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Title Page

See note in Hocken's N.Z. Bibliography, p. 433. The book has nothing to do with Aus. or N.Z.

The Bird of Paradise.

Publisher's insignium.

The Bird of Paradise. A Romance.

*"The starlight smile of children, the sweet looks
Of women, the fair breast from which I fed.
The murmur of the unrepenting brooks,
And the green light which, shifting overhead.
Some tangled bower of vines around me shed;
The shells on the sea-sand and the wild flowers,
The lamplight through the rafters cheerly spread.
And on the twining flax—in life's young hours
These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit's folded Powers."*

William Henry Dutton, M.A. Master in Surgery, Doctor of Medicine, Member of Royal College of Surgeons
*Of England. *New Zealand Gazette January 1895.*

: First Honourman in Language and Logic.

Referring to the honours with which Dutton graduated from the University of Melbourne in 1879. *The Argus March 1879.*

Gold Medallist and Classical Scholar

Dunedin, N.Z.: Printed by S. N. Brown and Co., Manse Street. 1896. (*All rights reserved.*)

In disclaiming any allusions to characters or parallel cases connected with the Australasian Colonies, and with the assurance that it is entirely founded upon occurrences in the United States of America whose history has been communicated to the Author, the following story is

Dedicated in the simplicity of paternal love

to

Victoria Ruby Dutton

and

Norman Edward Dutton.

Contents.

Book I.

I. Caveat Lector

The Bird of Paradise is "A Romance" divided into two parts, set in the southern United States prior to the Civil War. It was written by Dr William Henry Dutton, and published in Dunedin in 1896. In this case, the life of the author is particularly relevant to his book. At the age of approximately 21, William Dutton graduated from the University of Melbourne's Trinity College in 1879

"List of Graduates." 25 March 1879. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p6.

with a Bachelor of Arts. He next went to the Royal College of Surgeons of England, from which he graduated in 1882

"Register of Medical Practitioners." 16 January 1896. *The New Zealand Gazette*, Wellington, p72.

. He returned to Australia by way of New Zealand

"Piako voyage number 4". London 17th August 1882 - Dunedin 11 November 1882. Passenger list. Held by National Archives of New Zealand, Wellington. Archives reference: IM 5/4/37, No. 480

, and married Mary Dent Oswald in 1884

"Marriages." 13 August 1884. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p1.

. He pursued his practice in various locations in Victoria and New South Wales and later in New Zealand. His marriage produced three children; in every other respect, it appears to have been unhappy, and one of the

children died in infancy. An ugly and well-publicised divorce was won by his wife, and Dutton went to New Zealand, where he lived for the short remainder of his life.

This is the most simple account of his biography; it is more sordid in the newspaper accounts of the time. It is more dramatic again in Dutton's novel, which upon examination of Dutton's life reveals itself to be his own story of the events which eventually disgraced and disillusioned him. Readers are therefore warned that the humour, while present, is dark; and the romance is a misdirection.

II. The Life of the Author

The Bird of Paradise was not published as an obvious autobiography. A reviewer of the time seems to have taken it at face value; the *Otago Witness* remarks drily that it is 'difficult, inasmuch as, like many first novels, it contains characters and incidents sufficient to set up two or three modern novels...'

"Among the Books." 21 May 1896. *Otago Witness*, Dunedin, p42.

The length is a problem:

The closing paragraph of the book describes the death of Eugene, which the ordinary novel reader would have no doubt welcomed earlier, for these days we are imbued with the idea that life is brief indeed, and that the wit which suits us best is that whose soul is brevity.

Ibid.

(In life, if not in the novel; the *Otago Witness* reviewer roundaboutly gets his wish; Dutton died in November of the same year, and one obituary supposes the unfavourable reception of *The Bird of Paradise* as a cause: 'Owing to disappointments of a private nature – the cool reception his novel, *The Bird of Paradise*, received, was one—'

"Lake Country - Deaths." 26 November 1896. *Otago Witness*, Dunedin, p23.

).

It is common to say of a novel of the times that it was based on the author's life. Lawrence Jones, writing in the *Oxford History of New Zealand Literature*, notes: 'A recurring type of fiction is the clearly autobiographical novel in which the hero's career has been fictionalized and made more dramatically coherent by an admixture of melodramatic romance.'

Jones, Lawrence. 1998. The Novel. In Terry Sturm (ed.) *The Oxford History of Literature in New Zealand*. 2nd edn. Auckland: Oxford University Press. 119-244, p122.

Check. Clearly this was a style that was easy and profitable to imitate. But this observation has the advantage of hindsight, and therefore the advantage of Dr Dutton. He wrote his 'Romance' less than two years after the divorce with which it is mostly concerned. The simultaneity of his life and literature are illustrated by a curious page of the *Otago Witness*, on August 16th, 1894, which contains a letter to the editor:

The Otago Witness, 16 August 1894, p23. "Lake Country."

Article from the Otago Witness found on the Papers Past website.

SIR- The Trustees of the Arrow Hospital recently appointed, with a great flourish of trumpets, as surgeon to the hospital, a Dr. W. H. Dutton, of Victoria, a medical genius with a string of letters to his name as long as the tail of a kite...

'Nemo'. 16 August 1894. "The Arrow Hospital Again." *The Otago Witness*, p23

The writer, a "Nemo", goes on to criticise the 'degrading' conditions of the hospital and suggest that only a doctor ignorant of its status, or lacking self-respect, could have been induced to take up the position. The very next item on the page is 'A Melbourne Divorce Case: Alleged Cruelty of Dr. Dutton'

"A Melbourne Divorce Case." 16 August 1894. *Otago Witness*, Dunedin, p23.

, which reports the case in detail, probably drawing from the Melbourne *Argus*. The placement speaks of remarkable editorial comment, however 'silent'. The notoriety of the case appears to have cost Dutton the Arrowtown practice; the *Argus's* trial notes report that, 'as to the New Zealand appointment, he had received telegrams stating that in consequence of the reports appearing in this case, it had been cancelled.'

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton Vs. Dutton. Finding of the Jury. Verdict for Mrs. Dutton." 29 August 1894. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p6.

This is not the typical colonial writer creating a pleasing, or socially apposite, tale from her experiences, dressed up in the popular melodramatic style of the time. This is a writer whose life story had already been

printed when he came to write it. Jones notes that 'most of the Pioneer novels were written by amateurs, with fiction at best an occasional avocation in the midst of lives dedicated primarily to the more material concerns of a pioneer society...'

Jones, Lawrence. 1998. The Novel. In Terry Sturm (ed.), *The Oxford History of New Zealand Literature*, 2nd edn. Auckland: Oxford University Press. 119-244, p121.

Dutton turned to that 'occasional avocation' after the other side of his story had damaged his reputation as a respectable man, and thus his career.

III. Fact in Fiction

The court case story and the plot of *The Bird of Paradise* largely agree, so it is useful to outline them together. Eugene/William, one of several boys in his family, is a keen student. He travels away from home to study surgery, and returns to his home (broadly) at the conclusion of his studies. He settles down and begins to earn a decent living; he marries a beautiful woman (Marvel/Mary).

It is Marvel who is lauded as 'the bird of Paradise', which develops into irony throughout the book. At first infatuated with her, Eugene comes to see his wife from an increasingly jaded viewpoint: not an exotic, fabulous creature, but more like the jackdaw of fable, who puts on peacock feathers, and is cast down when its pretensions slip. This moral is uns subtly explained in a conversation between two of Eugene's female acquaintances, soon after he marries, when Madame Pompadour innocently asks Guinevere about the origin of Marvel's "feathery name", and Guinevere, a font of wisdom, explains to her all of the mythical and the ornithological aspects of the *Paradisea rubra*

Dutton, William Henry. 1896. *The Bird of Paradise*. Dunedin: S. N. Brown and Co., p108.

. The ironic contrast that is set up between a person and their plumage is reflected in Dutton's writing; it is his style to embellish his subject with language that is more ornate and ostentatious the less they deserve it. Throughout *The Bird of Paradise*, phrases such as 'the bird of heaven and air' come to be used with an increasingly bitter tone.

Whether foretold or not, it is true for both Eugene and William that after his marriage, his relationship with his wife quickly sours. ('From the very first the respondent was addicted to drunkenness,' alleges Mary

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Evidence by the Petitioner." . 2 August 1894, *The Argus*, Melbourne, p6.

. '[Eugene] discovered that he had to deal with an irritable, captious and absurdly jealous wife,' writes Dutton.

Dutton, William Henry. 1896. *The Bird of Paradise*. Dunedin: S. N. Brown and Co., p108

) Either a wastrel, or unable to deal with her capriciousness, our hero takes up social gambling and drinking. He also dabbles in racing, and owns a horse.

The two narratives run in parallel, but not perfectly. Significant cognitive dissonance results from comparing certain episodes from the novel with episodes related by witnesses at the trial. In *The Bird of Paradise*, our protagonist is gradually established as a competent and caring doctor; in chapter 9 he visits the house of an old friend to operate on her young son, who is suffering from diphtheria and requires a tracheotomy. It is a heartwarming scene and the boy later makes a full recovery. In the trial, another story is related by Dutton's former medical partner: "Dr. Honman, Dr. Dutton, and myself had a consultation about a case of tracheotomy. An operation was performed on the patient – a child – and during the operation the child died. After the operation Dr Dutton showed increasing signs of drink..."

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton Vs. Dutton. Evidence of Misconduct." 7 August 1894. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p7.

This is not merely Dutton's plausible version of events, but an authorial hand creating light from very dark materials.

Eugene/Dutton decides to move his practice, against his wife's wishes. Eugene moves to Galveston, or William leaves Castlemaine, and this sets off a chain of unhappy, brief moves, and medical practices which gradually decrease in value. There are periods of happiness. Perhaps the most joyful point in *The Bird of Paradise* is the birth of a daughter, Pearly (Ruby Oswald Dutton), whom he rhapsodizes with verse by Bennett. She is followed by a son, Valentine (Norman Edward Dutton). A third child dies in infancy. Recorded in fiction and courtroom drama, the cause of this death is unclear; but Mary and William each blamed the other for the tragedy.

Marvel secreted his illness for some inscrutable reason as close as she could from the doctor... For a week, night after night he knelt over the cradle in the vain effort to rock to sleep the fore-doomed baby...

writes Dutton (1896)

Dutton, William Henry. 1896. *The Bird of Paradise*. Dunedin: S. N. Brown and Co., p227.

I rushed outside the house undressed with the baby. I remained outside all night in the open air... It was bitterly cold. I, with two servants, attempted to go into the house at 7 o'clock in the morning, and we were chased away by respondent... The baby died a fortnight after...

states Mary (1894)

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Evidence by the Petitioner." 2 August 1894. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p6.

Marvel/Mary's family provides her more money than Eugene/William can, and this is a source of tension in their marriage. (Mary's father, Robert Dent Oswald, was the owner of a large gold mine

"The Mines of Maldon." 2 July 1886. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p7.

; Marvel's father, Julian Jasper *Gould*, is referred to throughout *Paradise* as 'the mighty coal-king').

Whenever Marvel/Mary can, she takes the children along on extended stays with friends or family. When our hero has been married seven years, his wife's father dies, and she inherits a sizeable income, although it comes with the condition that she use part of it to maintain her children. After this, she leaves William/Eugene entirely. He achieves custody of his children; but his practice is suffering. He appeals, through the court, for his wife's maintenance money, which she is forced to give to him. She seeks a divorce: the court proceedings begin the day after the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Much of the divorce case turns on accusations by Marvel/Mary concerning her husband's conduct with the various servants who have passed through their employ, and especially two sisters: Lillie and Lollie Delaine, or Nellie and Jennie Case. The divorce case is brutal, lasting a month in Australia, and two months in fictional America. During the case, Eugene/William receives an appointment overseas; and he leaves at the end of the trial.

'The Court then adjourned, and the two children were led across by Dr. Dutton and handed over to their mother.'

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Divorce Granted." 30 August 1894. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p5.

This is the scene with which the *Argus* concludes its thorough coverage of the Dutton trial. In many ways, this is the end of the story, because it is here that fact and fiction begin to diverge. Dr. Dutton moved to New Zealand, and was as itinerant there as he was in Australia, before dying at the early age of 38; but Eugene, living for some years in South Africa, returns after a time to find that his former wife is frail and repentant, and his children are loyal. He dies honourably in the American Civil War. This ending is unconvincing to the historical reader; but perhaps it is more satisfying in the context of "A Romance". After all, that is what we are reading.

IV. Domestic Melodrama

To describe a book as a romance, in this period, was to define it much less narrowly than we would now, using the same term. In her article "Romance and the Romance Novel," Fiona Robertson describes its scope:

The novel in [the period following the French Revolution] often seems a schizophrenic form, generically unstable but also both innovative and exploratory... Works declaring themselves in subtitles to be romances include many we now call "Gothic"... They also include many which explore the meeting points of history and fiction... "Romance" in these subtitles clearly indicates the dominance of fiction or invention over something regarded as "real".

Robertson, 2004

Robertson, Fiona. 2004. Romance and the Romance Novel. In Corinne Saunders, (ed.), *A Companion to Romance*. Oxford: Blackwell Publishing, 287-305, p291.

It is telling that Robertson implicitly overlaps the romance and the novel, because Sir Walter Scott, considered by Victorians to be the progenitor and master of the romance form, clearly distinguished them. As Robertson reports, 'Scott defines romance as "a fictitious narrative in prose or verse; the interest of which turns on marvellous and uncommon interests", presenting it in opposition to the novel, "a fictitious narrative, differing from the romance, because the events are accommodated to the ordinary train of human events, and the modern state of society."'

Ibid, p295.

Presented with this distinction, it is easy to classify *The Bird of Paradise*. Yet Dutton has made the counter-intuitive choice.

As can be seen from Scott's definition, the novel was the more realistic of these two competing forms. The novel was more likely to engage social problems directly, even stridently. It emerged in the this period as the

grittier form; but the romance, with its quests and marriages, had softer edges, and a more conservative view of gender relations. Specifically, Robertson suggests that the romance, as the Victorians knew it, emerged as a response to the French Revolution, and the problem of chivalry

Ibid, pp290-291.

. That Dutton appreciated these overtones can be seen by the poem he chooses as an epigram for his book: Shelley's 'Revolt against Islam', a poem written in direct reaction to the French Revolution. It had many aims, but specifically sought to evoke 'a thirst for a happier condition of moral and political society...'

Shelley, Percy Bysshe. 1818. *The Revolt of Islam; A Poem, in Twelve Cantos*. London: C and J. Ollier, preface.

Note, too, Robertson's comment that "'Romance'" in these subtitles clearly indicates the dominance of fiction or invention over something regarded as "real". Dutton did not intend to recreate reality, but to represent it according to more comfortable ideals.

As for 'innovative and exploratory', few commentators claim that the early novels of New Zealand and Australia met that standard. It is therefore simple to classify *The Bird of Paradise* within a set of conventional forms. We know that this book is a romance because it has a happy ending; we know that it is a melodrama because the happy ending involves the wicked but repentant ex-wife dying by lightning after a tearful reconciliation with her ex-husband over their dead child's grave. (It is tempting to label this a revenge fantasy in which Eugene/William gets to keep the moral high ground.)

It is also tempting to suggest that the melodramatic content of *The Bird of Paradise* is in fact stranger than fiction, because some of its most sensational events are based on journalistic report. For example, the episode in which Lillie Delaine, poisoned with tainted beer, goes temporarily mad, seems to derive from Nellie's testimony: "I don't know. I was out of my mind at Malvern."... "Was anything given to you which caused you to go out of your mind?"

"Painful Divorce Case. Dutton Vs. Dutton. Re-examination of Nellie Case." 10 August 1894. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p6.

But the trial accounts are another type of story, in which there are many reasons to edit or evade; where sources other than truth may have been the inspiration. As Dutton himself says, denying the evidence of another servant girl, "'She must have dreamt it – read it in some twopenny halfpenny novel.'"

"Painful Divorce Case. Dutton Vs. Dutton. Further Evidence for the Respondent." 22 August 1894. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p6.

Regarding such novels, there is a particularly useful genre within which *The Bird of Paradise* can be analysed: the Victorian domestic melodrama, whose social function is described in a 1981 article by Martha Vicinus:

Vicinus, Martha. 1981. "'Helpless and Unfriended': Nineteenth Century Domestic Melodrama." *New Literary History*, 13:1 127-143

Domestic melodrama was the working out in popular culture of the conflict between the family and its values and the economic and social assault of industrialization... The home was the setting for passion, sacrifice, suffering, and sympathy... Within the home the powerless struggled for recognition, for their values over those of the wider world.

Vicinus, 1981.

Ibid, pp128-129

Of the typical protagonist of such a work, Vicinus writes, 'We identify with his goodness and his powerlessness.'

Ibid, p135

In the melodrama, these two characteristics are not merely associated, but identical. Eugene, the supposed head of the household, is cast as the struggling figure whose weakness and moral strength are opposite sides of the same coin. He is the model of restraint, or passivity, who comes to remonstrate with himself very late in his relationship with his wife that he should have done more to control her. He loses the divorce case in part because he cannot bring himself to bring charges against his wife's character. Conversely, Marvel's power is entirely negative: her money makes her selfish and shallow, and her strong will and self-interest allow her to tell shameless lies.

Melodrama, says Vicinus, appeals to 'those who feel that their lives are without order and that events they cannot control can destroy or save them.'

Ibid, p132

; and of the melodramatic hero, 'The faults lie not in him but in society, which must change.'

Ibid, p135

Following the divorce trial, Eugene goes to South Africa. There he is entirely beloved and praised: 'The best verdict of the batch of worthies and wiseacres in the jury-box was the fruition of his life in South Africa,

where every man thought the best of him...'

Dutton, William Henry. *The Bird of Paradise*. Dunedin: S. N. Brown and Co., 1896. p477
Here a changed society vindicates an unchanging, unresisting hero; the meek inherits the earth.

The faultlessness of Eugene is worked out in a different way regarding the question of alcohol. Dutton's own level of inebriety was a key point in his trial; judging from hostile testimony, he was rarely seen sober, and even his own counsel says, 'Oh, we admit that he was often drunk. We don't deny it.'

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Cross-Examination of the Petitioner." 4 August 1894. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p4.

Nor does Dutton's novel – entirely. He seems to use several different textual strategies to explain or excuse this particular charge, worked out in separate characters in *The Bird of Paradise*.

The central character, Eugene, as befits his mild and unrepachable nature, is not a heavy drinker. During the last few months of the novel before the divorce, he is reported to drink beer; this possibly coincides with a similar period in Dutton's life, when he seems to have been drunk frequently, suffering from "worry". But the charges of drunkenness which Marvel brings against Eugene in the fictional trial are entirely exaggerated, as is their interpretation; 'It was the funniest way of reckoning up a habit I ever heard,' says Eugene's lawyer.

Dutton, William Henry. 1896. *The Bird of Paradise*. Dunedin: S. N. Brown and Co., p467

Meanwhile, Marmaduke Payne, a friend of Eugene's from his university days, is described as his perfect counterpart:

There was but one respect in which these two opposite characters merged into one another; in which for a short period... they ran a parallel course... the one at that point of divergence to exhaust itself in that one particular similarity, the other to pursue its way alone till Fate herself had cut its throat. This it is that will haul down your flying pennons, Eugene Whitworth; this it is Marmaduke Payne, that will hurl you into an early, a watery, and an ignominious grave.

Ibid, p28

Marmaduke, the scapegoat, drowns at a shallow beach, after a long period as a hopeless sot.

A third drinker escapes much more easily. Brosie, Eugene's brother – quite possibly based on the brother, Robert Dutton, who gives evidence at the trial – reaches the nadir of inebriation, but towards the end of the book, with relatively little comment, he recovers and is restored to respectable society. It is this character's sufferings which inspire an address from the author:

The habit of excessive drinking is not so much a vice as it is a misfortune – an incompatibility between the virtues of alcohol and certain qualities and conditions of the brain. The finer the brain the greater the incompatibility... Oh be merciful my brother whose virtue sits serene only in the absence of temptation... scorn not yonder bedraggled victim whom you pass every morning on your own triumphant march to business while you make broad your own phylacteries. In the great battle he is but a prisoner in the camp of a truculent enemy, and the day may come when he may exchange places with you...

Ibid, p120.

During this period, the traditional view of drunkenness as a sin to be punished was being contested by a theory that drunkenness was a disease (curable or incurable) to be treated.

Garton, Stephen. 1987. "Once a Drunkard Always a Drunkard": Social Reform and the Problem of 'Habitual Drunkenness' in Australia." *Labour History*, 53: 38-53

The sympathetic rhetoric of both of these positions can be seen in this address, as can Dutton's strategies to distance himself from the inexcusable behaviour of which a jury has convicted him: Eugene, Marmaduke, and Brosie respectively illustrate, *I never, it wasn't me and it wasn't really ever that bad*.

V. The Past as Foreign Country

When Dutton lost his court case, he fled to New Zealand, where he wrote a book set in America, whose protagonist travels to South Africa. This is an impressive escapist sequence; Dutton is running out of uttermost parts of the sea. The South African episode is short; as it parallels Dutton's life, we know it relates to a brief and unconcluded period. But the choice of America for the main action of *The Bird of Paradise* is interesting.

The Bird of Paradise opens with the following disclaimer:

In disclaiming any allusions to characters or parallel cases connected with the Australasian Colonies, and with the assurance that it is entirely founded upon occurrences in the United States of America whose history has been communicated to the Author...

Dutton, William Henry. 1896. *The Bird of Paradise*. Dunedin: S. N. Brown and Co., p.iv

We know that the disclaimer is a fiction; but the assurance is probably true. Dutton's brother Robert, a dental surgeon (as is his fictional counterpart Brosie), appears to have received his qualification at the

University of Philadelphia.

"Painful Divorce Case. Dutton Vs. Dutton. Mr R Dutton in the Box." 15 August 1894. *The Argus*, Melbourne, p6.

In his brother, Dutton may have had a contemporary source for his setting; but *The Bird of Paradise* is not a history or a travel novel. Dutton's America is a balmy place where pine trees grow in river valleys with tobacco and cotton, and it never seems to be winter: Australasian place names (Bendemeer, Summer Hill, Myamyn) creep in towards the second half of the book, and the distinctive nature of the country is not convincing.

Perhaps the greatest omission in a novel about American society is American people. Eugene belongs to a family of English immigrants. Marvel is part Scottish and part Welsh. Eugene's loyal groom, Patrick Flynn, is Irish with a comic accent; another source of comic relief is the "Gallic" woman, Madame de Pompadour. Many minor characters are identified by similar origins; no one is from here. A colonial preoccupation?

Dutton begins the story in Texas in 1833, portraying it as an idyllic southern state of America; this was actually one of the most exciting periods in Texas's history, during which it won independence from Mexico, later joining the union in 1845. The text is scattered with references which were contemporary for the author but impossible for his characters. Some appear to be merely indulgent; Dutton, apparently fond of racehorses, gives his protagonist's family a filly bred from Kirkconnel (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas in 1895) but also Alice Hawthorn (a more contemporary champion). The reason for Dutton's choice of historical setting is obscure. It is possible that he simply chose the most well-known event in American history – the Civil War – and counted backwards to place his protagonists at a point where their personal histories could fit nicely into the intervening time.

The choice of setting, then, may be of more interest from a reader's point of view than from the writer's. What appeal might a story about pre-Civil War America have had to the reading public? This is a question which would bear further research, but some scattered facts suggest a context. Lydia Wevers, describing a contemporary New Zealand collection, notes, 'About 140 of the 2000 books in the Brancepeth library are by American authors... There is also a small but clear emphasis on Civil War novels, and regional or historical fiction...'

Wevers, Lydia. 2010. *Reading on the Farm: Victorian Fiction and the Colonial World*. Wellington: Victoria University Press, p198.

That history, and the Australasian region, intersected in a curious way, which is described by Paul Giles in an article concerning "Antipodean American Literature":

There was a particular antipodean coda to the American Civil War when the Confederate warship Shenandoah arrived in Melbourne in January 1865 and, in breach of the neutrality rules officially laid down for all British subjects, was refitted by Australians sympathetic to the southern cause. Though opinion in the city was generally divided, there was widespread support for the traditional society of the American South within Melbourne's social establishment.

Giles, Paul. 2008. "Antipodean American Literature: Franklin, Twain, and the Sphere of Subalternity." *American Literary History*, 20(1): 22-50, p39.

Dutton was from Victoria. (He would have been six years old at this time of this incident).

A much later event may also have influenced his choice. Just five months before *The Bird of Paradise* was published, the American humorist Mark Twain visited New Zealand and Australia. He was a international celebrity who received great acclaim.

Parsons, Coleman O. 1962. "Mark Twain in Australia." *The Antioch Review*, (21)4 :455-468, pp455-456

VI. Made in New Zealand

The Witness review of the *Bird of Paradise* ends:

A meed of praise is due to the publishers of the book, Messrs S. N. Brown and Co., for the excellent manner in which they have performed their part of the work.

"Among the Books." 16 August 1894. Otago Witness, Dunedin, p43.

The technical side of the origin of this book – printed and distributed perhaps exclusively in New Zealand – is a greater achievement than may be apparent to a modern reader. For longer works, published directly in book format, the local printer was at a considerable economic disadvantage. There were general obstacles associated with the newness of the industry (uncertainties of readership, distribution networks, materials, and so on); but also, particulars of the international book trade meant that the local printer faced stiff competition from American and British companies.

The first European settlers brought their books with them. Then they wrote back Home to ask their friends for more. The demand for literature was high enough that the importing of books could be considered a

promising enterprise as early as 1841: Katherine Coleridge has described how in this year, newspaper proprietor Sam Evans wrote to London, 'Books of various kinds will now be saleable...'

Coleridge, Katherine. 2005. "'New Books, Just Received from London.'" *Script and Print, Special Edition: Paradise: New Worlds of Books and Readers*, 29(1-4): 57-65, p59.

The New Zealand bookselling industry, naturally, began with a dependence on British supply; and as the population of the colony grew, so did the value of this market to British suppliers. Luke Trainor notes, 'The Australian colonies and New Zealand... became, by the 1890s, the largest single market for the British book trade.'

Trainor, Luke. 1996. "British Publishers and Cultural Imperialism: History and Ethnography in Australasia, 1870-1930." *BSANZ Bulletin*, 20(2): 99-106, p100.

British publishers began to cater to this market thematically – 'by the turn of the century, most major British publishers had developed special colonial lists, and encouraged at least some fiction with local colonial settings and themes.'

Sturm, Terry. 1998. Popular Fiction. In Terry Sturm (ed.) *The Oxford History of Literature in New Zealand*. 2nd edn. Auckland: Oxford University Press. 575-630, p576.

– and also financially. The need to keep prices competitive came from the threat posed by the American trade:

The United States publishing industry of the nineteenth century often disregarded copyright laws and systematically pirated British copyright works... Large quantities of reprints were exported... some even found their way into the Pacific region.

Liebich, Susann. 2007. "'The Books Are The Same As You See In London Shops': Booksellers in Colonial Wellington and their Imperial Ties, circa 1840-1890." *Script and Print*, 31(4): 197-209, pp205-206.

Questions of international copyright had led to the Berne Convention of 1886, which the United States did not join.

Trainor, Luke. 1997. "Imperialism, Commerce, and Copyright: Australia and New Zealand 1870-1930." *BSANZ Bulletin*, 21(4): 199-206, p200.

(1886 was also the year in which Macmillan launched their 'Colonial Library'.

Trainor, Luke. 2005. "New Zealanders Seeking Overseas Publishers 1870-1914: some issues of Nation and Empire." *Script and Print, Special Edition: Paradise: New Worlds of Books and Readers*. 29(1-4): 311-322, p317.

) As a compromise:

The British... [made] inclusion of Australasia in the British market area a condition of agreement with American publishers when they wanted to sell in Britain; thus, one bought US books from Britain. In this period, the Australasian market became something of an Anglo-American battlefield in which local publishers competed at some disadvantage.

Trainor, Luke. 1996. "British Publishers and Cultural Imperialism: History and Ethnography in Australasia, 1870-1930." *BSANZ Bulletin*, 20(2): 99-106, p100.

It may be noted that for this period in New Zealand, 'publishers' is misleading. There was really only one company that could claim that name, which was the remarkable Whitcombe and Tombs of Christchurch. A bookselling business started by George Whitcombe in the 1870s expanded to printing when H. H. Tombs joined the concern in 1882, becoming a firm that was 'large even by world standards'

Willament, Tolla, ed. 1985. *150 Years of Printing in New Zealand*. Wellington: Government Printing Office, p32.

. But its mark was primarily made with educational textbooks, and after that, non-fiction

Willament, Tolla, ed. 1985. *150 Years of Printing in New Zealand*. Wellington: Government Printing Office, p32.

. Whitcombe and Tombs published 'virtually no prose fiction'

Gibbons, Peter. 2005. "Early Castings for a Canon: Some 1920s Perceptions of New Zealand Literary Achievements." *Journal of New Zealand Literature*, 23(1): 98-108, p101.

Not that it would sell. Although the colonies were not precisely a captive market for English fiction, its prestige was noticeably higher. Jones notes, 'despite the hopes and efforts of some novelists there was still no significant local readership for New Zealand's novels... only about a third of the novels were published in New Zealand, and these were mainly the lesser ones.'

Jones, Lawrence. 1998. The Novel. In Terry Sturm (ed.), *The Oxford History of New Zealand Literature*. 2nd edn. Auckland: Oxford University Press. 119-244, p135.

New Zealand readers wanted to keep up with the romances and histories that were popular in the centre of empire.

Wevers, Lydia. 2010. *Reading on the Farm: Victorian Fiction and the Colonial World*. Wellington: Victoria University Press. P174.

New Zealand fiction did have other outlets. Sturm notes how, 'in the 1880s and 1890s, ...the emergence of a relatively stable base of regular weekly journalism, alongside the older established newspapers'

Sturm, Terry. 1998. Popular Fiction. In Terry Sturm (ed.) *The Oxford History of Literature in New Zealand*. 2nd edn. Auckland: Oxford University Press. 575-630, p578.

provided a vital medium for local authors. Along with the Sydney Bulletin, many New Zealand periodicals offered space for local literary efforts. Generally, local prose and poetry appeared alongside foreign work: NZ newspapers frequently published Australian and other literary content to supplement their own material, as Ross Harvey, among others, has shown.

Harvey, Ross. 2003. "Sources of Literary Copy for New Zealand Newspapers." *BSANZ Bulletin*, 27(3-4): 83-93.

Too, as Blanche Baughan complained (in 1908), not all New Zealand publications paid local authors for their work.

Trainor, Luke. 2005. "New Zealanders Seeking Overseas Publishers 1870-1914: some issues of Nation and Empire." *Script and Print, Special Edition: Paradise: New Worlds of Books and Readers*. 29(1-4): 311-322, p311.

On the other hand, this was a period during which a sort of nationalism was beginning to emerge; in 1889, Zealandia debuted with a stirring manifesto: 'Zealandia has been established as a distinctly national literary magazine. Its contributors will be all New Zealanders...'

McEldowney, Dennis. 1998. Publishing, Patronage, and Literary Magazines. In Terry Sturm (ed.), *The Oxford History of Literature in New Zealand*. 2nd edn. Auckland: Oxford University Press. 631-694, p637.

and the *New Zealand Illustrated Magazine* started up in 1899, with much the same promise of a 'distinctive New Zealand colouring'.

Ibid, p638.

There were more; their other common feature was their brief lives. *Zealandia* lasted a year, and the *Illustrated* lasted six, which was typical at the time. The content varied (perhaps due to variable remunerations) but the economic depression of the 1880s, extending through the 1890s, also suggested that in many of these enterprises there was undue optimism for success.

The variability of the industry was something that was well understood by Stephen Noble Brown, senior, proprietor of the printing company which published *The Bird of Paradise*. As Debby Foster has discovered, Brown practised his trade in at least seven newspapers from 1861 to 1891, before starting S. N. Brown and Co. in 1891

Foster, Debby. 2003. "S. N. Brown & Co.: 1891-1988." Unpublished essay submitted for the requirements of ENGL 368: *Approaches to Writing about Literature*. Dunedin: Otago University. pp2-3.

. The second of these (the *Riverton Times*) and the seventh (the *Dunedin Evening Herald*) both collapsed; in the latter case, Brown had been the editor. That their failure was due to the times and not his skill can be seen by the fact that S. N. Brown and Co., which remained in the family for some time, did business until 1988 when it merged with Taieri Print.

Ibid, p8.

S. N. Brown and Co. was a versatile business. An early advertisement offers their services for anything from grain sample bags to law stationery, concert tickets to wool catalogues.

Ibid, appendix IV.

One particular area in which they made their money were race books; another was the stationery requirements of the entire national concern of the National Mortgage Company.

Ibid, p6.

A picture of their premises in 1935 declares them to be 'General Printers, Publishers and Bookbinders &c', but *The Bird of Paradise* actually appears to be a novelty. Foster suggests that it may have been a 'once-off';

Ibid, p5.

it is highly likely that its printing was paid for by Dutton himself.

The extension of general printing to occasional publishing, as in S. N. Brown and Co., rather than the expansion of bookselling to publishing, as in Whitcombe and Tombs, was the more usual pattern within the early print industry, whose players were well known to each other. When the Witness's literary reviewer complimented the quality of publishing, it was not just an objective appraisal, but a nod to a fellow craftsman.

The Bird of Paradise was advertised for sale first generally in the *Otago Daily Times*

"Special Advertisements." 23 May 1896, *Otago Daily Times*, Dunedin, p4.

, then specifically in the *Otago Witness*, in an advertisement for Braithwaite Books

"New Books at Braithwaite's Book Arcade." 4 June 1896. *Otago Witness*, Dunedin, p28.

(see the [Cyclopedia](#)), where it was offered for seven shillings. This, of course, brings up more questions than it settles. What set the price? Was it a good price? How did it sell? Who bought *The Bird of Paradise*?

Who read it? Few enough, it would seem, judging from the review – and obituary – which followed it: the one was lukewarm, the other apologetic.

VII. The Final Word

The careful historical reader may wonder at a discrepancy; Dutton's daughter and son, as recorded in print, were named Ruby Oswald Dutton and Norman Edward Dutton, but *The Bird of Paradise* is dedicated to Victoria Ruby and Norman. This is explained within Dutton's fiction, when Eugene finally obtains custody of the children: "To him their return was a foretaste of Heaven. He had but one poignant regret – the regret over the treachery of Marvel. From Pearly's name the name "Gould" was expunged and he called her instead "Guinevere".'

Dutton, William Henry. 1896. *The Bird of Paradise*. Dunedin: S. N. Brown and Co., p305.

We have been mostly concerned with the act of using a historical story to read a work of fiction; the case of Ruby's name is an example of the opposite strategy, and this strategy may be followed in many subtler ways. Although Mary won her divorce, kept her children, and survived her former husband, it is his novel that has remained, to be made available online, and her story that must be extracted from old newspapers. Reading this novel, and then learning of its darker parallels, suggests a moral dilemma; does sympathy with Eugene imply a sympathy with Dutton? Are we taking sides by giving Dutton the last word? Perhaps we can draw some comfort from the death of the author, both specifically and formally; and return to being the "ordinary novel reader" described in the Witness review. But an introduction, which offers context, intrinsically defies the doctrine of the Death of the Author; so that any who have read thus far may simply have to live with the shades of William and Mary that lurk behind the page.

A postscript: I received a surprisingly large array of help for such a small piece of research. I wish to thank my supervisor, Jane Stafford, and my unofficial supervisor, Pip Howells, for inspiration and direction; Peter Whiteford, Sydney Shep, Nicola Frean, Noel Waite, Shef Rogers, Jennie Koerner, and Lydia Wevers for their interest and assistance; Max and Stuart for their patience and technomagery; Debby Foster for generously sharing her work; Joel for making my life easier with Science; and Nik, Cordelia, Tui, Amanda, Alana, Sam, Russ, Katie, and Matty for their sense of the absurd. May the sum live up to all who took part.

Chapter I. St. Martin's Grave-Yard.

IN an old and ricketty arm-chair, its upholstery whitened-green, frayed and fringed with age, by a wood fire in his unpretentious cottage, and with the expression of a man prostrate in the abysmal depths of despair, sat Christopher William Whitworth, Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Orange Societies

Head of an Orange Lodge, a protestant organization.

of Shrewsbury, in England, and member of the Local Government Board.

Upon his expansive brow, delineated with furrow upon furrow and the autographs of time, reigned in stern severity embarrassment and unspeakable gloom. His hair was flaxen, long, thickly streaked with grey, and his large blue eyes, full of absorbed and preoccupied expression, told that he was brooding intently over some one particular idea, for he scarcely moved for hours from the chair between the table and the fire.

In the previous year he had left England, and with all his family he had settled in the warmer clime of the Southern States of America, for the amelioration of his eldest son's health. For forty years nightly had he sat meditating in that old arm-chair before retiring to rest; revising in the abstract work completed, or planning out programmes for future occupation. Trained he had been in the art of architecture, and for thirty-five years he had toiled in a double capacity: as an architect on his own account, and as a land-surveyor for the Government of England.

Leaning on his elbow against the little square table, he looked towards a large quarto volume dealing with practical home remedies for the treatment of the sick, as if he had failed to find some information which he had been seeking in its contents. His old-fashioned spectacles lay across the pages opened on the subject of consumption

Now known as tuberculosis.

of the lungs, and still he reclined on the old American arm-chair, like a man thwarted, conquered and utterly broken down, until the starlight glow of the summer skies was slowly vanishing before the awakening king of day.

Something unusual must have occurred that day, or was expected to occur that night; something that seemed to banish all thought of sleep from his mind, bind his mental faculties together and focus them, not

upon any newly-contemplated building, nor upon any threatening deadlock in the government treasury pay-offices. Foreign to the present trend of his thoughts these former and frequent denizens of his brain, when—as he pondered and sighed and pondered, with a suppressed click the passage door swung on its hinges and there stole into the room towards where he was sitting Miriam, for thirty years his self-denying wife and his constant equal sharer in all his trials and sorrows.

In a hushed tone of voice: "He opened his eyes and wants Eugene," she said as the old man turned on his chair, "I'm going up to the school for Eugene; better sit in the bedroom till I come back."

The old Dutch clock pointed to half-past three; but to remonstrate with the active and agile Miriam was only labour in vain. Indeed, in all matters which she could attend to herself, any offers of assistance were resented as stumbling-blocks to her expedition, while anything requiring quickness and despatch she could carry out with the dexterity of an athlete in full training.

Bareheaded, excepting an old Paisley shawl which she threw over her head and shoulders, on she sped in that darkest hour before the dawn, up the long and steep Galveston

Galveston, Texas, port city.

hill, beyond whose summit stood the renowned academy of Maximilian Arnold, Master of Arts, of Cambridge; its lofty, tapering spire, in keeping with the motto of that illustrious trainer of the intellect— "*Sic itur ad astra*

Such is the way to the stars; to immortality. (Aeneid) [Jones, 1963:110](#).

"—pointing bolt upright and glimmering in the dark inwards the twinkling stars.

Since his father had settled in Galveston, Eugene Percival Whitworth had been a weekly boarder at the college, giving forth every day new signs of promising distinction, and carrying off with éclat

Brilliancy, dazzling effect. [OED Online](#), sense 1.

the medals and academical honours. Now he was the don of the school.

Calling up old Matthew, the college porter, Miriam was marshalled to the little dormitory on the third floor, where Eugene lay in wakeful dreams, disturbed by the memories of his suffering brother in Lily Cottage.

Hastening back to the scene of the old man's meditations, and the side of his doomed first son, her progress now and then was arrested by a palpitating heart. She held, halting for breath, upon the arm of Eugene Flurried and panting, they entered the door which she had left ajar, and stood before the death-stricken Gordon, in anguish and tears together.

His voice reduced by laryngeal phthisis

In this context, 'phthisis' means that the larynx is affected by a wasting disease; 'phthisis' used alone was a synonym for consumption. [OED Online](#).

, the secondary signs of consumption, to a whisper: "I know I am going to die." he said; "I am only a burthen here, and I am quite resigned and happy. I cannot live more than a few hour, and I only wanted to see you Eugene: for I have been dreaming of the sunny days when we chased the butterflies together amongst the yellow dandelions on the hills, and I thought I was a child again among the butterflies and the flowers in the sunniest heavens. In a few hours I shall be free from this slow, overpowering disease. I know it is leaving me because all my pains and distresses are gone, and soon I shall be with my Father in Heaven."

"Pure and undefiled," said Eugene, as with downcast eyes he watched his brother fading away through the gate of death, while smiles illumined his soft, dark eyes, and the hectic crimsoned on his cheeks. Whispering "good-bye" with white parted lips, he reached out his wasted hand to his brother, while, overwhelmed with tears, Miriam smoothed down his raven clusters and around his neck folded her arms with the undying love of a Magdalen. His face was as calm as that of a child fallen asleep. Not a stir, not a sound was heard again, but a choking convulsive sob from his shuddering father, and the Spirit of Gordon Vincent Whitworth soared in majesty away into the painless realms of peace for ever.

No symbol of ostentatious mourning; no token of loud lamentation, was observable in that disconsolate home; no more than the still deep waters of a sense of irredeemable loss. Wreaths, garlands, crosses and other floral immortelles

Various flowers which retain their colour and texture after being dried. [OED Online](#).

covered the remains of that spotless life; for Gordon Whitworth had been well-beloved by all who knew him, and his relatives were held in great regard in the neighbourhood and in the town.

With their own hands Miriam and Eugene laid him and adorned him in the coffin, the perfervid love of his mother forbidding strange hands to touch him, as she knelt beside her coffined love, night and day, until the time appointed for the funeral arrived, again and again repeating her favorite prayer—"Teach us to love one another in Thee and for Thee, and in the world to come unite us at Thy feet, where peace and love are perfect and everlasting."

Obscure; possibly a prayer credited to the tractarian minister, E B Pusey: "O Lord, make us to love Thee, and each other in Thee, and to meet before Thee to dwell in Thine everlasting love. Amen."

The death of the deeply-loved Gordon banded with silken cords still more firmly together the ever strong union of that humble household, though none at the time could have foretold what torments for some of its members were in store.

Two days afterwards, on a Friday, the body was laid in the grave in St. Martin's cemetery, situated on the face of a slope breaking away from the Great Rocky Chain, the pall-bearers, Miriam, his father and two brothers, and his last farewell a souvenir of white chrysanthemums and waxen chalice lilies, which Miriam had moistened with the dew of her tears and thrown upon the coffin as it lay in the grave. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!.

The chief study of Miriam now was devoted to the erection of a monument, as an emblem of her supernal love for the son whom the gentle Redeemer had taken away from the valley of tears, to shine through his good works like the stars of the firmament for ever.

Reduced at the time to straitened circumstances by the pressure of exorbitant medical charges; discharged from the crown lands office, where he had served the government of England so long, on a small superannuation pension, being over sixty years of age, and with high collegiate fees to pay for Eugene, the monument of such a splendour as alone would satisfy the ambition of Miriam was scarcely within the reach of Christopher Whitworth.

It was, however, remembered that an allowance was due to his departed son, insomuch he had been strong and healthy, before he entered the service of the Local Government Board at Shrewsbury, and and had contracted the illness to which he succumbed by overwork at the secretary's offices late into the wintry nights of England.

Thus it was, that, after instituting inquiries into the amount, the school-boy Eugene drew out a claim on behalf of his father for the sum of two hundred pounds. After six months' delay, during which claim forms were entered, received, referred, withdrawn, passed, signed and counter-signed by legions of supernumerous and idling clerks in the government pay offices, and with the influential assistance of a minister of justice and several members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the claim of two hundred pounds was ultimately paid. The difficulty about the monument was cleared away, and the schooner "Lycidas" brought it from the eternal city of Rome.

Now, there on that elevated prairie plateau overlooking a vast expanse of sea and mountain range, towering and picturesque she stands with spreading wings and outstretched arms—an angel of spotless Italian marble, appealing to the great architect of the universe. At her feet sat Miriam, after a long walk laden with flowers, evening after evening, speaking to the grave as if it were a tomb of the living and her compassionate voice was heard by the invisible spirit of Gordon. Happy she felt in the thought that her darling boy was surrounded in death by the graves of seven little children, for were they not all of the kingdom of heaven, and were not her happiest days the days when her own were young? To sit beside the grave or loiter among the crypts, the vaults and sin and sorrow were no more—a land of rest and balm, whose portals no evil thing ever entered. Other mourners came to plant the graves of their departed once a week or once a month or once a year: Miriam was there for hours almost every day, and no flower in her vases and urns ever drooped its withering head during a cycle of thirty years.

The blossoming grass grew long and tangled around, and throughout the enclosure the grey headstones here and there slanted or even had fallen, while some of the inscriptions were hidden by lichens and moss. Over the place hovered shadowy silence only broken by bird-cries, the rustle of the leaves and other wood sounds, or from among the long prairie grasses the faint tinkle of a cow-bell. Cypressess stood dark and glamorous against the blue sky, swaying and sighing under the soft breezes; while in the topmost arms of the pines the magpie and the brown hawk built their nests and the cricket chirruped its evening cadences among the graves. The hum of the locust resounded from over the plain.

Sailing home in the merchant wool-packet

Packet-boat - a boat or ship travelling at regular intervals between two ports. [OED Online](#).

"Baltimore" after a long voyage to Australia, China. Japan and the islands of the East Indies, swaggered into Lily cottage a sailor-boy, who, from running away to sea with the aspiration of visiting every port in the world, and from his seafaring propensities in general, was commonly known by the name of the "Flying Dutchman."

Referring to the legend of a ship that is doomed to sail forever.

" although his proper name was Roderick. In Lily Cottage he was always called Dolly.

Sunburnt and robust with the bronze of the sea, and swaggering with the roll of the buoyant wave, his first inquiries were concerning his brother, with whom he had parted two years before, and although Gordon was ill at the time, Dolly imagined that by then he would be better, if not recovered. Saddened by the news of his death, and asked if he had not seen his mother, who had, as old Christopher supposed, gone to meet him when the "Baltimore" came to her moorings, the roving sailor replied that he had met nobody whom he knew on the

Galveston quay.

Wondering for a while where Miriam could have gone, the old man surmised that she would be found in the cemetery, whereupon Christopher Whitworth and the youthful midshipman who had just come home bent their steps thither together. Over the hills they wended their way to the prairie, where the rising yellow moon scattered her phosphorescent beams over the land of the dead, and where they found Miriam sitting as ever in wonder and prayer alone. Their footsteps muffled by the carpet of the fallen leaves, they walked under the arching ailanthus to the grave.

"Poor Gordon, poor Gordon," muttered Dolly, his eyes filling with tears at the reminiscences of the departed flower of the family. "I thought you would be well again when I came home —well again when I came home."

Turning to his mother, he looked in compassion upon her anguish-stricken pain-wrought face, and repressing his own emotions, he continued—"I am home for good after that last trip, mother; I am tired of the sea and we have been ship-wrecked twice since I left home. I am going as fireman

One who attends the furnace or fire of a steam engine. [OED Online](#), sense 2.

on a Mississippi steamer around the Gulf, so that I shall be home every few days, and at least every Sunday."

