest with her upon the impression she might have made upon a man, particularly while the fact was yet uncertain. And she believed that Aveline never gave him a thought; nor did she herself, farther than she need, take any trouble to keep them out of each other's way, because there would be no reason to object to it, if they should take a fancy to each other.

How deeply she repented of her blindness; how bitterly she recalled the frequent morning walks, the sketching, the sailing parties; from which, indeed, she could hardly have excluded Mr. Haveloc, all things considered; but from which she might have contrived to omit Aveline. She gazed down the rough pathway from which Mr. Lindsay had long vanished, and again repeated to herself, "Keep her mind quiet!"

CHAPTER IV

*They ben so well thewed and so wise
Whatever that good old man bespake.*

SPENSER.

*Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he, or red, or pale, or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Nothing more endeared Margaret to her uncle, than the manner in which she took Mr. Haveloc's departure.

A little more grave, a little more silent than usual, she seemed only solicitous that Mr. Grey should not miss his companionship more than could be helped. She had not an instant's fear that his affection would undergo any change; her regrets at parting with him were unmixed with doubt for the future; they were simply those of separating for so long from a person whom she loved.

One evening, when she was leaning upon Mr. Grey's arm-chair, placed as usual at the window, with the moonlight streaming over the grounds, much as when she had taken her last walk upon the terrace with Mr. Haveloc, her uncle seemed to think he might touch upon the subject without exciting her feelings too painfully.

"You are thinking of Claude, my love," said he taking her hand which rested on the back of his chair, and drawing it down over his shoulder.

"Yes uncle," said Margaret.

"Very natural," returned Mr. Grey. "I dare say he is thinking of you."

"I think he is," replied Margaret quietly.

"He agreed not to write to you, you know, my dear," said her uncle; "but I promised him one thing which might look like an infringement of our compact. If my health should become materially worse, a letter directed to Tynebrook will be forwarded to him, wherever he may be, and he will come to us immediately; so that if I should be too ill to write, Margaret, you will know what to do. It is right if you are deprived of one protector, that I should procure you another."

"Oh! uncle, if you would not talk—if you would not imagine such things," said Margaret, melting into tears.

"Well, my dear child, I will not say any more about it; we will change the subject. What do you think? The last night Claude was with me, I told him that it was my intention to leave my estate, with some few reservations, to you. Well—but don't cry at that, my child: I never heard that any man died the sooner for making his will. But Claude decidedly opposed my intention; he said, his own fortune was so ample as to make so large an addition to it quite unnecessary; that he disapproved the plan of heaping up those immense properties; that my estate would be the means of making some other relative easy in his circumstances; and that he thought he was speaking your sentiments as well as his own, when he resolutely declined my offer."

"Quite. He understands me," whispered Margaret through her tears.

"So then, Margaret, if he stands the test of time, you may be very happy together," said Mr. Grey.

"If!—oh, uncle! I have not a doubt."

"Do not have," said Mr. Grey. "Trust always, my child; but here comes the urn, and Casement too, I declare."

"Hollo! little woman, where's Master Claude?" was Mr. Casement's first salutation, after he had carefully peeped on each side of the urn, as if in search of the missing gentleman.

"Gone, Sir; several days ago," said Margaret, pursuing her occupation.

"Gone, eh? And where?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Not in his confidence then, it seems."

"Think of that, Mr. Casement," said Margaret, looking up with an arch laugh.

"How was it?" asked Mr. Casement, dragging his chair as close to hers as possible, "tell me all about it. Did Master Grey cut up rough?"

Margaret looked puzzled, for she did not understand the phrase employed; but she turned to her uncle.

"Did you, Uncle Grey?" she said.

"He does not know what he is talking about, my dear," said Mr. Grey.

"Don't I?" said Mr. Casement. "You thought, little woman, that I did not know any of your proceedings with Master Hubert."

"I did not think about it, Sir," said Margaret, turning away.

"I suppose Elizabeth Gage has quite cut you now?" pursued Mr. Casement.

"No, she has not, Sir; for I dine at Chirke Weston to-morrow."

"Then give my love to her," said Mr. Casement; "and tell her that I have held her engaged to me for the last ten years. I don't know when I shall claim her, but it is as well to remind her occasionally."