Exultant in the warmth of her love and in the ecstasy at her sailor-boy's return; imploring him to relinquish the roving life of a sailor, and stay with her in his dead brother's place, as Eugene was going to the University of Philadelphia, and only Brosie was left at home, she kissed his sun-burnt cheeks in the overflow of her joy, and the re-union of Dolly, the Flying Dutchman, with his mother was undisturbed by the boatswain for years.

Chapter II. Adam Quain, the Resurrectionist.

SITUATED in the vicinity of Galveston, no common school was that over which Maximilian Arnold presided. Thirty thousand dollars had he spent on the building alone, and the grounds around it covered an area of three square miles. Pine-forests hemmed it around. Within its confines the pinus insignis and canariensis, the araucaria excelsa, or Norfolk Island pine, the beech, the fir, the larch, and the sycamore abounded. The golden bloom of the mimosa skirted its extensive grounds, where many a cricket match and baseball battle in inter-collégiate contests had been fought and won by the Galveston boys.

In Spring-time the large garden was one mass of gorgeous bloom. Petunias, white, crimson and parti-coloured; yellow asters, syringas and zinnias of rainbow hues; mounds of violets; rock-geraniums and gloire de Dijon roses joined with the rich magenta Virginia creeper, the clematis and the cape-jessamine in swelling out its floral bosom with, a wealth of inflorescence.

From all parts of the Southern States of America and the islands of the West Indies came the flower of the land for academical training. Scores every year left the college for the universities. It outstripped all other colleges in training and erudition, and poured numbers every following year into the university to undergo a further embellishment before entering the legal and medical professions. Among its tutors were the most distinguished scholars in the continent, and Maximilian ruled over all with a velvet glove. He was the presiding genius for forty years.

A proud man, and a man of great ability, no master ever made his boys feel so much at home, or in their leisure hours was more homely amongst them. The rudimentary departments shared, equally with the higher and advanced branches, the great advantage of breathing the same atmosphere and feeling the personal touch of the master mind of Maximilian ipsô persona while they tarried, under his fostering care.

"What I teach you, you will never forget," he would say; and if they did forget before they left that school, the attitude of Maximilian would do credit to a horrified actor on the stage. The look of genuine chagrin, the whites of his rolling eyes shutting out the blue, and his hands fidgetting and jingling the dollars in his pockets, were potent incentives to the youthful memory. In the mortified stare of Maximilian there was more than a Philippic oration.

"Here is this boy Whitworth from the common school of a man from Battersea translating Virgil, and mine can't. Come away into my office!" he would exclaim in a great theatrical passion, when his Own pet pupils had been found wanting and Eugene in the first year won the gold medal. Many a penalty was paid in his little cell-like office, but never a thrashing was ever known to be given. His look and his attitude, as he thumped his fist on the table, answered all purposes, whereas words were quite superfluous and might have spoiled the very pronounced and effective reproof.

It was one bright morning in September. The garden was never more luxuriant, or the academical routine in fuller swing, when there plodded his heavy clod-hopping way to the seat of learning, with a broken-down old hollow-backed prod

A horse (Australian slang). [OED Online](#)^{n.2}
and a load of firewood in tow, one Adam Quain. Ninety-five was his age, although judging by his appearance he must have passed one hundred and fifty.

No living soul ever saw Adam wearing a coat, albeit he alleged that he kept one at home, in a beautiful carpet bag, for tea-fuddles, weddings, and funerals; and no living soul ever saw Adam perfectly sober. When making any important assertion, his cheeks would tremble like jellies, his arms would spread out like the wings of an albatross, his hands would wave and the tips of his fingers quiver until he had stated the case, when he would drop them into the position of attention at once. The load of wood was intended as a propitiatory offering to Maximilian to pave his way to the interior of the college and obtain for him an interview with Eugene, whom old Adam imagined he had adopted.

Fearing that the prod might run away with the load, he unfastened the bar of the great iron college gates that led into the star-studded temple, and, unable to read the motto—*Sic itur ad astra*—emblazoned in gold beneath the shield of Minerva, he swung the ponderous battle-axe-mounted barriers wide open and, towing inside the whole concern, shutting the gates and stalking over the beds of petunias, asters, and the exquisite lawn, he strode straight for the big front door. So did the prod, carrying all down before him with the load of wood in tow, to watch the petals of the victoria regia

A gigantic species of waterlily. (Now known as *Victoria Amazonica*.) [OED Online](#), 2, sense 2, and informal.

unfold in the mirror lake, and then lay him down on the bank, as if he were in for an afternoon's sport with the gold-fish.

Opening the big front door without ringing the bell, the straggling Adam first encountered the scholarly Maximilian himself. "I coomed a' seein' on my boy Eugene, and I brought ye some good box and birch, yer lordship. I want him to make out a bill for me, and I want ye to send him out to my place at Christmas. Me and my old 'ooman will be glad if ye can come yerself: bring yer wife and family, and all the other boys for a few days shootin' amongst the parrots, for they're a killin' and eatin' o' me wholesale."

"Sit there, my good man," said Maximilian (the load of box and birch in his eye), "and I'll send for Master Eugene."

"Aye, aye, yer lordship, thankye, he's a good boy so he is, and a good shot among the birds. He's very handy with the pen, and if its not axin' too much on yer lordship ye oughter let him come out with me to-day in my dray. Will yer 'ave a drink, yer honour? I've got a bottle of beer in this sack."

The seraphic, recondite Maximilian was getting disgusted, and left in a most unmannerly style, when in marched Eugene to interview the gentleman who he was told had come to see him. The interview was short, and resulted in a promise to spend the Christmas holidays with old Adam Quain and old Bathsheba—the old woman of Adam.

Practical and experienced man of the world was old Adam Quain. He left the gates wide open on leaving, without depositing the box and birch, to make it appear some other hollow-backed, old, and broken-down black prod, with a load of box and birch in tow, had been enjoying an afternoon's fishing; and although the truth was closely suspected, the mystery of who opened those gates was never solved by his "Lordship" or his "Honour."

Three weeks brought in the Christmas holidays and Eugene to the cockspur of the ranges by the Colorado River

Referring to the Colorado River in Texas, originating in Dawson County and flowing generally southeast. where for fifty years Adam Quain was monarch of the land for miles. His *locale* was notified to the public, consisting of an occasional tramp, by an enormous signboard, on which he had daubed with a tar-brush the following words:—"Adam Quain, carpenter and jiner, clock-mender, blacksmith and wheelrite, paint and paperanger, glacier, farior, undertakor and General Repairs," although most of his time he was what he called "cockatooing."

Australian slang for a small farmer; used contemptuously or deprecatingly. [Partridge 1972](#).

There was no chimney in Adam Quain's mansion; the end of the kitchen was simply built out a few feet with long stones left open at the top, and an ordinary fire consisted of a tree put into the cavernous fireplace. You had to sit at the sides of the hobs near the fire to let the heat shoot past, or else be roasted at the farthest end of the room.

There sat the venerable Adam performing every evening. The inns and outs of his dreams he related, and his grounds for the affirmation that he was to be the last man left on the face of the earth. He sang several times every evening a song called "The Farmer's Boy," and the lucky day-ay he came that way-ay for to be a far—mer's boy; alternating the refrain on special occasions with one called "Bonfire Nights," and another with the paradoxical appellation of "The Bag of Water."

Bathsheba was never united to Adam in the holy bonds of matrimony. He bought her and paid seventeen pounds for her—a fair and just computation—to her lawfully-wedded husband, who had been committed to jail

for seven years for sheep-stealing. After the term of seven years was done, the lawful husband was always made quite welcome to his wife's domicile. He would spend half his time under her roof, sleeping on the sofa in the kitchen, generally reserved for sundowners

In Australian/NZ slang, a tramp who arrives at a station around dusk, to get a night's shelter under the pretense of seeking work. [Green 2005](#).
and swag-tinkers

An itinerant salesman of either small items or stolen goods or both. [Partridge 1972](#).
, and observing the conditions of the covenant and sale with the most scrupulous honour. Adam always treated him as a perfectly honourable man; the sheep-stealer would blow Adam's trumpet wherever he went, and would tell everybody that "old Adam is very good to I; very good to I is old Adam."

The singing of the old veteran of so many trades was the feature of the evening performance. He had a tremendous goitre in his neck, the hollow of which gave greater vocal resonance to his basso-profundissimo voice, and made it sound as if a kettle-drum were reverberating inside the goitre; yet notwithstanding the tuneful melodies of the old man Bethsheba complained of nightly headaches.

Returning from his multifarious labours one evening, he displayed a horny hand with a large splinter sticking into the palm. Eugene pulled it out, and old Adam asserted far and wide that he performed the operation with such consummate skill that Eugene was born to be a doctor. He undertook to provide a corpse for Eugene to practise upon out of the adjoining grave-yard. So interested in the matter did the old man become that he would solemnly declare, and positively seemed to believe, that a spirit came and ordered him to procure a fresh live corpse from a new grave, hinting at one of the shepherds, who had died a week before. Ready and willing he always professed himself to overcome the demurs of Eugene and obey the spirit's manifesto.

One bright moonlight night, when not a sound could be heard but the swaying and souging of the giant pine-trees, the harsh screech of the lonely wild-goose, the wawa, and the croaking of the frogs in the marsh, with a spade and a pick, iron hooks, tackling, and the old black mare in the shafts of the creaky old cart, he undertook to go to a spot where, twenty years before, he said, a Red Indian had been buried. Inducing the boy to go with him on the pretence of shooting owls, through the dismal pine-tree forest he led the old black mare, over fallen logs and ditches and through the thick acacia scrub, to discover the grave of the red-skinned heathen, unearth his bones, and cart them back to the hut.

Not even the bark of a dog or the cry of a bear disturbed the silence of the night; but hooting owls and bats hovered around in hundreds. Nearing an old shanty where, years before and still, sly-grog

Illegal alcohol. [Partridge 1972](#). See sly.

was sold by an ancient widow whom he called "Green-gin Mag," he deemed it best to sheer off the light, burning as it was then at two o'clock in the morning, and going around a meandering way he finally reached the scene of the grave.

Coming to a halt, his brawny arms spread out like wings, the tips of his fingers vibrated, and he ordered Eugene to stand about a hundred yards away, under the dark shade of a pine-forest king, where he was to mount guard, and if anything occurred, to fire.

Pulling up a small wooden cross, he threw it to one aide, and set to work in real earnest to dig out the contents of the grave. His old hardened thews and limbs worked with the regularity and strength of a digging machine till, when half-way down, he called for beer, which he had in the cart.

Still no sign of anything to frighten him or interfere with his gruesome work, and again he picked and shovelled and picked, the clink of the pick against the stones echoing afar in the dead silence of the night. Fully eight feet had the old man sunk in the grave, and could not be seen from the sentinel's post, when the light in the shanty went out, and a dark form appeared where it had been just before.

Bang! from the mounted guard, and up from the grave in terror sprang the old digger, to pause till all was safe again.

"That's old Mag—never mind old Mag," he walked to the outpost and said, with the fluttering pinions out again. Into the grave again, he soon came upon a bit of a pillow-slip and a tin plate, whereon a name had been painted, but corroded by the worm and the rust. His old lanky bony hands grovelling in the pastime, next he clutched at a worm-eaten bronze-coloured skull, with a hole in the base; thigh-bones, leg-bones, one foot, and the bones of the upper and lower arms, but no ribs could the old man find, though he dug two feet below the level of the skull. Strange, no ribs!

Uneasy about the disappearance of the light and the appearance of the dark form amongst the swaying trees, he shovelled back the earth into the grave, stuck the cross in the middle of the mound again by driving it in with the head of the pick, hurriedly put the remains of that once living form into the creaky old cart, and back to the hut again they meandered just as the moon had described her circle and the dawn appeared in the eastern sky.

As if balanced on the ends of an ethereal see-saw, the moon set and the glorious sun arose, diffusing his

matutinal beams through the window of the old bark hut. Adam emptied the bag of bones from the rifled grave upon the greasy kitchen table, and proceeded to scrape away the clay clinging to the ridges and in the crevices where the tendons of powerful muscles once had found their attachments; and to scoop out the *debris* from the cavity of the exhumed grim and ghastly skull. Holding up the skull, into the round orifice where the spinal column had been jointed with it he poked his horny thumb, and, smacking his very lips, he cried, "By George! look at yon for a throat, my boy; many a good quart of swipes from old Mag's has gone down there."

The notion of their scientific uses was soon exploded. From an anatomical point of view they were of no use at all. Time had effaced the markings for the insertion of muscles, the grooves for the conduit of nerves and bloodvessels; it had corroded away the condyles about the joints, and in places had produced a general absorption of the osseous tissues. An anthropologist might have deemed them a rare prize, but an anatomist would have thrown them away.

The embryo doctor kept them, and a few days afterwards trudged home with them, away from the monarch of the Colorado ranges for thirty-five miles to Galveston, where, musing and praying over those of her own lost darling, he met his bereaved mother in Lily Cottage.

Disconsolate and despondent, she sat knitting socks at the little cottage window as he marched into the room with the gun, the bones and the skull strapped over his shoulder. In enthusiasm over the great acquisition which he had made, he unfastened the straps of the resurrected bones, and displaying them before his father he related the history of the previous night.

Sickened at the gruesome spectacle, Miriam swooned away and fell with a thud on the floor. Christopher, raising her from the floor, strong intelligent man as he was, and always in sympathy with the earnest efforts of his aspiring son, gathered them together, and, taking them out of the room, nailed them down in a box, avowing that he would take them back and replace them in the despoiled grave that night himself.

"When you wanted to be a lawyer," he said, facing him with a look of reproof, "I told you that they were nothing but a gang of rogues and scoundrels, preying upon the simpleness of the living; but here are tokens that you have already begun, which is worse, to rifle and ravish the sacred tomb of the helpless dead."

"They are only some old Red Indian's bones," replied Eugene; "and the grave was not in a consecrated cemetery."

"All God's earth, my son," he rejoined, "is consecrated wherever beneath its surface repose the remains of man. Consecrating the cemetery is merely a formality ordained by man: 'dust to dust' was the fiat of the great Creator Himself. I'll stand over that old villain to-night while he digs up that grave again and puts every bone in that box back into its appointed place."

This noble intention was never fulfilled. It soon spread about the town that old Mag had been sitting up late that night baking scones, and had reported to the police that she had seen two men with a horse and cart, apparently camping out for the night, near the little bush graveyard. She had heard them digging and picking at stones; further, that out of curiosity she next day had visited the place and had found the wooden fence removed, the cross stuck upside down, and the grave itself disturbed.

The myrmidons of the law scoured the country round about, examined the loosened earth, and dug up the grave again. Startling and sensational reports of the Mystery of the Colorado Ranges appeared in the daily newspapers as Eugene Percival Whitworth left the scene and his name was enrolled in the lists of students in arts and medicine at the university and the hospitals of Philadelphia.

Many and absurd were the theories propounded for the elucidation of the mystery, some declaring that the body had been removed by relatives contrary to the refusal of the Minister of Justice to grant an order for its exhumation and transference to a private tomb; some, that the body had been removed to prevent any traces of murder being discovered, and the name of old Mag was mentioned as having poisoned the man with green gin.

The majority, however, inclined to the theory that the spoliation of the grave had been the work of some anthropologist or medical student, and among the majority was included the whole police force of the United States.

On shooting excursions, young Whitworth had frequently been seen in the vicinity of the grave, and it was surmised by the detectives in charge of the case that he had been aided and abetted in the perpetration of the deed by his college tutor, William Swinbourne. Government detectives called upon the tutor of language and logic, and hung about the gorgeous garden for hours, their whole acumen and search-lights impinging upon the quiet bookworm who was as innocent of the deed as Miriam herself, and in every way morally unfit for it. The sight of the skull would have made William quail. The captious Maximilian, fully convinced that the swoop of the detectives was properly directed, twitted and jeered at the simple-minded tutor till he could suffer the taunts no longer, and left the school in umbrage and disgust.

"Mister Swinbourne," he would sarcastically say, jingling the dollars in his pocket. "I give you four hundred and fifty dollars a year, and you go picking up bones," following William about the school every chance he could get.

No admission or incriminating points could be elicited from Adam, and before the clue was relinquished, a visit to Eugene himself was determined upon, and carried out with creditable skill and adroitness. Three of the most celebrated *mouchards*

Undercover agents or investigators. [OED Online](#).

and informers were marshalled into the operating theatre of the Philadelphia hospital one morning, when an operation for the removal of a malignant tumour was being performed in splendour by the bejewelled Professor Garde. The spokesman of the three sleuthhounds introduced himself as detective Lloyd, and his colleagues, detective Trail and detective Floyd, as well as the subject of the mystery of the Colorado ranges to Eugene.

The suspect candidly avowed that he had some bones, and that he would be glad to demonstrate them at his lodgings near the meadows of the university. Three o'clock was appointed as the hour for the meeting, and the three detectives, who had conducted themselves in the most affable and gentlemanly manner, quietly withdrew from the operating theatre. Instead of waiting till three o'clock, one of them placed himself in possession of the lodgings forthwith; one loitered about the vicinity of the hospital gates, and the third kept guard at the outside of his rooms until they met at an hour later than had been arranged for Eugene to meet them all together again.

Pouncing upon the flat bones of the hip, detective Floyd wanted to know why a saw-cut had been made in the bone. He appeared somewhat crestfallen when Eugene explained that it had been done to expose the *pyriformis* muscle, whereas the hole, where according to Adam Quain the quarts of beer had gone down, Trail thought was a sign of a brutal murder.

Finding nothing to convince them that the bones which he showed had come out of a grave made twenty years before, and inclining to the belief that they were, as Eugene stated, supplied to him from the dissecting rooms of the university, and were those of a highwayman who had been lynched, the articulations of the hanged bushranger's skeleton were pieced together again by the medical student, and hung up on the hat-peg of the bedroom door; whereupon Eugene awaited the further pleasure of the police mouchards.

Quietly came the staggering question from the mouth of detective Lloyd,—“Have you got the gun you were shooting with that night, Mr. Whitworth? I found one of your cartridges when we dug up the grave among the loosened earth.”

“There is the gun,” replied Eugene, “there in the corner.”

“Will yon oblige me by fitting that cartridge into the barrel of the gun?—or perhaps I had better do it myself,” said detective Lloyd.

Convicting confidence and a smile lit up the face of detective Lloyd as he took the cartridge from his waistcoat pocket. Dismay sponged out that smile, and that confidence was disconcerted *in toto* when he found that the cartridge was too large and would not fit into the barrel. It was a number 11 cartridge, but the bore of the barrel was number 12.

The ‘gauge’ or ‘bore’ size of gun (usually shotgun) cartridges relates to a standard fraction of one pound of lead. A ‘12-bore’ was the diameter which would fit a lead ball weighing exactly one twelfth of a pound; thus a size 11 cartridge, which would be 1/11th of a pound, is larger. [Nutt 1994-2010](#).

To leave no stone unturned, the dissecting room of the university was visited in company with Eugene. When he had conducted the three detectives thither, the first salutation they received was a realisation of Tam o' Shanter's dream

Referring to Robert Burns' poem, Tam o'Shanter. Tam views a witches' feast, and, ‘upon the haly table,/ A murderer's banes’.

and a broadside of human beef-steak. Professor Scarpa confirmed the account given by Eugene of his receipt of the bones by the medical school. The government detectives had done their duty; no further clue was obtained and the other bones were consigned to permanent rest at last by the Flying Dutchman beneath the bows of the good ship “Baltimore,” or to make pastime for the great leviathan and the things creeping innumerable—deeper than plummet lies—in the sea.

Adam Quain had disturbed the grave of no red savage in his lengthy life. What he had unearthed were the bones of a man almost forgotten at the time, but never forgotten nor forgiven by Adam—the bones of one who had worked with him on the same farm in his earlier days, of one who had been as good a customer at the sly-grog shanty as old Adam Quain himself, and of one who had betrayed and seduced his only daughter, the only ray of sunshine in the old man's life.

Laban Jarves he had been called by such as knew him. He had died of alcoholic pneumonia. The old man knew whose grave he ravished beneath that moonlit sky, and he chuckled in his very soul at the thought.

This wretch had lodged in the old man's hut; he had been fostered by him and employed by him. In return he had led astray the idol of the old man's heart, and had haunted that old man's dreams for years after his body was committed to the grave. He had been the bane and curse of the life of Adam Quain, who like a red Indian waited for his revenge, and grovelling like a fiend dragged his remains in pieces from the ground.

Chapter III. The Museum of Natural History at the University.

THE archæological and zoological museum of the University of Philadelphia in the year 1835

The University of Philadelphia was actually founded as the Philadelphia Textile School in 1884, and affiliated with the Pennsylvania Museum in the following decade. [University of Philadelphia website 2010](#).

was a handsome and stately edifice, overlooking a beautiful and translucent lake, teeming with paradise and California ducks; its walls were covered with English ivy, and bowers of Maréchal Niel roses

An anachronistic reference, as Marshal Niel of France, for whom this rose is named, was not yet a marshal in the year 1835. For a source contemporary to Dutton, see the [Otago Witness, 28th November 1895](#), page 8

flourished here and there, filling the surrounding air with fragrance. As the light breezes whispered together, the classical imagination could picture fauns peeping from amongst the orange and pomegranate trees. Every specimen in natural history it contained, from the mammoth whale to the most infinitesimal being of the insect order, and it was thrown open to the public three days a week

Hundreds of thousands of visitors every month were counted by the self-registering turnpike gate, and all day long thronged through its corridors, niches and galleries from all parts of the States. Students in arts, natural history, science, and embryo doctors of medicine lingered listlessly about the museum; some investigating the minute anatomies of Nature's wondrous artifice and engrossing themselves sedulously

Diligently. [OED Online](#).

with their labours: others apathetic and more inclined to display the cap and gowned form of Adonis

A mortal shepherd who was a favourite of the Goddess of Love due to his beauty; a cult figure of Spring. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology: 1995](#).

, for the edification of the young ladies, with all the side and swagger of a brass-bound sailor.

Retiring in disposition, a hard worker, ever mindful of the exigencies of his seaside home, brimful of energy, determination and ambition, none could allure Eugene Whitworth away from the object which he held in view, and that was to be emancipated from the schools of science and to relieve his father of the expense.

Exhibitions

A fixed sum given to a student from the funds of an educational institution, generally upon the result of a competitive examination. [OED Online](#). Sense 3b.

and scholarships which he gained contributed largely to his support, but with his father's income greatly reduced and his mother pining away at the foot of his brother's grave, what else could he do but work and wait, till he could ameliorate the conditions in Lily cottage himself? No feminine frippery or finery attracted him to the museum, the kaleidoscopic whirligig of the young ladies had no charm for Eugene. The ossification of the mammalia, or the spore-breathing apparatus of the insect tribe took him there and kept him there for an hour or so during the week in his early terms.

One morning in June, when the call of the blue-bird re-echoed through the orange and pomegranate trees and the gaudy *tout ensemble* was wandering through the corridors of the museum, he sat in the neighbouring library of the university alone, amidst three hundred thousand volumes at the little table he had sat before during the past year.

Tripping lightly up the long white marble steps and in mistake opening the large folding doors of the library, there peered in amongst the volumes two girlish faces, and presently there stood before Whitworth the matchless forms of what seemed to him to be angels. He had scarcely spoken to a woman in his life, excepting his mother, and the vision as of angels from another world quickened his pulses and overcame him like a charm. Her irradiating

Shining, brightening. [OED Online](#). Senses 1, 2b.

violet eyes beamed towards Eugene, and the blonde supernal girl inquired in the most guileless manner if the museum was open that day.

Without rising from the table, he replied that they had come to the library, and directed them down the marble steps again and through the quadrangle to where the museum stood. The sublime vision vanished from his eyes, and at once he regretted that he had not gone down to conduct them to the museum personally. As they closed the door behind them, the flashing eyes of the young brunette turned towards him. Descending the steps, she remarked that he was a very impolite fellow: while her companion thought that he was in charge of the library, and could not leave.

Assuming his cap and gown—pause Eugene Whitworth! the day will come when that trifling inattention may be re-paid, and when those eyes, flashing with love-light, like a will-o'-the-wisp will allure you away into

the marsh of your incautious life—he betook himself down the marble steps and through the quadrangle to the laboratory for students in biology, through whose little window he peered again upon the ineffable vision, as his erst-while visitors sauntered slowly amongst the manifold beauties of Nature.

Her face in contour like the profile of Juno

The principal goddess of Roman mythology; patron of marriage. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

, the fairer was dressed in a soft white muslin, embroidered with a *soupçon*

A very small quantity of something. [OED Online](#).

of Valenciennes lace

a rich lace which has a six-sided mesh formed of two threads partly twisted and plaited, the pattern being worked in the net. [OED Online](#). See 'Valenciennes', sense 1.

, its folds falling gracefully about her statuesque form and gathered at the waist with a white *moiré*

A type of fabric that has been subjected to heat and pressure rollers after weaving to give it a rippled appearance. [OED Online](#), *n*.1

sash. She wore a large Gainsborough hat

A large broad brimmed hat of the type worn by women in Gainsborough paintings. [OED Online](#). See 'Gainsborough', sense 2

with a fleecy white ostrich feather, and a pearl necklace. She carried a cream sunshade with an air negligé

Informal. [OED Online](#).

, as her superb and matchless form moved among the show-cases with the grace of a classic sylph.

Her companion, though apparently about the same age, was not so tall. Her complexion was dark. The beauty of the brunette was the beauty of Psyche

A woman of Greek mythology who was so beautiful that the God of Love fell in love with her. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology: 1995](#).

. Her piercing gleaming black eyes glittered beneath her massive black eyebrows and the wealthy fringe of her jet black hair. The mobile lineaments of her attractive face seemed, as she wreathed her lips into expressive pouts and showed her pearly teeth, to change with every varying mood. Diamonds sparkled on her neck and on her wrists. The collar of her gorgeous dress was yellow, while the bodice shone with the hues of cinnamon, and the skirt was peacock blue. Her parasol, which she manipulated to show herself off to greater advantage, showed again the deep dark green hues of the peacock, and it was thickly bordered with blue passementerie

Correctly 'passementerie'; a sumptuous trimming variously made from silk, linen, wool, cotton, and silver and gold thread. [OED Online](#).

lace. The peacock was evidently her favorite bird and her household crest, for again around a cinnamon toque,

Probably a small bonnet or hat, with a very small brim or none. [OED Online](#), sense 1b

glinting with the sheen of richest satin, was twisted upon itself and fastened down to the rim an enormous peacock's feather, looking like a gaudy-skinned snake asleep. Beneath the ruffled surface of her face volcanic forces seemed to be at work, kindling contending emotions in her mind. There was more below than came to the surface.

Wavering in his intentions to approach the engrossing *débutantes*, he was about to open the door when Marmaduke Payne, a friend and fellow-student, came into the laboratory.

"Who are those ladies there by the bird-cases?" said Eugene. "Don't know," said Marmaduke, "but it doesn't make any difference. I'll introduce you; can't see very well from this window, but I fancy the girl in white is Guinevere Hood."

Taking Eugene by the arm, they walked towards the bird-cases, and as they drew near Marmaduke stopped, while Eugene withdrew his arm and walked out of the door alone. Payne remained behind; he entered into conversation with the blonde and seemed to have known her before.

Meeting Eugene the next day, "That *was* Guinevere Hood," he said, "that fair girl in white, and a lovely girl she is too. I don't know the other one, but I heard Guinevere call her Marvel. She went away when I spoke, but I have known Guinevere since Christmas. She comes from the same village as I did, and her father was a medical man at Maconville

Macon, Georgia.

. Everybody likes Guinevere, but its very seldom she comes out at all. She said the other girl thought you were a fool not to show them the museum; but Guinevere is a glorious girl, she never sees any faults in anybody. Why are you so interested about them?"

"Oh! nothing," said Eugene, "a mere nothing, a passing fancy, and only a look."

"The fates of empires have depended on a look," he replied, "Peacock plumes—trifles, light as air, are to the lover the poisonous darts of little Cupid."

The memory of the previous day faded like a flower from the mind of Eugene; but like rare foliage, it was

pressed between the leaves over which he traversed in his studies of Spinoza and Sir Henry Lewes on philosophy.

Natural science with language and logic was the school to which Whitworth devoted most of his early labours. Through the dying year his lamp might have been seen shining in the tower of the college till the big bell of the city clock boomed out three; when, in the middle of a translation of "Highland Mary" or "Ye banks and braes" into Greek, he would fall asleep, to awake betimes in the morning for the revisals of the most brilliant scholar in the Western World—the patriarch of the affiliated college. There oft till dawn he sat over the binomial theorem outwatching the bear, and with thrice great Hermes unsphering the spirit of Plato.

Il Penseroso. John Milton.

The end of the year was fast approaching, and a big stake was to be disputed at the university. Big it was in Eugene's eyes, for it afforded him the emolument of eight hundred dollars for the ensuing year, as well as the gold medal of the university.

Fierce was the contest for the science scholarships; but Whitworth all through was the favorite, and, when the honour lists were posted in the quadrangle, first in the list of first-class honours stood the name of Eugene Percival Whitworth.

Miriam's pulses beat, bounding with pride. Soon again they fell, for soon fell his own.

One Sunday morning he wandered about absent-minded, as indeed he always was, into the cloisters of the Sacred Heart Cathedral, where the intonation of the voice of the priest sounded like a weird, fantastic, reduplicating bell, whose echoes reverberated without ceasing in his ears every stride he took back to the college.

His appetite failed, his head swam, and his brain seemed to be reeling and floating within. Dark spots changed to blue and purple before his eyes; illusions and phantasmagoria danced before his mind; as, deserted by sleep, he lay in the tower and was not noticed for days. The constitutional fever raged; delirium followed, and for a week he was on the verge of coma.

His only visitors were the rector of the college, Marmaduke and Guinevere. His friend had brought her one morning; she waited and brightened the scene all day. She often came again, bringing him oranges, lemons and delicacies, and her sweet and gentle ways infused convalescence into the air of the tower.

Stranger she was to Whitworth when he first became ill; but to know her was to love her. Her voice was the most exquisite music; her sweet smile a medicinal charm. She brought Dr. Moore to him; but for her he would certainly have died. Typhoid fever in a virulent form was rife in the city and suburbs, and the mortality was rapidly increasing every day. Strong in physique, he passed through the various stages and the third week, which the doctor told Guinevere was the most dangerous. At the end of another he was convalescent. The roar and bubble of the waning fever resounded in his brain for weeks; but it was only a transitory after-effect, and escaping all the dangers of the devouring typhoid, the trend of Eugene's life continued on the tide of time.

Chapter IV. St. John's Chapel, Galveston.—Ambrose Vernon Whitworth.

"The bells of Shandon they sound so grand
On the silent waters of the river Lee."

The Bells of Shandon. Reverend Francis Sylvester Mahony.

ST. JOHN'S Chapel, Galveston, contained in the interior of its lofty tower, a complete set of costly and ponderous bells. At six o'clock in the morning they roused out the sleepers from their beds: at short intervals clanking, clanking, clanking, and rattling the windows, smashing the crockery, and shaking the houses for miles like intermittent earthquakes.

High ritual was the order in St. John's. There was a performance at seven, a performance at eleven, a performance at three, and a performance at seven again, every day in the year. Each performance was announced by an hour's clanking of the bells, essaying the chimes of the 'Church's one foundation,' till people wondered how much longer that foundation would stand, and winding up with half-an-hour's swinging tolls, at minute intervals, as if the mayor of the town died four times every day.

If a baby came to be christened, the bells rejoiced: if a bride was to be seen, they burst forth in peal upon peal of hilarious merriment; but if ever the governor of the State paid a visit to the town the bells tumbled topsy-turvy over one another as if they were being shaken up in a huge dice-box. With the tumultuous

vibrations the earth trembled for a distance of forty miles.

These clanking, jarring bells of Shandon tinkled forth the sweetest melodies to Miriam. Together with another devout old party, she sat perishing within the four walls of St. John's before she had kindled the fire for breakfast, and late into the dewy eve, through all the christian year.

The divine service was a sort of three-cornered performance: the bachelor of divinity shining on the reredos

An ornamental screen of stone or wood covering the wall at the back of the altar. [OED Online](#). Sense 5a.

, at the top angle, Miriam and the old woman, who was known by the sobriquet of 'Holy Sarah,' at the bottom angles of the scene of the triangular play. After the vergier had finished his smoke in the porch, around the large congregation he would stalk, with a crimson plush bag tied on the end of a cedar pole, poke it under the noses of every attendant, merely as a matter of form, then poke it at the stomach of the bachelor of divinity, and quick-march down the aisle, holding the palms of his hands flattened against his hips after the fashion of a mummy, and looking as if he had not had a smoke for a year. The two soldiers would then dismiss, after a short discourse on the debrutalisation of man; while the bells hammered away at the national anthem of the Netherlands, "*Wilhelmus van Nassauwen*",

Composed in honour of William of Orange.

. or sometimes the dead march in Saul.

Saul: an oratorio by George Frideric Handel.

The Flying Dutchman never saw the inside of that euphonius sacred edifice: but he often caught himself swearing at the bells. In this respect he was a trifle inconsistent; for, practically speaking, he thought that cleanliness was a good thing to observe, and Sunday morning was the time set apart for its observation.

With marvellous magnanimity, "I don't think I'll go this morning, mother," (as if he ever had been there) he said every Sunday morning after breakfast, most of which he handed over to an ill-bred bull-dog, which he adored: "You go, and I'll clean up the ranch a bit," pulling out a black cutty pipe and heaving a profound sigh, with the air of one for whom the world had no pleasure in store.

At the last shock from the bells of Shandon, the performance in St. John's would begin, and simultaneously the performance in Lily Cottage. With a huge stable-broom, strong and heavy enough to clear away six feet of snow from the streets of Shrewsbury, he would fill the rooms of Lily Cottage with what appeared to be all the dust in the town: roll up the mats, shake them against the verandah posts, spread them down at the doors again, and put all the red geraniums and trumpet lilies he could find into an old dipper upon the table; sucking the cutty and heaving the sighs at the finish of every act. With buckets of water and bars of magic soap, he would fall to, all fours, on the kitchen floor, with the dandy-brush

A stiff brush used for cleaning horses. [OED Online](#).

or the stable-broom, as if he was quite at home on the "Baltimore," and washing down her glorious decks again.

No exactly so, gentleman Ambrose. Brosie stayed in bed, as sometimes an enemy had put whisky into the ginger wine the night before, in consequence of which treachery Brosie's head was often like a foundry in full operation, and his stomach rebelled at the idea of getting up for breakfast.

With the dandy-brush floating in the bucket and the stable-broom slung over his shoulder, Dolly would, of malice prepense, disturb the frowsy slumbers of the unfortunate Ambrose. The performance on the organ at St. John's was now an hour in full swing, and Brosie's nasal organ was like a regiment of buglers on the march playing a lovely quintet with the clarionet, the oboe, the picollo, the bassoon, and the big trombone.

"Get out of that you lazy, skulking hound; go and feed that pig out there." (First salute of the Flying Dutchman.)

"Shut up, you marlin'-spike

A pointed iron or wooden tool used to lift the strands of rope in splicing. [OED Online](#).

, and let a gentleman get a bit of sleep." (Fort of Ambrose opens out on Baltimore.)

"Gentleman, be jiggered! get up your lubber or I'll throw the bucket of slops over you." (First volley from the Flying Dutchman.)

"Clear out you old woman and let a gentleman alone. Don't you know I am born to be a gentleman? A gentleman takes it out on Sunday mornings: *I* take it out on Sunday mornings; a gentleman keeps dogs for coursing and dogs for the gun; *I* keep dogs for coursing and dogs for the gun. My nature is to give orders, not to carry them out. Go and groom that horse, you fat porpoise, and when he's ready I'll get up and ride him out like a gentleman." (Shell explodes over Baltimore.)

"Go to the devil, you and your 'gentleman.' I'll clean out that stinking ferret and make a start with the dinner." (Second volley and profound sigh from the Flying Dutchman.)

"Good thing when you go back to China or Fiji and we get a proper servant, if I have to pay her wages myself." Whereupon, after the hit, the palpable hit, of Ambrose, the Flying Dutchman hoists a flag of truce, and the Strauss orchestra plays the 'Conquering hero'

A chorus from Handel's oratorio Judas Maccabaeus.
and an allegro in B flat major from Schumann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien." Brosie's snores were tunes.
Big of heart, hot in temper, and strong as a cask, with great masses of muscle standing out on his limbs, the quondam sailor looked upon the Sunday morning's diversion as a nice little change. He had been lucky in the balloting for new candidate for employment in the service of the Mississippi Steam Navigation Company, and was now an entered apprentice engineer, the first steps of which consisted in brushing up the green coats of the steam engines. Wipers, they called themselves, and Dolly was champion wiper in the company's service.

Coming home to breakfast, after being up all night on the night-shift in the engine-room, he looked like a Christy minstrel

A member of a band of entertainers with blacked faces, performing songs and music derived from, or imitative of, the black communities of the southern United States. [OED Online](#). See 'minstrel', *n.*, sense 3b. (Note that the eponymous "Christy's Minstrels" first performed in 1846).

off the stage, everywhere coal black, excepting the whites of his eyes. Whether he had been out for a short stroll or had come back from the Christy minstrel performance, he would invariably swell out his burly chest with a deep inspiration, and blow out a cyclopean sigh with the force of a steam-jet, as if all the troubles in the world were upon his shoulders.

If ever Brosie had a thimbleful of whisky in the ginger wine, the prodigious sigh came from the abysmal depths of his soul. He had appointed himself to the post of monitor over the erring Brosie, and became his good genius and guardian angel. He often spent hours together at night squaring (as he called it) another Christy minstrel to do his work on the night shift, while he would often root Brosie out of some shanty and bring him home in a cab, with his legs hanging out of the window, and sitting on the top of him.

Hauling him out of the cab and towing him in like some young forty barrel right whale he had captured, "Here is the beauty," he would say, shoving Brosie in before his father, and throwing every stumbling-block he could in the way of Brosie's efforts to sheer off to bed.

"Where did you find the *hidiot*?" would come from old Christopher, jumping up off the sofa, with his hair standing on end.

"In the back parlour of the 'Dogs and Guns,'" Dolly would respond; but Brosie one night forestalled the reception by declaring in a blustering speech, "I'm not drunk, father, I'm not drunk," as he stood propped up at the back by the Flying Dutchman, his hat stove in, his eyes half closed, and some of the ginger wine running out of his mouth, while the sleeve of his coat and the knees of his pantaloons had just come out of the mud. "I've done a good thing to-night. I'm going as clerk to the bub—bub—bub—brewery. Ten dollars a day once a week," squeezing with his hand below the region of his liver as if the barb of the harpoon was sticking there still.

Honour to whom honour is due. The young gentleman was remarkably precocious and shrewd. No one of his years had ever before held the honorable position of judge at the great international-horticultural-agricultural, pigeon, poultry, canary and dog show, held in the reserve at New Orleans.

He could rattle off at a moment's notice all the precise and proper tints on the legs and beaks of all the birds in the air and the fowls on the land. From an ungainly Malay game or brahmapootra all through the numerous varieties down to a pert little duckwing bantam

All varieties of domestic fowl. [OED Online](#). See 'Malay', sense 3; brahmapootra; bantam.

, his knowledge of 'points'

A quality or feature in the appearance of an animal (esp. a horse) by which it may be assessed [OED Online](#), *n.* 1, sense 13b.

was incontrovertible. He could go through the genealogical tree of any fox-terrier or greyhound of note in the land, and describe the set of his nose or the curve of his tail, and all the minutiae of his pedigree to a nicety. No tricks of painting faulty feathers in a silver-pencilled Hamburg rooster ever escaped his notice at the show, for he had performed the same tricks himself before, and had prizes for them hanging up over his bed.

When he went for a ride on the old grey horse, his chief object was to coax a clutch of eggs from some fowl-fancier; none knew better how to trim his sails when there was anything in the fowl or dog line to be got. He would bite off the ends of the tails of all the fox-terrier puppies in the town to get his pick of the litter. By holding up a duck-egg to the sun, he could tell if it contained a prolific germ, or if it had been boiled or pricked with a needle to deceive him, and neutralise its virtues.

At one time he reigned supreme over twenty-seven greyhounds and thirty-nine fox-terriers, and he was unanimously elected president of the Louisiana Fox-terrier Club. The cardinal rule of the Louisiana Fox-terrier Club was to first catch a squirrel in an onion net, shut it up in a box, knock one of the knots in the wood out of the side of the box, and deliberately starve it from Monday morning till Saturday afternoon. It was then let out on the stroke of three by the duly appointed trapper before the gaze of a motley throng of spectators, laying and

taking the odds which of two dogs would bump up against it first, this being all that was necessary to kill the squirrel, for it could not run and was scared out of its life before it got out of the trap.

The services of Brosie, as accountant, were duly inaugurated in the brewery; but he resigned at the end of the week, when he got into the bottle-works. He left the bottle-works and got into a paint-shop, a wool-store, an estate-agency, a rope-works, and back to the brewery again. Out of the brewery again and into a merchant's office, a recreation club, a billiard room, a soap-boiling establishment, a coffee palace, and into the brewery again. Out of the brewery again and into the stearine

The commercial name of a preparation consisting of purified fatty acids, primarily used for making candles. [OED Online](#).

works, where he stayed for six weeks. He had cosmopolitan and philanthropical ideas and tried to help all he could. His variegated avocation from one post to another during three months culminated in his entering the rooms of a dental firm known as Foster Wax and Co. Eight hundred and fifty dollars were paid as premium for his admission, part of it being prize-money won at the university, and the first orders which the young gentleman received were to sweep out the rooms in the mornings.

"Jumping Jehosaphat!" screamed Brosie, "I haven't worn petticoats since I was a two-year-old, and my old governor has nothing left now to buy them."

Unfortunately Dolly was too much occupied in the science and art of wiping, or he would have washed out the place every morning into the bargain. A ragged-tailed street-arab was thereupon engaged to sweep the rooms. Brosie towered over him as a subordinate, and congratulated himself on skipping so lightly over the first lessons in the art of surgical and mechanical dentistry. This urchin he drew into a conspiracy, so that, whenever the boy met Miriam in the town, he would in a barrel-organ like way accost her with the following remark on every occasion:—"Good day, Mrs. Whitworth. Mister Brosie is *not* drunk, Mrs. Whitworth, but he might not be home, Mrs. Whitworth, till late, as he has to stop in the workroom, Mrs. Whitworth, watching the vulcanizer

An apparatus used for the process of treating crude india-rubber with sulfur and subjecting it to intense heat, to render it more durable and make it adaptable for various purposes. [OED Online](#). See also [The New York Times, July 1886](#).

Good day, Mrs. Whitworth."

On his exemption from the preliminary duties and studies in the fashionable art, the new apprentice was sent out to deliver a large number of the monthly accounts. These, slipping round the corner, he coolly tore to pieces, threw them into the first dust-bin, and filled in the remainder of the day acting as referee at a couple of cock-fights, or "battles" in the terminology of the gallinaceous club.

Having thus diligently initiated himself into the mechanism of the mouths of the people, he was raised a step higher in the mechanico-scientific ladder. He performed for three months with one foot upon a treadle machine, while he stood up from ten to four every day on the other, and held a tooth-plate against a revolving brush between the two balls of his thumbs, without taking his eye off the spinning brush for a second.

He introduced the art of homing pigeons into the dental emporium, and brought it to the pitch of a monomania, which preyed upon not only the operatives in the laboratory, but attacked even Foster Wax himself and all the faculty of the Co., who thought they had done a grand stroke of business when they paid forty dollars for a pair of blue-chequered antwerps, wattle-eyed carriers, or fiery dragons, with little crops of warts around their orbits. Every morning they would all arrive with a pigeon in each pocket, put them all at the same time, to a tick, in a box and work the totalisator

An apparatus for registering and indicating the number of tickets sold to betters on each horse [or greyhound, and so on] in a race. [OED Online](#).

, or take odds from Brosie. Wiper Dolly would call for the consignment and send them off in the steamer, to be liberated in the adjoining State, never to return, never to return any more.

Christopher William Whitworth was by nature a very credulous man. Honest, as he was to a fault, he thought everybody else was honest too; so overflowing was Christopher with the milk of human kindness, that if anybody asked him for his eye-teeth he would willingly hand them over.

Brosie was a born past-master at rigging up a scheme, and a born orator at expounding that scheme before his father. He was a perfect artist of fiction, especially whenever he got into a scrape. One evening after having appropriated all the money he could from Foster Wax and Co., by invariably, in the betting, laying against the return of the warty-eyed antwerps, he preambled with the avowal that all that mortal man could learn at the emporium of Foster Wax and Co. during the full term of his apprenticeship, he had acquired in the four months on the treadle.

Next he stated that to complete his studies in the mechanico-scientific art of dentistry, and to finish him off as a first-class extractor and gold filler, Chicago, Lake Michigan, was the only place in the wide world. As great as he had suddenly become in his own estimation as an extractor of teeth, still greater did he loom as an extractor of money from his father. Six months he stipulated as sufficient in Chicago; after which he could set

up an emporium of his own in the city of New Orleans. He wished to perfect himself in pivotting, and the specialty of crown-and-bridge work, in which he opined in every mouth there was a miniature fortune. No other school but that of Chicago could impart this recondite art, and to Chicago, Lake Michigan he must go, or throw the thing up altogether and go back to the brewery again.

He did not, however, mention the fact that during the dinner hour, when Foster Wax was away, he treated in the operating room any clients that called, and nearly ruined the business. Before he had treadled a month, he persuaded the bought and sold old woman of Adam Quain into a new set of ivory. He cut down and patched up with bird-wire an old set which his grandmother had left behind her, and, drilling holes in the old shrunken jaw of Bathsheba, he laced them in with the bird-wire. He gilded the wire, and charged Bathsheba fifty dollars. The death certificate, written out some years after, contained the words—"Cause of death: primary, 'necrosis of the jaw-bone'; secondary, 'blood-poisoning from suppuration of the jaw.'" The disease worried the old woman for the rest of her life.

His early attempts at surgical dentistry were undoubtedly original and heroic; he even performed an extraction and bleeding combined on old Adam himself, when he called one day during the dinner hour with the "hell o' a' diseases."

Toothache, as referred to in Robert Burns' poem Address to the Toothache.

It was hanging to his gum.

"Gas?" said Brosie, looking down the old man's cavernous throat.

"Wa'al we don't know much about gas t'ome; you'd better give me karosene." said Adam.

Brosie gave him a wineglass-ful of peppermint water, pulled the "hell o' a' diseases" out with his fingers, and charged him ten dollars for *calorific fluid*!

From caloric theory, in which a "caloric fluid" was proposed (Lavoisier, 1783) to explain the transfer of heat between bodies. An outdated concept by either 1835 or 1896.

The scheme with all its inns and outs thoroughly cut and dried, having been with great painstaking promulgated before old Christopher Whitworth, Brosie waited his answer, with his mouth open, and his tongue hanging out.

"I think, Brosie, you had better see Eugene about that, and if Foster Wax will return some of the eight hundred and fifty dollars, I daresay we might manage it," came forth from the oracle.