When she arrived at Captain Gage's next day, Elizabeth was alone in the drawing-room, dressed with her usual costly simplicity.

She was seated reading in an arm-chair by the open window, and Margaret could not help being newly struck with the grand and statuesque style of her beauty. From her height, the calm regularity of her features, the plain arrangement of her abundant hair, and the dignity of her attitude, she might have served as a model for Minerva.

Elizabeth's welcome was as warm as ever.

"You will find my father in a great bustle," said she, as soon as Margaret was seated. "Sir Philip d'Eyncourt has arrived. You have heard of him?"

"Yes; I have heard his name," said Margaret.

"He has come home in very bad health," said Elizabeth, "and has been obliged to abandon a survey which he considered of great importance, and for which he was peculiarly fitted from his scientific knowledge. My father quite enjoys the idea of having somebody to take care of. He pets *me*; but I never have anything the matter with me."

Captain Gage now came into the room, shook hands with Margaret, and assured her that she was looking remarkably well; and then told his daughter that Sir Philip would be down presently; that he had insisted on their not delaying dinner: that he was looking very ill, but that Bessy must not judge of him from his present appearance. And then he hurried out again to see how his guest was getting on.

Elizabeth Gage had not seen Sir Philip d'Eyncourt since she was a child. She remembered then that he had taken great notice of her, as young men are apt to do of handsome children. But her impressions of him, dated not from the scanty recollections she entertained of himself, but from the very high opinion that her father always expressed of his talents and character.

Her father never threw away his praise; therefore, Sir Philip must be everything that was admirable.

She wished very much to see him, and become acquainted with him, but she recognised him completely as her father's guest; and though she would gladly have shown her respect for his character, by contributing in any way to his comfort, yet she thought that as an invalid, and, in some respects, a disappointed man, the most agreeable thing for him was to be let alone.

"I am quite anxious to see him after so many years," said Elizabeth, turning slightly towards the door as her father and his guest entered. Sir Philip was tall and dark; with a head like the portraits in Elizabeth's reign. Wide across the brows, and narrow at the chin. He was very grave and quiet in his manner; seemed in wretched health; sat down without speaking, after having bowed to the two ladies, and remained perfectly still and silent in a corner of the sofa.

"You can hardly recollect Bessy, I suppose," said Captain Gage, turning to Sir Philip.

"No; it is so many years since I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Gage," said he, turning his eyes in the direction of Elizabeth, who was showing Margaret some specimens of carved ivory at a table.

She coloured a little; but she reflected that there was nothing to wonder at in his memory being worse than her own. He had seen many pretty children; she had seen but one Sir Philip d'Eyncourt.

"Do you think Bessy like Hubert?" asked Captain Gage, who seemed resolved not to let Sir Philip alone on the subject of his daughter.

Sir Philip did not see the likeness.

"Now that vexes me, Sir Philip," said Elizabeth, looking up with her usual candour. "I am very fond of being considered like Hubert."

Sir Philip smiled, but made no reply.

"You think so, do you not?" asked Captain Gage of Margaret, with a mischievous smile.

This was rather hard upon her; she blushed very deeply, and assented.

Captain Gage enjoyed her confusion. He was as kind to her as ever: he would have liked her to marry Hubert, because his son had set his heart upon it; and he was very well pleased that it had come to nothing, because he thought the boy a great deal too young to think of settling. It would, indeed, have been difficult to disturb his equanimity. In the days of George's extravagance, he paid his bills with a composure that made that gentleman's intimate friends wish that Heaven had provided them with father's exactly on the same pattern; and he took all Hubert's perverseness, after the first irritation, with the greatest forbearance; only begging that he might be informed when it was his pleasure to go to sea again, as he did not wish a second time to exert his influence for nothing.

Dinner was announced; Captain Gage took possession of Margaret, and Elizabeth knowing that Sir Philip must offer her his arm, with a slight colour, a slight embarrassment that became her infinitely, went towards him to save him the exertion of crossing to her side of the room. He met her with a smile that seemed at once to comprehend, and to be grateful for her consideration.