Thereupon, he performed a monetary extraction upon his brother, who thought it was advisable to knock the heroics on the head, and that probably they would do so in Chicago. The whole family saw him off by the New York steamer, and Miriam was left in Lily Cottage, with the sighing Christy minstrel—the Flying Dutchman, once again.

Chapter V. Guinevere Catherine Hood at the Altar.

"At length the bell.
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal, o'er rock and down the dell."

THE quality of Guinevere Catherine Hood lay not alone in the fulsome wealth of her bountiful heart: she was gifted with a high type of intellectuality, as well as a strong desire to acquire a knowledge greater than that of her superiors in social rank, and with a firm purpose she devoted herself to its acquisition. She acquitted herself at the expiration of her career in the ladies' college at Rosemary Point at the matriculation examination with great credit and distinction, and triumphed over many of her male confrères in the university examination hall.

She entered the alma mater as a matriculated student, and child of Nature that she was, she joined the classes addicted to the study of natural science and history. For two years she remained at the university, and among its lady *habitués* she was the observed of all. The square black university cap, with its long silk tassel, adorned the fine chiselled contour of her pale classical face in more becoming contrast than her white and fleecy Gainsborough hat, and the black flowing gown formed an admirable back-ground to the loose white robes beneath.

No infirmity harassed her healthy and vigorous frame; no spectacles spoilt the beauty of her violet eyes,

whereas among the other lady students they were quite the indispensable fashion, and lent to them quite a sage and elderly appearance. No counterfeit show of wisdom: no affected indifference to the outside world; no sacrifice of her supernal nature, was ever observed in Guinevere. Love of the science of Nature, and a remarkable adaptation for it, required no distorting auxiliary aids to make it appear genuine.

In her *nonchalant* ways, as at the close of her term she surpassed the more assiduous ladies of the school, she incurred the tacit but bitter envy of all her inferiors. In classical studies as well she showed the light of her rare intellect, and in her rambles around Parnassus

From Greek mythology, a mountain sacred to Apollo and the Muses. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

she often came in contact with Eugene. The paths from the affiliated college to the university, were lined in places with orange and pomegranate trees, and in any dilemma she would bend her steps along those shady walks and meet Eugene as he came down from the college.

The light zephyrs amongst the orange trees mingling with the sound of her voice, meeting him one fresh April morning she said, "Oh! what an awful man was this Euripides! What is the meaning of this, and this, and that, and that?" pointing with her finger to the text of Shilleto

Either Richard Shilleto (1809-1876), English classical scholar, or his son Arthur Richard Shilleto (1848-1894). [Smail 2004 \(Oxford Dictionary of National Biography\)](#).

. "The text is corrupted," said Eugene; "but the purport of it is that the heaven of woman is love: throw it away, Guinevere, and keep to the birds."

Then and there she threw the work of the great tragedian away, but Eugene picked it up and put it into his bag. Time after time had he sat on the seats below the orange trees translating and re-translating the choicest gems of English and the golden treasury of classical poetry for the delectation of Guinevere, till now, the following morning, he pressed the petals of the flowers which she had brought him when he was ill into the leaves of the the outcast Euripides and, writing upon its last page—

*"Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
"Whene'er I liken her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be"
'Go, lovely rose.' Edmund Waller.*

—he handed her back the book and smiling walked away.

Her angelic stately form he often saw in the precincts of the university; he sometimes met her on the paths around the museum, and, now and then, as she was on her way home he accompanied her as far as the entrance-gates.

"Who was that lady with you when you first came into the library?" enquired Eugene one evening as she was saying goodbye.

"Marvel Gould," she replied. "She was at the ladies' college last year, but she is at home now. Marvel and I are old friends, but the other girls quarreled with Marvel and spoke what I am certain were untruths about her. They said her father took her out of the college for flirting with a married man after school hours, and they used to say she had a most abominable temper; but I always liked Marvel, and I think the other girls were jealous of her and slandered her. Marvel is a brilliant pianiste, and I am sure she is very pretty—don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Eugene, "remarkably attractive and pretty;" when, shaking hands with Guinevere, he slowly returned to the sombre affiliated college.

The memory of the black flashing eyes, the wreathed smiles, and the expressive pouts—vivid, bewitching, and alluring—haunted the mind of Eugene for years.

Guinevere came in the morning and Guinevere departed in the evening month after month, but Eugene could not leave the grounds. Often towards the close of the year he had seen her in deep conversation with Marmaduke Payne, sometimes sitting on the green knolls by the lawn together, sometimes walking by his side on her way home, for he lived in one of the suburbs and so did Guinevere. The year was fast drawing to a close and the honour examinations fast approaching when, all at once, she became very uncertain in her attendances, and finally ceased to come.

When the academical year ended, and the lists were posted in the endowed ceremonial hall, first again in the honour lists appeared the name of Eugene Whitworth as winner of another science scholarship, the gold medal of the university, and the degree of Master of Arts; while in another list stood the name of his friend Marmaduke Payne as having attained to the degree of Bachelor of Laws. In the honour lists for lady students

there were no names in the first class, and that of Guinevere did not appear anywhere. She had not presented herself for examination at all.

It was by a mere chance that Marmaduke had obtained his degree. Dreamy and negligent of his duties, during the latter part of the year he had spent most of his time outside the gates of the University, and when he did come, it was to saunter about listlessly on the lawn in amorous resignation with the gentle Guinevere.

Not a month had passed, when one cloudless Wednesday morning, over the city and the grounds of the university the tuneful melodies of chiming and pealing marriage-bells in the Sacred Heart Cathedral Tower burst forth in ecstasy as a prologue to the wedding. Fifteen hundred students filled the front portion of the cathedral, and a thousand of the populace the back. Carriage after carriage drew up at the gates, and discharging their occupants, passed out of the thoroughfare. More richly caparisoned than the others came four white horses in silver-mounted harness, with streamers of primrose and white from their bridles, careering before a superb victoria carriage

A light, low, four-wheeled carriage having a collapsible hood, with seats (usually) for two persons and an elevated seat in front for the driver.[OED Online](#). See 'Victoria', 2, sense 1.

, and coming to a halt at the gate, where the footman unfastened the door for the bride and her brother inside.

Nervous, inside the cathedral waited Eugene beside his friend before the altar. In agitation he trembled, for the angel of his soul was near. After the great cathedral organ had pealed forth the grand tones of '*O Salutaris*,

O salutaris Hostia, "O Saving Host", is a section of one of the Eucharistic hymns written by St Thomas Aquinas for the Feast of Corpus Christi. (Source informal.)

' and while the choir sang '*Tantum Ergo*,

The last two stanzas of this hymn sung at Benediction; also, a setting of these. [OED Online](#).

' like Juno, of whom Virgil sang as pacing the heavens

Uncertain. Note also that in Virgil's Aeneid, Juno is the principal oppressor and is particularly noted for her wrath. (Source informal.)

, amongst a sea of admiring faces down the long aisle came the ethereal Guinevere, attended by four bridesmaids in faun crépon

A stuff resembling crape, but of firmer substance, made of fine worsted, silk, or a combination of the two. [OED Online](#).

and brown straw hats trimmed with yellow roses. The glorious ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church was soon concluded, and Guinevere Hood was the wife of Montague Payne. She wore a dress of ivory white satin, draped around the bodice with Brussels lace, the long court train attached to her shoulders by diamond brooches and she carried a bouquet of yellow and white roses, and white lilac fringed with maidenhair.

Thoughtful, sad, and forgetful of his duties as groom's man at the wedding, Eugene retraced his slow steps back to the cloistered halls of science. Was not the good angel who had watched over him, as he lay at the entrance into the valley of the shadow of death, and the rare girl who scattered roses before his paths in the university,—his *belle idéale*, his loved and only companion amongst women, cut off from Eugene for ever?

How saddens at first the heart at the loss of one whom we have for long accompanied! How terrific the loss when it is the loss of one whom we loved and cherished! How appalling the anguish when that loss will last for ever; leaving nothing but the sick pain of absence behind! The long avenue of years which he had passed through in those sombre scientific palaces, and those orange-tree fringed and shady groves, had brought alone one star to shine from its ethereal dome over the dull firmament of his life. To him that brilliant star had set for ever. No other woman had embellished his life since he left the home of Miriam. No sister's voice was ever heard by Eugene. No gentle tone but that of the benign Guinevere ever shed its mellowing irradiating influence over his being.

The following year took Eugene in the Cunard Maritime Steamship Company's s.s. "Venetia"

The Cunard Line began in 1839; interestingly, there was a real s.s. Venetia in the 1890s, sailed by the Scandia Line. [Norway-Heritage, 1997-2010](#).

back to the land of his birth and the medical schools of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Continent of Europe, where, with the same unremitting application he attained to the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine, and Master of Surgery of the University of London, and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He had won the principal scholarships of the University of Philadelphia. These entitled him to emoluments of great financial assistance, and largely supplemented the bank drafts received from his father. Before leaving England he obtained the degrees of Doctor of Medicine and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and became the gold medallist of the University of London. After which he studied for short periods at the leading hospitals of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. He was also made a surgeon in the Imperial army, and served for a short campaign in the Afghan War.

For the time in which this book is set, this would appear to refer to the First Anglo-Afghan war, 1839-1842. However, the details which Dutton reports (see [book II, chapter 8](#)) actually fit the Second Anglo-Afghan war, 1878-1880.

These events marked an important epoch in the historiette of Eugene Whitworth. No student had scorned delights or lived laborious days more so than he had done. None was more upright or purer in thought and in deed. None more exemplary in character,—never a whisper was heard to disparage his name. With a strong constitution, a host of scientific and medical degrees, and a good face, he seemed to be a type of a coming successful surgeon, and ready and willing he was to undertake the boldest work in the annals of surgery.

The millstone of university life was now thrown off his neck. He was a man fitted and well armed for the great battle of life that through all the rolling ages waged outside. Prepared he was to take his place amongst the noblest, the bravest, and the best. His condescension knew no bounds. If he saw any meritorious principle in the poorest and worst of his fellows, his practice was to cultivate, cherish and make a close companion of its promulgator. To be respected by man was not his aim; but to put rich and poor, the prince and the pauper, the curled and befrilled darling lolling in the lap of luxury, and the homeless waif and stray upon the one universal plane, was ever one of the guiding principles of his life.

How different, Eugene Whitworth, your future condition of life would have been if you had not neglected and despised the rich, and assimilated so much with the poor! His prolonged university career, where he had breathed the atmosphere of the noblest, the best, and the greatest, had not eliminated this cardinal law of his mind. He would have preferred to sit and listen to the songs and dreams of old Adam Quain again to escorting a bejewelled princess to the opera.

His friend and fellow-student, Marmaduke, was of an obverse character, Marmaduke never forgot Marmaduke, and would no more associate in his successful days with an inferior than he would make up his mind to lie down in the gutter. On the other hand, he would desert his friends and hurry himself off to new ones, if he fancied the new ones were better than the old—the longing of the moth for the star. For years, these two characters had existed in shoulder to shoulder attrition; but their angular incongruity was never effaced. "Like repels like, and like attracts unlike," is an axiom as applicable to moral philosophy as it is to electricity. Eugene was a counterpart of Marmaduke, and Marmaduke was an antithesis of Eugene.

There was but one respect in which these two opposite characters merged into one another; in which for a short period in the one case, and a long period in the other, they ran a parallel course, side by side, soon again to diverge; the one at that point of divergence to exhaust itself in that one particular similarity, the other to pursue its way alone till Fate herself had cut its thread. This it is that will haul down your flying pennons, Eugene Whitworth; this it is Marmaduke Payne, that will hurl you into an early, a watery, and an ignominious grave.

Chapter VI. Madame Pompadour and the Ambrosial High-Priest.

FROM the East India Docks, London, as medical officer of the sailing-ship "Harbinger," Eugene sailed for the scene of the Afghan War. Through the translucent blue of the Mediterranean, the scorching Red Sea and the fair Trade winds, he reached Bombay. Soon after the outbreak ended, and he finally sailed for the purlieu of his youth and his home by the Atlantic Steamship Company's s.s. "Savannah." On the quay he was welcomed by his old parents and Christy-minstrel Dolly, who by leaps and bounds had risen to the position of third engineer in the service of the Mississippi Steam Navigation Company.

The six months in Chicago, stipulated by the young gentleman of the family, although he had gone there five years before, had not yet expired, but the extraction process was still in full swing. Letters arrived every mail from Brosie, explaining that he was fast becoming one of the greatest lights of the dental kosmos in America and other parts of the world, and urging his father to forward on to him every dollar he could put his hands upon at once, as he was preparing to return and wanted to get together a full stock of instruments pertaining to mechanical and surgical dentistry.

In every letter he would conclude with the declaration of coming American independence: in that the ball was at his foot in Louisiana, and all he had to do was to kick it off, when out of it would roll a fortune for every one of his relations and friends. Two years he was preparing to return, working not a spinning treadle but a double-handled pump up till the day of his departure: one letter coming to his father asking for more and more, and another to his brother, the doctor, imploring him to send dollars by the hundred, without saying anything about it to "*the old man*."

One "General Wash," of Cincinnati, Ohio, United States of America, wrote several seemingly inspired letters, filling sheet after sheet of foolscap

A long folio writing- or printing-paper, varying in size. [OED Online](#).

and extolling Brosie to the skies; but whether General Wash was in command of a Salvation army, or whether he was in charge of the American State militia, as distinct and alien to the Salvation army, nobody in Lily Cottage could divine. Judging from Brosie's former characteristics, it was surmised that General Wash was some beggarly old tap-room loafer who had been ironically or facetiously nick-named "The General."

All this time the young gentleman was riding the high horse in Chicago. He had obtained his certificate as Doctor of Dental Surgery years before he returned, and was simply painting the city of Chicago red. Dinners, where champagne and rich viands covered the table a quarter of a mile long, all the students of Chicago College, Apricot Street, were supplied with by poor old Christopher Whitworth's money. Race-meetings, where the cheques for instruments were melted in backing some outsider that always remained an outsider; faro-banks, lotteries and policy-shops; methodical losses at nap, spoil five, and sing-tai-loo; bouquets, the size of frying-pans, as presents to barmaids, and wholesale convivial shoutings for the crowd inside and outside the bars of the cafés were, when all was said and done, potential grounds for Brosie's necessitous appeals. Indeed, it was looked upon as a perfect feat and a miracle that he could feed so many with the money which he received from Lily Cottage.

Shortly after his brother, the Doctor of Medicine, had arrived in America, he received an appointment to carry on the practice of a deceased medical man at Augusta, on behalf of the widow, a comely lady, who had been left by her departing husband in debt and with the legacy of thirteen children to support. In this appointment he remained eighteen months, playing a sort of game of chivey or chess against the efforts of the forlorn lady to keep him friendly with her step-daughter, and dodging the charms of the fair Caroline herself.

Caroline was a gay and *petite* blonde, with large, mellow blue eyes as big as saucers, and a fine contralto voice. A piebald pony spanked along every morning with Carrie a couple of miles to the residence of a proprietor of a bone-mill. The proprietor of "The Sun Bone Mill" was known by the name of Hind, and his wife, who was generally known as Madame Pompadour, that being her *nom de plume* as a costumière before she married Hind, had all the airs and graces of a lady-in-waiting at the court in the time of Queen Anne, if not more. Madame was highly proficient in all the fashionable fiddle-faddle of the town. The bone-miller was doing a roaring trade at the time, and had been polished up by the courtly and prim Madame Pompadour, alias Mrs. Hind the fifth, before he made his *début* amongst the *fin de siècle* society of her friends.

He was a very crude, diminutive, smart, wiry looking old man about sixty-seven, with full-blown cheeks, a stubbly red beard and a moustache like a worn-out scrubbing brush; but after four years' tuition at the hands of his fifth and prudish wife, he could handle a knife and fork with any man of his age in the town, and was even so fastidious as to manipulate them around a bunch of grapes. Sometimes, however, if he felt sure nobody was looking, he would suck his fingers, drink the wine out of the decanter, and wipe his mouth with the table-cloth.

There was a splendid school within a stone's throw of the bone-miller's mansion, but it looked far more aristocratic to have a special governess coming to the place; so Carrie, whose mother was an old friend of Madame Pompadour, received the patronage of the appointment and one hundred dollars a year.

A lout of a groom, with a soft slouch hat on the back of his head and a pipe stuck eternally in his mouth, would bustle up the piebald pony to within a hundred yards of the mansion, when Carrie would alight behind a big tree to shut out the profile of the lout and the pipe from the view of the high-born Madame. Then the piebald pony would spank back again and take the doctor on his rounds among the lodge patients

Lodge practice - whereby a physician provided care for the members of a [generally fraternal] society in exchange for an annual salary determined by the size of lodge membership. [Beito 1994](#).

; spank up to the bone-miller's to bring Carrie home to dinner; wait till Carrie had her dinner; spank back to the bone-miller's again, return to take the doctor to see some more lodge patients; spank home with him, and spank up and down again for Carrie.

Madame had a dress, if she liked to put it on, for every day in the year; but her chief and very effective affectation was a costume of Royal blue foulard

A thin flexible material of silk, or of silk mixed with cotton. [OED Online](#).

, carrying out the idea of falling water, with rippling lines of white on a blue ground; while on the left side of the front nestled some beautiful pink roses, from which fell a rain of violets: Parisian black bonnet and a natty black sunshade with a very long handle and a black ribbon tied around it in the middle. The sunshade seemed to be always in mourning for the bone-miller's former wives—none of her own people were dead. She would pick up with any conceited bit of a boy, and so entrance him that he would follow her home all the way the piebald pony had to spank so many times a day. The boys appeared to afford good practice to Madame for flirtation. She would look down into their faces with a gloriously curving smile, and a face like the diagrams of the rising sun in Ayer's Almanac

A popular American almanac; in its heyday, it was printed in 21 different languages. [Rickards and Twyman 2000](#).

, bend low her head, and with overweening grace rear it into a vertical position again as if she were describing the arc of a circle with her head in the air, and had a gate-spring in her corset to enable her to do it properly. Some thought that the beads off the black bonnet were constantly dropping down her back, and she was manœuvring to let them drop out altogether.

In every point of etiquette of the drawing-room, the quiet evening, the musical evening, at dinner, in church, the street, the afternoon, a garden party, the ball-room, and indeed in all matters pertaining to calisthenic deportment and vanity in general, she had few rivals. Even the pronunciation of her words was studied with the view of adding primness and prettiness to her lips. She was ungrammatically voluble in speech, profuse in gesture, and altogether highly *voyânte* and theatrical.

Strange! everybody who knew her said there was no affectation whatever about Madame, albeit there was not a drop of Gallic blood in her composition, and that all her actions were perfectly in consonance with her inborn nature. Another theory, that she was a trifle deficient, was hinted at, and a story that she had, in a fit of puerperal

Relating to a period of time after childbirth. [OED Online](#).

mania, painted a new-born bone-miller all over with tar and stuck feathers in it, lent some weight to this proposition. Still, she carried the sunshade before the alleged playful peculiarity. The little bone-miller died. Poor little bone-miller!

"Rudolph, my dear," said Madame one morning to the old bone-miller, "the Bishop of South America is coming to Augusta next week, and I am going to send cards to a few (two hundred) of my friends, requesting the pleasure of their company in meeting him, my dear. What day, my dear, will you be going to New Orleans?"

"Thursday, my dear," replied Rudolph, and he brushed the rouge off her face with the worn-out scrubbing brush kissing her, and going out shouted—"Never mind me, my dear, fire away with the Bishop—so long, my dear."

Madame issued two hundred pretty blue *cartes d'invitation*, gilded on the edges, with an ear turned down at the right hand corner, daisies imprinted on them, and returnable for Thursday. With her own hands, she helped in the kitchen with the sociable afternoon cakes, petit fours, and other knick-knacks, and tapped the admiral

Took a surreptitious drink. Related to myths surrounding the return of the body of Lord Nelson.

of every barrel of wine the old bone-miller had in the cellar.

For Thursday she wore an apple-green satin gown and a brocaded train, of pale citron colour, lined with bright orange satin, and covered with yellow and white daisies: the bodice *tres décolletée*, and trimmed with a kind of Lorne sleeve lace. Before getting out of bed on Thursday she practised sundry evolutions, after the manner of a juggler, with a large swansdown fan. Calling up all her powers of fascination, she received each guest in the handsome and spacious drawing-room.

From the city came first a fawning and impudent barrister, bringing with him his dowdy down-in-the-mouth wife, with an air of aristocratic *morgue*

A haughty and superior demeanour. [OED Online](#), *n.* 1

about her, to whom, from her regular fecundity, attached the complimentary title of "the Cow." A swarm of small fry then swam in, followed by a thick flight of the insect tribe, each little atomy receiving an elaborate Indian salaam, the swansdown fan adding considerably to the effect, always maintaining its proper position, according to the book of rules on etiquette for the afternoon and evening, and working like an automaton in perpetual unison with Madame's peachy face.

Caroline carolled, that she could never forget one night in June upon the Sabine River, to her own accompaniment, and accompanied the barrister who, unasked, sang—"The Happy Princess,"

The Departure. Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

avowing before Madame, in one part of the song, that the happy Princess followed him, while "the Cow" languished in the corner like a figure from the waxworks.

Eugene arrived in his ordinary clothes, which, if he had taken off his coat, would have disclosed blood on his shirt sleeves. This, however, did not detract from the profundity of the salaaming salutation, and Madame looked as if she had got a crick in the back after it was performed. Indeed, Madame seemed to show a penchant for Whitworth, and unfurled a lengthy rigmarole of rubbish into one of his ears and out of the other.

His brother, Dolly, who had discarded the Christy minstrel costume for a few days holiday, had received an invitation, and came in the rig of a midshipman, with a brass-bound coat, blue serge bell-bottomed pants, and a badge with the name of Shaw, Savill and Co. on it in brass letters. Perhaps, he thought there might be a hornpipe wanted at the fancy-dress ball in honour of the Bishop, if not a shanty. When questioned if he sang, he replied with another question—if anybody had a concertina or two bones in his waistcoat pocket. Nobody had a concertina or two bones anywhere, so he rendered the solo of "The Hairy Man from Egypt," without music. He then consulted his silver watch, the size of a plate, and coolly walked out of the room to borrow a mouth-organ

from the servant in the kitchen.

The last song, touching upon scriptural history, brought the Bishop, whose delay up till then had kept Madame's pulses falling fast; but every symptom of apoplexy set in when the butler put his powdered head into the room and announced the Venerable the Moderator of the Synod of Melanesia, and almost in the same breath "His Lordship, the Bishop of South America."

Two Titanic salaams, two great oscillations of the fan, and the chiefs of of the Church militant were informed that they were as welcome as the flowers of May.

The Venerable the Moderator of the Synod appeared to have brought a guitar with him. He fell, in his habitual patriarchal way, upon the neck of Madame and upon the necks of all the ladies, young and old, and kissed them all in turn; while the brusque Dolly returned wondering if the Moderator was old Hind, the bone-miller. Then, pulling up the baggy knees of his trousers, the venerable man flopped down upon an ottoman and took the green baize cover off the guitar. When the cover was taken off it was not a guitar. It was a gridiron. He felt anxious to show it to Madame, as it was something new, and he had recently brought it from New York. It looked like two frying-pans tied together, open face to open face, and had special grooves for catching the gravy. Not a drop could escape. He carried it about the town, smacking his chops, with the object of explaining to the ladies what an invention it was and what wonders came from New York.

The Venerable man was a perfect *bon mouche* and *gourmet*, and he would never accept an invitation unless he had been to the house before and felt sure of a good feed. If a duck was left on the table, on the party leaving the house, he would slip into the room again and slip the duck into his pocket or his hat. On his return from New York, during his sojourn in Augusta, wherever he visited, the gridiron accompanied him, and his fatherly old chops would slobber over the young ladies at every opportunity, until some reporter satirised him in the newspapers, in an article headed—"The Patriarch of the Tropic of Capricorn and the Gridiron." The patriarch threatened to crack the skull of the reporter for ridiculing him; the old-gooseberry proprietor of the paper apologised and the patriarch kissed the girls never any more.

His Lordship the Bishop was a man about 6ft. 4in. high. His face was like that of Apollo. He was one of the few great beacon lights of the church and was esteemed throughout the length and breadth of the States. A great historian and a paragon orator, he discoursed before thousands hermeneutics, apologetics, Celtic heathendom, the writings of the Talmud, and Zoroastrianism.

He had no ear for music. His stalwart and statuesque form stood leaning against the mantel-piece most of the afternoon talking to Whitworth, the Bar coming up occasionally to examine and cross-examine the bishop after putting everybody else in the room with his eye-glass through the ordeal of the witness box. The bishop had known Eugene before at the London University, and, when at the outset Madame had proffered a mutual introduction, she was check-mated by the bishop saying he had known him before; whereupon the face of the hostess assumed an expression of disconcerted *morgue* as she sniffed at the bouquet of Catherine Mermet

A pale pink tea-rose. Some references contemporary to Dutton include [Otago Witness 23 August 1894](#). and [Gebbie Jr. 1895](#).

and yellow roses brought by Caroline.

Shortly after, she approached Eugene and drawing him away from the bishop, "Dr. Whitworth," she said, "Carrie is going to sing and might I in all due difference and in all due observance to the proprieties and in all due difference to high and proper decorum together with the full knowledge that your *entente cordials* with Carrie is so great in her own proper home which needless for me to remark is your own proper home as well as Carrie's proper home and in all due respect to her dear Ma my very esteemed and amiable friend who is doing me the honour of her company this evening and with all the modesty I hope and trust and always will possess suggest that you should be so gracious as to conduct her to the piano and to stand beside Carrie on the right hand side which is needless for me to remark according to the book of etiquette for the drawing-room is the true position for the gentleman while we listen to Carrie's charming and mellifluous voice."

"With the greatest of pleasure, Madame," said Eugene. "in fact, I was just going to do what you say;" but he looked as if he wasn't thinking of Carrie.

He stalked over to the piano, where the young lady was already sitting. He asked her to wink her eye when she wanted him to turn over a page of the music which she intended to play instead of singing a song. It was a piece like Brahms's variations of a theme by Haydn—"The Ride of the Valkyries." Afterwards, she sang to "the Cow's" accompaniment, that if to remember her would give him pain, he could remember her no more, for which everybody but the bishop said 'thank-you.' It sounded like a spoken, subdued, little chorus. After a play the Roman actors used to say "*nunc plaudite*."

Now applaud.

Madame led off and directed the chorus with the fan, while Eugene, whose manners and ignorance of the etiquette for the drawing-room were positively execrable, left Carrie standing at the piano with "the Cow," and went out with his lordship to have a smoke in the stable.

After a game of "beggar my neighbour," charades and "hunt the slipper," the Bar, having examined and cross-examined every witness in the room, proceeded to address the jury with a long recitation declaring he was *not* mad, and when dinner was announced it seemed as if Madame had obtained a loan of St. John's bells for the occasion.

Madame field-marshalled the guests. Bar presumptuously appropriated most of the young ladies, examining and cross-examining them closely with the eye-glass on the march. His lordship showed Madame where her own dining-room lay, after she had made the little arrangement that Eugene should pilot in Caroline. This arrangement, however, was a bad one. Carrie did not forget that Eugene had left her unceremoniously at the piano, and he was afraid to open his mouth in case Carrie would snap his nose off, so that, thinking there was sufficient noise, Eugene and his *protégé* marched in silence behind the Synod and "the Cow."

Who should be perched at the head of the table in the dining-room, holding the carving knife and fork with the handles downwards and the points up in the air, but the old bone-miller himself! He had missed the train to the city, and would not miss "the evening" for the world. He was very glad to see the bishop, and told his lordship to make himself at home and not to break any bones over the thing. The young gentlemen, especially the Bar, attended in a most chivalrous manner and cavalierly style to the requirements of the young ladies. Poor Carrie was left to look after herself, Eugene going once the length of begging her pardon for his inadvertence in not passing her the salad in the silver-plated caviar dish surrounded by little wells for holding cracked ice. So great was the floral decoration of the table that the guests could not see their opposite neighbours.

"Do have one of my rosaniline

A reddish-brown base used in making a number of red dyes; or any of the dyes thus made. [OED Online](#). (See also 'aniline'.)

jellies, Dr. Whitworth: I must confess I made it myself," said Madame, her voice escaping from among the nosebags, and putting one on a plate which the waiter placed under his nose. It looked like a sea-anemone. He frowned at it, and thinking it was alive, tickled it up with the fork, while Dolly, at the far end of the table, in martyrdom, sat looking very much like a jelly-fish out of water, or casting side-long glances at his brother. The jelly looked almost perfect in colouring, but he felt suspicious of the *noté hurlante*

Uncertain; Possibly 'note of alarm'; *hurlante* is 'howling'.

of its aniline vices.

Soon, with proper and preconcerted action, as the old bone-miller sat simpering and grinning at the powerful phrases of the majestic bishop, Madame rose upborne like a queen-bee, and all the bees swarmed after her back to the drawingroom hive.

"I am afraid, Dr. Whitworth," said Madame, sitting down beside him on the flower-figured sofa, "you do not enjoy my evening. I had some hopes you would enjoy my evening and not to make a story too long which is I maintain one of the principal rules in conversation brevity is the soul of wit as the poet says and according to the recentest works on etiquette for the table and thinking that as how we should all have the felicity of listening to that love-inspiring contracting and mellifluous voice which howsomever you often have the pleasure of living in the same house as the exquisite contralto owner and as most of the ladies at my drawing-room this afternoon remark that loved recollections and blighted hopes and hearts and darts find congenial soil in a quiet evening it occurred to me as I was about to say that something akin to fond memories might find also a blissful home in a musical evening which however is scarcely to the point as I may say as the saying goes inasmuch as not knowing how often yon might have the treat of hearing those mellifluous tones to remind you of the voice of the martingale in your own home which by the way is Carrie's home as well it occurred to me as I was just about to remark when the dinner-gongs rang that it might have been expected that it would have contributed in some measure to your enjoyment of my evening to hear those tones floating in the air and wafted upon the sighing breeze among some of my dear respected friends who all think in due difference that you would be a very fortunate man if as I was going to say——"

The Flying Dutchman, always shrinking and purblind in surroundings of vanity, had gone home, but old Hind the bone-miller and the venerable the Moderator, after finishing all the brands on the table, floundered into the drawingroom as red as two turkey-cocks, and both as merry and as jolly as the old wine-god himself. After the Bar had impeached the prisoners, appeared for the defence, and crown-prosecuted them and addressed the jury on their behalf, his lordship summed up the evidence, the jury returned their verdict of Guilty without leaving the box, and the roystering bacchanalians were sentenced by the head of the Church to execration, exorcism and excommunication for life.

The venerable the Moderator subsided on the sofa into a sonorous oboe-tuned sleep, while the old bone-miller roamed at large like a Russian bear intoxicated and let loose in the room, and every one of the jury poked borax

To poke fun at or mock. [Green 2005](#).

at him, while Eugene began to enjoy the evening at last.

The musical evening having thus reached the proper climax, the church, the operating theatre, and the court rose for the night, *sine noete*

Probably an error for *sine nocte*, 'without (a full) night'.

; the bees dispersed to their proper homes, and followed not the queen into her own hive. The piebald pony spanked along in a howling slanting thunder-storm, with Carrie, the doctor, the Bar, the Cow, two *débutantes*, young ladies of sweet seventeen, the lout, slouch hat and pipe, while one of the bees returned to the hive just as the queen was putting on her nightdress. He jangled the bell so hard that the Russian bear opened the door, and found it was the venerable the Moderator of the Synod, who held his foot between the door and the doorpost and insisted on seeing Madame.

The humming voice from the bedroom directed the bear to show the Church into the dining-room, where Madame, after re-robing, followed him, and the bear went out for more "auld Scottie" whisky; returning with which, he found the Church pouring forth some rigmarole from the psalms of David in knee-worship before Madame.

"Have a 'doch an' dhuris

'Deoch an doris', a parting drink, literally 'drink at the door' (Gaelic). [OED Online](#).

," said the bear.

"Right you are, old man," said the Church, as it staggered up again on its foundation, and fell with a flopping plish-plash succussion of the contents of its commodious abdomen upon the dining-room floor.

Next morning as the servant entered to sweep the room she found the Moderator lying there as if he were dead; while the old bone-miller, still drunk, lay beside him inaudibly whispering in his ear.

Chapter VII. The Ball in the State of Georgia.

"and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

LIKE a slave for eighteen months that gallant little piebald pony spanked his ten miles every day till windgalls, splints and spavins made him *hors de combat* by crippling his legs. One of them swelled to the size of a watermelon. Carrie would not take the risk of Madame's displeasure by walking to her duties, and the forty lodge cases which Whitworth was expected to visit every day were in sore need of his frequent attendance daily.

In a neighbouring Indian village was bred and reared the handsomest dark chestnut mare that ever stepped in Augusta. Whitworth bought her. Her arched neck, her fiery eye, her soft satin skin and her playful carriage and action, reflected the love and care which he bestowed upon her; and as he rode her out in the afternoons she was the pride of his life and the picture of every street. She was everywhere known as "Rose." She was as sportive as a kitten, docile as a dog, and her step as light as the foot of the roe.

The system of medical attendance upon lodge patients involved a vast amount of thankless labour, with a disproportionate monetary return; and when the town and district hospital had lost its medical officer, who had resigned and gone to England, out of a goodly number of applicants Whitworth was duly elected resident surgeon to the hospital and its affiliated asylums, as well as government medical officer for the State of Georgia. The position was a decided improvement upon his former appointment, and the office was one of the most coveted in the southern States of America.

The hospital building itself comprised four blue-stone blocks — two main buildings and two wings — and its fifteen wards could accommodate three hundred patients. It was stuccoed down on every face, and from its battlements a view of the whole town could be obtained—standing as it did upon the beetling brow of a lofty hill, and looming out imposing and picturesque in the moonlight. A handsome and spacious new blue-stone residence had been erected for the resident surgeon at a total cost of eight thousand five hundred dollars, so that in this magnificent abode Whitworth was to live. The departed surgeon had a very large family, and occupied the whole of the building, but it was a puzzle to Whitworth to know what to do with the residential mansion.

The duties of the new appointment consisted in his attendance chiefly in the mornings; for an hour or so in the afternoons he was free. These leisure hours he regularly spent riding upon the back of Rose, as he had called

her, after a little child a daughter of Mrs. Downward, of which little girl he had been very fond, and often carried upon his mustang's back—the Rose of Downward upon the Rose of Whitworth.

Cantering past Madame's mansion one autumn afternoon, he met Madame Pompadour walking along the road.

"Are you going to the ball, Dr. Whitworth?" she began; "not as I am aware that it is any breach of etiquette to make any fulsome enquiries but thinking that now you are so lonely all alone in that commodious house and don't have much company beyond that darling little horse"—"She's a mare," said Eugene, as Madame raised the parasol to stroke her neck, and Rosie pirouetted over to the other footpath—"I often see you pass by going home alone before the shades of eventide have begun to close upon us it occurred to me to think that you would perhaps be one of the ball committee and needless to say how disappointed I was when I looked for your name on the cards and could not find it there which nevertheless need not prevent you from going as I have been in hopes of all the same."

"I didn't know there was to be a ball," returned Eugene; "but I must take a few lessons in dancing before going to balls."

"Come to my place in the afternoons" she quickly rejoined, "and I'll teach you in a week all about dancing if you promise me you will go to the ball when I have done with you."

"It's a bargain," said Eugene, as the mare grew restless and fretful to canter away. "I'll be there to-morrow."

Good as his word, every afternoon repaired the improving Eugene to the calisthenic halls of Madame, where down in the cellar the indispensable accomplishment was to be imparted. Carrie had of course to be brought down into the cellar, together with a large bundle of rags made into the form of an effigy with a wooden head, which the juvenile bone-millers had been using as an Aunt Sally

A fairground toy set up as a target, in the crude likeness of a woman's head. [OED Online](#). See 'aunt', sense 4. for cockshies at her head with a billet of wood.

Madame and Carrie stood, side by side, at the top end of the cellar, all sniggers and smiles, while the doctor stood on the stone floor, and Aunt Sally sat up on a beer barrel, *vis-à-vis*, at the bottom. He had to curtsy to Aunt Sally, swing Aunt Sally, when Madame elaborately curtsied to, or airily swung Caroline, put her down on the barrel when Madame and Caroline stood to attention, *chassez-croissez*

Correctly *chassé-croisé*. A dance figure in which one of two partners *chassés* (a gliding step) to the right then the left, while the other *chassés* to the left then the right. [OED Online](#).

with Aunt Sally and promenade with Aunt Sally, till his arms ached and she fell on her head upon his toes.

He wanted to bring his mare down the cellar, or adjourn to the hay-loft, but Madame was inexorable and would insist on his sticking to his aunt and the barrel, or else forego the instructions.

He felt very much relieved when the week, as stipulated, had expired, and began to suspect that the ladies were making fun of him. Madame presented him with a book on dancing and a book whose title was "The etiquette of the ball-room," both of which he read through in five minutes and put into his waistcoat pocket, Carrie declaring that they were of no use at all, as it took five years to learn even a *schottische*. Eugene said he would be able to dance on his head by that time, mounted his horse and galloped away.

The hospital wardsman, a portly and portentous man, and his bony little feather-weight wife then took the young elephantine dancer in hand, and put the finishing touches upon him in the hospital kitchen, the washer-up or assistant cook being assigned to the resident surgeon as a partner. He might as well have had the butcher's block they danced around in the kitchen for a partner, for if Eugene knew nothing about dancing, Susan Jane knew less, and only served as an encumbrance and a nuisance to Terpsichore

The Greek Muse who governed choral dance and song. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology: 1995](#). See 'muse'.

. She endeavoured to throw a cloak over her own awkwardness by tittering and giggling at Eugene.

The ball at the orderly room was to be a fancy-dress ball, but some of the party attended in their evening dress with desert wastes of shirt fronts and swallow-tail doe-skin coats. Not so Lilliecrap, the hospital wardsman. He borrowed Whitworth's university cap and gown, and strung four hoods around his neck, displaying the white, blue, pink and crimson lining to great advantage by turning the hoods inside out. His hoary hair he dyed black, with a mixture of nitrate of silver and sulphur, and greasing it all over with castor oil he plastered the forelock well down flat on his forehead.

It was really a blessing—that ball that was to be—to some of the bedridden patients; for they showed a great desire and aptitude to take up their beds and walk to the ball, to see Lilliecrap and Lilliecrap alone, though some of them, from apoplectic strokes, broken backs and paralysed legs, were unable to move for years. One blind old woman, who had been the heroine of a coal-mining rack-a-rock explosion, actually did go to have a look on among the stately matrons, and sneered at the wardsman about the smell of the castor oil.

The large hall of the garrison buildings of the third battalion of the American States militia never saw a greater profusion of floral wealth than that of the countless garlands that decorated its walls on the night of

Friday, the twenty-ninth of December, 1844.

For two days previous the carpenters had been at work building a stage for the musicians, partitioning off a spacious supper room, and fixing laths along the walls and ceilings for hanging festoons, flags, and Chinese lanterns. Apple and other fruit blossom was gummed all over the walls and ceiling, together with what seemed to be all the flowers of the country, prominent among which were mauve orchids, caladium leaves and frenium; while gigantic cocos palms, almost touching the ceiling, and artistically-arranged sprays of crimson roses turned the garrison hall into a positive floral fairy-land. A huge basket, decorated with rainbow inflorescence and gauze silks and chiffon, from a deep rich old gold to a pale cool cream, was made to hide the orchestra on the platform, as if the appearance of the performers did not agree with the sweetness of the strains they produced.

The Nonpareil

Without equal. [OED Online](#).

band of Mobile, a sea-side town near the metropolis, was liberally paid to play the dance music to the Terpsichorean movements of the youth and beauty of the States of Louisiana and Georgia. Standing around the door for hours was a vast concourse of spectators, elbowing each other and stretching their necks for a good position to view the pageantry of the celebrities as they entered the floral fairy-land.

Before nine o'clock, carriages upon carriages poured their flowing cargoes into that great mouth of the garrison hall, and drew aside to make room for more; drivers with cockades

Ribbon decorations worn on hats. [OED Online](#).

and drivers without cockades, and prancing horses, cannoning against each other amidst a Babel of shouting voices in the street, under the control of an increased posse of police. Madame came, covering herself with glory, in a superb landau

A four-wheeled carriage, the top of which may be opened up. [OED Online](#).

, with Caroline inside, and the old bone-miller bear on the box, escorted, as no other carriage was, by two outriders.

"I wonder if he will keep his promise Carrie," she said; "I do believe notwithstanding all my week's pains and not taking into account the two volumes I gave him that it might so eventuate that in spite of loved memories and cherished hopes we may yet find ourselves disappointed as it may happen that some accident may unfortunately occur that will prevent him appearing to-night and even if no accident occurred my dream not that I attach much consequence to such stuff as dreams howsomever true they may turn out to be but what I was going to say was that my dream may be true and that he won't come at all for in his heart of hearts—Oh! Carrie dear,—I believe he is in every respect and particular very bashful and rather inclusive when one comes to find him out."

"I suppose he has only himself to please," said Carrie, although she didn't mean exactly what she said, and the great mouth of the orderly room swallowed the ladies like two feminine Jonahs into its bewildering interior,—Madame, wearing a pale blue pompadour silk gown and a diamond tiara, with her hair *a la mode*, while Caroline appeared in a fraise-coloured satin, with broad shoulder straps of petunia velvet, relieved with white, and a lovely rope of pearls. Anon, among the three hundred flaneurs

Idle wanderers. [OED Online](#).

, they fantastically sailed to the strains of '*Tausend und einer nacht*' and the Blue Danube waltzes, Madame's eyes rolling all over the divans in search of Eugene.

It soon reached eleven o'clock, and the tyro dancer was nowhere to be seen. One of the outriders had been thrown from his horse in a collision and had been taken to the hospital. He was only Madame's cook, an old sailor not used to horses, prevailed upon to do extra duty as an outrider; he was the man with the powdered wig who had announced the Church at the party. His collar-bone was broken and his shoulder dislocated, the reduction and bandaging of which occupied a considerable time, as Eugene had to find the necessary splints and other apparatus himself, Lilliecrap having left for the ball just after sundown, saying he wanted to get a good start of the others in case the old blind woman might follow him to the garrison hall.

At eleven o'clock, in his ordinary evening dress, Eugene, smoking a cigar, strolled leisurely down to the dance-room, where he waited for some little time, peering through the little window of the dressing room at the airily floating forms within.

There was Carrie's mother, in an old costume, in the circling grand chain of the lancers

Dancers engaged in type of quadrille called the 'lancer'. [OED Online](#), sense 2.

, posing in the character of Cleopatra. The wardsman's wife had adopted the becoming costume of "Frost," in a white lace dress that had the appearance of having been dipped in a bucket of glue size and had little pellets of the hospital cotton-wool sticking all over it. She certainly looked very snowy and frigid. The Bar from New Orleans he could make out when once the Bar shifted his masque. He was dressed red-hot, like the devil in Faust. The portly wardsman he knew by his own university attire; fussing about here and there and excitedly

busying himself with meddlesome attention to the ladies. Weighed down with the heavy gown and hoods, and looking like an enormous variegated and bright-hued tropical butterfly, he dropped melted castor oil and fatness wherever he flew around among the flowers. Eugene could see him clambering up to the window sills to open or close the little casements; very like a large baboon in a cage trying to tear down the iron bars of the windows.

What was it that suddenly made every nerve in the frame of Eugene to quiver; every chord of his heart to quicken; spread the ivory pallor of amazement over his eager face and fix his deep blue eyes on one spot in that hall; as he stood gazing and gazing, as if at a vision of the opening heavens?

Suddenly sending the janitor for Lilliecrap, the wardsman quickly hurried into the dressing-room, breathing as if he had just danced fifty miles, and sweating like a bull, while the track he left behind was thickly spotted and slippery.

"Here!" said Eugene, "here, look here; straight before us, near that third window, sitting in the rose-bower under the gas-jet," as he kept pointing through the dressing-room window.

"Yes?" said Lilliecrap.

"Find out who they are," said Eugene, and the wardsman re-entered the ball-room.

Through the window Eugene watched him approach Madame, who had been engaged in a long conversation with a military officer, and saw him look in the direction of the rose-bower, and Madame's head turn, to slyly peep over the fan there too. A word and Lilliecrap was back.

"Mrs. Payne, from the city, in the white silk dress," he said, "chaperoning Miss Gould, in the peacock."

Spell-bound stood Eugene, while the lights of other days flashed before his mind again; his monotonous life at the universities; the phantasmagorical delirium at the affiliated college; the loss and marriage of his fair friend and companion; the verse he had written in the outcast tragedian; the fauns and dryads in the pomegranate and orange trees, and the angels at the library door: all appeared fitted together into a kinetoscope

An early motion picture device, from Edison's studio, which debuted at the World Fair in 1893. [Talbot 1970](#).

, and he was drawn towards them once again.

Straightway he walked through the wondering crowd of floating forms, and looking into the rosebower he said: "My old friend, once Guinevere Hood!"

"Oh! good gracious, Dr. Whitworth!" she replied, holding out her gloved hand. "This is Miss Gould, you remember the young lady at the library once," as Miss Marvel Gould resumed her seat after the lancers. "You know I told you then I would introduce you some day, and here she is. How you have changed! Marmaduke is coming up by the last train tonight. He *will* be glad to see you again. I have been staying with Mrs. Gould for a week. Marmaduke and I have often talked about you since you have been away; but perhaps you have forgotten us now."

Assuring her that he had far from forgotten her, he asked for her programme.

"Oh! there's plenty of room in mine, you can fill it up all over the vacancies if you like," said Guinevere.

Turning to Miss Marvel Gould, her keen, black eyes pierced him through and through, and with an exquisite pout upon her carmine lips, "Mine is full," she said, "it was full before I was here ten minutes," as an epauletted young naval officer asserted his claim to a waltz, and walked away with her on his arm. Vanitas vanitatum!

Vanity of vanities.

A year or so older she looked, but the gleaming black eyes were as lustrous as the tiara of sapphires and diamonds which she wore around her neck and the scintillating jewels on her bangled arms. With the same magnetic gestures as he had seen her show in the museum, her hair and the massive semicircular brows had the sheen of ebony, while a costly glittering diamond butterfly sparkled at the side of her fringe, and two large diamonds twinkled like stars set in the lobes of her ears. She was the picture of a girl treading the primrose path of life.

His eyes followed her through the mazy and serpentine movements of the dance, and as he sat talking of bygone days to Guinevere, he fancied she now and then glanced towards the rose-bower. The music ceased. Marvel soon came back to Guinevere, and with the love-light flashing in her eyes at Eugene, she recalled with an air of outraged dignity the day when he had neglected them in the library; but without replying he listened and stared like a man bewitched and enthralled – the charm of the bird by the glistening serpent.

When the spirit-stirring music of the Anglo-Hungarian band, which so few could resist, heralded in the lancers, the old college friends were, ominously for one of the two, arranged at the top. She had guided him through a struggle on a former occasion, and he prayed she would guide him through another that night. As, statuesque, she rose for the dance she seemed to waft the waves of the rose-bower perfume over Eugene, and queen-like she walked, dressed in an ivory Duchesse

Probably 'duchesse satin': a very soft, heavy kind of satin. [OED Online](#), sense 4.

skirt, with box-pleated bodice, trimmed with lace and lilies of the valley; one corner of the train turned

back, with a white lace fan and a trail of lilies and ribbon bows, while around her neck was a necklet of diamonds and pearls.

The voluminous books of Madame, the Aunt Sally, the beer barrel and the butcher's block in the hospital kitchen had left no traces on his memory, and all he could do was to trust to Providence and Guinevere, or act the elephantine donkey before them all. These proved unerring guides, and as in the middle of the grand chain he clasped the hand of Guinevere his memories filled with transcendent and supernal joy. They promenaded around the room together, arm in arm, before the criticising stares of the matrons and the wall-flower dames, all wondering how he had come to know Guinevere: when, as soon as he had conducted her to her former seat, Madame intruded upon them.

"Oh! do come quick Carrie is dying," she said. Following her quickly into the ladies dressing room, the air of which was crowded to suffocation, on the floor lay Carrie, while the ladies drenched her with jug-fuls of water. With a little hypodermic syringe he injected sulphuric ether into her veins. She quickly rallied from the fainting, and was taken away by her mother in Madame's landau.

"She seemed despondent and fretful all the evening several asked her to dance but she made excuses and notwithstanding not to put too fine a point on it as Sir Thomas Shakespeare says who can tell as it seemed to me myself that if some one she had known better it not being polite to mention names had only asked her to dance she might who can say otherwise not have been so downcast as to faint and so fretful. I do hope you will come up and see her to-morrow poor girl as she may be very ill for months and perhaps another lesson or so will be no harm," said Madame, in another little "olla podrida"

A Spanish or Portuguese stew (figurative?). [OED Online](#).

volume; but he replied that he did not intend to stay much longer, and was going to meet a friend of his coming by the last train.

Returning to the rose-bower, he prevailed upon Miss Marvel for an impromptu waltz. It was the Myosotis. Conducting her back to Guinevere, additional charms infringed upon his affections; as in her resplendent peacock-blue duchesse dress with a garniture

Ornament, trimmming. [OED Online](#), sense 2

of jewelled lemon-coloured embroidery and jewelled tulle

A fine silk net fabric. [OED Online](#).

in the pouches of the bodice, and an apricot berthe

A deep falling collar, usually of lace, attached to the top of a low-necked dress, and running all round the shoulders. [OED Online](#). See 'bertha'.

of magnificent point de gaze

Sometimes 'point de gauze'; needle lace produced in Brussels, principally from 1851 to around 1900, which has a delicate, needle-made mesh. [Encyclopædia Britannica 2010](#)

she played ostentatiously her gorgeous colours, and full upon Eugene the flashing love-light of her large black eyes impinged.

The dancing abilities of the Paradisal bird and her perfervid enjoyment of the ball seemed never to reach their full climax. Among the crème de la crème at the grand ball she was the dazzling gem of them all. She was well known it seemed by all, as the gayest among the gay; the attraction demolishing and throwing into the shade all other attractions; the pet of her own family, and the idol of others; the sparkling girl at whose feet half the gentlemen in that military hall would kneel, and whose glance would allure even a philosopher. By these characteristics was Marvel well known. The beauty of her dark face showed a *soupson* of the Gipsy; but, as her swelling bosom heaved in the waltz, the venom and gall within it were known to none, and Eugene little knew what changes that Myosotis-Myosotis to him would bring. Strange that she should still wear the same colour as she wore six years before; surely she did not always wear those colours, becoming as they seemed to be. Inexpressibly charming and beyond compare he thought her. Had he any charm to return? After waltzing with Guinevere to the strains of "Il n'y a que toi," he returned with her to the bower to gaze upon Marvel. A few more dances, in which he did not take any part, and as the *grand flaneurs* were threading their way to the supper room, he walked towards Guinevere and escorted her into the room, where she took a few strawberries, and Eugene tasted the hock cup

A sort of punch cup, originally deriving from a drink based on a German wine called *Hockheimer*. [OED Online](#), n.4, sense b.

. Marvel came in on the arm of a soldier and Guinevere returned with her to the bower. Telling them where he was going, he strolled to the station to await the incoming train.

Meeting the returning landau, he heard that Carrie had quite recovered, and was only prevented by her mother from returning to the garrison hall. He walked over to the hospital, as the train had been signalled half-an-hour late on the line, and returned to meet Marmaduke Payne. When the train drew up at the station, out stepped with a few others his old friend and fellow student, holding the hand of a little boy. He did not appear

to know Whitworth and passed him by; when, going through the turnpike gate, Eugene touched him on the shoulder and called out "Marmaduke Payne."

He knew Eugene at once. They walked together to the Seven Stars Hotel, Marmaduke explaining that he had come to Augusta to practise as a barrister, not having been able to succeed in the overcrowded city, and that his wife always improved in the open country air.

"Deuced fine old fellow, old Gould," said Marmaduke: "do you know him?" but Eugene replied that he did not know many outside of Augusta.

They both walked back to the hall, where they met the ladies coming out, when the inattention of six years ago Eugene repaid by opening a way for Miss Gould to the carriage. He opened the door for her, and, as she held out her open hand through the window—"I hope you'll forgive my rudeness at the library now," he said, and she and the Paynes were whirled away in the carriage as the clock struck four in the morning, while the rhythmical measures of untiring dancers continued until the triumphant sun peered in through the windows and proclaimed the concomitant day.

Chapter VIII. The Gardens of Georgia. The Chronic Broncho-Asthmatical Auntie.

SMOKING his solitary way home to the hospital, Eugene improvised for himself a bed in one of the rooms of the main building, used in cases of emergency when the resident surgeon was likely to be required during the night. He lay down to dream of empyreal angels floating through sapphire-blue and diamond-bespecked skies in the glorious domes of the universe, and singing to him "Sleep no more, sleep no more," as they beckoned him away to some unknown scene.

Arising early, he wandered through the garden to a large aviary of canaries, and like little fluffy yellow balls, cold from exposure in the chilly night, they fluttered down and fed from his hand. Tiny automatons of gold they seemed to him to be; the blue sky above him the brightest sapphire, the trees, the lawn and the green knolls to be emerald. For him the birds trilled their sweetest melodies; the cattle lowed in the meadows, the brooklet prattled merrily; fauns and wood-nymphs peeped from amongst the boughs of the myrtle, the laurel and the arbutus; the leaves and the breezes whispered together through the tall pines. The stilled waters of his unfathomed affection were troubled and he felt the transition stealing over his soul.

Going in a perfunctory sort of way around the wards, the rest of the cloudless morning was frittered away with the lumbering, loitering Lilliecrap, who related every little episode of the ball to every one of the patients, and went about humming the refrain of "Tausend und einer nacht." Forgetting about dinner, he wandered abstractedly in the afternoon to the horticultural reserve of the State. There, at the border of the translucent lake, its island stocked with arboreal and ornithological rarities, mosses and ferns, he lounged on one of the seats and threw berries into the water for the paradise ducks and white swans. Musing still over the benign Guinevere, he blamed his long stay at the university and the verse which he had written in the book for her loss. Groups of lilacs with their feathery purple blossoms made a deep cool shade, and lilac stars floated on the water. Suddenly turning his head where a few old-fashioned flowers were sparsely blooming surrounded by spacious beds of the rich soft grass over which played the moving shadows of elm-trees in interlacing tangles, coming through the rear entrance gate of the gardens, and passing him a short distance away, her opened, sky-blue parasol thrown over her shoulders and shading her face from view, she passed out of the gate he had shortly before entered. The swans glided towards him in dozens, and the nimble little paradise ducks navigated their passages hither and thither among the broad leaves of the water-lilies and the trailing lotus, when, back again by the same gate, appeared the face and the blue robed form of Marvel. Arch, daintily trimmed, prim, pretty and *piquant* she looked, tripping along the emerald lawn, and, as he heard her dress rustling nearer and nearer, he stood captivated by her graceful movements and the *negligé* carriage of her azure parasol. Silver bells of memory!

Traditional song. For a contemporary (to Dutton) account of its performance, see the [Maitland Mercury 1881](#).

All her auxiliaries to fascination in full play, "I've been thinking about you," she said. "Not many books about here, are there? How many cart-loads of books have you read? I've only read four myself: one with a yellow back, one with a green back, and two with a peacock-blue."

He had never read any with such pretty colours as those, and walked with her along the shaven sward to the opposite entrance.

"I suppose you and Mrs. Payne were very friendly at the university when she was there," continued Marvel.

"Oh I yes," returned Eugene. "Guinevere is an old friend of mine, and I often called her my sister at the university. Her husband and I are old friends too. We occupied the same room at University College for twelve

months, and his then *fiancée* was inordinately kind to me when I was ill there. I am very glad they are coming to live at Augusta. I shall have somewhere to spend the evenings, for there is nothing at the hospital but old Hemlock in an otherwise empty home."

On and listlessly on they walked together, stopping here and there admiring the flowers and passing through the rear entrance gate which the uncouth Eugene had let her open for herself. She banged it after her, and told him he could have opened it just as well for her as himself. Another stumbling apology from Eugene, and they walked on to a small orchard which Marvel called "Sunnyside."

"My aunt lives here; come in and see her, will you?" said Marvel, as archly she opened the little broken paling gate that hung on one hinge. He followed. Crossing a little foot-bridge over a small creek, her uncle appeared—a man of remarkably short stature, but very broad and plain-looking. He was busily employed feeding, out of a wheat bag, a motley, crowing, clucking, quacking, and gobbling collection of fowls, ducks and turkeys. Eugene, mentally making a note of it, thought of bringing Brosie there when he came from Chicago. A big peacock perched screeching upon the roof of the brick cottage, and a few pea-hens strutted about on the ground, as Marvel led Eugene into the dainty parlour and asked him to take a seat. She then marshalled into the room her aunt, Mrs. Hornblower, a lady with her skin as close fitting on her bones as the paper on the walls. She had a stooping gait, a cadaverous, pain-sick face, and a red shawl thrown over her head and pinned together at the neck with a safety-pin. She was Marvel's father's sister. She leaned on one crutch like a caryatid and showed a very uncommon peculiarity—varicose veins on her arm.

At first blush she looked like an Indian hawker without a bundle; and without waiting for her niece to introduce her, "My trouble," she began, "is with my chest. My distressing malady is so far advanced that I am obliged to stay at home all the winter." Here she took a long inspiration and proceeded to expire the carbonic acid gas as follows—"I can never get out at all scarcely in the winter, and most of the time I am confined to my room. I have been a martyr to asthma for ten years (long breath). Dr. Leghorn has been very good to me, and has tried all the latest remedies, but with no apparent effect. This clay pipe which I have in my pocket (dive for a black cutty like that smoked by the Flying Dutchman), I have smoked (long breath) *Datura tatula*

A medicinal plant, possibly originally from Malta. [McVeigh 1863](#)

with so long that it is now so strong that it makes me quite sick, and I must get (long breath) Augustus to bring me a new one. I have heard of you before, Dr. Whitworth, as being very (long breath) clever. The Wesleyan minister was here only yesterday, and praised you very highly. He said he could highly (long breath) recommend me to ask you if you knew of anything good, as you come from a newer medical (long breath) school than poor old Dr. Leghorn, kind and good as he always (long breath) was to me,—kind and good to me." She uttered every word with the slowness peculiar to long sickness and she appeared to be trying to hear herself speak. "I am always sick and weak and unhealthy," she concluded: "just look at my tongue." It was as rough as a gooseberry-bush and as red as a lobster.

Eugene replied that he thought the place, situated as the house was low upon the creek and adjoining a marsh, was not suitable for anybody, let alone one suffering from asthma; whereupon she rejoined that Augustus would not leave it, as it was quiet and suitable for poultry breeding. When the irritating particulars of the old auntie's troubles had been fully gone through, Marvel played, with masterly execution and with remarkably evident control over the key-board, the exquisite music of the Myosotis and Blue Danube waltzes, Beethoven's C minor symphonies and Weber's "L'invitation à la Valse."

While Eugene listened to the music, the old Indian hawker broke in with three long breaths—"My niece is the best pianiste in the country. Nobody could ever have heard a sweeter musician than my niece, Marvel, the dear Bird of Paradise, beauteous Marvel. Heigho (sighing long breath.) She won six medals at the Ladies' College for harmony and composition. She is a perfect genius in dance measures. Wont you stay to tea?" He thanked her, and stayed.

When the cream-cakes, tea-cakes, lettuce, radish, water-cress and tea were gone the big kerosene lamp was introduced—lo! the vase and shade of the lamp, woe betide him! were peacock green. A pack of cards was furnished by Mrs. Hornblower, and they all sat around the little oval table to spend the evening at games of chance. Napoleon was played. A roulette-table was brought in, with a painted disc and an indicator spinning round segments painted red, blue, orange, faded-green, yellow, indigo, violet, white, peacock-green, and peacock-blue. The last two colours were pointed at as the indicator stopped, and Eugene, thinking that the apparatus could not lie, handed over a twenty-dollar bill to the Indian hawker, who still affected the red shawl. With varying chances the games had flitted past till the kitchen clock sharply struck twelve, and the asthma wouldn't stand it any longer. Eugene rose to leave, promising to call back the following Friday evening, and walked home to the hospital, to dream again of peacocks and birds of Paradise. Fairy pictures and airy castles brought phantasmal colours before his view, but the one pervading hue ever grew clearer and more defined.

While he lived in the hospital building and slept in the spare bedroom on the left wing his chief attendant and valet was the elongated living and breathing skeleton of an old—a very old—maid. Her name was Emma.

The wardsman called her Hemma, and Eugene called her Hemlock. Emu-like she stalked on her hind legs into his bedroom and roused him up in the mornings; stalked into the breakfast room with coffee on a tray, and stalked out again without saying a word. Not a tooth in her head, she never opened her mouth if she could keep it closed. The skirt of her wincey frock reached to within a foot of her ankles, and she wore long white stockings and a pair of men's boots. Her long bony fingers, in accord with her lanky frame, looked like eagle's talons, and on her billiardball head she wore and slept in a greasy black-beaded cap. The few sounds which she uttered strongly resembled the cawing of a crow, and if she was addressed or questioned her only vociferation was a cough and a sound like Ha-Ha-Ha. The cawing had many meanings, according to the gesture and the tone in which it was uttered. It might mean a reproof, an approval, an affirmation, or a positive denial; an assent, a dissent, good morning or good night; an announcement or a request, a positive, a comparative, or a superlative; but it invariably conveyed to the initiated into the cypher code of Hemlock a whole conglomeration of words and sentences.

Hemlock was the full-blown matron of the hospital. Her elbow had a long spinous process like an abortive thumb. She made good use of it in spreading the table-cloths, which for fully five-and-forty years she had spread thrice daily in that room. Two long smoothing and flattening movements she adopted, and the thing was done. She would put the sugar into the coffee and taste it with the spoon to see if it was sweet enough for Eugene; and she chipped the top off the shells of his boiled eggs herself. She had been disappointed in love, and aspired to make herself his mother and Eugene her little boy. She watched over him with the most tender solicitude, and if ever he stayed out late at night, the next morning she would confront him with her reprimanding Ha-Ha-Ha.

In this manner he encountered her disapproval on the morning after the Nap and roulette party, and he thought it incumbent upon him to make some explanation.

"Do you know Miss Marvel Gould, Emma?" he enquired.

"Ha-Ha-Ha," replied Hemlock. It was plain enough to convince him that she did know a good deal about Miss Marvel Gould, and then, again, he fancied she was mocking the peacock.

The fussy little wife of the hospital wardsman proved a much more tractable medium of exchanges—indeed, few were better posted up in the pedigree and all the ins and outs of every family in the district. She knew the exact age, christening, and birthday of every baby, and could give a good off-handed rough guess at the state of every man's banking account. Every new arrival in the town was discussed with the neighbours till his ears warmed, over the back fence of the hospital, where she lived and helped in the nursing. All over the town she was generally known as "The Evening Star." Not satisfied with this, she would put her bonnet on and deliver herself at the houses in the highways and byeways of the town. In this indirect way Eugene was well primed up in the interesting news by Lilliecrap himself, who, remembering that he had been put on the scent on the night of the ball, ferreted it all out of "The Evening Star," and communicated it to the resident surgeon.

She was the only daughter, according to the wardsman, of Julian Gould, a coal-mine owner and colossal speculator – a man who had knocked down fortune after fortune, and who, at that time, was comparatively down on his luck; but from his stolid perseverance in boring for coal no one could tell when he might reach an El Dorado in coal again, and pile up a kingly fortune. Lilliecrap himself knew a man then living in Augusta who had been, years before, an unlucky promoter in one of Gould's companies to the extent of two shares of four dollars each, and after paying seventythree dollars ten cents in calls

Call option - money paid for the right to claim stock at a point in the future, the price being fixed at the time the money is paid. See 'call', *n.*, [OED Online](#), *n.*, sense 11b.

he had surrendered and forfeited the lot, which were sold by public auction at his expense. "Miss Marvel is the pet of the old bloke's family, my missus says," he remarked, washing out medicine bottles at the sink. "and the best flower in the bunch. They call her Birdie at home, and some of them call her the bird of Paradise. She was born on the twenty-third of May, 1821; she was christened, my missus thinks—but she can find out for certain—on the twenty-sixth of July, 1821."

One Patrick Flynn, living on charity under the rose of his duties as groom to the doctor, no sooner read the first edition of "The Evening Star" containing the description of the coal-mine owner and speculator than he proclaimed that she was a "blatherin' idyut, and knowed no more of the man than the mare standin' forninst him." He declared that *he* knew more about the coal-mine owner and rock-borer than all the evening stars in the sky, the "Evening Star" of the hospital included.

"I carted for him," he said, "for two weeks, and I supploied him some of the foinest missmate timmer in the Alleghany

Alleghany - referring to all or part of the Appalachian region.

forests, and as good as any in the Rocky Mountains. He bate me down, the blackguard, till the profit I had of it was three cents a ton, the ould grab-all; and by the holy Mary I carted for him no moore. I've stood

perishin', me and that ould harse, for hours in the rain while he prated and pitched his dollars about in the bar of The Old Spade Bone betune a drunken lot of ould loafers that called themselves mimbers of the Boord o' Thrade. It's meself that knows him, and bad scran to his big scabby nose. He'd smell a bit of coal if it was a mile at the bottom of the sea, and expeck a man to fetch it to him for a dollar a day." Patrick wiped his nose with his hand, spat in the sink full of medicine bottles, changed his quid from the right cheek to the left, gave a hitch to his trousers and walked away, singing the songs of "Tatter Jack Walsh" and what a broth of a boy was "Ould Larry McHale."

While the pros and cons of the great mining speculator were being instilled into the ears of the resident surgeon, whose only thoughts were of the dark girl dressed in blue, the afternoon mail arrived, and a telegram came from Guinevere to say her little boy Cyril was very ill, and asking Eugene to go and see him without delay.

Telling the wardsman that he might come instead of Flynn, as he had such a prejudice against Mr. Gould, at whose house Cyril lay, Lilliecrap put Rosie in the buggy, and in half-an-hour they set out for the township of Maconville, while Flynn requested the wardsman to taunt "the ould blackguard" with the query as to the lowest price for firewood.

Chapter IX. Cyril Payne with Diphtheria. Julian Jasper Gould, the Coal-King.

FROM Augusta to Maconville was two hours' drive. The deciduous leaves of autumn strewed the roads, and on the borders of the broad fields, with the ploughing in full swing, stood miles of the pinus giganticus, their heavy odours, after the previous night's showers, thickly impregnating the moistened air. More than half way there, "Do you see those black structures straight across there?" said Lilliecrap; "those are the skips of the Cyclops coal-mine, and the ones behind are the skips of the Agamemnon. The township of Maconville, such as it is, lies just over this rise, at the foot of the Alleghany mountains. Sloping down to the sea-board, you see the whole district lies in an amphitheatre of hills, and from the top of this rise on a fine day you can see the city, seventy miles away. That mine there is the Hercules, and those other two the Great Extended Consols and the Black Horse United. Pipes three hundred miles long bring the oil from them to the sea-board."

"What is that loud rumbling noise?" said Eugene, as they approached the little town.

"Gould's pumping engines," said Lilliecrap. "He experiments with all sorts of machinery as well as coal-mining. His house is some distance—over a mile, I reckon—on the other side of the township: but we'll be there in half-an-hour. The pumping engines are going night and day; all the place feels strange when they stop at twelve o'clock on Saturday night for twenty-four hours."

The sun was setting as they drew near the pumping machinery, whose thunder incongruously contrasted with the cloudless face of the sky as it shone in the west like a field of gold. In the changing canopy of the heavens, gold rolled into crimson, crimson rolled into a greenish-blue, and blue into dull leaden colour, when the sun went down, and standing at the gate they saw the pale statuesque Guinevere waving her handkerchief towards the hill, and with looks full of anxious watching. Her eyes filled with tears as the buggy drew up at the little wooden gate, and "her fair face paled against the rosy flame,"

Reference to The Lotus-Eaters, Lord Alfred Tennyson. In original, "Dark faces pale against that rosy flame..."

while across the sky-line loomed the shadows of an airy city upon the sea.

"Thank God, you've come, Eugene," she said; "my little darling is so ill." As the tears trickled down her wan cheeks, he followed her to the bedroom down through the passage of Gould's house.

Supine lay the little sufferer whom he had carried in his arms a few nights before; his cheeks and lips livid, his eyes fixed on the ceiling and his laborious respiration fighting for air against a sense of impending death. The local doctor had been in constant attendance, and over his little cot,—the one in which Marvel had slept as a child,—pinned to its stanchions was spread a calico sheet, while a large tin-kettle with a long spout stood on a portable stove, forcing medicated eucalyptus steam into the air of the room. On the little table stood a row of medicine bottles; some with only a few doses taken out of them, and one containing a brown mixture of perchloride of iron and glycerine for an application to the diphtherial membrane inside the throat. The two medical attendants thinking that all medical aids had been exhausted in vain, that some "*pis aller*"

Literally 'go worst', meaning option of last resort. [OED Online](#).

remedy must be tried and an operation performed, with the object of immediately relieving that distressing respiration and the ultimate hope of saving the child's life, Dr. Seymour administered a mixture of chloroform, alcohol and ether as an anæsthetic. Handing Eugene his pocket case of instruments, he held the little sufferer's

neck across the pillow, and assisted Eugene in the operation of tracheotomy. A silver tube was inserted through the artificial orifice into the windpipe, and Guinevere's eyes filled with gratitude and hope. Her darling could now breathe quite freely, and Eugene told her there were hopes of his ultimate recovery. "In children," he said, "under four years of age the operation never succeeds. Trousseau, the great continental authority on the diseases of children, never had a success in one of four thousand cases from that operation of tracheotomy on children under four; but Cyril is past four, and if the grey membrane will only keep off the end of the silver tube he will be certain to recover within a fortnight, as the life of a diphtherial germ only lasts fourteen days in artificial cultures. If there are any symptoms of its attacking the trachea below the end of the tube, I will put this long copper tube into the wind-pipe without cutting him again, so that if the tracheotomy fails, we still have the intubation to fall back upon. Have you been doing all the nursing?"

"Yes," she replied, "but Mrs. Gould comes in sometimes and cleans up the room. Marvel was here but she went away, frightened of catching it; she has gone to her aunt's, but I believe she is coming here this evening."

"Mrs. Gould," she continued, leading him into the dining room. "this is a very old friend of mine, Dr. Whitworth."

"What do ye think *o' hit*,"? said Mrs Gould; *hit* might as weel be dead, which hit will be I'm thinkin': there must be something wrong with hit's throat, but there's no tellin'."

Whitworth replied that there undoubtedly was something wrong with its throat, and that it was diphtheria, one of the most appalling of all diseases of the throat, and very fatal to children, but that he was in hopes of a recovery; upon which Mrs. Gould vouchsafed that it was just as well if *hit* did recover, and walking out of the room down the passage, returned with a broom and a worn-out maroon sheepskin mat in her hand.

She spread it down at the doorway, saying slantindicularly

Obliquely. [OED Online](#).

to Eugene, as he stood inside the door in the room, "I nae believe in they dochthers: when Birdie was a bairn, she had the measles, and I bundled they dochthers oot, and curit *hit* with castor oil mysel'."

Eugene said the operation was a *dernier ressort*, whereupon Mrs. Gould wanted to know, what sort of a thing was yon.

A strong-minded woman was Mrs. Gould, her harsh, decided, Scotch accent, unaltered by her staying in America, her hard face and her crossing, closely knitted brows, marks of the domestic battles which she had fought and the energy and doggedness with which she had faced them, gave her at first sight an austere, domineering and repellent appearance: and yet under the outside crust, there seemed to be a layer of softness and hospitality. "He'll be here hisself, dochter: sit ye doon," she said, and Eugene sat down by the fire, while Guinevere retreated to the bedroom.

The little room was choke-full of furniture, so that in moving one had to go sideways between the big cedar chiffonier

Chiffonier; a small cupboard whose top forms a sideboard.[OED Online](#).

and the leather sofa. A full suite of imitation leather chairs filled up the space, where two or three would have done. Covering the chiffonier were tea and coffee services, silver-plated trays, cruets

A small bottle or vial for liquids, esp. glass; a bottle of oil, vinegar, or similar for the table.[OED Online](#).

and spirit-stands, each article having a little wool antimacassar

A covering placed on furniture to protect it from soiling. [OED Online](#).

of its own; while on the mantelpiece stood massive bronze vases, Parian marble statuettes, and a brazen clock, with little cupid constituting a pendulum, in a glass case, pointing to the time as half-past one, whereas the proper hour was seven.

"He never bothers hee's heed about the hoose." said Mrs. Gould: "all machinery, machinery, machinery." just as heavy measured tread was heard in the passage, and the great and mighty Gould appeared.

No introduction necessary for him; indeed he gave no time for any. "Put that whusky on the table," he said, and the old woman put down two thin-glazed large tumblers on the table, a jugful of water and an imperial quart bottle of Glasgow blended mountain dew.

A big, burly, broad-shouldered man, he was little short in stature of Chang the Chinese giant

Chang the Chinese Giant was born in approximately 1841 in Canton Province, China. At a claimed 8 feet 2 inches (2.49 metres) tall, he travelled the world as a curiosity for twenty-five years. He arrived in Victoria from America via New Zealand at the end of 1870. [Chines-Australian Historical Images in Australia 2009](#).

, with a big head and an enormous nose. His hoary head was partly bald, and he wore a full white straggling bushy beard. His piercing steel-grey eyes glinted with their ever-changing and restless expression, lighting up his whole visage and speaking of a master mind. Intellect and an untiring determination and strength of will had driven him hard at the work of theoretical and practical coal-mining. He had given away his whole body and soul in the search for coal. Hard he drove the two hundred toilers down in the bowels of the earth, and dry he squeezed every pound of muscle in their bodies. Nothing daunted by failures, when company after company

had dwindled down to a paltry few in numbers, Julian Jasper Gould was the last of the company to stand. The strongest among the strong, the undismayed among the dismayed, the most heroic of enterprising coal hunters, the lion-hearted veteran whose name was in the mouths of men, like Richelieu, knew no such word as 'fail.'

Quoting Edward Bulwer-Lytton's play Richelieu.

Never relaxing his hold of the great grinding powers in his hand, he [*unclear*: to ed] with all his might and main over the stupendous plant of his powerful engines, and he ground down those men like a horde of Felaheen. Fortunes he had made and lost in striving for more, and fortunes he had squandered on machinery alone. Sixty-five he was now, yet his iron physique seemed as durable as ever. New machinery he wanted, and most of his winnings from the earth had been melted away on machinery. Now in despair he felt inclined to put one of his mines on the New York market, or commission one of the members of the stock exchange to proceed to New York and float it into a company for its better working. The scheme did not succeed, and he worked it single-handed though short of funds himself. He was a Scotchman, but most of his early life had been spent on the colliery fields of Merthyr Tydfil, in Wales.

"Help yourself, dochther," he said, pushing the big bottle across the table, after filling his own tumbler half full and swallowing it down in one gulph: "If so be as ye're in no great hurry back to that hospital o' yours, we'll go out after a while and have a game o' forty-fives

A card game in which each trick counts five and the game is forty-five. [OED Online](#), sense b.

with old Swiveleye Mack at the Old Spade Bone."

Fluent of speech, he sat discussing, as if in soliloquy, the early days of the Welsh collieries, the vanished American companies he now alone represented, and his old mate Geordie Hood, who had been drowned in the river riding home alongside of him from Alabama one night five years before. He declared that for a week after Hood was drowned he had not let a morsel of food cross his lips, and that Geordie Hood was altogether a grand chap.

Eugene told of his early acquaintance with Guinevere, the old friend's daughter, and the old coal-hunter growing deeply interested, pushed the imperial quart of mountain dew over to Eugene again. Leads, stopes, drives, and gutters he traversed in the seeming soliloquy, and hot-air engines, hydraulic rams, air-compressors, pumping engines, Dick's driving belts, steam engines and boilers of every description, and rock-boring drills, he analysed in his discourse before Whitworth, who knew as much about what he was talking of as the child lying at death's door with diphtheria. Eugene made a good listener, and the veteran coal-miner felt quite satisfied. He called back the old man's memory to the Cucullin Hills, in the island of Skye, as he had once been there when a medical student. In this he made a most palpable hit, as it found favour in the old woman's affections too, for she had come from the same village as the mighty man himself – Rhu Hurish, in the wild island of Skye. She melted. The old man had two more draps o' dew, and then sang "The Bonnie Hills o' Sco-oatland."

While the confabulation about his protean machines was proceeding, a young lady, a daughter of Mrs. Hornblower, walked into the room, and in a most homely manner took her seat at the table, with a work-basket containing flowered chintz in her hand. She was a monster of a girl; she must have weighed eighteen stone, and stood over six feet high. She was a most ungainly, muddy and oilskin-complexioned, old-fashioned young lady, with small ferrety eyes and a western American twang.

"Sukey," said the coal-king, "bring in some cake," and Sukey reached the silver-plated cake basket from the chiffonier. "Sukey bring in a knife," which Sukey also reached from the chiffonier. He took the knife, talking away at a great rate, and scratched the back of his hoary head with the blade, pushed it down under his shirt and scratched his back. The little episode produced an expression of *morgue* or belly-ache on Sukey's bloodless lips, and a mortified frown that visibly moved the wig she wore.

Eugene thought to himself if Sukey was any relation of Marvel's it was a freak of creation. She was no more like Marvel than a rhinoceros was to a racehorse. The old man told him she was a niece of his, a daughter of the old auntie by her first marriage in Kansas. Sukey also sported a few of the paradisaal plumes, but in spite of the embellishments of peacock's feathers a daw remains a daw.

This is a reference to an Aesop's Fable about a jackdaw who dresses in discarded peacock feathers, but who is rejected by the peacocks when his feathers slip, and rejected by his own kind for his social climbing. 'Daw' is also archaic Scots slang for a lazy person, or particularly, a slattern. [OED Online](#), *n.*, senses 2b, 2c, 2d.

"Were you not at the ball, Miss Hornblower?" enquired Eugene.

"Oh, yes, rayther," came the idiomatically western reply; "I was thar about with Marvel and Mrs. Payne, and I saw you thar, but Mrs. Payne forgot to introdooce me." It was the voice of the cat.

A buggy and pair pulled up at the gate. The sprightly Marvel waltzed into the room, wrapped in a long astrakhan

The skin of very young lambs, referred to as a type of fur; or a fabric similar in texture. [OED Online](#).

fur-lined diagonal blue mantle, and on her head a little brown boat-shaped toque, with an aigrette

A spray of gems, feathers, or similar ornament, worn on the forehead [OED Online](#), sense 2

of peacockfrill in front. She stood in ostensible surprise at seeing Eugene there; when with a most delicious smile she advanced towards him to shake hands.

"Birdie," said the old man, "I'm going into Swivel-eye's; you can give the dochtor a tune."

Eugene began to fancy there was some family rivalry over a name for the Bird of Paradise, when her cousin called her "Days," which he imagined was an abbreviation of Daisy, and requested her to take off the cloak which in her agitation she seemed to have forgotten. Lilliecrap then came in, smoothing down the fat forelock on his forehead, with Mrs. Gould at his heels.

"When will dinner be ready?" said Birdie to her mother; "I'm pretty hungry, and I want to go back to Aunt's to-night," to which, with a large, rattling, old-fashioned tray in her hands, the old woman replied—"Ye'll nae get ony dinner, my leddie, till your faither comes ben: go and fetch him oot o' that bar yersel' and dinna be too fashus."

The flowered-chintz dropped; Sukey rooted the great and mighty man out of the bar of the "Old Spade Bone," when the wardsman, with his hair well plastered down upon his narrow forehead, sat down at the table before the bare tablecloth, and played a tattoo and a Chinese tom-tom tune with the knife. Then came in the plenteous, sumptuous feast. Mrs. Gould was evidently proud of her cookery, and begrudged nothing in the shape of eatables. The wardsman was, indeed, in clover. Boned turkey appeared to be the *Pièce de resistance*, and the old lady seemed to believe she held all the patent rights to its manufacture. Plenty of truffles made it look very tempting, and when she cut into it it fairly hissed. There was scarcely a vacant square inch on the cloth, which was entirely obscured by dishes and plates, while the clattering as Mrs. Gould brought them all in and took them all out herself was something not soon to be forgotten. The great speculator, chattering away as if he were addressing the boned turkey on the subject next to his heart,—air-compressors and hydraulic rams—sat at the head of the table and gave an exhibition of sword-swallowing. Mistress Gould sat at the opposite end, said nothing and ate nothing as though she were a servant hired to cut up the turkey and pour out the tea. The suety-headed wardsman sat *vis-à-vis* to the old woman, and prated away a hurricane about balls in her ear, while Eugene had the two young ladies, like a pair of ponies, in charge although the kerosene lamp was so big he could scarcely see them.

"Have some more of this tack?" Julian asked Lilliecrap.

"No thanks," replied Lilliecrap, "I'm full up to the neck," and Marvel smiled under the lamp at Eugene.

The meal did not last long, and the doctor went back to the side of the little sufferer and Guinevere. The now quiescent and unimpeded breathing whispered softly through the tube; the lividity had disappeared from his face, and the little child after drinking some milk had subsided into a calm and peaceful slumber.

"I think you will find him much better in the morning," he said; "I must go back to the hospital now; but if any change sets in, you might send me a telegram in the morning."

"I don't know how to thank you," replied Guinevere, "for I feel sure he will recover now."

By this time Lilliecrap had brought the buggy to the front gate, and to Eugene's astonishment the paradisaical bird was seated therein too.

"There's plenty of room in your buggy," she said, "and, if you don't mind, I want to go back to Sunnyside."

Assuring her that he was very proud and pleased at the pleasure of her company, he stepped into the buggy, took the reins from Lilliecrap and drove away. In the still, starlight glow of the autumn night Lilliecrap's reminiscences of the ball were the chief topic of conversation.

"I must go and win back those twenty dollars on Friday night," said Eugene: "will you be there?"

"Oh! yes," replied Marvel, "I'll be there; I'm going to stay some time at auntie's now."

How he wished he had not brought the chattering wardsman with him on that celestial night; afraid, as he was, to give any appearance of undue attention to the charming girl whom he inwardly worshipped, knowing well that it would all filter into the office of the "Evening Star," so that most of the time was dedicated to the glib cockney tongue of Lilliecrap. They drove past the hospital shining gray under the moonbeams, and driving on, after depositing the weighty wardsman, to Sunnyside. Marvel alighted, and asked him if he were not coming inside.

"Not to-night," he said: "You'll be the cause of my leaving the hospital yet; but you can tell Mrs. Hornblower to gel the money ready for Friday night," and wheeling the buggy around, he drove slowly and thoughtfully home.

"How did you find old Scabby Nose?" said Patrick to the wardsman as he entered the gate, and Flynn had just come out of bed, in a pair of drawers, a strap, and a green cap.

"Best feed ever had in my life," said Lilliecrap: "You don't know the man at all," to which Patrick Flynn rejoined with a scornful utterance, a spit, and a bloodthirsty oath, and led the mare into the stable, apostrophising

To give an exclamatory address to a (present) hearer. [OED Online](#). See 'apostrophe', *n.* 1.

Rosie and telling her where she had been.

Chapter X. Wilful Murder. Marmaduke Payne Appears for the Prosecution.

THE morning broke. Not a cloud could be seen in the firmament. As the sunbeams danced among the ash, the laurel, the myrtle, and arbutus, and peeped in through the hospital windows, Eugene went his daily rounds among the patients, fed his saffron-hued canaries, and for the afternoon was perfectly free. The marybuds opened their golden eyes before him and the heart's-ease smiled upon him from their dewy beds; his life was one tenor in increasing exultation. With a fine social standing, a first-class salary, full of youth, health, strength and vigour, he felt as happy as a king. Behind him, as he plucked a violet *boutonnière*

A spray of flowers worn in the buttonhole. [OED Online](#).

, the big iron gate grated on its hinges. He looked around. There in a black silk dress and a black bonnet, stopping for a long breath every few paces, came the Indian-hawker lady from Sunnyside – the afflicted chronic broncho-asthmatical auntie, cracking the gravel as she came along the hospital footpath with the girl in the peacock plumes by her side.

"Good morning (long breath), Dr. Whitworth. It is such a delightful morning that I (long breath) thought I would come down with (long breath) Marvel; as, although I have described most of the pulmonary (long breath) troubles with which I am afflicted and have been for years (long breath and snuffle), notwithstanding poor Dr. Leghorn was very good to me (snuffle), kind and good to me, I don't think I mentioned at the time (long snuffle), that I also suffer from a further annoyance (long sonorous breath and snuffle), an affection above the roof of my mouth." It was a painful ordeal to listen to auntie.

"Indeed!" said the doctor, "come in here, Mrs. Hornblower," pointing to the hospital, "as I daresay it will be too much for you to climb up that hill to the house:" to which Mrs. Hornblower replied—"Oh! I can walk up hill better than down hill (three snuffles), and I don't mind going up to the house at all" (nasal twang increased).

He led the ladies up the steep hill to the new residence, rang the house bell, and the old matron, Hemlock, opened the door, saying. "Oh! its only you and good morning, ladies, both of whom I have often seen; and how are you this morning?" by simply ejaculating "Ha-Ha-Ha."

Showing his new acquaintances into the surgery of the house, he requested them to take a seat. He then took an instrument which he called a nasal speculum from a cabinet drawer, and looked through it up the chronic broncho-asthmatico-snuffleo nostrils of the old auntie. The smell was abominable.

"It's a bit of dead bone." he said, "and if you like I'll twist it out now and there will be an end of it."

"Would you give me some chloroform, as I'm so dreadfully nervous," she said, as Marvel, with her back turned, inspected the photos on the mantelpiece, one of which was a photo of Guinevere.

"You don't want any chloroform for a thing like that," he said, inserting the speculum into her nose again, when with a pair of long forceps he twisted out the feculent bone.

The blood streaming and the long breaths glugging in her nostrils, "I always (glug-glug) heard you were (glug-glug) very clever (glug-glug), and now (glug-glug) I will send (glug-glug) everybody (glug-glug) to you (glug-glug) in the town (glug-glugl)," avowed the old auntie.

"What is the fee," said Marvel "Ten dollars," said Eugene.

She fished her purse out of her peacock skirts, and lo! behold, the purse was made of peacock-coloured plush. She jingled the dollars on the table, but Eugene handed them back to Marvel and told her to keep them "*in memoriam*."

Leaning back against the marble mantelpiece, he asked the glugging patient if she had been there before, and she replied that she had in Dr. Leghorn's time, but that the doctor's furniture had all been sold, and she would very much like to see the new furniture. He showed the ladies through the four rooms which he had furnished, saying that four were enough for old Hemlock and him. A speck of dust in the room was as painful to Hemlock as if it had been in her eye, and she was at the time busily dusting the leather suite and the mantelpiece. He only opened the door and they simply looked in; but the critical eye of the hawker noticed the costly bronzes, the Dresden china ornaments, the Japanese screens, masterpieces of embroidery, and the marble statuary and statuettes on the mantelpiece, the woolly Turkey carpets, the chippendale furniture, and the porcelaine plaques. She took at a glance a mental inventory of every room. Walking into the bedroom, she opened the mirrored doors of the wardrobe, and took out a pair of leggings with spurs fastened on them; she wanted to know where he got the policeman's hat. He explained that they belonged to the English cavalry uniform, and showed her the black cloth tunic bordered with crimson, aid the black pantaloons.

"Didn't you know I was in the Afghan War, and since I came back to America I have been a lieutenant in the Georgia cavalry," he said. "Why I drill every Friday afternoon near your place on the parade-ground, and

my little mare Rosie is the model and pearl of the field."

"How nice!" said Marvel, "and there's your rifle and sword. I could chop off heads with that. I like killing turkey gobblers; they don't sing out at all. Auntie and I will see the parade on Friday, and we can have our cards afterwards."

Walking into a large unfurnished room, the old auntie remarked that the other doctor's children used to sleep in it, and that they called it the dormitory.

"Yes: I make a carpenter's shop of it," said Eugene. "I had a friend, an old man who was a jack-of-all-trades, and I picked up a little from helping him when I was a boy. I made that wardrobe and all those bird-cages," pointing to a row of cages with linnets, skylarks, thrushes, goldfinches, canaries and blackbirds, "and if you come this way I will show you"—Ting-a-ling-le-ling at the door-bell, and Hemlock opened the door for Lilliecrap.

"Man shot his wife," he cried, and Eugene hurried away.

The road to the Georgia gaol, which lay about half-a-mile from the hospital, ran right past the latter, and along that road as Eugene descended the hill, came a big red-haired man, pale as death, handcuffed and walking between two stalwart policemen. Unemployed men followed, women traipsed along with all the scabby-eared urchins of the town at their heels.

In the casualty ward on the floor with her head propped against the wall, lay a female form, evidently one of the lower classes—a gruesome spectacle for even the case-hardened Whitworth. Her throat cut from ear to ear; her eyes and mouth wide open; her tongue swollen and lolling out of her mouth; her forehead so slashed that one side of it dropped down on her cheek; her hands hacked to pieces in her struggles with the murderer, and her long flaxen hair soaked, blackened and matted with blood. The sergeant of police stood over her, and a magistrate or justice of the peace knelt on one knee, holding a piece of paper and a pencil in his hand. He was vainly endeavouring to take her dying depositions.

"She is dead," said Eugene: "you are putting questions to a dead woman;" whereupon the sergeant avowed that she moved her lips after he brought her in, and that the magistrate came a few seconds after that.

"She will move them no more," said Eugene: "she is as dead as Hector on the plains of Troy."

Rebecca Graves was her name, and she lived with her mother at Raspberry Flat, about a mile away. Her husband, a blacksmith, out of work, had deserted her, without leaving her any means of support for years. That day he came back with a small phial of brandy, sat down in the kitchen, drank the brandy, pulled a Webley revolver out of his back pocket and fired point-blank at her, but the ball took no effect. Her mother rushed him from behind and wrenched the revolver out of his hand. He hurled the old woman out through the door and butchered his wife with the carving knife which he found on the table.

"The old woman came running out and roaring 'Murder' as I was passing the house," said a muscular young architect; "I saw Graves running away towards the bush; I followed him, grappled with him, and got him under; he had no weapon, and I fixed him and could have held him yet." He certainly looked as if he could. The name of the architect was Cosgrove.

Next morning the police court of Augusta was crowded to suffocation. There stood behind the bar the prisoner, tottering and white-faced; there sat a row of fifteen magistrates, representing all the trades in the town, from the undertaker down to the butcher, who was the warden of the bench. The police magistrate of the State of Georgia was out of the district, in consequence of which the warden of the borough presided. The clerk of weekly sessions called out—"John Graves, you are charged with the wilful murder of Rebecca Graves, your lawful wife; what do you say: Guilty, or Not Guilty?"

"Not Guilty," he faltered, and turned his hollow bloodshot eyes towards barrister Hallam, the counsel for the defence. Hallam had just arrived from New Orleans, and escorted the venerable the Moderator to a seat, chatting together about Madame's glorious evening.

Then, as State-Prosecutor, Marmaduke Payne began to drive in the salient points of the charge one by one, as if they were nails under a hammer. He welded together a chain of irrefutable proofs against the life of that unfortunate man from which none but a lunatic could ever hope to escape. He flourished over his head a warrant for the arrest of one John Graves, describing every line and mark in that identified and woebegone form, on a charge of stealing from his employer a Webley revolver. He brandished in the air in exultation the weapon which the mother-in-law had handed to the police, pointing to the Webley brand on the barrel. The ball which the police had found on the kitchen floor, as it ricocheted from the wall, he placed in the murderous firearm, and handed the exhibits to the bench.

In a feeble, half-hearted way, Hallam arose as counsel for the prisoner. It was, to his mind, clearly a case of justifiable homicide. Graves had bought the revolver, and telling his little boy it was a shooting-stick he gave it to him to play with in the kitchen. His wife had snatched it from the boy and fired it at his client, who, in trying to ward her off, had unfortunately caused her death, for which he was truly sorry; but no law could under such conditions convict a man of wilful murder. He prayed the bench, as he resumed his seat and said that was his

case, to find no more than a charge of manslaughter against the prisoner, who quailed before the court with an ominous presentiment and a vague foreknowledge of impending doom.

Without consulting his brother magistrates—who indeed knew no more of the law than the boys playing outside—the warden of the bench delivered the verdict. John Graves was committed to stand his trial at the next general city sessions of the criminal court on a charge of wilful murder. The prisoner was led away between two constables to the gaol, and the court was cleared after a few debt cases had been heard.

The sole engrossing topic throughout Augusta, the murder, was in everybody's mouth. The "Evening Star" published an extraordinary

'Extraordinary', or 'extra', a special edition of a newspaper, printed between regular editions, containing news too important or profitable to hold for the next edition.

on the morning it occurred, and five editions the day before and the day after the trial in the police court. It had predicted an event of the kind years before, and had incited the populace with all that lay in its power to shun the wretch that was born to be hung. Its repeated warnings had fallen unheeded upon its readers, and now that it was too late to avert the crime its sole and sorrowful duty was to disseminate the full particulars. It had measured the quantity of blood spilt upon the floor and found it to be three bucketsful—not a drop remaining in the body of the victim; and it gave the precise direction and measurements of the wounds with perfect accuracy to the sixteenth of an inch. The horrible aspect as it first appeared to the reporter of the "Star"; every word the police said, and what the doctor said to the police, were reproduced as faithfully as a camera and phonograph could have reproduced them. It recounted the minutiae of the evidence of the deceased's mother, the story of the young architect who had caught the prisoner, and the details of the autopsy made by Whitworth, who had described a track made by the bullet between the scalp and the skull, passing in at the side of the forehead and glancing off the bones to find its exit at the back of the head, and ricochet off the wall upon the floor. The cause of death (said the "Star") was hæmorrhage from the division of the carotid arteries of the neck, and what proved a fatal blow to the prisoner was the assertion that this hæmorrhage was the result of a wound inflicted by an instrument such as the carving-knife shown by the police.