The thing that Captain Gage most ardently desired on earth was the marriage of Elizabeth with Sir Philip; but this wish he very prudently kept to himself. He was very glad to see that she had on her cameos and her white silk, and that her hair was dressed to admiration; for the rest, it might, he thought, be safely left to time.

"I should like you to see Creswick," said Captain Gage, "it is for sale; if you would buy it, we should be sure of a pleasant neighbour. I will drive you over there to-morrow."

"Thank you," said Sir Philip, "it would be an inducement; but I believe I must content myself with Sherleigh."

"Sherleigh, is magnificent I know;" said Captain Gage, "but Creswick would be just the thing for a shooting-box. Are you fond of shooting? Oh! I recollect having many a day's sport with you in Antigua."

"Parrot shooting," said Sir Philip, "there was no great skill required there. No; I have outlived my taste for field sports."

"You had only to fire into a tree, and they came down like cock-chaffers," said Captain Gage, turning to Margaret. "Why Bessy, what makes you in such a hurry?" Elizabeth rose to leave the room;

and when her father joined her in the drawing-room, he brought a civil message from Sir Philip, that he regretted not seeing Miss Gage again, but that his physician had enjoined him to retire early.

CHAPTER V

*But good with ill, and pleasure still with pain
Like Heaven's revolving signs, alternate reign.*

TRACHINIA.

*Life of my love—throne where my glories sit,
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud
When I but see thee.*

SUN'S DARLING.

A few days after their return home, the weather, always so unsettled in our climate, became suddenly cold, and Aveline's illness immediately assumed a more serious form. Mr. Lindsay looked grave; and to Mrs. Fitzpatrick's repeated entreaties that he would be perfectly open with her respecting her daughter's state; he at length reluctantly owned that he entertained a very slight hope of her ever being restored to health. Mrs. Fitzpatrick bore the news with more firmness than he had expected. Although her fears had often suggested as much to her own mind, she only half believed it. If Aveline seemed languid or out of spirits; if her cheek was more flushed, or her appetite failed, then Mrs. Fitzpatrick's heart died within her; and she echoed the doctor's unfavourable sentence. But if she rallied for a time, if she turned to her usual occupations for an hour, or if, owing to the return of the fine weather, she enjoyed a temporary respite from her harrassing attacks of cough, then Mrs. Fitzpatrick's spirits and confidence rose again; no one understood she was sure, her daughter's case. Aveline was certain to recover.

It was a mild sunny morning. There had been rain, and it had dispelled the sharp wind so prevalent in our early summer. The sea lay glittering, and breaking into small crested waves. Aveline wrapped in shawls with a heavy cloak laid over her feet, sat reading upon the beach. Her mother had walked back to the house to give some forgotten order to the servants, and Aveline, as soon as Mrs. Fitzpatrick was out of sight, dropped her book, and clasping her hands on her knee, sat long gazing upon the moving line of water. It had become an exertion to her to read of late. The lines swam before her eyes, if she directed her attention to them for any length of time. Her appetite had declined; her spirits failed her; and her large eyes now filled with tears, as she remained listless, and quiet; gazing vacantly upon the slowly advancing waves.

Two or three merry peasant children were playing on the beach—urging each other closer and closer to the rippling water, and running back with shouts and laughter as the foam broke over their feet. When they came nearer to Aveline, their voices sank; they whispered to each other that it was the sick lady, and stole quietly one by one along the sand. But Aveline caught sight of them as they were passing, and beckoned them to her side.

"Come to me, Jane," said she "I wish to speak to you, I want to hear how your mother does?"

"Mother is better, Ma'am, thank you," said the girl. "Mother ate all the chicken broth," said a younger child pressing forward.

"I am glad to hear it," said Aveline, "does she sleep better, than she used?"

"Much better, Ma'am," said the girl, "the doctor says she may leave off taking the stuff at night."

"That is a good sign; and I hope you are very good children, and do nothing that might vex your mother; and that you try to help her as much as you can. It is so sad to be ill," said poor Aveline.

"Yes, Ma'am," said all the children together.

"It is such a comfort to her to have good little quiet children about her," said Aveline, in her gentle voice, "and it will be such a comfort to you to know that you have done all in your power to make her better."