That Friday afternoon Eugene, as lieutenant of the cavalry rifle corps of Georgia, rode out his favourite mare on parade for a couple of hours, and when the detachment was dismissed by the colonel he walked her slowly on to "Sunnyside," where the chronic broncho-asthmatical auntie, together with Marvel, waited eagerly expectant of the promised call, and for all he knew might have been out watching the parade. Dismounting, he fastened the bridle to the stirrup in military fashion, to enable the mare to pick the grass, as she rebelled against being tied to the fence, and entered the little cottage when Marvel opened the door. The tea-cakes emitted an inviting welcome to the little dining-room, and they all, including the little squat husband Augustus, sat down to tea.

"What a dreadful thing to happen!" said the old auntie; "what do you think they will do with him?"

"Do with him!" said Marvel; "do with him!"—the god of vengeance looking out of her fiery black eyes—"I should like to have the job of lynching him myself!"

"Marvel!" said auntie in reproof.

His bandolier slung over his shoulder and the spurs clanking at every movement of his feet, in his vain efforts to evade Marvel's questionings about the murder he vouchsafed but few replies, while the ravishing beauty of her eyes was to him a sumptuous feast.

Marvel's uncle was an inspector of cotton plantations in the government employ. Some blunder which he had made in condemning healthy plantations on the Alabama river on behalf of the department had necessitated the formation of a board to sit upon him. The probable decision of the board, then sitting, was descanted on by the diminutive uncle after tea with all its pros and cons before the doctor, who knew as much about blight in cotton plantations as he knew of stopes and gutters, hydraulic rams and drives. Sitting by the fire, the little man rolled Turkish tobacco into little slips of tissue paper making cigarettes which Whitworth smoked as fast as the dwarf made them, while Marvel—although he affected to listen to the inspector's blunders—was the only ray of light to Eugene in the room as she assisted the servant in clearing away the table.

"Now then," said auntie, "cards, Marvel please;" when they all fell in around the table and began to play. The little table was a very tight fit for four. The vivacity, the *piquant*, and the gleeful way in which Marvel handled the cards reached very often the climax of puerility; whenever she went nap and got through with it her excitement was as intense as that of the owner of the winner of the Corinthian Cup

A horse race once run in Urana, Riverina, New South Wales. [Cavill 1997](#).

. She would garnish in the money, mostly quarter-dollar pieces, and making a little pyramid of them, count them over every hand that was dealt. The lineaments of her face changing with every varying mood, it was evident that some volcanic forces were at work beneath the external complacency of her smiles; for whenever she lost a quarter-dollar she became fretful, sour and morose. The uncouth dwarf spat on the floor several times, and auntie thinking the spits were coins stooped down and essayed to pick them up; but wetting her fingers, she

told him that it took more money to keep him in cigarettes than it did to feed the turkeys or repair the blunder in the report and pay the expenses of the board. With this little *contretemps* the card party went nicely and smoothly along; but as it was close upon twelve o'clock, and he heard the mustang neighing in the paddock, he rose to leave. All his cash was gone, and the Bird of Paradise was inordinately buoyant and triumphant.

Chapter XI. The Warning of Guinevere.

WITH varying chances and hourly fluctuations, the little life at Maconville floated on the undulating wave of diphtheria, now rising with the swelling tide, now ebbing far away from the shore.

Five days had passed since the doctor had inserted the silver tube, and the breathing was still clear. He had telegrams from Guinevere three times a day, and frequently saw her husband in Augusta. No sign of the encroachment of the membrane below the tube, and Dr. Seymour reported that it had disappeared from the tonsils and the back of the throat. The ardent hopes of Guinevere reached the perihelion

The point which is highest or closest to the sun. [OED Online](#).

of their mental horizon, when, now that nearly a week had passed, there was no return of the laborious respiration and the deadly struggles of the child, and Eugene rode out to remove the tube.

"He breathes entirely through the tube," she said; "how can he breathe if you take it away?"

"I'll put my finger over the opening first and find out if he can," said Eugene: "if he can't I'll put it back." He took the tube out of the artificial opening in the neck, and placed his finger to occlude the orifice, but the mouth gaped and the face grew livid again.

"Put it back; for God's sake put it back," she cried, "before he dies." He took his finger off, and the air entered the opening in gusts; then, after a few spasmodic catches at breath, the little nostrils opened, the blue lips whitened and closed, and Cyril breathed as well as ever he did in his life.

"There's no diphtheria there now," he said, "and in a few days that artificial orifice will fill in itself, and he will breathe as naturally as he did before."

"Thank God, thank God," she stooped over Cyril and cried; "My darling, my darling, thank God."

Not one of that very peculiar household rejoiced at the exultation of Guinevere more than the rough big heart of the old coal-miner himself.

"There wasn't any of they whistle things at the school I went to, dochther," he said, putting the big quart bottle again upon the table and pushing it over to Whitworth. "Help yoursel', I suppose you've no broken your own breath this morning with a taste. I've just been down at the skips telling the men, and I'm as pleased as if they struck another seam to see that little chap all right again. Did ye see anything of Birdie this week down your way?"

Eugene replied that he had seen her twice. "Will ye tell her the next time that she had better come home?" said the old man, "instead of gadding about the country's side and spending half her time with that old soft blundering booby and snivelling Mag, and flying about to balls and parties everywhere; tell her I said so, and that will do for her."

"I'll explain to her," said Eugene, "that there is no fear of any infection when you burn some sulphur

Burning sulphur as a disinfectant has apparently been a practice since at least Roman times; and is specifically remarked upon in a contemporary Australian article: [West Australian July 1898](#).

on the fire-shovel in that room, and that you want her to go home to-morrow. So good-bye, and don't forget to burn it for three hours in all the rooms; leave everything in the room as it stands."

"I'll put the old woman up to it," he replied, and the doctor galloped rejoicing away.

Close by where the first interview between Marvel and the doctor took place, stood a nice villa ornée

The phrases following the term list most of the defining characteristics of the *villa ornée*. (Informal sources.)

with large grounds, and a nice garden in front and at the sides of an encircling verandah. In the cold and stormy winter it looked bare; but in the spring-time and summer the golden lilies and Parma violets gave it a choice and elegant appearance, while the lavender growth of the wistaria and the trailing climbers on its trellised verandah added quite a grace and rustic charm to the view. Fond of quietude, it was a haven well suited to the tastes of Guinevere, and her husband took a lease of it for twelve months. There, on the first opportunity, she took the now convalescent Cyril, and a girl leaving the hospital was engaged as a general servant. Her husband was away in his town office for the greater part of the day, and Guinevere had little else to occupy her time besides strolling about the gardens in the reserve with her little boy. She often met Eugene, and on several occasions she saw him meet Marvel there, in a way that made her suspect that the meeting had been pre-arranged. With the lightning foresight and intuition of her nature, she imagined that he was losing himself in the charms, the ostentation, and the guiles of the paradisaical Marvel. Always fond of him and always

esteeming him ever since the days when he had revised her classical verses on the seats by the orange and pomegranate trees of the university, till the evening she had danced his first dance with him in the lancers at the garrison hall, and sylph-like she had moved to the chorus waltz of "Il n'y a que toi," she now loved and regarded him as her noblest friend with all her heart and soul.

"Who saved my child's life?" she would say to herself: "Eugene and only Eugene. How can I repay him for that, even if I never heard of him before."

Turning the immediate circumstances over in her mind, dwelling upon the present outlook of events and the remarkable frequency of the meetings and the trysts of her two friends in the park, and instinctively feeling a sense of something wrong about to happen, she argued the case out in her own mind and decided upon speaking to her husband. The girl-mother, from whose lips no unkind word was ever known to escape, and on whose brow a frown was never seen, her deeper feelings stirred by the respect which she felt for Whitworth, on the return of Marmaduke one evening from his office approached him in a semi-apologetic way and said—"Do you know, Marmaduke, I believe that Dr. Whitworth is going to make a mistake for once in his life, and he may regret it for ever. I have seen him, time after time, in the park meet Marvel and stroll lovingly with her about among the flowers, and sit listening to her captivating voice for hours on that red seat over there by the lake. You know what a vain, frivolous and bad-tempered girl Marvel is, and he would never have a minute's peace if he was married to her."

"She is a very captious and capricious girl, I know," he replied; "but he knows his own business best, I presume; besides, she is the old man's pet, you know, Guinevere, and that old man may cut up pretty big some day, you know."

"Do I know?" she said with a touch of indignation; "he is not the man to make a fortune-hunter; but he is soft-hearted and is beguiled by that old auntie and her pretty niece, as she calls her. He will make a mistake as sure as his name is Eugene, and considering what he has done for us I think it only right that I should go out of my way for once and warn him of the danger to-morrow. I shall never forgive myself if I don't, and I feel sure what the end will be *if* I don't. I know he won't mind my speaking to him about it; he made my little pet better, didn't he, darling, and you say your prayers for poor doctor every night, don't you dear?" while Cyril, sitting on her knee, nodded his assent and approved of his mother's idea.

"Better for you to mind your own business," said Marmaduke.

"I intend making that my own business," she returned, "because I think it is incumbent on me to do so; we will go up to see the good doctor, to-morrow, won't we dear?" tossing Cyril in her arms, "and naughty papa can stay at home."

Eugene never carried the full purport of her father's message to Marvel—he merely told her there was no danger of infection in the house.

Many and frequent were the meetings mentioned by Guinevere to her husband; but many and frequent were the meetings in the green moonlit park and the little house at Sunnyside she knew nothing about at all. Well-known residents passing them together in the gardens, the relations between Eugene and Marvel were soon bruited about the town, and no sooner had full and reliable reports been lodged at the head office of the "Evening Star" than elaborate accounts were distributed throughout its wide circulation.

Sometimes neglecting or procrastinating his duties in the hospital, he expended the whole afternoon frittering away his time on the lake with Marvel, the white swans and the paradise ducks, and his money on the little oval table at Sunnyside. His whole thoughts and homage were sacrificed before the shrine of his love for Marvel. If the millstone of the university had counterbalanced his regard for Guinevere when he inscribed that tender verse upon her book, the hospital stood in the light of his love not at all. Quick in decision and action, he would treat numbers of out-patients, go the rounds of the wards, perform grave and capital operations, with the voice of Marvel echoing like that of the Greek echoing goddess in his ears, and surrender the rest of his time to her whims, frivolities and fancies.

The old duenna, now that her ozœna

A disease of the nose. Often associated with ulceration, and caries or necrosis of the bone. Also known as atrophic rhinitis. [OED Online](#).

was a thing of the past, would venture out for a promenade through the park at the very hour his innamorata

A person with whom someone is enamoured. [OED Online](#).

would guess him to be there. There, in slow and dignified dawdling steps, she would accost and walk with him, pouring the love-poison into his heart, sweetened and flavoured by her artifices alone. To extol Marvel to the seventh heaven; to aggrandise and upheave her in his imagination; to supplement any of Marvel's own craftiness, and to secure him as Marvel's own for ever, was her constant aim and the goal of her ambition. With studied and attuned cadences, and the inevitable stoppages for breath, "My niece is always so excited," she would say, "and agitated when she knows you are coming (long breath), and after you are gone she wants to sit on the (long breath) same chair, and sometimes I have heard her when asleep calling out 'Eugene, Eugene.' She

(long breath) loves the very ground beneath your feet, and her whole heart is in your grasp if (long breath) you only ask her for it. She is made for you, and you for her (long breath), and no sweeter bride ever walked to the altar than would (long breath) my Bird of Paradise, my bright birdie Marvel. Other girls may cover you with their (long breath) blandishments of love and their specious and knavish hypocrisy (long breath). Not so my sweet innocent Marvel." In spite of the asthma, the repugnant old lady busied herself by day and by night spreading her nets for him whithersoever he wandered; albeit Marvel was the *fons et origo*

Source and origin.
of all her schemes. *Nolens volens*

Will he, nill he (regardless of his desires)
she was determined to capture him; but with her sickening vapidities she was defeating her own ends, while her hopes were rising with the leap of a kangaroo because he affected to listen to all her flattering encomiums
Praises. [OED Online](#).

Dreamland and fairyland all seemed to be to Eugene, and though gladly he would receive the treasure that was so benignly proffered him the officious exertions of the old auntie seemed to be out of place, and he took little notice of her avowals. Like the elephant when captured herself, helping to captivate others, an artful professional matchmaker he thought her, but cunning, deceitful, and overdoing the part which she took upon herself to play. Little notice of anything indeed did he take, and what work he did he did as if it were some aggravating task and the sooner it was done and he was off to meet Marvel the better.

Wending her weary way on Sunday morning, and foregoing her usual attendance at the church, came what appeared to Whitworth another deputation—an antagonistic deputation concerning the mighty question at issue. It consisted of none other than Cyril and the pale Guinevere. Attired in olive-green silk, and wearing a coarse fancy straw picture hat with white bows, and with the hand of Cyril in her own, she directed her steps up the steep hospital hill and met him in the garden.

"Good morning, Cyril," said Eugene, picking up the child in his arms; "is anything the matter?" turning to Guinevere.

"How is Marvel?" she said, smiling.

"Marvel!" said the doctor. "Am I Marvel's keeper?"

"Not yet perhaps," she rejoined; "but everybody thinks you soon will be."

"Marvel is too superb for me," he said; "she's not within my pale."

Archaic sense of 'pale' as an enclosed area or the boundary of this area; a limit. [OED Online](#), senses 5a, 5b.

"Oh! of course, as usual, you are going to under-estimate yourself. Now, if I hadn't known you so long, and if Marmaduke and I did not know you saved Cyril's life, I wouldn't say anything; I was her only friend at school, and I have always been fond of her as a very bright and attractive girl; but if you are going to marry her you will rue it for ever. You don't know her as I do; there is worse below than comes to the surface, and so soon as the first gilt of her married life wears off, she will appear in her true colours; what you see now is all bright and glossy tints, what you would be chained to afterwards is irrevocable wormwood and gall. No girl is more attractive and engaging when she likes; no girl is more bitterly revengeful or more maliciously fickle. I have come purposely to warn you to beware of the shoals, for beneath a seemingly affectionate surface is engendered cantankerous passion, hatred and venom. Cross her, or show her the most trifling neglect, and your lovable Marvel will be your deadliest enemy; your cup of joy will be changed into a caldron of misery. Fickle, vain, wayward, captious and exacting, spoilt by her father at home, petted and pampered by all her relations, fawned upon and flattered by her friends—she would never be satisfied if you laid down your life for her. The merest surmise will call out all her rankest and fiercest jealousies, and the giddiest fancy her false and treacherous traits. Instead of helping you, she will drag you down; instead of comforting you, she will be a thorn in your side. Marry Marvel Gould and you will writhe in unending torture."

The fairy of cross purposes touched his face with her magic wand. Listening to every word and noticing her eyes fill, the deeps of Eugene's emotion were moved, and telling her he never was more surprised in his life than he was to hear Guinevere speak unkindly of anybody, "I know it's very kind of you Guinevere," he said, with eyes downcast to the ground, "to show so true an interest in me; but few can see through other people's spectacles, and if the prospect is to be so dismal as you imagine, it may be my own fault for provoking these passions of which you speak. Marvel seems to me to be a treasure that would grace many a better home than I could offer her, and if I thought she had a true regard for me I would not regret it, even if I had every reason for regret. What is done cannot easily be undone: Euripides said it could not be undone at all. The man who regrets that he married a woman when his eyes were wide open is no better than a coward and a fraud. But come in and see my new abode; our mutual friend was here with her aunt, and I showed them through the house." She was just about to walk up the stone steps, when Lilliecrap appeared at the dividing fence.

"One of the patients is dying," he said, "the cook from Madame's; she is in the ward with him herself, and

asked for you." Guinevere walked away, telling him if he had any time to spare to call that evening, and see Marmaduke at their home. He never called. Again his headstrong will and discourteous neglect whirled him out of his worldly senses like wild horses, and led him into paths of treachery, deceit and danger.

"He won't die, that man," he said to the wardsman, "he'll be up in a week, I gave him half a grain of morphia; bring in the atropine and I'll inject a little. Smack his face with a wet towel and give him strong black coffee, he only wants rousing a little. How do you do Madame?"

The greeting of the socially-experienced lady was cold and stiff; few and pointed her words. "Not thinking you were at home Dr. Whitworth as I was more inclined to suspect you were at dinner somewhere needless for me to mention I came into the ward with Mr. Lilliecrap but if you happen to have this afternoon I shall be glad of your company home to dinner with me as you think the butler will recover so soon."

Smelling another deputation in the air, and drawing his inferences from Madame's previous remarks, he explained with the greatest complaisance that it would not look well if he left the hospital under the circumstances, and if Madame could be so gracious as to excuse him, he would prefer to remain, and call upon her during the week. He never called upon her then, or ever after in his life.

Jubilant over his promise to call, he walked with her as far as the front gate, where they met Guinevere coming down the hill; when, upon his doing the honours of a mutual introduction, the noble mien of Guinevere contrasted signally with the elaborate demeanour of Madame. Walking along together, as their homes lay in the same direction, the mansion of Madame lying about half-a-mile from the gardens, the merits and the demerits of the new resident surgeon were discussed as a matter of course by the two ladies. In the one, the still untold platonic love tinged the conversation; in the other, the second-hand jealousy of Madame at the name of Whitworth being so often blended with that of Marvel. She had not forgotten her ineffectual attempts to bring about a *rapprochement* between him and her *protégée*, Carrie. The gate-spring well oiled and the long handled umbrella emphasising her volumes like a baton and according with the motions of the pendulating head, the minute physiognomy of Marvel's face, her idiosyncrasies and everything anybody had ever reported she had ever said or done, were thoroughly ventilated with as much detraction from her character as she could decently intersperse, and drummed into the absorbent ears of Guinevere.

"Can you explain to me my dear Mrs. Payne," said Madame, "how it is she gets that feathery name?"

"What feathery name?" said Guinevere, quite interested.

"Have you really and truly never heard her called the Bird of Paradise?" she stood and asked. "Her aunt says she had that name ever since she wore long dresses but for the life of me I can never see nor imagine how it can be an appropriate name unless it is that she is so often seen in peacock plumes and needless to mention and not forgetting that fine feathers make fine birds my dear Mrs. Payne my beauteous companion Carrie might be called the bird of Heaven itself." Madame did not know that Marvel was entitled to that name too.

"Bird—of—Paradise," repeated Guinevere; "that *is* an ornithological name; but the peacock is not the bird of Paradise. They belong to two different and disconnected families in natural history. The term 'bird of Paradise' comprises a family of birds known by ornithologists as the Paradiseidæ, found chiefly in New Guinea and the islands of the New Guinea group, and remarkable for the splendour of their plumage. In all other respects they are related to the crow family, the corvidæ, and to them they exhibit a strong similarity in their habits, general form and voice. The male birds alone have brilliant plumage, while the females are common and small. They show a singularly beautiful play of tints, and have a glossy and velvety appearance. Long tufts of feathers grow from the shoulders to the wings, and in the great emerald bird of Paradise (*Paradisea apoda*) these tufts are prolonged even beyond the tail. They are all of exquisite lightness and delicacy. In the genus *Lophorina*, elongated feathers spring out from the head like wings, and the birds can erect them at pleasure. The common bird of Paradise has a cross-like tail and two long downy feathers extended along the sides. When the monsoons change the birds migrate, and they are always very lively and active, or even pert and bold. They protect their feathers most scrupulously from soiling, and bestow a vast amount of care upon them. They live on the fruit of the teak-tree, figs, and large butterflies, which abound in the New Guinea islands."

"What colour are they?" enquired Madame.

"The common bird of Paradise," she continued, "is about as large as a jay, and is a cinnamon, colour, the upper part of the head and neck yellow, while the throat is emerald green, and there are yellow tufts on the 'shoulders. The '*paradisea rubra*' has long feathers of a carmine colour and the birds on an average measure two feet in length."

"How beautiful," said Madame; "any more?"

"Only about the the numerous fables attaching to the bird of Paradise." she replied, "such as that they spend all their time floating in the air. Their food was supposed to be dew and nectar, obtained from the flowering climbers on trees in the higher regions of the gorgeous sunshine of the tropical forests. Magellan, the great navigator, was a large exporter of their skins, the legs having been cut off by the islanders, in consequence of which they were supposed to be devoid of less. The natives attach quite a sacred character to these birds. They

shoot them with arrows, and their skins are employed not only as ornaments but as a charm to shield the soldier in battle. They call them the Manuco-dewata or Birds of God, while in other languages they are known as birds of the air, birds of the sun, and birds of Heaven."

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Payne however did you find out all that? what a wonder you are you must have been to New Guinea," said Madame; "it is just as I say she has no right to such a lovely name and it's only because she wears that peacock skirt have you seen any peacocks in New Guinea?"

Replying that she had not been out of the United States in her life, but had known all about birds when she was a student at the university, Guinevere continued—"The peacock, or peafowl, known to ornithologists Phasianidæ; there are only two species, natives of the East Indies. The common: peacock—the *pavo cristatus*—has a very neat crest or aigrette of fine stiff feathers. The train derives its beauty from loose barbs of its feathers, the great number and the unequal length adding largely to its gorgeous hues, and producing the moon-like spot on its plumage. It is blue in the neck, green and black on the back and wings, and brown, green, violet and gold on the tail."

"So it is," said Madame.

"The play of the metallic tints, in changing lights, increases still further the grand effect. He strives to attract attention, labouring with ostentation and pride as he struts about, to show himself off to advantage."

"That's Marvel all over," said Madame.

"Those are the characteristics that make the name of the peacock proverbial," said Guinevere.

"So they are," said Madame; "I'm sure there's nothing about Carrie"—

"Sometimes in old age the female will assume the bright plumage of the male; some birds are pure white and some are pied. If you look at the Bible, in the book of Chronicles, chapter ix., verse 21, you will see that King Solomon's ships went to Tarshish with the servants of Hiram, and every three years they brought to the king gold and silver and ivory and apes and peacocks; while Alexander the Great brought them to the Greek empire after his expedition to India, after which, in the days of the Roman empire, royal dishes contained peacocks' tongues and brains. You will find that in the Latin poets."

"I must ask my dear Carrie to look it up in Horace I think that's what she calls the book," said Madame.

"It was only the other day," proceeded Guinevere, that I was reading a description by Colonel Williamson of the Jungleterry forest of Siam. where he found whole woods covered with their gorgeous plumage, to which the setting sun imparted additional brilliancy on the plains where he had seen them feeding upon the mustard bloom in thousands: while their cries at early morning in Ceylon are so tumultuous as to banish sleep and amount to a positive inconvenience. There are only two species, and the other is the Japan or Javanese peacock (*Pavo japonicus*, *javanicus* or *muticus*); but it is smaller and, though similar, is not so brilliant; that species abounds in the South East of Asia, Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula and the neighbouring islands. It is supposed that the harsh cry of the peacock is imitated in the Greek name TAOS, from which is borrowed the Latin corruption *pavo* and the English, 'peacock'. I think Cyril is getting tired, so I must say good-bye, Madame."

"Good-bye my dear Mrs. Payne," said Madame. "You are a treat I *have* enjoyed this morning's walk and when I see Miss Marvel's auntie I shall confound her with my knowledge of birds of Paradise and peacocks. Good-bye but just a minute I'm sure they would not believe me if I quoted all the science in the museum but Bird of Paradise or no Bird of Paradise she will never make any man's home a Paradise more likely she will be the serpent crawling within it."

"You mean the serpent of the Garden of Eden," replied Guinevere; "the rose would smell as sweet were she not called the rose," as she opened the gate, and said good-bye to Madame again, promising to write out for her the natural histories of birds of paradise and peacocks, probably with the hope that it would expel from the mind of Madame her *Penchant* for all the fashionable fiddle-faddle and tarradiddles of the town.

Chapter XII. The Race-Horse Moss Rose.

ON the last day of every calendar month long lists of cases, to be heard during the ensuing month before the Chief Justice and his brother Justices at the Supreme Law Courts of New Orleans, were posted on easels in the vestibules of the buildings, and copied into the evening and the morning papers to be scattered broadcast all over the States. On the first of June that year the list of criminal cases to be arraigned before the presiding about the middle, the name of John Graves, and opposite his name the awful charge of wilful murder.

The little party from Augusta, comprising Cosgrove, the athletic architect, the mother of the victim, Hallam, Marmaduke and Eugene, together with three policemen, proceeded by the first train to the city. Stopping at the nearest station, into the same compartment walked the great and mighty Julian Jasper Gould, bent partly upon the same errand as they were.

"Good morn', Payne; good morn', dochther!" as he placed a little brown hand-bag on the net-rack of the

railway carriage. "I suppose you're all on the same tack; I got a subpoena on Monday, but I don't see what I can have to do with the thing, and I shouldn't have come if I hadn't wanted a new cylinder for the air-compressor. I gave twelve hundred dollars for the damned thing last week, and one of the pipes has burst already. He worked as a blacksmith for me for a couple of years, but I couldn't keep him sober, and I cleared him out six months ago. She was a good little sort, his wife: I knowed her this ten year; suppose they'll hang him, Payne?"

"Hang him!" replied Marmaduke: "he hasn't a dog's chance;" while his learned friend Hallam sat reading the paper in the corner and said nothing. Hallam had been out of the city suborning witnesses in Augusta.

Getting out at Montgomery, the midway station, they had ten minutes for breakfast, and a free-fight for chops; after which they scrambled to their seats, the whistle blew, and the train never stopped till it arrived in the city. Hailing a cab, the great man got into it and drove away to a foundry in one of the northern suburbs, while the others took the omnibus passing the law courts.

A case of assault and robbery was being heard, and the trial of Graves appeared next to it on the easel. Hanging about the doors was a large crowd talking in little knots together, or wandering aimlessly through the spacious corridors. An adjournment for lunch was made, and still the case was only part heard. The condition of "part heard" obtained for two more days, and so, by way of a change, Marmaduke and Eugene attended a sale of thoroughbred racing stock at one of the city horse bazaars, the proprietor of which was called Ralph Kiss. Paraded before a considerable portion of the horse-loving world, around and around a tanned arena were submitted for auction sales the entire stud of a deceased sportsman. Printed catalogues were in every man's hand, and, as the thoroughbreds were drafted into the big circle, the auctioneer trumpeted forth their manifold and meritorious points, and ran glibly through the whole gamut of their past performances.

"Now, gentlemen," he cried aloud, with wild gesticulations, "let me draw your attention to the highly-bred gelding, Thunderbolt, by Thunder King out of Queen-Consort; his sire, by Ironmaster out of Fishwife, and his dam by Coat of Arms out of Rose of York; Rose of York full sister to Camarine, the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup and the Carolina Plate; Thunder King and Ironmaster, gentlemen, the winners of the English Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Grand Prix of the Bois de Boulogne: and Fishwife, the winner of the Goodwood

Goodwood is an English racecourse.

and Florida Cups." The magnificent animal, whinnying, snorting and neighing, was led into the arena. "Look at his bold fiery black eye, his proud and ornamental head, his arched and glossy neck—the prince of them all, gentlemen; look at his well-constructed back and loins, his well proportioned barrel, and every leg as clean as a whistle; look at his well let-down quarters, giving him great propelling powers from behind. It's not for the front legs, gentlemen, to drag him along, but for those hind-quarters to lift him and drive him." Rearing his Titanic and jet-black form, he pawed and smote the air; while the offers from all parts of the circle piled Ossa on Pelion

To build something to a great height. Correctly, 'Pelion on Ossa' refers to giants in Greek mythology making a stack of mountains in order to climb to Olympus. [OED Online](#) (see Pelion).

. Starting at ten thousand, his figure now was sixteen thousand dollars. "Any advance on sixteen thousand dollars? shall I say sixteen thousand five hundred dollars? I ought to say twenty thousand. No advance on sixteen thousand dollars—no advance—down. What name?" shouted Ralph Kiss.

"Mr. Julian Gould," said an agent for the great man, as he led Thunderbolt away to the loose-box. Thunderbolt never won a race in his life. With a tremendous turn of speed, he would fly like lightning for a few furlongs and die away like a falling star. He was built for speed, but he hadn't the heart of a pig, and if anything came near him after a furlong and a half he showed the white feather and would gallop no more.

With the great prize of the day in his hand, the groom was sent away to hand Thunderbolt over to the trainer, with whom Mr. Julian Gould had made arrangements at New Orleans. For months in his early work he was the cynosure

A thing which attracts attention due to its brilliance, from a Greek name, *Kynosoura*, for the constellation Ursa Minor. [OED Online](#), sense 2b.

of neighbouring eyes, what time the skylark sings his matin song; but no horse was better cursed by his owner and backers when they watched his form and performance in the field.

Dozens of other first-class horses were brought into the arena, and the prices which they fetched ranged from one to three thousand dollars. The love for race-horses in Whitworth was lighted; it quickly began to blaze into an insuppressible yearning to possess one himself.

"Those figures are too high for me, Marmaduke," he said; "come and have a look around the loose-boxes in the yard," and they both left the arena together.

Sitting on the pole of a dismantled buggy for half-an-hour, they discussed between themselves the qualities of a little black stallion, standing in one of the stalls, with a halter on his head and munching some dirty straw. Miserable and poor he looked; but the blood was there, and as Eugene entered to pat him on the neck, the little horse pushed him back to the door with playful lunges of his hind legs.

"He's game isn't he?" said Eugene. "I like his game head and he is a good colour; just look at those masses of muscle on his thighs: they prove him a born galloper," when the groom came and led the little black stallion away to the arena and Eugene with his friend followed behind.

"Now, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer, "we come to the next on the list: a smart little coal-black thoroughbred, poor and neglected, but as game a horse as ever trod the buffalo

Obscure; perhaps simply 'buffalo grass'.

. His sire was the illustrious Guelder Rose, by Sunflower out of Catherine Mermet, and his dam, the famous Water Lily, by Lotus-Planter out of Streamlet, full sister to the mighty Borderer, winner of the Goodwood Stakes and Goodwood Cup. The turf-contributor of the 'New York Herald,' in this edition which I hold in my hand, says that for his inches he is the smartest horse in America. Rising four year old; ran twice, carried eight stone for a mile, and beat the best mustangs in Louisiana. He is a trifle too good for country races now, and only rising four; what shall I say for him? How much for Moss Rose? Shall I say twelve hundred dollars?"

"Two hundred," said an old buyer near Marmaduke.

"Three," said Payne following suit, after the knowing buyer.

"Put a little corn in him and he is worth a thousand dollars of any man's money," roared the auctioneer.

"Four hundred," said Eugene, his mind made up to have him if he spent the last dollar he had.

"Five," said the buyer. "Six," from the agent who bought Thunder-bolt for Julian Gould.

"Seven hundred dollars," said Eugene.

"Here, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "I'm ashamed to say I'm offered seven hundred dollars for the finest black horse of his size in the country. I might as well give him away and a ton of hay with him: eight stone for a mile in one forty-four, and not likely to get any more weight."

"He'll take all sorts of blooming fine care he won't get any more weight." shouted, laughing, an old Indian buyer, whose acumen and judgment from long experience in horse-dealing was well known all over the American continent. This ejaculation being received with roars of loud laughter seemed to affect the market, and to choke off some of the fanciers of Moss Rose.

"Is there no advance on seven hundred dollars? No advance? Oh! well down he goes." He paused: held up the baton, surveyed the ring, and knocked Moss Rose down to Eugene.

The clamour continued, and the loud stentorian voice of the auctioneer could be heard above the buzzing throng, as Marmaduke and Eugene, after seeing the black horse to the stables, sought out their way back to the criminal court. They had just arrived when the assault and robbery case concluded, and the prisoner, a diminutive, sneak-thief larrikin, was sentenced to six months' incarceration for a jewellery robbery and assaulting a huge constable by bumping up against him.

Taking a large brief from his bag, Marmaduke spread it out before him on the table, having been asked by the State prosecutor to conduct the case on his behalf. Eugene took a seat behind him. There sat the embodiment of the majesty of the law in a large pendulous wig and clothed in a loose-flowing crimson robe. He was a highly esteemed Justice of the State, and his demise soon after was universally mourned. His clean—shaven oval face and his large, lustrous, blue eyes gave him an expression of beneficence and mercy. His quiet, low and even tone impressed the whole court, and indeed the whole country, with a feeling of love and esteem. What a grace was seated on his brow

Shakespeare's Hamlet, III.iv.

as he faced the haggard Graves in the dock!

The associate after the jury was empanelled called out—"John Graves, what plead you, Guilty or Not Guilty?"

With a hoarse and husky voice and a gurgling in his throat, he replied that he was Not Guilty. A low murmur was heard throughout the court.

Brief in hand, Marmaduke rose and presented the case before the jury, his Ciceronian oratory completely eclipsing his speech in the court below. Then Hallam rose to address the jury for the defence when Marmaduke had finished, but breaking down, it was thought he was going to withdraw. The evidence of the mother of the deceased and the witness Cosgrove being concluded, "Call Julian Jasper Gould," said Marmaduke to the crier, when in marched the great and mighty coal-king, bag in hand, himself. He had known the prisoner for two years; he had employed him as blacksmith at the Agamemnon mine; he had dismissed him for drunkenness; he had known the deceased woman well for ten years: she was a hard-working woman, and she had often complained to him of her husband's violence and threats against her life; he had not seen the prisoner since he discharged him, and he had paid his wages to the deceased wife himself. Hallam rose as if to cross-examine the witness, but on second thoughts of the influence of the great man in the city, he straightway resumed his seat. The examination and cross-examination was thus concluded, the latter apparently to the dissatisfaction of the prisoner, who utterly broke down. His burly form shuddering, he cried in sobs and throes of remorse—"If it hadn't been for you, there would never have been any rows."

Hallam abandoned the plea of justifiable homicide, and tried to put in a plea of insanity. The witness, he said, had been well-known to him personally for twenty years, and was a man of high integrity and honour, and a man who, instead of being by inuendoes accused of inciting quarrels between man and wife should be complimented for his broad-cast beneficence and his benevolence towards all. He had known this drunkard to spend his wages in the public-house, and to neglect his wife and children, and had purposely paid over his wages to the deceased wife in order to prevent this lunatic from starving his wife and children to death. This frenzied cur now, he said, was trying to cast an aspersion on the character of one of the most respected gentlemen in the whole mining community of the United States. Hallam went ahead at such a rate that the judge questioned him if he was defending the prisoner or defending the witnesses, and thus snuffing out the flood of light which Hallam intended to throw upon the case, he proceeded, after the prisoner had made his statement, to sum up before the jury. Hallam was hoist with his own petard.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the case as it stands against the prisoner is," said the learned judge, "uncommonly strong. If a man makes an excuse and it is a lying and a bad excuse, he makes his case ten times worse. His excuses in the court below and here are of such a character. The theft of the revolver points clearly to willfulness and deliberation—malice prepense—and the circumstantial evidence is sufficient to bring about a conviction. The cause of death as stated by the medical witness from wounds of the blood-vessels of the neck, such as might have been caused by this knife: you may now retire to consider your verdict."

The gentlemen whispered to each other, not deeming it necessary to retire from the jury-box, and the foreman in reply to the associate declared the prisoner guilty.

"John Graves," said the judge, as he drew over his face a black cap, "you have been found guilty by a jury of your fellow-countrymen of the awful crime of murder. It is not my intention to expatiate

To speak at length. [OED Online](#).

upon the enormity of the crime, or to add more than it is my duty to do to your present sufferings; I have only to pass the last dread sentence of the law, which is that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from that place to a place which the President of the National Government may direct, and that there you be hanged by the neck till you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul." Not a stir not a sound could be heard in that court as the solemn tones re-echoed the sentence, and the life of John Graves was made forfeit to its Creator, as a thing that should never have been.

Engaging a horse-box and catching the last train back to Augusta, the doctor and the barrister travelled in the box with the horse, as the Railway Department insisted on someone being with the animal during the journey. They reached home close on midnight. Patrick Flynn took charge of the black mustang, caressing and fondling him like a baby. He placed him in the loose-box beside the old pet Rosie, and sat smoking beside Moss Rose the whole night long.

Chapter XIII. The Betrothal of the Bird of Paradise. Marvel Imogen Narramore Gould.

BEDDING him down and piling up the hay thick around the sides of his loose-box, at daylight he would be up every morning to lead him about the hills and the fields. Sieving his oats to separate any noxious dust; bandaging his legs with elastic woven silk bandages; brushing him up and smoothing him down with his hands, left Patrick Flynn for days without a dinner. So attached to his new attendant did Moss Rose become that he would allow no one else to enter the loose-box without a light lap from his heels, or a threatening retraction of his ears. Eugene was fast becoming a friend and welcome visitor, and would lean for hours over the tower half of the door talking to him or feeding him with carrots and thistles.

For a whole week, since his return from the trial of Graves, he had not caught a glimpse of or heard a word about Marvel. The old auntie had written a short note asking him if he could obtain two tickets of admission to the hanging of Graves, but whether she intended to give one of them to Marvel or not he could not guess. The new toy was to Eugene a substitute for Marvel, and for a week like a child he forgot everything else.

Now the day for the cavalry parade arrived, and go he must, as he had missed the last week's parade, and he was anxious to record all the attendances he could.

Engaging a diminutive disqualified jockey to ride the horse out over the adjoining fields by walking him about for an hour on the soft grass, he accompanied the boy on his riding hack, Rosie—his charger— as far as the training track, and left him there to canter on a mile to the parade. Passing the fence of the gardens, he reconnoitred the borders of the lake but not a soul was anywhere near. "Dreaming again;" he soliloquized, "she can't spend all her time feeding paradise ducks and swans, and I may call at Sunnyside this evening on the way home." No thoughts other than merely seeing her and speaking to her a few words, no idea of anything beyond

what usually transpired between them: perhaps he might after parade go into the house and have a game of cards or so, and perhaps he wouldn't go in at all; only a passing thought. But what is that which makes him rein in the careering charger, and slow her down till she halts, as if he dared go no farther? "Woa, Rosie! woa, my pretty Rose! woa. Rosie!" as in temper she champed the bit, stamped her feet and pawed the grass. What makes his face to fill with a blood-red crimson; his voice to falter and his hand to release the rein? Was it a thought, a remembrance, a forgotten duty? No; it was the sight of the angel of his soul, again at the Sunnyside wicket gate, enthraling him again as it enthralled him six years before at the library door, and substantiating his sunny dreams with her own *belle idiale* reality. "It is she! Marvel! my own to be! my own true bird of a coming Paradise!" he muttered.

No airy vision, no untold tale, no subjective fantasia now hovered above him; on she came through the yellow bloom of the cape-broom and the gorse, with an inexpressibly sweet smile, as she drew near and said, "You *are* a stranger; it seems like a year since we saw you."

Hauteur, he fancied, there was in her tone, but it quickly melted away, and in more familiar coy accents she asked him why he was stopping there, in the middle of the road.

"I was hesitating," he said, "about going to parade at all to-day; I intended to call coming back, but now that you will most likely be away I was thinking of turning back," as he dismounted and threw the bridle over his arm to lead the disappointed Rosie behind him.

She was going home she said, as her father had sent a peremptory command that she must go. She related how she had fallen out with the chronic broncho-asthmatical auntie, through nothing else, she declared, but winning some few dollars from her the night before.

"Don't you like going home?" he said. "it might be better for you to be at home; and indeed I forgot to tell you that your father asked me to deliver a message—an order I should say—that you should go home about a month ago."

Her eyes filled, and tears coursed adown her damask cheeks; she dried them and putting her handkerchief in her pocket said, "Oh! it's not father; I don't mind father."

"Supposing I drive you home to-day and forego the parade," said Eugene. "I can spare the afternoon, and it would be a very great—"

"Would it be a very great pleasure?" she said, looking up with tearful eyes and a wreathed attractive smile.

"It *would* be a very great pleasure," he said impressively, "a very great pleasure indeed."

"Then I will," replied Marvel, "I'll be ready to leave as soon as you bring the buggy here. Will you bring it here or shall I meet you on the way?" She smiled daintily through her diamond tears.

"Of course I'll bring the buggy here," he said; "you had better get your things ready at Mrs. Hornblower's, and say good-bye to her. Don't go away in the middle of a quarrel with your aunt; you may want to go back there someday."

"I won't go near her place again," she returned, stamping her foot. "I won't, indeed I won't; she's an old cat, and I can get plenty of places besides her's to stop at. I won't say goodbye to her, or speak to her again," and the tears began to appear in her liquid orbs again in sympathy with her avowed determination.

"Will you sit by the lake then?" he said, "while I am bringing the buggy. I won't keep you long; it will be better than walking up to the hospital with me. Or, if you don't like waiting, I can get Mrs Payne's horse and you can ride Rosie; she is quite a pearl of a palfrey, and as quiet as a dove. Mrs. Payne often rides her out with her husband."

"*That's* what I like," replied Marvel enthusiastically, "and you could get their side-saddle; I'll be here in my riding habit in ten minutes," when she ran joyously back to Sunnyside.

In ten minutes he was back to the spot where they parted, mounted on Marmaduke's Arab chestnut, and leading his offended Rosie by his side, The bird of the coming Paradisal home lost no time in changing, and quickly reappearing, she was assisted by her lover into the side-saddle on his mare. They both pranced merrily away.

Soon they reached the open country between Augusta and the township of Maconville, and entered the "vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended"

Clancy of the Overflow, by Banjo Paterson (1889). Unusually, Dutton is quoting Australasian literature.

as, proud of her new rider, that sweet dark chestnut mare through the long pine-forest avenues careered and danced with delight. Tossing her head, champing the bit and playfully manœuvring her feet over the plain, she was the apple of his eye and she carried for him the greatest treasure of all the treasures in the world. Marvel was a finished horsewoman and showed herself off to every advantage. Halting for breath every few minutes as she rode by his side. "Which horse do you like best?" said Marvel.

"Well, you know," said Eugene, "there is something about being off with the old love."

"Oh! yes," she returned, "before you are on with the new."

Coquetting and curvetting as she rode the mare alone, the military surgeon looked upon them as on some

master-piece painting; but the voice within was silent still.

Not used to spurs and the clanking of the sword against his ribs, Marmaduke's shying Arab, restless and fidgety ever since they started from the gardens, as soon as the spur touched him bolted and left the mare a few lengths behind, when the gallant little Rosie—the blood of the famous Kirkconnel

An English racehorse who won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes race in 1895.

boiling in her veins—drew up to his quarter and stuck to his girth for miles. "Stop her, doctor! stop her!" cried the terrified Marvel, her face as white as ivory, her hair dishevelled, and her hat hanging by a blue bow which she held in her hand. On she came full of racing up to and past his breastplate; but, when essaying a lead into a sort of straight turning, the chestnut horse cannoned full up against her, and Rosie with her rider reeled off the road. The chestnut Arab, thinking the race over and won, slackened off his pace, and Eugene wheeled him around to his fair companion. There on the green siding they lay, rider and riderless, and he thought they were dead.

"I'm not much hurt," she called out, "but I can't get my foot out of the stirrup, and I'm afraid to move."

Trained as she was in the martial field to lie down, the mare looked up at her master and moved not a limb, while Eugene dismounted and released the stirrup. He bathed Marvel's face with his handkerchief beside a wayside streamlet, and soon, nothing daunted, she was raised to the saddle again, with only a slight pain in her ankle and some abrasions on one side of her face. The rest of the road, only two miles, they walked the horses, and reached Marvel's home without further mishap.

"My word, mother *will* be angry; I need never think of leaving home again," she said, as he helped her to dismount and Mrs. Gould appeared at the door, Coming out of the gate scowling, her brow contracted and flint and steel flashing out of her eyes—"Ha! Ha! my leddie," she savagely called out, "ye've been in the wars"—as a sort of slantindicular cut at the cavalry surgeon—"Serves ye richt, with yer gallivant in' tomfoolery. It's a peety it's nae waur; it would be a good cartion to ye. That'll keep ye in for a few weeks, my leddie," Without acknowledging the military salute from the doctor, she withdrew from the gate to the door of the house.

Under the shimmering phosphorescent sheen of the big yellow rising moon, with mingled feelings of indignation at the outburst of her mother and pity for Marvel, as the tears again welled into her dark eyes, he drew her away from the gate towards a gaunt canary pine, together with the horses, and leaning on the saddle of the mare with his elbow, he looked into her eyes and said, "Marvel, would you leave your home for me?"

"How do you mean?" she answered: "I'm sure they will never let me out again for months."

"Would you leave this place and come home with me?" he said, looking at her earnestly.

Bewildered, taken by surprise, between the devil in her mother and the deep sea of his affection, she looked the picture of amazement and perplexity. "Go—home—with—you?" slowly she repeated.

"Yes," he said, in deep, impressive and earnest tones; no rhapsodies, no unmeaning phrases of dilettante affection; nothing about hearts and darts and little Cupids adorning his unvarnished love; but in the plain, candid and honest words of a man—"Come home with me and be my wife."

She answered not a word, as she smiled and looked full up at his calm face; but the deep hidden meaning was patent to Eugene. Her head resting on his bosom, and holding her in his strong embrace, he impressed his lips upon the blossom of her own. Clasped in his arms, beneath the shade of the spreading pine tree, while the soft glow of the ascendant moon shed its silvery iridescence around, "Will you come with me, and stay with me, and blend your life with mine?" he said again; yet she answered not a word, and lay in his arms as if in a peaceful dream. The solace of her bruised feelings by the tenderness of his confessed love, the sudden crisis to her lonely meditations and the attainment of her longed-for position by his side, had soothed her with an ineffable quietude, and for the while had closed her lips; but her spirit was in communion with Eugene, though her eyes were with her thoughts, and they were far away.

Amidst bouquets of sweet sentiments, presently the harsh, hoarse voice of her mother broke the spell, and awakening as if from a trance, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, saying—"Yes, I will." and the lottery of Eugene's life was closed on earth for ever.

Releasing his passionate embrace, "I will write to your father when I get back," he said, "and perhaps you will come and stay at Sunnyside for a week or so longer."

"I will," she said; "but you write and tell me when to come." He kissed her as his own fairly-won prize once again, and saying *au revoir*, she hurried into her father's home, whereas Eugene with the two horses went galloping triumphant to Augusta in the silence and solitude of the night, majestic with a crown of countless stars.

That night the brain of Marvel Gould was in one unending whirl. The sole object of her existence during the past three months was *un fait accompli*; she was soon to be relieved of the harassing gibes of her mother—soon to take a position in the world that most girls would be proud to fill. She built enchanted castles in the air, and conjured up in her exhilarated mind fairy pictures of orange blossoms, marriage bells, wedding cakes and presents, trousseaux

Possessions, such as clothing and linens, that a bride assembles for her marriage. [OED Online](#). , honeymoon holidays, and the halcyon days which she would spend with her husband in the fine residence of the hospital at Augusta. In her heart of hearts she felt the inward comforting triumph of having won the prize, and outstripped all her rivals in bearing away the palm of the much-cherished Eugene's affections. How remorseful she felt at having quarrelled with her aunt, and how anxious she was to repair any fault of her own, by writing to her in the morning and asking her to forgive and forget; to take her to her bosom again. Augusta was so far away, she argued within herself, and I want to be near him and see him every day. He didn't say when it was to be, she reflected; but that would have been premature, and besides there was no great hurry, because she felt sure she could trust him, and she had heard people call him the "true blue." This way and that way floated her thoughts about her husband that was to be, ever and anon trending to the constancy with which she meant to devote herself to him, to comfort and to please him, and do all that a wife could possibly do to make her new home a haven of peace and joy, a blessing to them both and an earthly paradise. In the first blush of her excitement, projects for promoting his happiness and advancing his professional interests placed themselves in tempting order before her awakened, active mind; but she kept it all a profound secret and never even told it to her cousin or her mother. His genuine fervent and lasting love nurtured her whole soul with the ambrosial nectar of happiness: she lived on the dew of his flowery words, sipping the wine from the chalice of his love. But how long, Marvel Gould, will your well-serried

Closely packed together; well marshalled (with a military sense). [OED Online](#). schemes of devotion and your noble intentions last? How long before those sacred vows will be dissipated and ignored? How long before all that is adorable and supernal in your amorous nature will crumble away to ashes and dust, and all those well-ordered and harmonious plans end in chaos and abysmal gloom?

The following morning she wrote to her aunt and apologised most abjectly for going away so unceremoniously, and saying she would be back in a few days.

The profound change was readily noticed by her mother and her cousin, who was staying for a few weeks' change at Maconville. She became as inordinately joyous as a newly-born antelope on the hills. They wondered and queried with each other but "*la fiancée*" uttered never a word of the secret. Her father was away and would not be back till the end of the week, and if she confided in anybody she would confide first of all in him, Her mother's directions and orders were treated with derision and scorn, and her common, ungainly cousin was flouted and despised. In the ecstasy of her gleefulness she was rebuked as being childish and silly, but she laughed in her sleeve at both of them, and called them a pair of old fossils. informing them that she was going back to Augusta in a day or so, whether they liked it or not.

Not seeing any light in Guinevere's house on his return that all-absorbing night, he took off the side-saddle which he had changed on the journey from Rosie's back to the Arab, having preferred to ride his mare, especially as Rosie seemed to be quite jealous of the chestnut. He led him into the stable at the back, put the saddle and bridle in their places, rugged him up for the night, filling his rack with hay, and rode home to the hospital happy as a king. The prospect to Eugene was all *couleur de rose*.

The little black thoroughbred Moss Rose, hearing the pad of her hoofs in the distance, commenced a series of wild neighings, and when the stable door was opened he whinnied and sniffed and snorted his welcome to Rosie home. "Paddy, here's the mare," called out Eugene, when up sprang the Hibernian

Irish. [OED Online](#).

groom from among the straw in the loose-box. He had fallen asleep there after bathing the racehorse's leg with hot water to take down some swelling around his fore fetlock.

"That harse," said Paddy, "knocked his leg agin' a thistle and I have a bran powllice on it."

Looking down as the "powllice" was removed, "It looks uncommonly like a prick with the stable-fork," said Eugene; "when you are bedding him down again hold the points of the fork away from him and he won't want any poultices; don't smoke in the stable, Paddy."

Not concurring with the diagnosis of the doctor, "Faith an' it's meself that knows it was a thistle when the bye had been exercising him to-day; and it's more than that bye can do to howld him, for he's as proud as a paycock, sure he is the darlin'; sorra word of a lie it was a thistle."

"Good night, Paddy," said the doctor. "Good night, sir," said Paddy, lifting the bright green cap, scratching his head ovar the theory of the "powllice," and singing to a jingling tune the fag-end of an Irish song.

"Call me in the morning, Paddy, at six, and I'll see him work for half-an-hour. It's Wednesday to-morrow, and he wants a gallop twice a week and a good bran-mash to warm him up afterwards. He must win his first race next week, so get that swelling down as soon as you can," said Eugene, as he walked away up the hill home. The big, hungry house was a dismal and disconsolate abode, and he felt the empty gap in his heart after parting from his future bride. There, there was nothing but old Hemlock and the birds, but he cheered himself up with the hopes that, when the idol of his life came, old Hemlock would relegate herself back to the tablecloth in the little room of the hospital, and his new residence would be transformed into a veritable

mundane Paradise.

Arising next morning at the call of the groom, he rode over to the training-track, where the jockey took the race-horse a gallop of a mile and a-half. Coming back to the hospital stable, he watched the enthusiastic Paddy mix the bran-mash and put it into the feed-box, and retracing his steps up the hill he wrote the promised letter to the great and mighty Gould, in a few words asking of him the honour of his daughter's hand in marriage; and a further epistle to Marvel herself urging her to come back to Sunnyside as soon as she possibly could. Reflecting that the letter, if posted that day, would be lying in the house pending the coal king's 'return from the city, exposed to the danger of being opened by her wrathful mother, he kept the letter to Marvel till the following morning in his coat pocket, intending to post it himself. The letter to her father portrayed his great affection for Marvel, and disclosed his age as twenty-three. He was the resident surgeon of the Augusta hospital—one of the finest in the States—and his income was, approximately, four thousand dollars a year; that he had found Marvel willing to become his wife, and prayed for the consent and the goodwill of her parents. Dropping red sealing-wax on the lip of the envelope, he impressed it with his star-spangled seal and posted it to the great and mighty coal-miner upon the following day.

Chapter XIV. The Alabama Races. Moss Rose! Moss Rose! Moss Rose!

THE two letters—the one from Marvel to her aunt, the other from Eugene to Marvel's father—crossed each other, and on the Friday she was on her way back to the asthmatical auntie at Sunnyside. To auntie she related the magnificent offer which she had received from the doctor. The good news melted away the animosities of the past few days, and made the afflicted auntie's sun to shine. The tidings were like the incense of fragrant cascarilla

Bark of the *Croton eleuteria* tree of the West Indies. [OED Online](#).

bark burnt before her to sweeten and perfume the air she breathed as in gaping long breaths she inhaled the honeyed words of the celestial paradisal voice. It was a great victory for herself she felt, for had she not encouraged him to her cottage, and aided and abetted Marvel in the great undertaking, and was it not she herself that had christened Marvel "the Bird of Paradise?"—a name sufficient to charm the heart of the vilest misogynist that ever lived.

"I must call Augustus and tell him the good news, my dear," and with the better lung of the two she screamed out—"Ah—gus—tus!" It sounded, in the first part, like the screech of the peacock on the roof, when the blundering booby approached with a can full of wheat under his arm and his mouth open.

"Marvel has got the doct—arr; got the doct—arr. Marvel has got the doct—arr," she shouted, and stood glowering, as if to say, "Augustus, I did it alone." Acting a sort of *tableau vivant*

A silent and motionless group of poeple arranged to represent a scene. [OED Online](#).

on the verandah, "I told you a week ago, you know," she said, "that I was (long breath) sure he was falling in love with Marvel, and it was all I could do to cheer her up all the (long breath) week he stayed away, for what reason I don't know."

"Oh! I know," said Augustus, trying to set in a word edgeways during a long breath. "He bought a—"

Suddenly he had to shut his mouth, for the old jubilant auntie continued—"EXCUSE me, Augustus; as I was going to say (long breath), the trial took up three days, and I recollect he had to attend the parade one day."

"That's just somewhere—"

He had to shut his mouth again, as the old heroine was not going to be interrupted, and recovering breath she went on—"Excuse me, Augustus; you don't know him as well as I do, and as I told Marvel it could not be that he was forgetful of her (long breath), and I think you ought to congratulate—"

"I was just—"

It was no use, he had to shut his mouth again as snivelling Mag cut the long breath short and fired away—"Excuse me, Augustus; ought to congratulate her on the bright prospects of the wife of a distinguished (long breath), highly distinguished young gentleman with a handsome income and the high social (long breath) standing of a successful doctor." After the grand finale, Augustus concluded that it was something grand for them all; *tableau vivants* by the three were executed on the verandah; the peacock screeched from the roof, and all the ducks around the verandah, noticing the jubilation of Augustus, joined all together in the chorus—*Io triumphe*

Hurrah, O Triumphe!

—quack-quack-quack, quack-quack-quack-quack.

On the Thursday afternoon the important missive to the great and mighty Gould had been duly posted by

the doctor himself. He expected a reply early the following week, as he thought ordinary courtesy might reasonably ensure a reply to a letter of less importance than it was within that time. The following week had dragged its slow length along, but no reply had come.

His brother Dolly wrote a letter to him saying that somebody from Maconville had been visiting Galveston, and that he appeared to be very inquisitive about the social standing of the Whitworths; that he had noticed a big, flabby, lubberly, carrot-headed, broken-winded man, with an enormous verandah-like moustache, and that he had felt half inclined when he saw him ear-wigging one of the customs-house officials on the wharf to approach him with a tap on the jaw and then ask him what he wanted.

The letter which he had written to Marvel still remained unposted, and when the week had elapsed he sent it to her father's house. This letter too remained unanswered. He began to suspect something wrong had happened to his letters, and indeed, as it was subsequently discovered, this letter never reached Marvel, but had been purloined, opened, read, and burnt by her mother. Under the impression that his *fiancée* was in her father's house near Maconville, he never went near Sunnyside, and devoting his spare time to the training of the race-horse he omitted his attendance on parade that week.

The races were to take place the following week, and the little unknown black horse was a rank outsider. Odds of twenty-five to one could be obtained in scores of places to any amount, and the only friends the little fellow had were Eugene himself and Paddy. Seven stone ten was the weight allotted him for a mile, and eight stone for a six-furlong flash near the bottom of the card. The whole of Paddy's attention was given to the petted race-horse. He was with him body and soul. His leg had gone down, he was doing well in the stable, and wiping the eyes of all the hacks in the district who essayed to bring him home in his trial gallops. But to meet some of the best blood in the district—the races being confined to horses belonging to the combined districts of the Alabama River—was a very different thing from pacing alongside of hacks. So thought the few who watched him in his matutinal

Early morning. [OED Online](#).

trials, and they never backed him for a cent.

Attending to his hospital duties, superintending the training and care of the horse, and watching every mail for the eagerly-expected letter, absorbed Eugene's time and patience till the day of the race-meeting arrived.

Alabama Park, which contained the racecourse, lay a few miles out of Augusta. It was a perfect jungle of overgrown scrub and interlocking pine-trees, the course having been fashioned out in the middle of it by grubbing

To clear ground of roots and stumps. [OED Online](#), *vbl.n.1*, sense 1.

the trees with forest-devils

A device to pull down a tree by mechanical advantage, sometimes with a winch, as a method of clearing trees from land. (Source informal.)

and clearing it for a diameter of half-a-mile. It consisted of a mile and a-half in circumference, it was connected by telegraph with Augusta, and it comprised a judge's box, stewards' room, jockeys' dressing-rooms, and a paddock lined with stalls as a birdcage for the horses. Although only a country course it was largely patronised by people from New Orleans.

Early that July morning, which the gods had specially provided for the race-meeting, straggled in from the city and the neighbouring towns tramps, pedlars, magmen

A street swindler; a confidence trickster. [Partridge 1972](#).

, tricksters, orange and lemonade men, bad cigar vendors, and all the riff-raff and scum of Georgia. Special trains poured in their promiscuous cosmopolitan cargoes, with bookmakers of the ring and bookmakers out of the ring, trainers, spielers

A gambler, esp. a card-sharper; a professional swindler. [Partridge 1972](#).

, and cardsharps thickly intersprinkling the excited assemblage; vehicles from anear and afar were brought up outside the park fence or admitted to the outside of the racing enclosure by ticket. Fully five thousand onlookers surveyed that rabbling scene as Eugene riding the mare came up to the fence among the carriages. "She may be here," he thought—"sure to be here," he soliloquised, "for her father's horse Thunderbolt is in the same race for the Cup. He might have answered my letter, and it will be some satisfaction if we only take Thunderbolt down."

So also thought Paddy as he came from the bird-cage towards the doctor and said in an Irishman's whisper, "What will I be afther tellin' the bye?"

Leaning down over the saddle he replied, "Tell him I'll lay him two hundred dollars to nothing, and to hold him and sit still till he reaches the turn, and then hit him with the spur and let him go."

Away went the devoted Paddy, trembling from head to foot with excitement. In ten minutes the saddling-bell rang, and the candidates came one by one into the field. The white and primrose silks of Whitworth, after a dozen had appeared in the straight, could nowhere be seen, and there was barely five

minutes before the starting-bell would ring, when Moss Rose walked into the straight as if he trod on springs in the turf. Leaning forward and standing up in the stirrups, his jockey-boy sent him a furlong or so on the buffalo-grass track, and for a while he caracoled

Loosely, to caper about. [OED Online](#).
before the grandees

Persons of high rank or eminence. [OED Online](#), sense 1b.

"What's that?" said a young lady to her sister in the grand stand. "Those are the colours—look at the card—There is his name—Dr. Whitworth's Moss Rose, number ten. What a lovely action! what a pretty galloper he is! I hope I get him in the sweep. I like him better than that big Thunderbolt. *He* ought to carry Moss Rose on his back." Out of her father's hat she drew Moss Rose, number ten.

Moving about on the sward like a mermaid through the smooth green waves, he played and snorted, when ting-a-ling-ling rang the starting-bell, and the starter, on a white thick-set rocking-horse-shaped pony, with a red flag in his hand, marshalled the field at the starting-post. Fifteen horses faced the starter, the sheen of their glossy coats and the glistening silks and satins of the jockeys finishing the brilliant sunshine scene of the landscape. The white and primrose of Moss Rose looked quite meek beside the gaudy tartan of Thunderbolt.

"They're off!" cried a voice. "No! back again; false start," as the starter waved them back again with his flag, and, master that he was of the knack of the starter, dropped it the instant they got into line. Gliding along in a heap altogether for half a-mile, "He's in a good position," said Paddy—"he was off at the start like a deer;" as a backer cried in dismal tones, "There's that old fraud Thunderbolt throwing it up already!" Then the field seemed to divide into two parts. "One down!" said Paddy—"crimson; I think it's Bonnie Doon." At the turn they came seven horses abreast, held as with bars of steel, and Eugene watched the boy, true to his colours, move on the little black horse and touch him with the spur, "Moss Rose! Moss Rose! Moss Rose!" roared the crowd; "three to one Moss Rose!—two to one Moss Rose!" roared the hoarse throats of the ring. Challenged by a black mare—Adoration, the heroine of scores of battles—as "up to his quarters and on still the boy brought her, and up to his girth, to his breastplate, she drew,"

How we Beat the Favourite: A Lay of the Loamshire Hunt Cup. Adam Lindsay Gordon.

and a brown horse—Lucullus—swung round at his side. Bumped by the black mare, he quickly recovered, and at the distance the lead of Moss Rose was as good as ever, while the brown and the black were in trouble. Strong as a lion and full of running, his rider never moved again, and the Cup was Eugene's—won by two lengths.

"What did you get?" he asked Paddy.

"I got on forty at twenty-five to four," said Paddy, with the green cap in his hand.

"I took fifty at threes when I saw him at the turn. Are you going to stay here?" said Marmaduke, who had just come up to the fence.

"No, I'm just going round with Paddy to the scale; better come and have a look at the Cup winner," said Eugene, and they adjourned to the paddock—Paddy to see the boy weighed in, and Eugene to take over the horse that could bring out all his emotional nature and fill his eyes with rapture as he stroked his neck and caressed him.

"The old man's Thunderbolt boiled over again," remarked Marmaduke.

"Is he here?" said the doctor, as he talked to the winner.

"Oh! rather," replied Payne; "he swears he will chuck up the game and content himself with sweeps; his daughter and niece are in the grandstand with him. I was with them when one of the girls drew Moss Rose in a one-dollar sweep; Mrs. Hornblower is there too. Guinevere is there with Madame Pompadour; better come up and speak to them. But Eugene felt more inclined to stay with the horse, and watch the other races, promising that he might call at night.

Two minor races had been run before the Cup race, and after it was over, the Flying Stakes, a hurdle race and two handicaps brought in the Alabama Stakes about three hours after the Cup, when Eugene resumed his old position outside the course, to watch the race again. Seven out of eighteen horses had accepted, and seven came into the field. Thunderbolt, at a short price for a six furlong flash, tried his luck again, and Moss Rose, with a seven pound penalty incurred by the Cup win, carried eight stone seven. The brilliant victory in the Cup race enlisted in his favour hosts of admiring friends and backers, but even money could only be obtained, and the bookmakers seemed reluctant to lay at all. Some of the more knowing ones among Eugene's friends tried hard to persuade him to strike the horse out from the race, telling him that it would only send up his weight and that it would be better to keep him for something big at New Orleans.

"He is not at all distressed," said Eugene: "I like to see him win all he can."

"Take a fool's advice," said Hallam, "and run him stiff; you don't know what you've got hold of in that horse; there might be a fortune in him if you manage his racing judiciously."

So there would have been, but Eugene was not the man to take it out of him. Honest as steel, game as an eagle, with a great turn of speed and a calibre of wrought iron, properly trained, any owner who knew the *modus operandi* of manipulating the races and working him in the market could have relied upon the little black horse for untold gold. Eugene could not bear to see him beaten, even if he was beaten with some ulterior object in view, and he always wanted and expected him to win. "I don't want to have anything to do with their swindling and bamboozling ways," he said on a subsequent occasion; "if ever he races, he races to win if he can." With this mistaken but indomitable principle he threw his chance of a fortune away. Not given to gambling, he put very little money on the horse, and what Paddy did put on for him went, when he won the race, into the pockets of the jockeys and himself. The stakes went where everything else year after year had been going: over the waving prairies to feed and make merry the ribald friends of his bother in Chicago. The *distingui* dentist appeared to be gifted with a wondrous power of telepathic prophecy. Brosie could predict a win, although he had never seen the horse, all the way from Apricot Street. About a day or so before any meeting at which Moss Rose was to race, a telegram from the young gentleman at large would arrive with a ravenous request to get him out of some scrape, or for the purchase of new instruments. The horse would win, the draft would be sent to Chicago, and Brosie would send back a message by telegraph that it had just arrived in the nick of time.

Tingle-a-lingie-lingie from the starting bell again, and the seven horses champed at their bits in a line. The red flag fell and they were off, Moss Rose shooting out like a rocket from the start, followed all the way home by the emulous six, and walking in, as the turf phrase goes, his mouth wide open, and a big grey horse, Moonlyong, three lengths away, second: Thunderbolt a bad last. It was only a six furlong scamper, but it was won with such ridiculous ease that during the remainder of that brave little black horse's career, albeit he was the lightest and smallest horse in the field, his weights in all his classical races were put on a par with the weights allotted to some of the best blood of the land.

Scarcely speaking after the Cup race was over, sullen and disconsolate, with a peculiar foreboding that her perfervid hopes were not to be fulfilled, sat Marvel through the rest of the race-meeting, with her father and her cousin by her side. "Why on earth does he not come here?" she thought to herself: "he loves me, and still he holds aloof from me to-day; why did he not write to me too, as I asked him to do? Would to Heaven that father would write to him, and ask him to come and see him! I'm sure he would not stand in my way." She saw him walk slowly away, by the side of Moss Rose, riding his mare, and knew their carriage was to follow in the same direction. She rejoiced when it came, and they were seated and ready to start for home; but her father was drinking whisky in the booth, and seemed inclined to stay there. Her cousin was in the secret now, for it had been openly discussed at home when her father had read the letter, and Sukey was almost as much enamoured of the proposed marriage as Marvel herself. She looked upon the doctor as a decided prize in the matrimonial market. Her brother, who was also an offspring of the asthmatical auntie by a former marriage, had instituted inquiries about the Whitworths, and found everything satisfactory in spite of the Flying Dutchman.

"We will go without him," said Sukey, "and wait for him outside the park," and straightway they drove off in the same direction as Eugene and the horses had gone. Overtaking him as he walked alongside the cup-winner, they stopped, when Marvel summoning all her *petite* charming faculties and with the most enchanting of smiles, said—"Eugene! I had him in the Cup sweep and won thirteen dollars; isn't he a darling? I knew he would win, and beat that horrid old Thunderbolt. I was at auntie's last week, and I am going again to-morrow. Will you come tomorrow evening? Father said he was going to write, and let me bring the letter with me."

"I am grateful to think he accords it an answer," replied Eugene: "I was beginning to despair of getting a reply, I hope it's a favourable reply, but I can wait till you bring it to-morrow night to Sunnyside."

Sukey invited him to wait till the great man came up; but Eugene walked on raising his hat by the side of his thoroughbred conquering hero home-ward bound. Home he was led as fresh as when he left the gates in the morning, to lounge on a bed of knee-deep hay; while Paddy and some of the old cripples sneaked out to the nearest inn—The Spink's Nest—and celebrated the victory, *more hibernico*

In the Irish manner.

"I'll back that harse to give Thunderbolt half the distance in a mile, and bate him by tin lingths before his nose sees the post," declared Paddy; and so he would have done, hut not one of the cripples had any money to lay against Moss Rose or or any other Rose.

The following morning Eugene was called before the house committee, about that time given to sticking their noses into the hospital kitchen, prying under the beds and into the cupboards. They requested some explanation from the resident surgeon as to how it could have been that four of the inmates of the hospital had found their way out at night through the gates after hours, and had to be brought back, two of them at least blind drunk, by the police.

He endeavoured to meet the charge by ridiculing it, and stumbled over a plea that one of them was an old

woman blind with cataract, which he intended to extract by an operation, and that she must have been leading the others astray into the ditch of the adjoining tavern. One member of the committee in particular, an exceedingly cantankerous, querulous, officious and diminutive snub-nosed green-grocer, not satisfied with this jesting way of evading the question, wished to probe the matter to its depths, and tabled a motion that a special meeting be called to enquire into the matter, and report to the house committee, the house committee to the general committee, and the general committee to the annual meeting of the subscribers. He also remarked, qualifying the remark with some deference, that horse-racing was scarcely consonant with the noble and self-denying duties of a medical practitioner; to which the resident surgeon replied that it was only for half-an-hour about five o'clock in the morning, when all the patients were asleep, and at such times as the great bulk of the inhabitants attended the races that he relinquished his duties at the institution for horse-racing, as the member of the house committee called it. He pointed out that a far more reprehensible practice was the habit of the green-grocer himself—calling regularly every morning for a glass of the hospital porter and sending his children there for billy-cansful of linseed-meal and castor oil; whereupon the indignant member withdrew his motion. Lilliecrap wrote an article to the papers about the porter, the castor oil, and the linseed-meal, and as most of the other members of the committee were dabbling racing-men, and looked for tips from the surgeon to put their "bits" on, the affair came to an ephemeral end.

The Friday evening came, and he proceeded to the little cottage at Sunnyside; but he could not determine upon any fixed idea as to what answer the little missive Marvel had brought would bring. He met her at the gate waiting and watching for him, with the all-important letter in the bosom of her dress.

"Well Marvel, what is it be?" he smiling said, as she handed him the note. Hastily breaking the blue-dragon seal of the great and mighty Gould, written in a frail thready and unsteady hand, he read, word for word out to Marvel—"Dear dochther, I am agreeable to what you intend to do. I should have wrote before, but to tell ye the truth I've been on the tank. Take care of her and she'll take care of you.—Your father-in-law, Julian Jasper Gould."

Fixing him with her keen black flashing eyes, "I suppose you mean what you said on Friday evening," she said with some show of haughtiness.

"I always try to mean what I say," he returned, and suiting the action to the word he kissed her blushing cheeks as an emblem and a seal of his love. He placed a ring on her finger as a symbol of her betrothal, and saying that it was impossible for him to remain away from the hospital that night, he invited her to come up to the house in the morning. He bade her adieu: the sight of her waving handkerchief faded from his backward turned eyes, and the barque of Eugene's life was launched upon the uncertain seas of matrimony.

Chapter XV. The Return of Brosie by the Good Ship Mararona Bringing in the Sheaves. The Wedding of the Paradisal Bride.

THE sunbright morning shed its radiance upon the cattle browsing and lowing upon the green, the twittering of sparrows on the roof, the waving ash, the pine, the myrtle, the laurel and the red-berried arbutus, as the smoke drifts from the hospital chimneys wafted skywards, and Marvel accompanied by the chaperoning auntie found their way to the hospital residence about eleven.

Eugene himself opened the door and bowed before the congratulating incense of auntie. The naming of the day of days was discussed at great length, and there seemed to be a consensus of opinion that there was no need for delay. The house was ready, the doctor was lonely, and Marvel generously asked that he should fix the day himself, so that all he had to do was to prepare himself for the wrenching away from Hemlock for good. The arrangements about wedding-cards and other preliminaries for the marriage were to be entrusted for the most part to Marvel and her relations, the doctor undertaking the task of writing a letter to secure the attendance of the Reverend Paul Hayman. Everything, in fact, was duly planned out and agreed upon, when Marvel suddenly, and seemingly without premeditation, thought of the ring which he had given her. Holding out her hand, "I don't like this ring you bought," she said, her lips curving into an expressive pout; "couldn't you give me a thicker one." He replied that he had not bought it himself, but had asked the old housekeeper, Hemlock, to buy it for him, and that probably she had bought one to suit herself; but he promised to buy a thicker one himself to make sure it was thick enough for Marvel.

"You had better keep the one you have in the meantime," exclaimed the old auntie in a little scare; "a bird (long breath) in the hand (long breath) is worth two (long breath) in the bush (long breath)." She went on further to remark that she was a witness to the contract, in case there should be any breach on his part. The first

of September was fixed as the day sacred to the marriage, *deo volente*

God willing.

, and the two self-complacent ladies left the scene, the old auntie still fawning upon Marvel in her suave and silky ways.

The signal event in Eugene's life could not decorously be enacted without the added grace of the much-travelled gentleman Brosie. He had left Chicago in July on a short tour around the United Kingdom, so that the first of September would, taking into account the time fixed for his embarkation from Plymouth, be certain to find him present at the marriage ceremony, and probably standing as best-man for his brother.

Letters were sent to old Christopher Whitworth, and with Dolly they bustled their arrangements to acquit themselves in becoming style at the marriage. The dutiful Dolly, with the fancy dress ball again in his mind, brushed up the brass-bound suit which he always reserved for state occasions in order to lend a variety to the scene by appearing, not in his true colours as a Christy minstrel out all night, but as a midshipman of the high-seas rolling and swaggering about on the coal-fields.

The Mararona was signalled off the Florida Keys on the twenty second, and gave the æsthetic Ambrose plenty of time to adorn himself and parade the embellishments which he had received at the hands of the Generals of the United States army of independence or salvation, and the lofty-minded staff of the Chicago Dental College, Apricot Street. He arrived on the twenty-fourth.

Into the multiple mouth of the Mississippi, with its multitudinous bays and promontories, past the choice sandstone villas, almost dipping down on the sandy shore, majestically sailed the swift Mararona and glided into her berth on the Mississippi Quay, where, when his marine friendships were severed, all that was required for disembarkation was to step ashore into the heart of the city. Down the accommodation-ladder he stepped with a sailor of the good ship Mararona bringing in the sheaves

Traditional hymn.

, singing *tempo moderato*, Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves: the good ship Mararona bringing in the sheaves.

His proud father and anxious mother had hailed the day when they were to meet him and help him to carry home the sheaves. The sheaves were shown the light of day in the customs-house, and proved to be an enormous Yankee trunk or travelling box, containing two dirty shirts, three holey socks and three well varnished handkerchiefs, while the cleanest end of the fourth stuck out from his pocket beside the butt-end of a "little persuader."

A pistol. [Partridge 1972](#), sense 2.

"*Montes laborantur parturiet ridiculus mus*

Correctly, 'Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus'. Horace. 'The mountains will be in labour, and a ridiculous mouse will be brought forth.' A small result for much talk. [Jones 1963](#):110.

;" but wait—wait till he produces that long tin can like a spy-glass, and he spreads out that scroll of parchment on the table of the nearest inn, and calling for two long cock-tails and a small glass of sherry, displays the all-important certificate of a Doctor of Dental Surgery of the greatest college in creation, and tells his father that if that air not the correct ticket he guesses and calc'lates he could ride him on a rail.

On the morning of the first of September old Mr. Whitworth, who took all things *aux sérieux*, surrounded by an old-fashioned frock coat, fitting so tight that he looked as if he had been born in it, and on his main-top a napless bell-topper

A silk hat. [Partridge 1972](#).

that once the cat had kittens in, together with Dolly in the ruse of a midshipman and Brosie in a ready-made suit with a lavender *boutonnière*, a shirt-front like the breast of a pouter pigeon, milky blue gloves, and tight-fitting boots, proceeded in the van of the goods train to Maconville, the compartment supposed to be sacred to members of the legislature, railway employées, their wives and manifold connexions.

Oh! day of days! as with new silk hat, fashionable black surtout and a pink rosebud in the button-hole, stood the resident surgeon of the provincial hospital on the verandah of his residence as his relations arrived. Strong, vigorous and active, he looked in the pink of health and condition; while his well-chiselled features and his bright blue eyes gave him quite a distinguished and attractive appearance. Since he had left the schools of science, the out-door life seemed to have tinted his face and he looked even younger than he often did then, wearing as was his custom no beard or moustache. Were not those woods more free from peril than the envious court?

Shakespeare's As You Like It, II.i.

Above him the soft siroccos breathed through the jessamine as it trained its delicate branches into a thick roof of silken green, while far away, folded in a silver or purple haze, the quiet hills still doze and dream; the crimson-crowned olive green woodpecker creeps like a lizard up the bark of the hollow pine-trees and slides down again like a sailor down a rope, busily tapping and harking for the sounds of wood-burrowing insects; the

skylark rings his clear carol above the tall yellow corn, and the cuckoo calls from the silence of the wood. It was a glimpse of the summer of the heart.

Into the carriage he stepped, attended by his father and brothers, when a hailstorm of rice and a shower of white roses from the hospital nurses covered them over and whitened the floor. Crack went the whip, and the two bright bays, with Rosie in the lead, pranced down the hill, with pink and white streamers from their bridles; while, conscious of the red-letter day, with a pink and white ribbon around his neck, a handsome tawny St. Bernard with a tail like a flag ran with its tongue lolling out showing them the way, or washing the splash off the ribbon at every roadside pond. He had been provided as a companion in the stable to Moss Rose, while Rosie had to be content with the cat. Entering the coal-mining town they were hailed with salutes and cheers, and driving past the land-and-life-marking canary-pine, they heard the peals of wedding bells in the church of All Saints. They alighted on the footpath, thronged with spectators and guests. Straight to the church doors gambolled the frolicsome St. Bernard and barked his joyous, hilarious way to the altar to take up his proper position at Eugene's heels. Filled to overflowing the chapel, in the all-pervading silence of the building stood Eugene and his brother before the high altar of All Saints awaiting the coming of Marvel.

Gold-mounted harness was bound around her white carriage-horses, and the shimmering blue of the peacock fluttered on the breeze from every coign of vantage

A projecting corner affording facility for observation or action. [OED Online.](#)

. Conspicuous amongst the gorgeous pageantry, the richest landau in the country had been obtained by her father, when, as the proudly rearing steeds halted at the gates of All Saints, the coachman sat on his hammercloth

A cloth covering the driver's seat or 'box' in a state or family coach. [OED Online.](#)

, while a footman alighted to open the door for the glorious bride.

The church was beautifully decorated: an arch of white flowers spanning the chancel between the choir stalls, large palms being placed at the sides; while the pulpit, reading-desk and font were also adorned with lilies of the valley, white lilac and other spring blossoms. To the singing by the choir and congregation of "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," through the spell-bound throng of spectators the white-robed bird of the sun walked with aerial steps upon the white gravelled shells of the flower-strewn path, and adown the bright crimson carpeted aisle, enveloped in a long, white, misty, cylindrical tulle veil, and wearing a dress of rich white satin, trimmed with chiffon and Maltese lace, which was arranged around the shoulders and fell in cascades down each side of the front to the hem, a narrow wreath of orange blossoms nestling like a crown in the rich clusters of her ebony hair. Her ornaments were a diamond and turquoise necklace, a diamond and sapphire bracelet, a diamond and cornelian heart-brooch and a diamond arrow, and her shower bouquet was composed of orchids, roses and orange blossoms. Her train was carried by two tiny pages in white satin, with white buckles on their white satin shoes and at the knees. Then came six bridesmaids in white silk, with chiffon fichus

A triangular piece of light fabric worn as a covering for the neck, throat, and shoulders. [OED Online.](#)

, with silver waist-belts, and straw hats trimmed with lilac and blue ostrich tips. As the bride waited in perfect silence and suspense, the rich tones of anthems resounded, echoing through those hallowed halls, and the exalted bird of heaven stood on the left hand of her betrothed in the crisis of her life to fill her longed-for part in the office of holy matrimony.

Oh! joy supernal! as princess-like she stood, for her father had spared no expense with her costumière, and few brides ever looked more ethereal and dazzling than Marvel. The adamant chain of consecrated marriage was welded and fitted around those concomitant lives before their eyes, and amidst two thousand witnesses to its making. "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honour and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other, keep thou only unto him so long as ye both shall live?" and Marvel said "I will," in firm and unmistakable tones in the presence of the Almighty Father, the best maker of all marriages, the Omnipotent, the Omniscient Architect of the Universe.

The extolled, exultant bird of Paradise, the bird of Heaven, the bird of the sun and the air, was yoked together with Eugene as Eugene's wife for evermore. Made so beneath the throne of her Creator and her Redeemer; made so by one of His consecrated workers at the foot of His divine altar, and in His holy house; made one with Eugene—one in body, one in spirit, no matter who should say *Nay*; one in joy and sorrow, one in health and vigor, and one in sickness and mortality; one for better fortune, one for worse fortune: to stand by Eugene, to cling to him alone, and to forsake all other, till death claimed one or other, parted the links of God's chain and dissolved His own handiwork; in holy harmony to live with Eugene and to leave her father and her mother, come weal or come woe.

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost I join this man and this woman in the holy bonds of matrimony. Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," intoned the servant, the

minister of the divine Saviour Himself, and none seemed to be more impressed with the beauty and grandeur of that God-sent ceremony to man than did Marvel, the newly-made wife herself, who seemed to have solemnly pledged her troth to live with Eugene as faithfully as did Rebecca with Isaac of old.

The great and mighty speculator, who boasted that for forty years he had not seen the inside of that church or any other church or chapel, quailed before that throne of God as his infidel hands transferred his daughter to the minister. Away from the altar slowly down the long aisle they walked together, the church organ bursting forth its ecstasies in the wedding march of Mendelssohn, and Marvel *en rapport* with Eugene.

The wedding breakfast had been catered for by the French concierge of the town. His hotel was close to the church, and he had procured a French *ch f* from the city; so it was no surprise to the wedding party to find a gorgeously-decorated dancing hall turned into the wedding breakfast room, and adorned with flowering festoons, wreaths, garlands and banners of all the colours of the rainbow around a well-spread board, decorated in alternate chains and baskets, carried out in gold orchids, the baskets being filled with mauve flowers, and lyre decorations

Obscure.

of scarlet anthuriums with white foliage; the features of the menu being sole au gratin, rognons saut s aux champignons, perdrix roti au cresson, cr me   la menagere, entrec te   la Par dise, vol au vent   la financi re, petites timbales de gibier, chapons en demi-deuil, and other works of art.

Some of the doctor's cavalry regiment attended in uniform, adding variety and charm to the gathering; while all the medical men of the district and several scientists from the city formed quite a large cot rie and a semi-scientific congress of their own.

The member of the State Legislature for the district, a suave and plausible bloat-cheeked man with a pointed imperial black beard, discoursed on the subject of the bifurcated skirt and the changing woman then doffing crinolines; while the parson undertook, if one of them came to the town, to heave half a brick at her himself.

One ugly Quilp-like

Quilp: a villainous dwarf from Charles Dickens' *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

dwarf—a real dwarf and smaller than Augustus—an old object who was also an old identity of the town, perched himself on the back of the chair, with his ear in his hand, sheltering it from all other disturbing sounds, and pulling the wing of it out close to the mouth whence flowed the wisdom of the oracle. Augustus was four feet one, but this was a much better dwarf—he was three feet nothing. He was a tobacco-planter, and anticipated some revelations about ad valorem taxation, which indeed the loquacious member at one time threatened to touch upon: the salient feature, however, in his declamation being the dangerous political woman. He soared into the giddy heights of a peroration on the sublimity of the fair sex in general, and the bird of Paradise, Heaven, the sun and the air, in particular, while the dowdy, glum, coffee-pot shaped Mrs. Gould frowned savagely at everybody or twirled her thumbs under the tablecloth, sitting demure as a quakeress.

The bridegroom arose in state to thank the company for their good wishes towards himself and his wife, interpolating his gratitude with a few points about the training and running of racehorses in general, and Moss Rose in particular, and reciprocating the good wishes of everybody outside and inside the hall. He was cheered to the echo; when the great and mighty rock-boring, belt-driving, air-compressing speculator rose to deliver himself of a speech, which the garrulous member of the State Legislature had written out for him, but which he had entirely forgotten. Stumbling over a few disconnected sentences, he seemed to be, metaphorically speaking, coming out of the same hole as he went in through, and actually rose three times to return thanks for the great honour which they were doing him by sucking down his champagne and gourmandising his entrec te   la Par dise and his chapons en demi-deuil.

The flowery and balmy Ambrose, *en f te* for the festival, with an American twang, which he had not stayed long enough in Chicago to closely imitate, gave the circumspect gathering an approximate idea as to how he had seen barmaid wedding-luncheons conducted in Chicago; how he had performed the miracles, he might say himself alone, and had entertained five hundred and ninety-nine of his fellow tooth-merchants at one sitting, when Michigan cock-tails were considered the real "muck-high," although all the time he was looking very wistfully at the popping bottles of champagne.

The Christy minstrel midshipman rendered without music what he called Offenbach's "Good on yer Mary Ann." The effect was electrical. The party broke up. Eugene led his wife outside the luncheon hall. Turning around to get his hat, he noticed she was drawn into the passage, and on looking to ascertain the cause of the wire-pulling performance, he found it was not a wire-pulling performance, but an osculatory performance, because he found a lob-lolly of a boy saluting the bird of the sun with a prolonged and slobbering juicy kiss. He had never had the pleasure of meeting the young Adonis before, and at the moment imagined him to be some long-lost brother, cousin, or other relative; but subsequently finding he had no more than an Adam and Eve relationship with the paradisal bride, and fancying the episode was an apologue

An allegorical story intended to convey a useful lesson. [OED Online](#).

of former love-passages between them, the steady thermometer of his love experienced a temporary fall.

While the merry-making and festivities of that wedding luncheon-hall continued in hilarious clamour at the hotel, at the foot of her beloved son's grave in St. Martin's knelt Miriam, her hands clasped in prayer and with her eyes uplifted to Heaven, breathing as of old the orison—"Teach us to love one another in Thee and for Thee, and in the world to come unite us at Thy feet, where peace and love are perfect and everlasting." None knew his mother better than Eugene, and he least of all expected that she would desert that grave for a wedding-feast. Wrapt in prayer, and happy in the chanting of litanies, she had spent most of the day under the shadow of the tomb, for her sweetest thoughts were those that told of saddest hours.

After a short adjournment to the old home of the bride, where she exchanged her dress for a golden brown cashmere, a brown velvet cape with biscuit-coloured silk, a rough, brown straw hat with blue ostrich feathers, roses and wall-flowers, the newly-married couple partook of a parting glass of wine, and noticed that the little table was literally covered with the dead marine bottles of gold-topped Moët and Chandon

A brand of champagne.

, giving an off-hand guess that fully one hundred and fifty were on view, all of which Mrs. Gould intended to stick bottom-up in the garden for borders.

Into the carriage in which he had come from Augusta, with his mare Rosie in the lead, he showed his young and excited wife, and soon they were on the high road across the sunlit plains to Augusta, where they caught the train to the city on their honeymoon trip by land and sea.

Where the bee sucks in the flowery dell: where the tempest-tossed fisherman moors his cockle-shell craft by the crisping, curling, plashing wave, and along the silvery milk-white shore, *there* lurked the Bird of Paradise side by side with her husband, soaring on the pinions of her love for him.

Happy princess following him she seemed to be. What cloud could cross that azure sky? What rift could break the lute-music of her sunny life? What storm could burst over that cloudless dome? What blemish could mar the empyreal architecture of her bright horizon? He studied her ways, her fancies and caprices. He pandered to her whims, and Marvel was the whimsical of the whimsical. He drew out plans for her gaiety and amusement, and, like Alexis

Probably Alexis, the lover of the Ephesian maiden Meliboea. Believing she could not be with him, she threw herself from a roof, but miraculously landed in a boat that carried her to Alexis. [Greek Myth Index 2007](#). See Meliboea.

, he piloted the bird of Heaven through the vistas of his devotion, and among the nooks and crannies of her paradisaal realm.

Three weeks had they spent on their honeymoon holidays; all was peace and bliss and a continuous glow of mirth and pleasure. He introduced his wife to the great magnates of the city, the most eminent surgeons, and led her back again to the library, the quadrangle, the museum and the halls of the college, where his old master had invited them to a musical evening. They reclined on the seats by the orange and pomegranate trees and lolled on the green knolls in the gardens, while the lovelight glowed, flashed and scintillated from the lustrous eyes of his paradisaal bride.

"Is there anything more I can do before we go home to please you Marvel?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "I am walking over paths of roses ever since we were married, and I'm as happy as the day is long."

"I only had a month's leave from the hospital." he said, "and I must go back this week; but before going back I would like to see my poor mother, as she did not come to the wedding, so if you like to come she will be delighted to see us, and the day after we will leave for home."

"Wherever you go I will go with you," she replied and they both embarked in the steamer for Galveston. From the quarter-deck of the Hyacinth, abreast on the swing of the rolling main, he pointed out to his spouse the scene of the cockspur of the blue and glamorous Colorado ranges, and as they entered the bight the somnolent city of Galveston—the marble shrines of monuments from afar gleaming white over the sunny sea—and the tomb where his brother lay and his mother had watched every evening through all the fallen years.

The first to meet and greet them as the steamer glided into her berth at the pier was the erstwhile midshipman—the faithful and magnanimous Dolly—and, judging by his appearance, a Christy minstrel play had just concluded or had for some time been on the tapis

Under consideration. [OED Online](#), *n.*, sense b.

. Holding out his grimy arms, as she stepped from the accommodation-ladder he saluted the bride with overwhelming cordiality. "Halloa! there Marvel! how are you getting on? I got a chap to take my place wiping for an hour, to come down and meet you at the wharf; excuse my rig-out, as we get no time to wash in this company's service. What'll you do Eugene—get a cab, eh?" The sunny dreams of the bird of Paradise changed all at once after the electrical outburst into a hideous nightmare, and the rose-strewn paths became a slushy

coal-pit as the effusive welcome of the big-hearted Dolly was shot into the delicately-toned ears of the musical Marvel.

"Oh! Never mind getting a cab; I think I would enjoy the walk, if it's not far," she said softly, yet significantly.

Thereupon with his brawny arms he encircled her portmanteaux, and hoisting them aloft on his shoulders, he trudged on by her paradisaical side. Had he not been so well-known in the town it would not have been so bad, but there wasn't a boy in the neighbourhood that hadn't been to school with him, and at every corner they hollaóed out—"Halloa Marlin' Spike, where did you shake the girl from?" "Whose mother is she?" "Good old Mary Ann!" "Shiver her timbers," "Cock-a-doodle-do!" and such like bantering salutations. Those funny boys got it hot—red hot—next day.

After about three minutes' walk, as their destination lay on the strand of the bay, they reached Lily Cottage, and entered the old home of Eugene's boyhood, where oft the breaking day had peeped in through the lattice of the window upon the labouring Eugene and his school-books, and where, suspended over the mantelpiece, conspicuous on the wall hung an oil painting of poor Gordon, and a large enameled photograph of the grave.

The head of the household made the bride welcome with an elaborately gushing osculation. He received the gorgeous bird with open arms literally, and marshaled in the mournful Miriam from the kitchen, where she was preparing a great feast of eggs and bacon for the occasion. At first she seemed to be a trifle jealous of the *denouement* of the bird, looking as if she wanted to know what right it had marrying one of her boys; but by nature overcome with anxiety to please all and sundry, from the pauper at the door to the cadging parson in the parlour, she bustled about the house, with one eye on the frying-pan and the other on the bird of the sun.

The disgust of Brosie at the unseemly haste took a musical turn. After numerous 'fairy tales,' told with a graphic touch in order to give reality to the narratives, his select vocabulary of Chicago idioms and mannerisms running short, he exhumed from a pile of old music a thumb-soiled piece which he had learnt from a sedate old maid before he left for Lake Michigan, and placing it on the music-frame of the tin-kettling piano he played *moderato* "The exercise for three fingers of the left hand." This overture being achieved with uncommon accuracy, he grew emboldened because Marvel said "Thank you, Dr. Ambrose," and hauled out another sample from the ragged stack in the corner. It happened to be an anthem about goats at the pool of Siloam and in the valley of Sidon, and yet another of Macfarren's oratorio, "This is my beloved son" and "Repent ye:" yet another—"How pants the hart for the cooling streams;" so carefully explaining that he did not suppose she liked sacred music and would not inflict it upon her, he pitched it back on the rubbish heap, and displayed the volume and pitch of his voice, without the assistance of the music, single-handed and single-throated. He had papillomata or crops of tiny elevations growing upon the vocal chords of his larynx and interfering greatly with the timbre, the vibration of the true chords and the consequent resonance of his voice. Nevertheless he gave her a song like "Bally-hooley" and the bird said "thank you" again; whereas Dolly opened the door of the kitchen, and amidst the crackling and hissing of the bacon and eggs on the fire he sang out with (he force of a pile-driver—"Shut up, you blairing ass: she can knock spots off that, you bet. Tie it up and give her a breeze."

Marvel, however, took everything in good part, and Eugene, who never forgot the old house at home, was pleased to see her assimilate with his relations: and indeed he thought that if it came to a matter of invidious comparison they were quite as good and in many ways better than her own. Amidst all the gratification, however, there was a fly in the ointment for Marvel.

Amongst other visitors who called at Lily Cottage to view and criticise the bride came one Jonathan Scatter, the next door neighbour and owner of Lily Cottage, bringing his prudish, methodical wife. They came in the back way. There were very few in the town who knew that his name was Jonathan Scatter. He was rarely called by his own name, but by a name which he had acquired by a peculiar habit which all his life he had cultivated—the habit of annexing anything lying about the place which might at any time prove to be handy or useful, or that might save him the trouble of buying it—such as a chisel with the handle beaten away, a few screws, the head of an old hammer, a broken foot-rule, an old blacking brush, a new flower or a fancy flower-pot, a picture, a book—any sort of book—a few sheets of foolscap, a door-mat. Everything was a fish in his net. The first two words he learned to write at school were "have" and "take." His pockets were as capacious as those of a mandarin, and his jew-like propensities in general, as he seldom bought anything and invariably bartered something for it, obtained for him the sobriquet of "glue-pat Ike." In due course of time by inflexibly sticking to the guiding maxim of annexing anything that came in his way, never parting with money if he could avoid doing so, but invariably swopping something which he had pilfered for something out of his reach, apart altogether from the question of its being something needful, he succeeded in hoarding together, under cover of an old shed, a more curious collection than could be found in any pawnshop in London. He had among a congeries

A collection of things heaped together. [OED Online](#).

of oddities a row of thirty-three glue-pots, each glue-pot stamped on the bottom with the brand of

timber-yard where he was employed, and where he had ample scope for his speculations. No man ever got the best of him in a bargain; but with wonderful finesse and great judgment in making a deal, he took them all in and he took them all down, without one solitary exception. He was a real hard case, and a *bête noir*

A person or thing which is someone's bane; an object of aversion. [OED Online](#).

to Brosie in the dog days and the troublous years to come.