Her earnest manner struck the children; they stood silent, looking stedfastly at her. At last Jane, the eldest, said timidly, "And you, Ma'am, are you getting better?"

"No," said Aveline with a faint smile "no, I do not feel much better yet. I think I must wait until the weather is warmer."

And she drew her shawl closer round her.

"Mother will be sorry for that," said the little girl sadly; "mother said she did not look to see you ever better in this world."

"And mother cried when she said so," added the boy fixing his round blue eyes on Aveline.

Aveline made no answer, when the children had done speaking, and they stood by her side, constrained and silent for some minutes.

At last she looked up, and said quietly. "Well now, you can go on playing. Jane will be very careful of her two brothers. It is quite like a woman to be trusted—is it not Jane?"

The children stole gently away hand in hand; and Aveline, after a pause, during which she struggled in vain to calm her feelings, burst into a passion of tears and convulsive sobs. Her mother had so carefully concealed from her all suspicions of her danger; so scrupulously hidden her fears of the result of her illness; that Aveline always looked forward to the warm weather as the infallible cure for her cough, and ascribed to accidental causes the different symptoms which revealed too well to others the nature of her complaint. To die. The thought was so new—so terrible. To leave the world—she was so full of genius, of intellectual life, she had done so much, she had so much to do, (the feeling of all those who have done much), and to leave her mother—who had no one—no single thing in life to supply her place. Could it be? Could nothing really save her? Was her fate so plainly indicated, that the poor peasant woman, whom she visited and relieved, could not fail to read it? Her agitation shook her from head to foot. And yet another thought would intrude itself; a memory and a hope that she had banished, yet clung to in spite of reason, for very long. "If I die," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in agony, "I shall never see him again!"

After a while she collected herself; she would not distress her mother by appearing conscious of her perilous state. And her mother was suppressing all that she feared and felt, from the same kind but mistaken motive; for both would have been relieved and strengthened had they opened their hearts, and wept together instead of in secret.

"Well, Aveline, are you tired," asked Mrs. Fitzpatrick, as she returned to her daughter.

"Rather tired, mamma, of sitting," said Aveline in that unequal voice that betrays recent tears; "if you will give me your arm, I will walk a little way along the beach."

"There is not much sand left," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, as they strolled along, "the sea is a sad encroacher, Aveline, and stays for you no more than for King Knute."

But Aveline was weeping silently, and made no reply.

"Aveline, dearest, what is it?" asked Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her heart trembled within her, for of all things she most dreaded her daughter's suspecting her danger; she knew the rapid inroads of imagination upon a delicate frame.

"Nothing, mamma," said Aveline. "I am low spirited to-day, and do not feel strong enough to resist crying—that is all."

"You must not be so much alone," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "have you seen Brand's children?"

"Yes, they have just left me;" said Aveline, "they are nice little creatures, and Jane grows taller I think every day."

"Mrs. Fletcher has sent you a basket of her fine raspberries," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "and a very kind note with them."

"She is very good. I meet every where with great kindness," said Aveline.

"You must take care we do not walk too far," said her mother, "suppose you rest a little."

"I will stand a minute, and watch the sea, mamma," said Aveline.

She leaned on her mother, and remained gazing on the long range of broken rocks against which the waves were tossing their white foam. These rocks, which a little way out at sea, rose some feet above the level of the water, decreased in size as they advanced to the shore, and appeared nothing more than an irregular mass of rough stones, covered with slippery green sea-weed.

Presently a speck appeared on the horizon, and gradually advancing, presented the appearance of some slender vessel. "Look, Aveline, there is a yacht!" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "what a beautiful thing it is!"

"Yes, a pretty toy," returned Aveline listlessly, "but I prefer a fishing boat, I think my sympathies go rather with the poor, than with the rich. What tales of the still magnificence of moonlight nights, what adventures, what perils of winds and storms are connected with the meanest of those little vessels. And the watchful wife, and the sleeping unconscious children, during those rough dark nights, while the father is out toiling for their bread. I do not like the gentry of our day, mamma; all the poetry is on the side of these poor folks."

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