No sooner had "glue-pot Ike" appeared in the precincts of Lily Cottage at any time than whoever espied him first would announce the visit to the others, when, as if a sparrow-hawk had alighted and stood coolly perching himself on the fence of a fowl-yard while he counted the number of chickens, took stock of their comparative sizes, and reconnoitred the collection for any formidable game-cock, the company in Lily Cottage would scatter each fowl to a position where he could have a bird's-eye-view of the hawk, and so defend his own belongings from his depredations. His wife, a prim, genteel, slender goody-goody, with an enormous black fringe, had in her prenuptial days been a dress-maker. She knew as much about quills, tucks, pleats and frills, the language of flowers and the various brands of a bottle of scent as any milliner in the kingdom. To all her airy frills the Bird of Paradise seemed to turn a deaf ear, and treated her with less courtesy than the others, probably opining that her husband's own blood relations were enough, and most of her forbearance was devoted to them. The good supercilious lady had brought a bouquet of flannel flowers, orchids and boronia, but piqued at the coldness of the bird of the sun at glue-pot Ike's suggestion she resolved to take it home again, for which little manoeuvre she was ever after treated by Marvel with sovereign contempt, recognised by the some-time milliner with an acid smile on her nether lip whenever they happened to be in the same street. Her airy frills, too, annoyed Marvel, for it was a crime to emulate the ostentatious bird.

While the substantial repast was in a sort of transition state on the table, the hawk showed his presence among the pigeons in the dove-cote, and the usual flight from the room was made upon the sudden alarm, so that the bird of the sun was left with her husband, the hawk and the hawk's mate, wondering what could be the cause of the mustering pigeons and the clattering plates, the hurried stampede from the dining-room and the quick forming in the ranks of the sentry-guards. Rummaging about the room for a while, and seeing nothing he had not fossicked about before, the hawk withdrew to the back and appeared to be looking around quite unconcerned. All the time, however, he was prospecting for something he thought wanted "weeding out." Out came the terrified pigeons from their hiding places, and deputed one of their number to watch closely his movements; but not seeing anything which he could comfortably slip into his pocket, and in a manner afraid of the censure of his straight-laced puritanical wife, the hawk prepared to leave, whereupon the rising Chicago dentist offered to accompany him to the hymn of "Shall I go home empty-handed." The signification was well understood, for, as he leaned against the jamb of the door and watched Brosie over his shoulder, the hawk retorted that Brosie had as much sense as a sucking calf. With his mate and the bouquet he took his departure, while the outposted Dolly returned by the back way, and upheaving the sigh of one whose toils on earth were over—a most elaborate, prolonged and deep suspiration—announced that there was nothing sticking to Ike, insomuch he had watched him safely off the premises through the side gate. Thereupon the flutter in the dove-cote subsided.

Odds and ends of various pastimes and pleasantries passed away the evening, and Eugene with Marvel left Lily Cottage for the hotel, as there was a scarcity of house-room at the time. They journeyed home to Augusta by the morning train.

Arrived in the bridal home, he found his poor old Hemlock had migrated back to the hospital building, and her place usurped by the chronic broncho-asthmatical auntie, together with a new servant, as ugly and repulsive a creature as he ever saw in his employ. Mrs. Gould had also taken up her quarters in the residence, and had assisted the afflicted auntie in the redispotion of the furniture and the general turning of the house upside down. The ormulu marble clock was relegated to the kitchen, and the spurred-leggings thrown out into the shed. Looking in through the stable door with Mrs. Gould, his very nice mother-in-law caught sight of an innocent little swallow's nest, and saying that "they things were jist as bad as sparrers," she volunteered to climb up, if he liked, "screw their necks and putch them oot on the dung-hill."

Chapter XVI. A Flood from the Alleghany Mountains.

THE first few days after Marvel's arrival in her new home were busy days for the much-honoured bride. Theatrical snow-storms of cards drifted into the drawing-room, and carriages huddled together as if the wedding ceremonies were to be gone through again, while the mother bustled about the house and attended to the door as lady-in-waiting announcing the visitors. The little piebald pony with the water-melon leg was there

and had brought Mrs. Downward, the mother of Carrie—an old friend of the doctor's, and a lady greatly respected in Augusta. The mother-in-law filled up the waiting-room with visitors, while the bride entertained Mrs. Downward in the drawing-room. Her demeanour was as strict and stern as if she were the archangel of the fiery-sworded cherubim guarding the battlements of the inhibited walls of Paradise. She appeared to think that her daughter was examining them and prescribing for them, as she only let in one at a time. The others had to wait their turn for admission into Paradise, but growing disgusted at being kept waiting so long they withdrew *en masse*, leaving their cards on the hall table, while the mother-in-law scowled them out, and ordered them to be sure and call some other time. It never occurred to her to let them all into the reception-room together.

Shortly after her arrival, Marvel hauled down the blue colours of the peacock, and startled some of the *fin de siècle* circles of Augusta, and especially the socially-experienced Madame, who, on referring to her work on etiquette after-the-wedding, found it was diametrically opposed to the rules for the bride to be seen in the streets seven days after her return home swathed in a large and loose cerise-coloured carriage cloak.

The wedding excursion of Eugene and his bride had, as far as the clemency of the weather was contributory to its enjoyment, ended just in time. During the journey home the clouds changed from mysterious indefinite billows of mist into defined purple bars, through which at evening shone the depths of golden radiance from behind, and the moon paled from a pearly lamp illuminating the dark into a silvery crescent sailing over a silvery sea. The day after their arrival there was not a glimpse to be seen of the sun in the leaden sky. Daylight was dimmed by the heavy veil of threatening darkness, and a far-reaching bank of lowering surcharged thunder-clouds loomed in the thickening extremes of the horizon.

"It's going to rain to-day, Marvel," said Eugene as he rose early in the morning at the call of the groom, "and I wanted to see the horse do his gallop this morning; we can't take him out very safely this sort of weather, so I think I'll just go down to the stable and tell Paddy to leave him where he is for the day." Paddy was already preparing to send Moss Rose out, when, as the doctor accosted him, a few big drops fell on the horse's neck and decided the question of his staying in the loose-box during the inclemency of the weather.

During breakfast three sharp loud claps of thunder and flashes of sheet lightning, illuminating the room, heralded the approaching storm, and he went down to the hospital in his great-coat to relieve the *locum tenens* who had been in charge during his absence and to visit the patients in the wards. Nothing unusual had occurred during his absence, and all the working of the famous institution seemed to be nice and smooth.

Since relinquishing the practice of the late Dr. Downward, which for eighteen months he had carried on for the benefit of the impoverished widow and orphan children, monthly reckonings of moneys received in connection with the abandoned practice for the foregoing months by Whitworth himself were made in the presence of a broken-down, old accountant by the name of Twigg. Twigg was an exceedingly corpulent man, familiarly known as "old Swing-belly," who had at one time been a bank manager, but through the downfall of the Bank of Louisiana he had been cashiered and obliged to retire, with a wife and a family of thirteen children to support by any little odds and ends of employment which he could procure from the tradespeople and others; such as keeping books, writing letters, making out and delivering accounts, collecting debts at one per cent. commission, and acting as sexton in the little chapel of the likewise adipose but reverend Father O'Hara. The white waistcoats of the venerable man were an admirable fit for old "Swing-belly," and he had an irrepressible habit of displaying them and indicating to people that they were gifts from the church, as a quiet hint that they might be the fore-runners of gifts from others whose Sunday mornings were spent in the divine service of the public-houses. His biggest contract on hand at the time of the ill-omened storm was to make out the accounts of the widow's flickering business, because the doctor himself was otherwise engaged, and to arrange about the drafting of an advertisement threatening all the pains and penalties of a summons to be issued against every defaulter—and their name was legion—at the end of the current month. The place of meeting for the three was the widow's house, a low-lying, damp, large, weatherboard tenement, where for nearly two years she had struggled with penury in the support of herself and twelve children and the liquidation of the legacy of debts bequeathed to her by her departing protector, so that now she was at her wit's end to keep the wolf from the door.

For three days without any positive or prospective intermission the rain fell in torrents for the whole of the seventy-two hours—not in light showers by any means, but ever since the peals of the thunder and the flashes of sheet lightning had occurred it settled down to and maintained a vehement and unmitigating downpour of water from a sky as black as ink. It swept the streets and flushed the channels at the sides of the thoroughfares, while the channel waters overflowed their banks and rushed over the pavements and the floors of the shops. From the amphitheatre of hills impromptu cascades and rushing tributaries poured into the river. The Alabama roared with the swelling tide, and its highest banks were already dipping underneath the impetuous flood as the doctor ventured to leave the hospital to meet the book-keeper and the widow in the evening.

Encased in a large waterproof, he arrived at the rendezvous, looking as if he had just escaped death by drowning. Pulling it off with the assistance of the widow and the accountant, he sat down with them in the

dining-room to pay in the score of twenty dollars received since he had been there a month before. In dire distress at the paltry return, the widow was encouraged by Twigg to advertise the aforesaid notice of legal proceedings in the next issue of the local paper other than the "Evening Star," which indeed would have served the purpose ever so much better. Then proceeding to read the minutes of the previous meeting, to confirm them, and pass accounts for payment with no money to pay them, the portly man blowed like an eighty-barrel whale for about an hour compiling a list of the defaulters, to be arraigned in the court of weekly sessions, while the doctor sat most of the time smoking a cigar at the end of the table, now and then helping old "Swing-belly" to some whisky supplied by the disconsolate widow.

Suddenly, as if an armed cruiser had rammed the front door, in it was stove by a huge volume of water, which in the twinkling of an eye rushed down the passage and swashed into the rooms at the side to make estuaries.

"There's a flood!" cried Twigg: "get out as quick as you can or be drowned." The words were barely out of his mouth when in mad turmoil the unpropitious flood lifted the massive mahogany table off its feet, and floated it round about the room, tossing it like a leaf on a whirlpool. Wading through water up to the middle of his waistcoat, Twigg struggled desperately out through the door, and stemming the impetus of the fast-flowing tide he reached a higher level on the road. There he was comparatively safe.

Non-plussed, horrified, maddened, with a ghastly white pallor on her face, she clambered upon the top of the raft-like table and screamed in terror—"My God, my God, what will I do?"

"Come out." called Eugene: "it will be safer outside, and better on the roof than to be drowned like a rat in a sewer."

Deafened with the shock of the concussion and flood, she stared and cried out to God, and screamed as if she had suddenly gone stark staring mad. Appealing to her was wasting precious time; so fastening his arms around her he lifted her bodily off the table and carried her through the rising waters safely out through the door. Round the corner of the house, he lifted her to the side, where, meeting a ladder leaning against the chimney wall, he climbed it with the woman in his arm and placed her on the top of the corrugated iron roof. Following her there, they stood watching the engulfing, overwhelming flood covering the country flats for miles. It was then about eleven o'clock, and, saving the light on the hill-supported house of the hospital, not a glimmer could be found in the all-pervading darkness.

Raising her face and clasped hands heavenward, she cried out—"Thank God my children are not at home." There had been a children's party at Madame's house, and they had all left about eight o'clock in cabs, in charge of their step-sister Caroline.

All through the night in the all-embracing black mantle of the dark, and in the brunt of the torrential rain on the roof they stood, watching for possible rescue and wondering if ever they would be saved. The *débris* of wrecked houses, drowning cattle, sheep, pigs and cats were buoyed along by the swelling flood, and at the mid-day dawn they saw something like a human body floating in the distance upon a raft, and near at hand, in the direction of the river, a light cockle-shell boat that belonged to the architect named Cosgrove, who had of late been rather amorously disposed towards Carrie. It appeared to have carried away from its moorings, and slowly floated in the direction of the house. It was only about two hundred yards away when Eugene noticed it first, and as it floated on at a somewhat oblique angle, he determined to try and intercept it. As a boy he had been a strong swimmer.

"If you stand here I'll get that boat," he said suddenly to the terrified woman, who was now more composed and collected.

"Oh no! for God's sake no! don't attempt that; for God's sake don't drown yourself," she frantically cried.

Leading her over to the chimney, he placed her in shelter behind it, and pulling off his boots and coat, he re-descended the ladder to the surface of the water. Plunging into it he swam the smooth waters, away in the direction of the boat adrift on the immense water-plain. She anxiously watched his strenuous efforts, as with lungs and every muscle taxed to its utmost tension, he forged his way through the waste of waters, and she prayed fervently for him, till he heard her frantic yell as he caught at the gunwale. It heeled over to one side and forced him to board her astern. The Providence that had watched over the lives of her children had also been not unmindful of herself, for the paddles had not been carried away, though the bottom-boards of the boat were under the water. He placed them in the row-locks, and with the skill of a practised oar, which he had acquired at the university, he sculled her back whence he swam, and tied her painter to an iron stanchion in the wall. Re-descending the ladder, he lifted the thankful woman into the centre of the cockle-shell, and pushing the boat off with one of the paddles from the wall he paddled her home to the hospital. Shivering and faint with the all-night exposure to the storm, she was carried up the green bank of the hospital by the nurses and placed in a small ward to herself.

Mooring the plish-plashing boat to the garden gate, he followed them into the hospital, relating the experiences of the night, and drawing a stethoscope from the inside pocket of his coat he listened to the front

and sides of her chest, and wrote for the dispenser a prescription. She had shown signs of the development of croupous

With the characteristics of croup; which is an inflammatory disease of the larynx and trachea. [OED Online](#). See 'croup', *n*.2.

pneumonia, a rapid and fiery inflammation of the lungs that was able to cut down the strongest man in the world in twenty-four hours. Placing among the blankets long cans of hot water, the nurses poured brandy into a feeding-cup and thence between her lips, while they sat beside her, alarmed at the rapidly-increasing hurry of her shallowing respiration, and at intervals taking her temperature with a clinical thermometer.

After seeing that his horses were safe, he walked up to the house on the higher hill, and upon relating the case to his new-fangled relations, they one and all seemed inclined to disbelieve him, treating the escapade in the coolest manner possible, while his mother-in-law went so far as to say that it would have served her right if she had been drowned. The long-suffering auntie expressed her opinion that it would have been much nicer and would have looked much better if he had come home early that night, instead of staying out till morning; while the bird of the sun affected to treat the matter as of no great consequence, tossing her head and telling her husband, as she performed a short pirouette on the carpet, that it did not signify *that* (with a snap of her finger) to her. Rather annoyed at the cold-blooded manner in which the serious case of his old friend was discussed, he returned to the hospital, and had his breakfast that morning with Hemlock, whose "Ha-Ha-Ha" expressed her gratitude at his providential escape, passed her opinion on the serious condition of the lady, upbraided the treacherous attributes of those who had stolen him away, and cordially welcomed him back to her fostering care.

For three days and three nights the life of Mrs. Downward was poised in the precarious balance of an appalling disease of the lungs; it wavered in agonising suspense on a frail and brittle thread. With fomentations of steaming hot spongio-piline

An alternative to a poultice. Made of small pieces of sponge and wool, or cloth, felted together, on an impermeable back. [OED Online](#).

, a medicated steaming apparatus to regulate and warm the temperature of the ward, supporting delicacies, frequent changes of medicaments, and close attendance by night and by day, not a stone was left unturned in their efforts to save her life. Messages came from Madame every few hours to the hospital, but not one of them was answered by the resident surgeon himself. He had heard of the traversations and aspersions cast by her on his wife's character, and he deliberately spurned her inquiries, forbidding her personal visits to the ward and the visits of Carrie and the children. Hypodermic injections of morphia were given every night to induce sleep, and the surgeon, as was usual in such cases, spent most of his time in the ward, and slept at night in the little spare bedroom of the hospital.

A week had passed when the patient showed signs of recovery. The temperature had fallen to its normal altitude; the respiration and pulse had become reduced to their relative frequency; all pain in the side and chest disappeared, and the prognosis was that she would be convalescent within a week. So she was. During the first week of her illness, nearly all his time had been spent in the ward of the hospital, and he had never once slept at home. On the last day of the week, when the first signs of her recovery set in, he was making preparations for returning to sleep at the house, when his frowning scowling mother-in-law accorded him a visit in the little breakfast room, near the ward where the sick lady lay.

"I'm taking Birdie home the day," began the irate mother-in-law; "when ye make up yer mine to stay ben yer ane hoose, and give over trying to break her heyart, she can come back; but a few days holyday whiles will do her nae harm."

"If I neglected this case," returned the doctor, "and she died, I would have a hornet's nest about my ears, and might as well leave the house and the hospital myself. Let Marvel alone; let her stay where she is; she will soon learn to put up with my being away here, and I candidly tell you that it is my opinion that she would be better off if she was left alone by a pair——"

Here Lilliecrap entered the little room and asked for the report for the month to hand over to the committee, and the seditious mother-in-law steamed checkmated but stormily away. Unknown to Eugene they had telegraphed for their own buggy to Maconville, and it was waiting at the door at the time Mrs. Gould entered the hospital. They drove the old auntie to Sunnyside, and without returning to the hospital hied them away to "the auld house at hame."

When he walked up to his residence in the evening, the bird of Heaven had floated away to higher regions, and the sole occupant of the house was the ugly slip-shod servant, who sheepishly gave him notice that she wished to leave.

"I give Mrs. Whitworth notice," she said, "five days ago. Me and that old dawg couldn't live in the same house another week, or else I would have been glad to stay. I know a lady when I see one, but that is the most cantankerous old bounce I ever met. Her daughter is not much better, and I told her so this morning. If you can

manage without me, I would like to leave to-night, and I'll take two dollars ten cents instead of three."

Eugene replied that he was sorry she intended to go so soon, and gave her the week's wages. She seized upon her belongings and took her indignant departure, carrying her duds and her ugliness away. For the first time the barque of his matrimonial life was deserted, and he stood alone at the helm, for the waves had swept his paradisaal mate away.

Chapter XVII. Sukey as a Private Detective.

UNDER the benignant influence of the day-god, the flood waters subsided and entirely passed away, after carrying away bridges and portion of the railway line, dismantling culverts and reservoirs, and filling the shafts of the coal-mines. The fortunate patient left the institution for good after a fortnight's illness.

The training of the race-horse Moss Rose was proceeding apace to the complete satisfaction of his owner and trainer, and the mettlesome little mustang was developing signs of a steadily-progressive improvement day after day. Not so the sufferance of the house committee of the hospital. Most of the committee were culled from the different trades of the town, and the majority consisted of a motley collection of illiterate men, some of whom could scarcely sign their names and were obliged to hold the tip of the pen between their thumbs and forefingers while Lilliecrap signed for them their names in the visiting-book. The more insignificant the member the more he displayed his overweening conceit. Two friends alone on that committee ever showed any kindness to the doctor. One of these was the architect, whose boat he had risked his life to procure for the rescue of the perishing Mrs. Downward on the roof. Through the architect he heard the secrets of a conspiracy amongst the others directed against the resident surgeon for keeping and running a race-horse. The groom Paddy, he told Eugene, was looked upon as an impostor on the funds of the hospital, and in the opinion of some of the committee it was an imposition for the resident surgeon to keep him there at the expense of the institution.

"He was there when I took the appointment," said Eugene as they rode out together one Sunday morning a few miles out of the town, "and if he should be discharged now, he should have been discharged before I took charge." Riding along, with the tawny St. Bernard as a precursor, together with two greyhounds, they came upon a little creek called the Broken Creek, and as the horses were fording it the architect went on advising Eugene to give up horse-racing and dismiss Paddy next day.

"What are those dogs tearing at?" said Eugene, stopping the trend of the conversation, as the greyhounds howled and tore up the yellow silt from the sandy bed of the formerly flooded creek, and the St. Bernard tugged at something which he held in his mouth. Making a detour, they came up to the dogs. "It's a foot!" said Eugene in astonishment, as he got down from the saddle and scraped the silt away from the side, to discover a human leg and the naked remains of the body of a girl about twelve years old.

"It can't be that girl who was drowned at the time of the flood in Augusta, for she had her boots and clothes on at the time," remarked the architect.

"That is who it will be," replied Eugene. "When a body is drowned the currents and undertow of the water in time will take the clothes off it, and boots as well. We had better get back and apprise the police."

Calling off the frantic dogs and re-mounting, he rode back again to Augusta with the architect. The following day a coronial enquiry was held and the body identified by a milkwoman as that of her daughter, who had been carried away by the sweeping flood when milking, and drowned after a protracted struggle for her life.

On leaving the architect at his lodgings, they touched again upon the subject of the hospital conspiracy. "I don't like to discharge a good and faithful servant," said Eugene; "but I shall send the horse away to proper training-stables near the city, and get Paddy taken on there as a groom if I can."

"Don't breathe a word of what I have told you," said Cosgrove, "or I shall have Littlejohn getting up a conspiracy against me for divulging hospital committee secrets;" when the doctor, with an avowal of his good faith, walked his mare Rosie home. Upon entering the stable and dismounting, he informed Paddy that it was his intention to despatch Moss Rose to the training stables near the city and put him in charge of a professional trainer. He was too good for those small country meetings, he said, and the horse should distinguish himself in his own class about town.

"Well, it's for yerself to say, sir," began the ardent lover of the little black horse, lifting the green cap and scratching his head; "but by the holy Mary mother o' God, nobody can do anything with that harse but meself."

"Oh, that will be all right, Paddy," said the doctor. "You can take him down as soon as we get a horse-box from New Orleans, and I think I can make arrangements with the trainer to give you a job as groom there. Old Billy Fox has had forty years experience in horse-training, and was for years an owner himself. He has several other horses there, and I know he will be glad to have Moss Rose, as he seemed to take a liking to him after he won the cup, and I promised to let him have the horse if ever he left me. He ought to have something for you to

do Paddy, and I know he will give it to you if he has."

"With respects to yer honour, sir," said Paddy wiping a furtive tear from the side of his nose, "if that harse laves it will be the death of Patrick Flynn, so it will—the death of Patrick Flynn—the darlin'!"

Upon entering on the Monday morning the deserted residence on the hill and passing the door of the dining-room, as he walked down the passage he heard voices in the drawing-room. Thinking a small crowd of female patients had come to consult him, he entered and saw seated around the table on every available chair the whole of the ostensible representatives of the houses of Gould, and one from the house of Whitworth.

There they were as large as life, just as if the Montagues and the Capulets had taken up their abode under the same roof to sit in solemn conclave and discuss the pleasure of Juliet. The great and mighty air-compressor, stirring himself to address the assembled houses, asked how much money the doctor expected he would have to pay over to the young widow (she was fifty-four). He had never seen the young woman himself, he admitted; but, from his experience he thought that one woman was quite enough for any man, and if money would tide over the present difficulty he could find it somewhere or other with that object in view. He then sat down upon a timid and tender Italian greyhound, called "Tottie," which had been worried by a bull-dog and sorely cut and bruised. The doctor had trimmed the wounds, bandaged them, and made Tottie a little bed on the sofa. It screamed with agony when the whole tonnage of the hydraulic rammer and great air-compressor fell upon the wounds in the sore little limbs; whereupon the mother-in-law was only prevented by the doctor from flinging it out of the window, or taking it down to the dunghill.

The doctor, making light of the reference to Mrs. Downward, stated that he did not owe the lady any money, and that he had no difficulty which money could tide over, as he did not patronise the bookmakers very much; besides, he had just made up his mind to send the race-horse away to a trainer near the city on the understanding that he was to get all the stakes and pay a reduced fee for the training.

The head of the house of Whitworth straightway came to the rescue and threw a flood of light upon the congress—particularly upon the doctor himself. He had been greatly surprised, he might say amazed, at receiving a telegram from his newly-made daughter-in-law the day before commanding him to come at once to Maconville. Dreading the worst, he had been travelling in a collier and nearly all night in the sluggish goods train, arriving at six a.m. that morning. If he had the money to pay away, it would not be necessary to ask for it twice—it would be quickly forthcoming; but unfortunately most of his means were exhausted in an expensive luxury at Chicago. He had some doubts in his mind about the correctness of the story which he had heard from Mrs. Gould at Maconville, but all he could say was that, if it were true, a woman of such a character would be enough to poison—yes, poison—the atmosphere around her wherever she breathed.

"Poison the devil!" ejaculated the doctor, and he gave the true particulars of the whole affair, smiling at the half-cynical bird of Paradise, who frowned at him in return, while it was as much as his sardonically-grinning mother-in-law could do to keep her finger-nails from tearing his face as she furiously fulminated

Thundered forth; uttered formal condemnation. [OED Online](#), v., sense 7.

at him for pandering to the worst of passions, and crushing the heart of her dear little Birdie under the wheels of a domestic Juggernaut.

The great and mighty man displaying an anxiety to catch the next train to the city, saying he wanted to see about some new Dick's driving belts, talked business again, and finished by asking the doctor point-blank how much he owed the widow again, with an air of vapid flippancy.

"Go and ask her yourself," retorted Eugene; "there's nothing owing to anybody by me," and taking up his hat, he left the meeting of the clans to discuss the question amongst themselves, while he loitered smoking cigars about the more congenial Moss Rose's box.

The two scions of the noteworthy houses shortly afterwards interviewed the lady in question, and in the most delicate manner possible they elicited from her the information that there was about two hundred dollars owing to her, which she was despairing of ever recovering. During the course of the delicately-worded inquiry, the great coal-king was informed that she would esteem his son-in-law as long as she lived, whereupon the great man winked at old Christopher Whitworth, as much as to say, "You see Birdie is right, there's something wrong here: there's none of the fool about Birdie."

After she had further declared that among all her friends none had done for her what he had done for her and her children, the deputation retired to discuss ways and means at the Seven Stars Hotel. Upon receiving the following morning by post a voucher for the sum of two hundred dollars, paid into her credit at the local bank, she was at her wit's end to know from whom it could have come, and for a long while imagined it had come from the doctor. One fool makes many.

The flood had swept the advertisement away. The defaulters were left unmolested, and Mrs. Downward decided upon leaving Augusta and purchasing a small millinery business in the city; while old Christopher assuming that his mission in the affair—which he looked upon as a great joke—had ended, confided to the doctor the idea that if the other old buffer was so generous he might have split the cheque and given him half

for his trouble in mediating with the old woman and Birdie. Now that the tea-pot storm was over, he took his departure home by the afternoon train and steam-boat, deploring the length of time he had stayed away from Lily Cottage, as he might say for nothing at all.

In the wide wide world there is no such passion as jealousy! What other can tear the idol of a life from its pedestal, and shatter it in ruins to the dust without an apparent cause? What other can eat its way into the core of a loving and faithful heart, like a cankerous worm, and corrode the well-springs of affection in such a guise? What other can, like a juggler, extract evil out of good, make white appear black, and the noblest instincts of man selfish treason and rebellion? It is the glittering prize of the Tempter and Destroyer, and the flashing sword of the monarch of hell.

Thou green-eyed monster! what faithful hearts hast thou maliciously betrayed! what happy homes hast thou turned into a hell upon earth! How stalkest thou in thy painted robes into the minds of the innocent and the noble, to wreak thy mischief upon the good and the pure!

"Truly, the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption

Rise like an exhalation the misty phantoms of passion.

Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan."

The Courtship of Miles Standish. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the beloved bosom of Eugene's wife had been sown the seeds of that Mephistophelian passion, to flourish and rankle within it until they could grow no more. For a month she had been away, and he little thought it was on account of his friend. As far as he knew, his father might have dropped into the house that morning from the clouds, and for the first time in his life he discovered that he had to deal with an irritable, captious and absurdly jealous wife. He for the first time seriously reflected over the warning of Guinevere, whose Platonic love and passions belonged to the sovereign elements, and spiritualised themselves into dreams of haunting music. Her uncouth mother and her shadowing aunt had fanned the flames of her foundationless suspicions. Instead of extinguishing them, they had made them spread and had led her to the threshold of self-torment for years.

Passing the matter over as lightly as he could, the house was at last left to themselves. Another servant was engaged, and Marvel seemed to be content and happy in her new home. While she had been away scores of visiting cards had been left, and now that the racehorse was gone he occupied the afternoons in driving her out to return the different calls. Fully a month had passed, and they were not half-way through the list, when a telegram came from the trainer saying that if the doctor could get away the following week he would like to meet him in the city. It thus became necessary to bustle through the week's work of repaying visits, and to urge Marvel to cut them as short as she possibly and decently could. She seemed to firmly believe that it was business in connection with the racehorse that was to take her husband away to town—as she had surreptitiously taken the telegram from his pocket, and had seen the trainer's name. Nevertheless her fantastic jealousy sponged out all reason and logic from her mind, and whispered to her that it seemed to be a strange coincidence that Mrs. Downward had left for the city a little while after the horse left. Swayed this way and that way by conflicting emotions, she was on the horns of a dilemma as to whether it was the horse or whether it was the woman that was taking him to the city. Her father had known the trainer, and she had heard him call the trainer an old rascal. This was quite enough. Marvel made up her mind that it was not the horse at all—it was the woman.

Suiting the action to the word, she arranged with her cousin at Sunnyside this time, instructing her not to come to the house but to go to the city the day on which he was supposed to meet the trainer; find out the trainer and inquire if he had seen her husband lately, and if so, when he had seen him last. Constant and devoted was her cousin Sukey—ever at the beck and call of Marvel for any little services of this character. So proficient did she become in performing them that she was afterwards called by Eugene, to her face, by the name of "Sukey Mouchard," which brand adhered to her as long as she lived. She was Marvel's tool and plaything.

Eugene proceeded with Marmaduke to town to keep his appointment with the trainer, who was to meet him opposite the horse-bazaar in the city. There he waited for an hour, but no trainer appeared. Instead, one of his daughters, a woman about forty, who had come into town to do some shopping, came after her business was finished to the spot opposite the horse-bazaar, and explained that her father was laid up in bed with twinges of gout, and could not leave home, but was anxious to see the doctor. Eugene thereupon decided on going out to the training stable, and Miss Fox, saying she had finished her business, walked with the doctor as far as the corner of Railway Street, and travelled with him in the same carriage to the training stables beyond Houston.

Near the horse-bazaar in the city was situated the Old Angel Hotel. Peeping out through an upstairs little casement, had the doctor looked up at the time, he might have noticed the steel-grey, ferrety eyes of his wife's dear cousin, with a white knob on her little inquisitorial nose flattened against the glass. With the details of the important news simmering and seething in her artful brain, she made a sort of extract from the decoction, and picking up her umbrella she hurried away to the telegraph office and wired to Marvel at the Augusta

hospital—"Not horse; woman."

During his visit to the training stables he was persuaded to wait till the following morning at the old White Horse Hotel, of which the trainer was the proprietor, so that he might see Moss Rose do his trial first thing in the early morning. This was a most unlucky decision, as it turned out in the end to be in one respect, for although the trial of the horse surpassed all their expectations, when he arrived home at Augusta he found his wife in anguish and tears, hurling at him reproaches for his perfidy in the church, his false and treacherous subterfuges and low deceit, and avowing she would stay with him no longer, she telegraphed to her father again, scratched his face like a wild cat, and shut herself up, sobbing all day in her room. There was no use in attempting to make explanations: they were only another string of lies, to make her think all the less of him, despise him and hate the very sight of him from that day forward for evermore.

Instead of laying himself out for the lulling of any aerial suspicions, her husband made the grievous mistake of laying himself open unconsciously for more. Instead of spending his evenings at home with his wife, he mixed himself up with a horde of gamesters, book-makers, and all the horse-racing faculty of the town. He would stand for hours conversing about pedigrees of different horses, the colour and contour of some celebrated chieftain of the field, and at night, driven as he thought he was by the irritability of his wife from home, he was rapidly acquiring the habit of card-playing at one of the hotels—The Seven Stars.

Marmaduke always with him in the card-room, night after night he would sit with a coterie of three others—the publican, the bank-manager, and a played-out, antiquated doctor of medicine—till the night had been expended, and all the money was gone into the hands of the publican. He would wander home while the cocks were crowing on the hay-ricks, and his own canaries and skylarks were splitting the air with song. Marmaduke had no such cause for these delinquencies as he had. His gentle, forbearing and forgiving wife, instead of proclaiming his faults before the multitude from the house-tops and creating a scene of absurdity amongst her relations, would shield and screen him from every idle word, and sound his praises wherever she visited. Not so the hysterical, passionate, jealous, rabid and irritating Marvel. No peace could the doctor feel in his own house if anything he happened to do ruffled the vindictive and exasperating temper of his wife, with whom he lived on the chronic tip-toe of expectation of an eruptive storm, and in a continuous simmer of splenetic defiance. A jealous woman never forgives, and Marvel never forgot her horror of the toils of the *soi-disant* Circe.

Uncertain. *Soi-disant*, French, means 'self-named'; Circe was the sorceress of Greek myth who enchanted Odysseus and his followers.

Instead of placating her, he unconsciously aggravated her by the profound silence which he maintained, and instead of spending his time with her to forestall her perversity and her petulance, he wasted it in the card-room, and sometimes at the bar of the Seven Stars Hotel. The love which he felt for her when he solicited her devotion amidst the radiance of the rising yellow moon, and led her away as his queen from the altar, together with the constancy which he inwardly felt and outwardly showed to be one of his chief characteristics, Marvel herself, by her own premeditated actions, was doing all she could, without ever reflecting over it afterwards, to eradicate, root and branch from his mind. She had no introspectiveness, and she was a victim to mental myopia—an inability to foresee the outcome of her disaffection.

Having had his photo in conjunction with his bride taken during their honeymoon trip, when the package arrived, for some reason unknown to himself it contained only eleven portraits. With a galling sneer she taunted him with sending the missing one on the sly "to that bad woman," and threw the package into the fire. Little unconsidered trifles that not one woman in ten thousand would notice Marvel would magnify a hundred-fold, and in the heat of her temper she would cast them in his teeth as if they were the most atrocious crimes. Eugene without replying would slam the door, join the party at the Seven Stars Hotel, and make that little card-room his home for the rest of the night. *Tout voila!* He was disenchanted.

Ever since the morning when he had found her family and his own poor father ensconced in the dining-room at the instigation of his wife to present inuendoes of impropriety with a lady of great respect in the town, he perceived the littleness of her little mind, and resented it by withdrawing the former extravagance of his attention.

"This is the cross we must bear: the sin and the swift retribution."

The Courtship of Miles Standish. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Chapter XVIII. Brosie on the Pinnacle of Science.

"I do remember an apothecary.
In tattered weeds with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones,
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes."

THE storming of the Acropolis

An allusion to (probably) the invasion of Athens by Xerxes' Persian forces in 480BC.

, the citadel of dental industries and refinement in the city of New Orleans, was commenced in the following year by Dr. Ambrose Vernon Whitworth, Doctor of Dental Surgery of the Chicago Dental College and Oral Institute, Apricot Street, Lake Michigan, United States of America. The brass plates at the top end of Fifth Avenue for a distance of a quarter of a mile on both sides of the street, screwed upon the doors, screwed into plugs in the walls at the fronts and sides, and fastened with cleets and patent fixings on the iron gates, were as thick as the blight on cotton-plantations, upon which thousands of turkeys, whose native home is America, subsisted; or as thick as blackberries around Raspberry Gully in the merry month of June. So fast was the number of brass plates increasing that it was at one time feared it would be necessary to lengthen the street or build new storeys on the roofs of aerial buildings skywards. Upstairs, downstairs, and in the attic on the top, the brass plates indicated the habitudes of physicians, surgeons, oculists, aurists, specialists, dentists in ordinary, surgeon dentists, mechanical dentists, galvanists, electropathists, masseurs, masseuses, palmists, cheiropodists and fortune-tellers. Some of the buildings were seven storeys high. If a galvanic or faradic shock, a set of false teeth, an artificial limb was required, or an eye, ear, nose or throat was to be examined, here were to be found the vendors of the manufacture and the advice of the specialists galore. From all parts of the States, by sea and by train, the halt, the lame, the blind and the toothless flocked every day to the great medical market. It was the fountain-head of medical science. Any medical practitioner or dentist located in the country, no matter how intrinsically superior he might be to the exquisite practising at the medical fair, was looked upon by the gullible public as a nonentity by his side. Medicaments floated in the atmosphere of the fair, magic and charm were ingrained with the lime of the buildings themselves. To the faithful it was a panacea as renowned as the pool of Bethesda

Generally 'Bethesda'. A healing pool of Jerusalem referred to in the Gospel of John, 5:2.

. It was to sit on the highest pinnacle of fame in the medical world to be there, and to throw the electric light into a foul malodorous ulcerated nose, or to stand over a loathsome mouth with a dental hammering engine and inhale their feculent pestiferous perfumes for hours. Several good openings in the country suggested themselves to Dr Ambrose Vernon, but to practise there was, for one of such credentials, to throw pearls before swine. What had he gone to Chicago for? what had he stayed there so many years for? but by incessant application and toil at his noble profession to distinguish himself, not alone at the college from which he had emanated, but in his after life in actual practice and rivalry with the most aspiring in the world; to show them what Chicago dentistry was; what gold filling was; what crown and bridge work was; pivoting, scaling, and artistic manipulation of the jaws. His training had embraced specialties that infringed on the domain of surgery, specially so called. He could easily excise the tongue with an *ecraseur* invented by himself, compared to which Middeldorpf's was a toy: he could operate for necrosis of the jaws and knock out abscess of the antrum of Highmore in one act. Furthermore, surgical diseases of the throat and vocal chords, excepting papillomata, the nerve and blood supply of the face and neck, as far as the shoulders and even the membranes of the brain he had minutely gone into, and practised upon with his own hands time after time with signal success. Was all this recondite science and art to be thrown away on the wilderness? Perish the thought! It should illuminate the very pinnacle itself, and shed its irradiating light over the far desert at the same time.

One Batty Tuke, at the time of the arrival of the Mararona at the Mississippi quay with the sheaves, had for some length of time been casting his net for a suitable partner, and was advertising the fact that he would give a preferment to a dentist with a brand of D.D.S. upon him in an opening as a partner with himself. Hitherto Batty Tuke had been the proprietor of a small establishment, open for the sale of medicines, cigars, newspapers, and cheap jewelry, although he was generally known as an apothecary—

"and about his shelves,

*Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of pack-thread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show."*
Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, V.i.

By virtue of a ratified act of Parliament, inasmuch as he had pulled a tooth during the tenure of his certificate as an apothecary, although he had no more knowledge of dentistry than a cow has of chemistry, he had full power to advertise himself as a dentist in ordinary of the State of Louisiana. Many were his claims on the attention of the newly-arrived Brosie, branded in Chicago with a big D.D.S. Batty had a very large circle of country friends, who had promised to support him hip and thigh, and he had a brother who advanced the wherewithal for floating the new enterprise.

The gentlemanly demeanour of Doctor Ambrose, as he called with the card which he had printed while he waited at the cheap jack's stamping machine in the street and interviewed the pushing apothecary (who had pulled a tooth) with his black silk bell-topper, gloves, umbrella and surtout, enlisted all the fund of faith which the apothecary possessed. When he displayed a little bit of paper stating that he was entitled to a gold medal for regulating teeth in addition to the diploma of D.D.S. on payment of a few arrears in his college fees, and stated that it was his poverty and not his will that made him consent to a partnership, the shrewd though precipitous Batty clinched the arrangement at once from fear that the prize would be snapped up somewhere else, engendered by Brosie's avowals that he had seas of offers on hand, all pressing for an immediate reply and his assurances that he would not join a partner if it were not for the fact that he was not wallowing in wealth. Together they drew out the plans and specifications of a huge brass plate, proclaiming to all to whom the tidings should come, greeting: Dr. Ambrose Whitworth, D.D.S., and Batty Tuke, R.D.S., registered dental surgeons: Doctor of Dental Surgery, Chic., Ill., U S.A., American dentists. The flash of genius on the jeweller's part deceived any casual observer with the impression that he was a D.D.S. Chic., Ill., U.S.A. as well as Brosie, and although the translation of R.D.S. into "registered dental surgeon" was somewhat redundant, ninety-nine out of every hundred who read the inscription thought it signified something else besides.

Three furnished rooms at a rental of twenty dollars per week were leased for twelve months, in one of the highest flats of the pinnacle, and a boy was engaged, not only to stand outside and make people sick or give them the toothache, but also to sit inside the door, fixed up in a silver-buttoned coat, answer the door, marshal the clients into the waiting-room, and tell lies by the bushel for Brosie.

A Yankee patent operating chair was secured at a cost of ninety-five dollars. It was a most elaborate concern. It was fitted with brackets at the side arms, and a multitude of miniature cabinet walnut drawers for the reception of perforators, files, drills, prickers and excavators of a variety of shapes and sizes. There was a combination head-piece or rest, covered with crimson plush, the side arms and seat being also upholstered in plush. A universal ball-and-socket joint, by pressing a lever at the back of the undercarriage, could place the patient in any position desirable or undesirable; it could even hoist his feet into the air vertically and retain his head in the head-piece next the floor. It was a work of art in itself, and required protecting every night from the dust of the outside world with an elaborate case of dark brown holland

A linen fabric from the Netherlands, called *Holland cloth*; when unbleached, called *brown Holland*. [OED Online](#), 1, sense 2a.

large enough to sail a canoe. Near at hand stood a dental engine, fitted with a treadling apparatus, similar, though incomparably superior, to the common treadle which he had treadled so long at the emporium of Foster Wax and Co. A large retort for the production of nitrous oxide or laughing gas, a specially constructed dentist's table, a vast combination of little phials, and a full supply of instruments auxiliary to the art filled up the rest of the operating room. The New York "Police Gazette," "Life," "Puck," and other comic, serio-comic or artistic periodicals lay in heaps upon the waiting-room table; while a leather suite, a cedar show-case, a photograph of Brosie addressing five hundred students at a dinner in Chicago, an ormolu clock and an overmantel equipped it in first-class style. An old lumber-room at the back was transformed into a work-room or laboratory by conducting a water-supply pipe through an embrasure in the wall; while a sink and a bench completed the necessary working plant of the establishment—all at the expense of the adventurous jeweller and apothecary.

When a skeleton outline of the terms of the agreement was drawn up on the counter of his little shop, it was forthwith put into proper legal phraseology by a firm of solicitors well-known to Brosie and very friendly with him. It contained thirty-two clauses, conspicuous among which was one whose purport was that each partner should devote himself, body and soul, to the furtherance of the project, each using his best and most strenuous endeavours to promote the interests of the other by every means that lay in his power. It was a fundamentally altruistic arrangement.

An advertisement was inserted in the daily papers drawing the attention of the public to the registration of the dental partnership, and containing a foot-note to the effect that Dr. Ambrose Whitworth was a candidate for election as president of the Dental Board of the State of Louisiana. The concern was then declared open to the public by a flag stuck out of the window.

The first customer who called to patronise and inaugurate the new business was none other than old Adam Quain. He had come all the way from the Colorado ranges to have a tooth drawn, and could not refrain from passing remarks about the bright well-kept instruments, and the princely equipment of the rooms, probably harking back on the rusty screwdriver with which he had been operated upon in Foster Wax and Co.'s armchair on a former occasion, when Brosie was not yet out of his indentures. He presumed Brosie had brought all the grand furniture from Chicago.

No other patient called for a month. The ennui of attendance from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon with nothing to do began to show its effects upon the over-sanguine Brosie. He dreamed that he might advance the business by judiciously patronising some of the aristocratic hotels, by buttering up and slithering down the young ladies behind the bars, and by prying into their mouths and coaxing them into a new set which he would offer cheap. Hailing the handsomest of the hansom cabs from the rank arrayed opposite his rooms, he would drive in lordly style to the Mississippi Hotel, enter the bar of the hotel and keep the cab waiting outside. Elbowing his way through the bibulous crowd in the bar-room, over the bar he would lean, whistle to the lady in attendance and call for something with, a Chicago slang name, which she didn't understand. During the conversation thus necessitated for the edification of the maiden, he would notice something peculiar about her teeth and draw her attention to the same. Mocking the Western accent every time he saw a chance, after shaking hands he would say—"Open—take your finger away—close: yaas, jest so, I guess your teeth air chock-a-block full of tartar and odontoclasts: your peach-blossom cheeks air fairly spoilt for want of a set of ivory; there's my caird; if you air careful to keep it to yourself I'll make you a set for nothing."

Several of the maidens thuswise drawn to the dental emporium did not forget to call for the set without fee or reward. They further introduced their friends as well, so that, all at once, new customers rapidly increased in number, and made the place so lively outside that people considered the firm of Whitworth and Tuke was one of the most successful in the city, and talked about the wondrous mushroom growth of the new emporium.

The *quid-pro-quo* for the ivory was unlimited credit at the bars, so that in due course it became quite a common thing when he was engaged in these outdoor duties to summon the cabman with much patronage to follow at his heels, and call for refreshments for all the occupants of the room. The *quid-pro-quo* for the charioteer was, that beyond the drink, although he was kept waiting for half-an-hour at half-a-dozen hotels, he got no *quidat* all. The jehus

Coachman. [Green 2005](#). See 'jehu', [Green 2005.n.1](#).

often bailed up his brother, the doctor, in the city for payment, mistaking him for the dentist, both being remarkably alike.

The only other contingent who patronised the new firm consisted of the uncles, sisters, cousins, aunts and the ubiquitous mother-in-law of the original partner. These would occupy the rooms the whole day long, just as if they fancied themselves on the staff and were required there to add some tone to the proceedings; but although they were all fitted out with new sets of felpars, they never thought it worth while to put down the dollars for a tooth. On his remonstrating with the quondam jeweller about the importunate demands of his connexions, the jeweller informed him that they hung about the place for the sake of a show.

"We must make a show," he would say, "or the thing will never succeed," whereupon Brosie retorted that they should get a large glass show-case at the quondam jeweller's expense and put them in that, where they would make a *holy* show.

The pet patients of the doctor of dental surgery himself were always the ones from the bars; he never failed in his ministrations to their wants and in keeping them busy in return before the eyes of their masters in the hotels. Annoyed by the constant visits of the aunts and mother-in-law, and disconcerted by the black looks of the apothecary (who had pulled a tooth) when he examined the cash-book for the day every evening, Brosie began to think it would be much better if instead of staying so much at the rooms he occupied his time, his body and soul, by rousing up the business at the bars. In six weeks there wasn't a bar in the city with a barmaid whose mouth had not opened and closed at his command.

One or two chance patients did call during the hours of his absence the following month, but went away with the hell o' a' diseases swearing across the street. Marvel herself her husband endeavoured to persuade to have the hell removed at the emporium, but the bird of Heaven declared she would die first, and went away haughtily and spitefully before the gaze of the Chicago dentist to get it removed by an opposing firm. The great and mighty coal-king promised to call and submit to the taking of a wax impression of his mouth, in which a fang was hanging here and there, in order to get a new set at a cost of eighty-five dollars. He never, however,

carried out his promise, and it was the last straw to break the camel's back.

Just as the abortive business was manifesting unequivocal signs of a stir, the plumber, a man with a scowling and merciless moustache, called for his wages for fitting up the chair, the water-pipe and the sink in the work-room. He was told he had called after banking hours, but that if he would leave it till the following day he would get his money without fail. Several cabmen and publicans also called and waited for some considerable time, giving the emporium quite a busy appearance before the public gaze; but they were one and all dismissed on the same understanding.

With the art of a cunning old debt dodger, he educated the silvery-buttoned boy, if they called again, to say the doctor was out for the day; the silvery boy told everybody who called that the doctor was out for the day, and thus promoted the business to its flickering end. One or two, more knowing and suspicious than the majority, insisted on waiting till the doctor returned, and for hours together, with bills in their hands, they mounted guard in the waiting-room, while Brosie all the while was sleeping off the products of the bar in a beer-sodden slumber on the sofa, with his boots cocked up on the crimson plush cushion of the operating chair in true Chicago style.

The silvery boy would open the door and poke in his ear to receive the question—"Are the animals gone?" and on being informed that the animals had gone, but were to return in half-an-hour, the worried, long-suffering Brosie would hurriedly assume his hat, despatch the boy for a cab, and begin the round of the town again.

Contemporaneous with another visit to Moss Rose, came the climax of the dental emporium, inasmuch as his brother from Augusta called upon him. He had heard of the failure of the concern, and called with an offer to help all he could. Looking around the operating room, the grand plush operating chair had the appearance of having been vomited over, the plush was stained and matted, the crank of the lever was broken, and the chair itself had a groggy appearance. The coalscuttle placed in the middle of the room was made to do duty as a spittoon. Not an instrument could be seen that was not covered with rust, and around the point of every perforator and excavator was twisted a dirty bit of cotton wool, while the ink was spilt over the account-books, and the cupboards were full of dead marines.

"You're a great pair of dentists, Brosie," he said in roars of laughter; "one knows nothing about it, and the other is never on duty."

Brosie declared that it was entirely the fault of the erstwhile jeweller, and that he had entered in his mind a judgment against Batty and a firm resolve to cut him. Cut him he did—and the silvery boy with him—for he never went back again, and all that remained for the partner to do was to pay the rent in arrears, pay nine hundred dollars for the fittings and materials, and sell them at auction for seventy-five per cent. less than what he had paid for them new. It nearly broke his heart, and compelled him to postpone his contemplated wedding with a fourth wife for a year, while the old mother-in-law stumped the town busy with the declamation of the Chicago dentist. She had never seen such a man in all her born days.

So ended ingloriously within the short space of six weeks the first act in the burlesque of dentistry, as enacted by Dr. Ambrose Vernon Whitworth; so shown were the results of the six thousand dollars spent on Apricot Street, Chicago, and the ardor with which he had embraced his studies and labours while he was away. It broke the heart of poor old Christopher.

How many have passed through a similar first stage, to shine all the brighter and succeed all the more when from their after acts the dramatist eliminates the barmaid!

Perturbed and anxious, yet loving, Miriam called to offer her consolation when the great undertaking failed; but on being informed he was not in the office, with the assistance of the inamorate Dolly she searched about the city for him all day, and eventually came upon him sitting on the dirty form in the bar of a common tap-room called the "Slopers' Rest." He had left his lodgings, and his only possession was the key of the streets. Day after day the sun had gone down and left the world to darkness and to Brosie. The new silk hat had been exchanged for a dirty little second-hand half-moon-peaked cap; the fashionable surtout discarded for a frayed and moth-eaten serge

A woollen fabric.[OED Online](#).

sac

Possibly 'bag'.[OED Online](#)., 2, sense 3.

; his gold pin, watch, locket and chain deposited safely under the bane of the golden balls

The pawnshop.

, and all the tickets, which he called tomb-stones, were lost. There he sat in his disreputable plight, as thin as a rake and as yellow as a guinea—a victim of drink and famine-fever—with a gnawing pain at his side, for the way of the transgressor is hard. The sight of him staggered her. The blow of finding him where he was, and the incoherent, independent, babble to which he gave vent, were like arrows in her breast. Gently coaxing him out of the den with the promise to give him three cents for a glass of beer if he came, by slow interrupted stages she succeeded in getting him back to Lily cottage, where he had no option but to stay till he could recover his

senses and feet. Brosie drank very small beer there.

Then, in that hitherto quiescent and united home, was initiated a ruffianly system of ameliorating his condition by knocking him about when he was scarcely able to stand and addressing him, if he showed any signs of a relapse, as if he were the dog about the place. The unenviable, narrow, ill-natured, ignoble ideas of the huckstering Jonathan Scatter, who made himself rudely officious in the affairs of Lily cottage, were to lose no opportunity of trying to induce his father to literally kick him out, and when he saw a safe chance he would maltreat him meanly and unmanfully, whereas the flying Dutchman forged grappling-irons to save him from external evil and anchor him in the calm sea of affection at home.

In his mother and his brother Eugene the ill-starred Brosie had the sum-total of his friends. Constantly urging upon old Christopher the parable of the man and the fig-tree

The Gospel of Luke, 13:6-9.

, it was the gentle influence of Miriam that showed Brosie he was wrong, but the rough fists that assailed him only hurled him into the profoundest depths of desperation and confusion. For weeks together he would absent himself from Lily cottage, spending his days in barbers' shops and superintending cock-fights, and his nights by intruding himself for a bed upon a destitute old woman who had known his grandmother. Sending messages to Miriam by the milk-boy, he would meet her in the evening at the old favorite spot—the foot of the good Gordon's grave.

The presence of his dead brother added greatly to the power which Miriam held over his mind: for he was of a highly-strung emotional nature, and he experienced the hallucination that his guiltless brother's voice was speaking about his foibles from the tomb. He had fallen into the pit which waylays every man's steps—the pit from which few can clamber out unless some terrible calamity, earthquake-like, destroys the pit and accidentally liberates them; but to rise Brosie was slowly and surely persuaded by the *vis vitæ*

Vital force. [OED Online](#), in *vis*, *n.*2, sense 1d.

and the still small voice within him, together with the gently-dropping influences, mightiest in the mighty—the influence of the convincing tone of his mother's reasoning force and discrimination, together with that charity extolled by St. Paul as the greatest of all the graces.

The habit of excessive drinking is not so much a vice as it is a misfortune—an incompatibility between the virtues of alcohol and certain qualities and conditions of the brain. The finer the brain the greater the in-compatibility; the coarser the brain the more able is the man to disguise the effects of alcohol, and thus escape its handicapping influences in the battle of life, Oh! be merciful my brother whose virtue sits serene only in the absence of temptation. In the days of your prosperity sink the pride of your serene self-satisfaction, and scorn not yonder bedraggled victim whom you pass every morning on your triumphant march to business while you make broad your own phylacteries

The Gospel of Matthew, 23:5.

. In the great battle he is but a prisoner in the camp of a truculent enemy, and the day may come when he may exchange places with you. When we first begin to obey a rule we take to it absolutely, and follow it in its widest sense. Pluck then the mote out of thine own eye, and judge not that ye be not judged.

Chapter XIX. The Coronation Plate, New Orleans.

MOSS ROSE and Paddy Flynn had now spent six months in the famous training stables at Houston, presided over by the immortal Billy Fox. Billy Fox was a half-cast negro from Tennessee. Ever since the horse had been put under his care he had shown day alter day a betterment which he persistently maintained, till now he was regarded by those who knew him as one of the most dangerous horses on the turf. Instead of entering him for long distance races, the plan of the veteran trainer was to confine him to a mile, and this was his favorite distance.

The eldest son of the trainer, who had won his spurs at jockeydom, had grown so big and bulky that he could no longer ride even in a steeplechase; but in a steeplechase, when he had his innings, he had shown himself to be one of the cleverest and most successful riders in America. No delusion of gallery finishes about Roland—he rode in butcher-boy style from start to finish. His sole duty now was to wait upon Moss Rose and another horse in the next stable, while Paddy's services found a more suitable employment in the capacity of what the stable boys called "mucking out;" but Paddy was happy and content in the reverie that he lived on the same premises as the little darling racehorse, and if ever anybody was sufficiently audacious to cast a slur on Moss Rose he would stand aghast and enthusiastically declare—"Oh! phwhot a loi! it's meself 'll put a kink in somebody's neck for that." Roland Fox was a born lover, adorer and groom of a good horse. From the rising of

the lark to the lodging of the lamb he was never done polishing the black satin coat of the mustang, or ministering to his manifold requirements in the stable, and Paddy felt quite resigned when Moss Rose was placed in Roland's hands.

Old Billy Fox was as artful and cunning as a New York sneak-thief. He knew more of what was in the horse than ever escaped his lips; he had not watched him in his trials with other standard celebrities, getting up at cock-crow morning after morning, for nothing. In every patient and painstaking way he could he prevented Moss Rose from winning all the races he had run for since he left the hospital stable. His customary plan was to administer a sort of decoction of green gin, which had the effect of making the horse sprawl half-intoxicated about the track when heated in the race, and flounder when nearing the winning-post. Six smaller events he had entered an acceptance for, and in every event he was not even placed. He was, thought the owner, working the horse to make money out of him, and indeed according to the agreement he had a perfect right to make all he legitimately could; but Eugene never suspected that any tricks were being foisted upon him and the handicapper. Time after time whenever he was entered and ran not placed, the dishonest trainer would pretend that he had backed him on behalf of his owner. A demand would be made upon Whitworth for the payment of greater or less amounts of money by an unknown bookmaker, who was also in the swindle with Billy. During the six months this conspiracy had cost Whitworth close on four hundred and fifty dollars, which all went into the bookmaker's bag, to be afterwards, with the deduction of a pre-arranged commission, handed over to the trainer-king. The bookmaker's emoluments lay in the knowledge that the horse was not at such and such a time intended to win, and Moss Rose being a warm favorite with the public, who looked to the honour of his owner, he laid large sums against him and accommodated his clients with any odds they asked. This thievish trick had been played so long that it was at last suspected by the too-credulous doctor, and accordingly he resolved to attend the races himself in order to carefully watch for any signs of pulling the ribbons, and if detected to take the horse away from the stable altogether.

Glancing over the New York Herald one morning at breakfast, "Why Marvel," he said in great surprise, "Moss Rose has only got eight stone in the Coronation Plate; if he doesn't win that, he'll never win a race in his life again,"

"Well if he does win, what will it matter to me," replied Marvel; "it doesn't matter to me whether the *beast* wins or whether the *beast* loses."

"Oh! yes! Marvel, it does," he returned; "if he wins a big stake like the Coronation Plate, I intend to give up the hospital and commence practice in Galveston."

"Well, then I hope he loses," rejoined Marvel; "I saw quite enough of Galveston during the two hours I was there to disgust anybody."

"Why, it was almost night when you were there," continued Eugene, and you didn't see what a fine big city it is; and there is some of the best society in the States there. That ought to be enough for you—there are the leading lights of the *haut monde* in Galveston."

"How many public houses are there in Galveston?" she retorted, and Eugene dropped the subject in umbrage.

The Coronation Plate was one of the classical races of the State of Louisiana. Some of the best blood in the whole of America was to be seen in that field, together with chieftains from Goodwood and Doncaster Important English racecourses.

The stake alone was five thousand five hundred dollars, and there was a sweepstake of added money besides. Sixty-four entries had been received in December, and in the first week in January when the handicaps appeared, thirteen horses had been struck out, leaving a field of fifty-one. It was anticipated that this big field would be still further reduced, as the usual number for years had been between thirty and thirty-five. It was one of the principal meetings of the year—the Spring meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club—and the race was second only in importance to the New Orleans Corinthian Cup.

"You had better come with me to the races anyway," said Eugene, rising from the table. "and we can discuss the fashions of Galveston afterwards."

Hieroglyphics and hibernianisms arrived from Paddy at short intervals descanting on the great event, and the handsome gift it was going to prove to Moss Rose. He could win with ten stone on his back, and the wisest thing to do was to put all the money he could get on the little horse before he stood at a short price. The trainer also unbuttoned, deeming it prudent to divulge the profound secret to his owner, and wrote advising him "to put his shirt on Moss Rose as the greatest moral dead sure thing that ever was known." The trainer's fellow-conspirator was the only bookmaker in the ring who quoted a short price; but suspecting that he was associated with the trainer of the horse, his colleagues followed suit, so that a week after the weights appeared the odds were one hundred to forty, and the trainer's intrigues with the Hebrew layer recoiled injuriously upon Fox himself.

The Bird of Paradise, without replying to her husband's remark about taking her with him, quietly ordered a

new dress of corn-flower blue cloth, with a sage-green velvet bodice, while a strapped seam cape, worn at times, corresponded with the gown, and had a collar of chinchilla fur. She had also quietly invested in a black Punchinello

Uncertain; possibly referring to the large bonnet often worn by Judy in Punch and Judy shows. bonnet, set off with ciel-blue osprey and cerise roses; when the new sunshade was closed it looked like a first-prize bouquet. When the morning of the Spring races arrived, Eugene felt quite proud of his elegant wife, and fervently prayed in his heart that there would be no more bickerings and trouble. Taking the early train to the city, they drove out in a hansom to the race-course on the sea coast, where he conducted her to a seat in the grand stand. Meeting Marmaduke and Guinevere there, they sat watching some of the minor events of the day, getting up sweepstakes with a party of strangers, while now and then their own little party would promenade on the lawn, where daffodils, daisies, marigolds and buttercups bedecked the green knolls on its borders, or were trampled under the feet of the eager crowd of spectators.

With an escort of the cavalry corps in the lead, the President of the Republic and his wife in a gorgeous state carriage with outriders and postilions, and the president driving himself, appeared through the triumphal arch of the state entrance, and slowly made their way up the straight of the course. While the band of Mobile, whose music had exhilarated Marvel before, played the National Anthem the gubernatorial party alighted and were escorted to their box in the grand-stand by the president of the Louisiana Jockey Club.

Beyond a few ethereal miniature mists of the purest puce and the tenderest amber, not a cloud could be seen in the pale blue sky, not a thought to molest the happiness of Marvel. Picturesque she looked in the becoming corn-flower blue, and daintily she walked to and fro up and down the flower-specked lawn as complacent and unruffled as the blue sky above. The gilded beauties—the tulips and the poppies of American Society—paced backwards and forwards on the lawn, the ever changing hues of their costly costumes lending an enhancing brilliancy to the sublime landscape as it appeared from the hill behind, where shoulder to shoulder stood fully eight thousand of the upper and middle classes of society. Thirty-five thousand eyes gazed upon the magnificent scene, from the hungry orbs of the starving unemployed to those of the gubernatorial guests; when, after three minor events, as the bell rang out came the field for the race of races that day. So benignant did all seem to Marvel as she leaned over the picket fence by the course with Eugene, that her querulous and petulant ways vanished before the ineffable calm in her heart, and for once she seemed to harmonize with her husband, and to wish that his horse would win; while walking quite unconcerned along the side of the fence came Moss Rose swishing his glistening tail. He stood before them, showing Marvel once more his kind face and almost looking as if he knew her, and felt flattered she had come.

Leaning down from the saddle—"Any instructions?" said the jockey.

"Send him well away at the start and keep ding-donging at him all the way," replied Eugene: "lay you five hundred and fifty to nothing."

Twenty-nine horses stretched themselves for a few furlongs in front of the lawn, while Eugene stood with his wife and said not a word; intent on the gliding object of his affections and interests, which he followed with his eyes every move he made. The pretty gallop which he had shown the grand stand at Alabama Park had become a fascinating graceful and bowling stride that made him skim along the couch grass like a greyhound or a swallow, while his black satin coat shimmered in the sunshine, and in condition he was the pinkest horse in the field.

Along the lawn behind them came the trainer-king himself, the man whose daughter had been mistaken by the smart private detective, and who had been the innocent cause of a week of domestic trouble more than a hundred miles away.

"Mr. Fox," said the doctor to Marvel. She held out her hand and turned around to the fence without opening her lips. Standing beside them old Billy Fox watched the field go down to the starting-post, and on a heavy grey pony the same stipendiary starter as had officiated at Alabama Park.

The flag fell. "They're off!" cried a thousand throats, and in the distance appeared a great moving dark mass. Soon the colours could be faintly discerned with his field glass, and holding them to his eyes the old trainer muttered, as if he were on Moss Rose's back himself—"look for an opening: there's one: no—wait: now—yes," muttered Billy, and Marvel's keen eyes could see primrose and white on the outside. "Through all right: four in front: distance—hit him: yes—all right," muttered Billy, and Marvel cried out he was fourth—"challenge her: good—three left: Mon Droit, Splendor, Rêve d'Or," muttered Billy, and Marvel said primrose was gaining. "Coming up on him—level: two in trouble," muttered Billy and his soliloquy could be heard no longer for the tremendous roar on the grand stand and the hill re-echoed through the pine forests—"Mon Droit! Mon Droit! Mon Droit!" while, alone in the crowd, "He is coming," cried Eugene: "he'll win"; as he beat down Rêve d'Or and Splendor and came up locked level with Mon Droit. The slightest mistake, as they welted the turf flying neck and neck together would throw away the great prize and Eugene watched his little idol in awe. "Moss Rose!" yelled the trainer-king, and like a grand echo,— "Moss

Ro—o—o—ose—thundered the great crowd—"Moss Rose! Moss Rose! Moss Rose! Moss Ro—o—o—ose!" while hats were thrown into the air and the pride of Eugene's life shot past in the lead. Won by a neck the goal of his racing ambition; clinched the idea of leaving Augusta and its hospital behind; settled the debate about Marvel's likes and dislikes by the foot of the game little horse he adored.

The yelling of the enormous crowd had not ceased, when it was noticed that the winner had bolted with his jockey, and was at an opposite point of the course pulling the boy out of the saddle. Round he came bounding, full of running and rampant with excitement, while the clerk of the course in scarlet hunting costume waited to lead him through the gate near the stewards' enclosure. With his mouth wide open he pulled up at the judge's box, and looked over at Marvel as much as to say: "Would you like to see me go round again—bird of the sun?"

The clerk drew up the grey cob alongside of him and escorted him into the weighing-yard; the jockey dismounted and Eugene led him into the grand-stand enclosure, where the President's wife patted him and tied a pink ribbon around his neck. Hustling each other to get near the winner, the dense crowd surrounded him, and rang out three American cheers for Moss Rose and one each for the owner, trainer, and jockey, as Marvel in company with the garrulous member of the wedding-party, who had accosted her before her husband left, stood near where the State party had come down on the lawn. With his two hands on her shoulders and pushing the bird of Paradise from behind, the audacious State legislature man was presuming on his official capacity in introducing Marvel to the President as the Bird of Paradise. The President shook hands with her, and complimented her upon the victory and the beauty of Moss Rose: while the bird of the sun felt a choking sensation in her throat, made a movement as if she were swallowing something, and complimented the little racehorse too by agreeing with the President that he was a beauty; although shortly before the races she declared he was a beast.

Among other congratulating friends came the architect Cosgrove to inform Eugene that there was somebody in the booth of the bird-cage calling himself Dr. Whitworth and as drunk as a lord; calling for drinks for a rabbling mob of strangers and refusing to pay the attendant of the booth. Going back with the horse to the bird-cage he showed Eugene a man in the distance at the bar; his hat battered on the top and sides and hanging on the back of his head; his coat torn and his garments covered with whitewash and dirt. It was Brosie. On being taxed with what Cosgrove had said, "It's a lie. I'll break his jaw in front of the grand stand to show he's a liar," cried Brosie. Taking his arm, Eugene led him away from the gathering throng to the booth behind the grand stand, where he induced him to drink limejuice and soda-water till his stomach could hold no more. He quickly recovered, and as he walked back to the horse with his brother his love for sport and animals boiled in his veins, and his ambition for the life of a gentleman oozed out of his finger tips; for he registered a solemn oath that he would quit dentistry for ever and take the first offer as groom that came in his way.

The Spring race-meeting decided the vexed question of the doctor leaving the Augusta hospital. On his return he told Marvel that he had made up his mind to leave the hospital, and tried to place the prospective change to Galveston in as pleasing a light as he could. At first she seemed to show some diffidence on the subject, but when she saw that there was no chance of his again changing his mind, she seemed after a fashion to acquiesce in the proposal.

In quite a pert and independent way she said—"I have only been here a little over six months; we ought to stay here, as it is so near my people, and mother says it's far better to settle down in a place than to shift about; at any rate I think I will go home and wait till you get the house ready for me."

He wrote out his resignation and, in order to fall in with her views in every way he could, he agreed that she should go home for a fortnight, while he made arrangements for the sale of his practice and selected another house in Galveston. Futile efforts were subsequently made by the great air-compressor to induce Whitworth to withdraw his resignation, but it was too late, even had he desired to alter his mind, as he had signed the lease of a house in Galveston, and had transferred the appointment to a *locum tenens* with the object of his obtaining the vacated office when applications called for by the committee were considered at their next meeting. Driving into Augusta now and then, while the work of removal of the furniture to the auction rooms was proceeding, and ostensible parting visits to her friends were to be made, he saw her twice again in Augusta, and telling her that he would come up for her when the house was ready in Galveston, he bade her an affectionate farewell and left the hospital for good.

There was not a servant or a patient within those hospital walls but lamented over the leaving of Eugene. Free and easy in manner, he turned a blind eye to any deficiencies which the nurses and servants showed, and not a patient in the institution was ever heard to grumble at his attention and treatment. His resignation had been accepted by the committee with regret, and a public banquet was given in his honour, where it was hoped and firmly believed (as the chairman stated) that the change from the hospital to private practice would turn out to be a success, and that they felt convinced that with patience and industry the success of Whitworth in the larger field upon which he was about to engage would be as certain as the rising of the sun.

By the early train one wet morning, with his favourite mare Rosie in the horse-box, after he had bidden farewell to his acquaintances of the previous two years, he left the town in sorrow during the journey to New Orleans and feeling how sad it is to say farewell, he stepped ashore off the boat at Galveston, to rue the step which he had taken for years. With a handsome salary, a prominent position, a fine residence and the esteem of the whole population, his life was one for envy. What made him leave then?—the belief that if Marvel were away so far from her own people, in time she would come to love him again, or at least to agree better with him and be more constant and true to her vows; but in this he deceived himself, and it would have been a million times better if he had stayed where he was.

After a very great difficulty in getting a suitable house in Galveston, the one which had been chosen was situated upon the crown of a slope. A two-storey stone building contiguous with another similar to it, its rental was five hundred dollars a year. It commanded an extensive view of the northern and southern strands of the harbour and of the plains and the valley near the two rivers between which the city lay. Salubrious and conveniently situated, he imagined it would make an agreeable home for his wife, and be the means of his getting a good practice together. Plenty of friends he had there, for he had there attended school as a boy, and everybody had read or heard of his successes at the medical schools. The only cold water thrown on the change came from the old school-master of the college, who admonished him that he would never succeed in the place where he had been known as a child.

The die was cast. He decided, now that the house was ready, to go back for his wife to Maconville and bring her to her new abode next day. On arriving at the colliery field, instead of being at her mother's house he found her living in a villa, with servants of her own and away from her own people. Amazed at this, she told him her father had bought the villa from the heinous dwarf who perched himself on the chair during the speech of the member of the State Legislature at the wedding-luncheon, and had paid ten thousand dollars for it, furniture and all, as it stood. It was a single-storeyed house of fine proportions, rejoicing in the name of "Edenhall." It had at one time been a superior villa, but now it was considerably out of repair, and was surrounded by a large but neglected garden, choking with rank, coarse grass, bind-weed, hawk-weed, nettles, thistles and groundsel spangled with ox-eyes. Grass grew beneath the avenues, and cattle had been browsing about the lawn and the shrubberies. The tobacco-planter had lived with a wife and nine children in it for fifteen years. It had been vacated for some time, but when Marvel had got the windows clean, a fine view of a "boundless contiguity of shade" was obtainable. Now it appeared to be just large enough for the bird of Paradise and her servant, inasmuch as she coolly informed her husband that she had made up her mind to stay in it for a *while*. In reply to his entreaties that she should go with him to Galveston, she simply danced an impromptu *minuét*, laughed, and said if the house in Galveston was as good as she would have Edenhall made she would consider it favorably and let him know sometime or other. He tried to please her, and was doing all he could to please her, but she exasperated and aggravated him in return; and now nothing remained for him but to go back to Galveston alone, disappointed, and saddened.

Chapter XX. The Bird of Paradise at Glenaveril. Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth.

"Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's my Pearly; that's my baby."

THE population of Galveston was more than four times as great as that of Augusta, and although there were six other medical practitioners in the city, he looked forward to the better chance he had of extending his practice in the large scope of the town and the outlying district.

Everything in readiness, a beginning of the new venture was made in the middle of autumn; and at first indeed it appeared that his efforts would be crowned with success. During the first few weeks he obtained appointments as medical officer to three different orders of medical benefit societies. This class of practice was quite the common thing about Galveston, because the bulk of the population consisted almost entirely of the middle classes, who nearly all belonged to lodges. Thus the remuneration of the lodge doctor was mutilated down to a mere fraction of the fees which he had been accustomed to receive in Augusta. He had been previously well-known to all the doctors before he left the States for Great Britain, and now he frequently acted

in conjunction with them in the treatment of critical cases. An old acquaintanceship between his father and the leading surgeon of the place and, in fact, of the whole country, was the means of his receiving a large amount of support from Dr. Bruce Ripsom—a man of great power of mind, and held in high repute over the whole of the sister States and the dominions of Mexico and Canada. He had been for thirty-eight years the senior surgeon of the Galveston hospital, and was brigade-surgeon of the United States military forces. From all points of the compass came to him cases before pronounced incurable, to go away relieved, and in the majority of cases cured by the superior skill of Dr. Ripsom. So successful had he been that his coffers were regularly filled with gold from all the neighbouring States, and sometimes he had patients from India, and even London, where in his early days he had been one of the beacon-lights of the science and art of surgery, and had been awarded a prize of five thousand pounds for his scheme for the ventilation of the Chrystal Palace

As the Crystal Palace was built in Hyde Park in 1851, and shifted to Sydenham in 1854, these 'early days' are viewed from Dutton's perspective, not his characters'.

at Sydenham. With the helping hand of this successful surgeon, Eugene was making excellent progress with his practice, and had through his patronage enjoyed many opportunities of performing operations in his presence, for which he had received the high commendation and public praise of the illustrious surgeon himself. Distracted by the giddiness of a girl whom he had married the year before, after maintaining his bachelorhood till the age of seventy, and who, to provoke and annoy him, had opened a common dancing saloon next door to his consulting rooms, the old surgeon entertained for months the idea of leaving the town and handing over his connection to Eugene. He had bought, out of the proceeds of his practice, two large cotton plantations, "Murrundong" and "Looloomoon," in North and South Dakota, and was seriously disposed to end his days in a comfortable quietude upon them. He subsequently did relinquish active practice in Galveston, and left the town for the country; but it was then too late to be of any advantage to his *protégé*.

With his little model of a mare and a cockaded groom in Lincoln-green livery, Eugene's buggy was fast becoming well known in the town. Rosie was counted as an attractive advertisement herself. For weeks he waited for his wife, locking up the house, going to an hotel for his meals and sleeping alone in the large building at night. Many visitors called to pay their respects to his wife, but though he made all sorts of excuses for her absence they waited so long for her coming that it began to be hinted in society that there was something wrong. Among those who found gossip as necessary as food and were starving for something to talk about, the idea spread like a circle in a river. Right or wrong, it was quickly filtered in the school for scandal from scandal-monger to scandal-monger, and magnified in height, length and breadth till it became a wide-spread canard; some going so far as to say that they didn't believe that she was his wife at all; others advanced the theory that he had run away from her and left her without any means of support. For months card after card was left, and calls made for Marvel, but all her husband could do was to lay the cards in the card-receiver, wait till the spirit moved the bird of Heaven in Edenhall, and make some excuse on her behalf. Letter after letter he posted to her with his own hand, begging her to come, but as usual during every period of her grass-widowhood she would either not answer at all or vouchsafe one curt reply to every ten epistolary letters.

After a delay of four months, the spirit moved the bird of Paradise, and in company with her indispensable cousin she came to Galveston one lovely spring morning to inspect the new house. He met them at the steamboat pier with his buggy, in order to drive them to the place, thinking she could not help, fastidious as she was, approving of it, but prepared to do anything to keep her in her proper home. Ever since he had first seen Marvel at the library, he had been infatuated with her. She was the *ignis fatuus*

A phosphorescent light seen hovering over marshy ground. Called Will-o-the-wisp, Jack-a-lantern, etc. Figuratively; a sign that leads astray. [OED Online](#).

of his life. The old adage about absence making the heart grow fonder applied in all its truth and force to Whitworth. He rejoiced in his heart that she was returning, and forgot all about her wanton and capricious ways till she stepped off the deck of the steamer with her cousin and haughtily said "I want to see the cab first;" to which he replied that the buggy was there and that there was plenty of room for three, as he had sent the groom back.

"No fear," said the airy bird: "that horse is too frisky for me: he bolted with me once before you know; Sukey and I can get a cab ourselves if it's too much trouble." They got a cab for themselves.

On the two vehicles arriving at the house, "Who could live in a house alongside of anybody else?" said the bird with its wings spread out; but after some little finessing they followed him inside to inspect the premises in quite an arch and patronising style. There was nothing in the house to please the bird—everything to displease the bird; the architect was fundamentally to blame for building two storeys instead of one; the garden was too small and there should have been five acres of ground about the house; the windows should not have wooden seams across them—they should have only one pane in each sash; the cooking-stove was the worst kind ever patented; the servant's room and kitchen should have been papered, not distempered

A method of painting, in which the colours are mixed with some glutinous substance. [OED Online](#). *n.2*.

; the pantries should have been varnished inside; there should be more wainscoting in the bedrooms and figured dadoes

The finishing of wood running along the lower part of the walls of a room, made to represent a finished pedestal; or any lining, painting, papering of the lower part of an interior wall, differing in material or colour from the upper part. [OED Online](#), sense 2.

on the walls of the dining-room and drawing-room. It was a *beast* of a shop. Her husband informed her that she wouldn't find many houses about Galveston with half an acre of ground, and invited the bird to walk upstairs to behold the finest bird's-eye-view in the town.

"Stairs," she said with a mighty sneer: "I do hate stairs: could you not get a house without stairs, and one like *my* house—Edenhall?" On seeing the extended landscape and the wide stretch of sea-coast, "Well, if you get another place in a few days Sukey and I need not go back just yet. Father will let me have Edenhall any time I like, and I would sooner live there than in this ranche," concluded the complaisant bird. On the understanding that he was to look out for a villa ornée with five acres of land and get it within a few days, the bird of Paradise and her cousin condescended to stay.

Soured against vanities by the ever-threatening danger of a life-long spinsterhood, the big awkward cousin was of a milder and infinitely more tractable and sensible disposition. Sukey was on the shady side of thirty, and seemed to have subsided into a state of calm resignation. During the few weeks she stayed at Galveston she confided to the doctor the information that Marvel was suspicious of the move to the sea-side because it was nearer to the city where Mrs. Downward was living; she further confessed that the petty and absurd jealousies of Marvel were more like the ways of a silly school-girl, and had no grounds at all. In a few days Eugene and his remote relation set off together to interview all the house-agents in the city, and look through any houses they might have to let; while Marvel stayed to entertain a visitor who had chanced to call. There was not an empty house in the principal streets which they did not inspect; the agent piloted them through others, where a vacation was anticipated, while the then tenants were at their dinners, and in some instances in bed. If the pains and trouble which the doctor was taking were not exhausted, the patience of Sukey was completely worn out.

"Take that one," she said, as they were leaving an ornamental two-storey building, with a fine garden, three acres of ground and a magnificent view; "never mind it being two-storeyed—take it whether she likes it or not." He, however, thought it best to show the bird herself through, explaining that if it did not suit there was no chance of another. Upon marshalling the bird of Heaven through the prospective home, everything passed examination with the one single exception of the second storey. This objection, however, she graciously and benevolently waived. He forfeited six months' rent of the other place, and took the new one, although its rent was three hundred dollars a year more. When the new furniture was placed in the new house, whose name was "Glenaveril," and the red lamp and brass plate were fixed up outside, the exertions of Eugene were renewed at his practice. Marvel had thoroughly settled down in contentment and appeared to be comfortable and happy. Her cousin had not stayed very long in Glenaveril, because a lover of hers who had of late turned up in the nick of time to save her from spinsterhood was pining away in Augusta for the return of the beloved pimp

A spy or informer. (Originally U.S., later Aus. and NZ slang). [OED Online](#).n.1, sense 2.

with the *retroussé*

Turned upward.[OED Online](#).

oil-and-whitening nose and the wig.

Situated upon the penultimate ridge of a sloping plain that extended away up from the sea and down again to the banks of the river, Glenaveril looked picturesquely conspicuous from either aspect, and the red light could be seen for a distance of ten miles. The practice had become greatly benefited by the change, as it stood in the same part of the town as many other doctors occupied, and was, so to speak, the medical pinnacle of Galveston. Cutting flowers for the chased solid silver epergne on the table, and sometimes feeding the canaries, for which the doctor still had a liking, Marvel would spend an hour every morning in the big choice garden, plucking tulips, hyacinths, flaming dahlias and immense Chinese chrysanthemums, and cutting heliotrope from the trellised work on the tessellated verandah. One circumstance to be noticed with regret was a great falling off in the number of *cartes de visite*, for which a little carved, polished oak tray was always at hand on an ornamental, rustic tulipwood console table in the drawing-room. From some cause, probably none other than that so many of the number as intended to call had already done so before her arrival, Monday morning came and Saturday night came, but for weeks no one came to see the interesting bird of Paradise. Some time was occupied by the liveried and cockaded groom driving her around to acknowledge the depositions of the *cartes* prior to her arrival; but when these duties ended she was left to her own reflections on the subject for months, while the doctor's theory that her patrons had all called and that such as had not called were staying away on account of the *canard* that had got wind in the minds of the *habitués* of fashionable society. It was a source of much annoyance to Marvel, and engendered in her mind a dislike to the Texas people in general and to her husband in particular for taking her to such an unsociable place.

"I'll get Brosie to speak to a few of them, Marvel," he said; Brosie knows all the *haut volée* High fliers.

in the town; he is doing nothing just at present, and I'm sure you can rely on Brosie; if once he promises to undertake the work he'll never fail."

"If he comes near the place," returned the lofty bird. "I'll slam the door in his face and go home to my own home next day."

Specially provided by the gods the divine Easter morn of the twenty-first day of the month of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, smiled upon the choirs of angels, who trumpeted into the world the birth of the paradisaal first-born. On that auspicious celestial day came in all the glory of cherubim and seraphim the little, weighty, firm and well-knitted child, that from the day of her benign birth was the apple of her father's eye and the sweetest treasure which he ever possessed. Nursing her, fondling her and playing with her, amusing her in all conceivable ways, she was the cherry-cheeked cherub of his life, and the messenger sent by Heaven with gifts from God to tone down the worry and turmoil of his expended life, and to irradiate his affections with the glow of esteem—to stand by him when no other woman was near; to brighten his long-suffering existence; to be the sun of his soul. Speedily she grew and fattened, till at six months of age she was as round and rosy as any child in Christendom—

*"Cheeks as soft as Christmas peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise."
Baby May. William Cox Bennett.*

How oft, as the years rolled on, had the vision of her sparkling love-lit eyes and the rosebud-bloom on her fruity cheeks come through the dreams of her father afar across the ocean in the deep, silent sorrow—the mourning of misfortune!

The episode proved to be highly beneficial to Marvel; she fretted less about the callers who never called; the visits of Brosie, the Christy minstrel, and the *bête noire*, who had not been heard of by the doctor for two years. She had something to occupy her mind now, and it was indeed something worth her mind. The old-fashioned doctor, who attended her by sitting in the surgery with Whitworth all the time, and the nurse had taken their departure, so that for the greater part of the day while her husband was away on his rounds she had the untrammelled love of the firstborn all to *her own self*. Her passion for music was checked, and the long hours of practice at the sweet-toned Mignon

Welte-Mignon piano.

were now devoted to the mignon

Small or delicate [OED Online](#).

baby and the Alexandra feeding-bottle, greatly to the benefit of the baby's welfare and healthy growth. In the evenings when her husband returned home she might play a little, while he waltzed around the drawing-room with baby in his arms, as with aunt Sally of old, till the filmy lids would close over her bright violet eyes, and he would rock her singing rock-a-bye baby in the cradle to sleep. Her little arms would wave and flutter as she saw him return, and she would struggle to get away from her mother for a Myosotis waltz around the room: none could exhilarate her, pacify her baby troubles, or soothe her like Eugene.

His mother, father, Dolly, Brosie, and the ramifications of the house of Whitworth affected visits now and then in the evenings, but were treated by Marvel in such a sullen and half-hearted manner that they for the most part preferred to stay away. Glue-pot Ike called to see the baby, and took away the fancy puff-box. Ike had a fancy eye for anything. His fingers were all prehensile>

Both 'capable of grasping and holding', [OED Online](#) sense 1, and 'avaricious', [OED Online](#) sense 2b.

feelers. Miriam, overflowing with tenderness and bounty towards all, picked out the little cherub as her idol and appointed herself nursery-maid, frequently wheeling her out in the wicker-carriage, and observing to the letter all the exacting instructions from the paradisaal mother. Even so, some petty fault was pounced upon daily by Marvel.

"If she sleeps more than half-an-hour she might die, so please wake her up, Mrs. Whitworth; don't take her close to the sea, where the air is strong; don't take her into any houses—there might be measles and smallpox in them; don't let anybody kiss her; take this bottle of smelling-salts and keep fanning her all the way if the sun comes out; don't forget to wipe her nose; caver her with the shawl if there's a breeze from the south." This code of rules and regulations for the road dictated by Marvel to the woman who had never found it necessary to buy a baby's feeding-bottle were, ludicrous as they seemed, religiously observed, and the only thanks accorded for

so doing were that the bird would snap her nose off when she returned, take the baby inside, and shut the door. The code was learned off by heart by Miriam on account of the danger of the old paradisaical bird migrating with the little bird of paradise to Edenhall. Brosie set it to music in a concerto in G. Dolly could sing it at a moment's notice without the music. Everything for six months glided smoothly along like the white-winged yachts on the mirror-like placid waters of the bay, with nothing to disturb the light ruffle on its breezy surface. The only debate of any importance was the burning question as to what name should be bestowed on the baby. Her father spoke strenuously in the earnest warmth of his new-born feelings, and musing within himself that baby was like a gift from God—a talisman and a harbinger of peace and bliss in his home—he urged the name of Dorothy Guinevere. Her mother—partly because the suggestion had come from him, and partly because she was anxious to imprint her own brand well upon it, and deck it out in her own unlucky colours—dissented from the name of Dorothy Guinevere *in toto*. She wanted to give it the ornithological and mineralogical name of Birdie Sapphire. The great and mighty name of Gould she could not be expected to sleep peacefully without, and in order to associate the baby with the avocation of the great coal-miner she insisted that it should be called by the name of some mineral or precious stone, such as "Pearl, for instance." she said.

"Pearl!" said the doctor, laughing—"What mine produces pearls? You might as well call her 'jelly,' for the pearl comes out of the oyster. Try another dive for a name."

"Don't be so clever," cynically sneered Marvel. "I did not say I would call it Pearl. I intend to call it Pearly Imogen Gould."

"You might, while you are about it, tack Whitworth on," said her husband, and settled it was to be Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth. The full name of *the* bird of Paradise was Marvel Imogen Narramore Gould, so that with two of her own brands Pearly's mother was satisfied.

Marching to the music of the jubilee bells of St. John's, the grandmother and mother of Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth proceeded to the ivy-girdled church, Marvel wheeling the wicker-carriage at the side of Miriam, who carried the baby in her arms, clothed in a long white linen robe and a fleecy white hood. At the vestibule of St. John's she received her first lesson from Miriam in charitable ministration by dropping a dollar put into her little plump hand into the poor-box. Then when the organ played the chant of the Benedictus the sign of the Cross was made with baptismal water upon her smooth ivory forehead, and in the name of her Father in heaven she received the submarine and historical name. After a commination

Possibly an error; this refers to a service including a recital of divine threatenings against sinners. [OED Online](#).

service had been celebrated by the same old minister as had christened Pearly's father, the little contingent departed for home. Eugene voted himself an extraordinary glass of wine that night, and after a frolic with the infantile *dansuese* he rocked her in lullaby rhythmical cadences in the cradle to sleep in the blue-and-silver boudoir.

The life of the little family at Glenaveril was as bright as the summer day was long, and it was all on account of Pearly. Pearly was the strong link forged to bind the fitful and fickle Marvel more firmly than the iron chain at the altar of her marriage, to focus their mutual affections on the one point, and make her divergent rays impinge together with the loves of Eugene upon the one object; to make them cling together for the sake of the common interest of them all. This idea never entered his wife's head at all. She had no sentiment, no depth of moral feeling, no thought for the future good name and moral *clanc timbre*

Uncertain; possibly 'purity'.

of the child. Money and gaiety had been her gods as far as he had known her, and they seemed to be her gods her whole life through.

The great surgeon, Dr. Bruce Ripsom, since the inauguration of the dancing saloon had often drowned his displeasure at short intervals in carousals on bitter beer and gin. He became a staunch advocate of the principle that alcohol produces a pleasing forgetfulness of disagreeable surroundings. When he was thus sufficiently drowned he would often become rude and obtrusive, calling up his friends in the middle of the night to drown him deeper still.

One night when Whitworth was attending a case of accident on the railway, Bruce called shortly after midnight, and furiously three times rang the night bell at Glenaveril—not loud enough to arouse the somnolent servant, but with sufficient clamorous jangle to alarm the contents of the cradle and the bird of the Heaven above.

"Who's there?" she called from the upstairs bedroom window.

"It'ch me," replied the voice.

"Who's me?" inquired the bird.

"Don't cher know old B-B-Bruce Ri-Rip-som?" replied the voice.

"The doctor is out," said the bird—"don't think he'll be back till late; but if you like I'll open the door and you can wait."

"Village B-B-Belle closed; Blue Dr-Dr-agon closed; Q-Q-Q in the Corner closed; Old Brown B-Barrel closed; Old (hiccup) Crown closed; Boosers' Club closed; want a drink," stammered Bruce, hiccuping and staggering into the passage, while Marvel ran for the whisky-stand and a big tumbler.

"How d'ye like living here, my dear?" said the nocturnal swain.

"Pretty well, doctor, thank you; here's the whisky," said Marvel.

"D'ye ever see old Porter's ghost about these parsh?" said the ambrosial doctor, after two consecutive whiskies, both over three fingers.

"Old—Porter's—ghost?" slowly repeated the astonished Marvel.

"Yes: old Porter's (hiccup) ghost; old Joe Porter that (hiccup) hanged himself in (hiccup) the stable here last (hiccup) summ'r," he explained. Two more drinks, and he left.

On what trifling events does the mechanism of life depend—on what filmy wheels. The fates of empires have depended upon a look: the battle of Waterloo on the weighty somnolence of Napoleon and the "horrible fault" of Gruchy

Marshal Grouchy, commander of the right wing of Napoleon's forces in this campaign.

: the history of the world upon the elements of probabilities. It was overturned by the beauty of Helen. All the world is a lottery, all its blessings and its trials the children of chance. The reign of peace at Glenaveril ended with the idle words about the suicide. Eugene had his old benefactor to thank for incessant carplings from Marvel, until she left the house. Afraid to go to bed again that night—expecting to see the ghost of old Joe Porter open every window that rattled, or door that creaked—she sat in terror and horror till her husband returned.

"That was a nice trick to play upon me," she began. "I had a beautiful house of my own at Edenhall. I left that luxurious home and all my friends in Maconville to come to this fearful and dreadful morgue."

"What morgue?" said Eugene: "it's more like a mad-house."

"Very smart of you to deceive me," she continued, "about that man you said had *left* here last summer; but you haven't deceived me long, thank God. I'll go straight back to-morrow, and take Pearly with me. As far as you are concerned, you can go and hang yourself in the stable where old Joe Porter did when we are gone."

She was manifesting a natural evolution of distrust. There was no more truth in what the old man said than there is green cheese in the moon.

"It wasn't there at all that he even died," returned Eugene "I know better than old Ripsom, and I know that he was pulled out of the water in the little back bath-room at the Coach and Six. He took a fit in the bath"—giving Marvel a succinct account of the death of old Joe Porter in language so cunningly poised as not to harrass her feelings.

"More lies and deceit," retorted the bird of Heaven. "I prefer to believe Dr. Ripsom, drunk as he was; it was just the time he would tell the truth, and I have made up my mind to go."

Why on earth did he not let her go—let her go till she had picked up some way or other a few grains of common sense—instead of pandering to her whims and fanning the flames of her fancies? Why didn't he let her go, and keep his precious child in spite of her, with her luxurious Edenhall—*her own*? Better by far than throwing away the golden opportunities for advancement in Galveston, throwing away too the money for which he had wrought, and the prize won by Moss Rose, to find her in the end nothing but a fraud—a thorn in his side and a millstone around his neck, as the unoffending Guinevere had warned him—a hidden rock in the sea of troubles upon which the barque must founder sooner or later.

Six months passed, but the importunate peevishness of Marvel increased. It never showed one symptom of decline. She left the house surreptitiously within a week, taking the baby with her, and leaving a message with the servant that she would return when he got her another abode. She vanished like a wraith, leaving no other sign of her going. One little word, and the fair palace of hope and bliss wherein lay buried jealousy, enmity, malice, and passion—one little word, and down came the proud edifice of his labour of love, and away flew the beauteous bird which he had been trying so hard to lure; though it was impossible for him to tell from which o' the airts the fickle wind might blow. He had a six months' tenure of the house to expire, and tried to sublet it, although it was contrary to the agreement. Failing this, he took another similar house nearer the river, and shifted his furniture into it, leaving Glenaveril to take its chance of a new tenant. It remained empty up till the expiry of the lease, and he paid six months' rent for nothing. The third house which he provided for the migratory bird had a striking and grand appearance, overlooking the whole town and a wide reach of the fore-shore. After five months' stay in Edenhall, the bird, probably from climatic influences, migrated with the baby, and settled down again with her husband. He had an office or surgery in one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, and was away for the greater part of the day and for two hours every night. His sweet-tempered not-at-all-cantankerous mother-in-law having a penchant for the sea here intruded her presence for a space of thirteen weeks; till, hearing that her husband, the great rock-borer, had engaged the services of a youthful widow with one child as housekeeper of a New Orleans suburban domicile which he had established

away from the hurly-burly of city hotels, she hastily left to give him in charge, after three months' quarreling with Marvel and the servants like a lot of Kilkenny cats.

If the bird of Paradise had no visitors at Glenaveril, she consoled herself with the blissful thought that she was not forgotten by a flaming old friend, an old sweetheart, who came all the way from New Orleans by steamer in the evenings, to leave again in a hurry the same night, just before Eugene would arrive home. This fascinating *fin de siècle* exquisite was a dangerous coxcomb, a wool-merchant's clerk (supposed to be), who always chose the very time that the doctor was in attendance at his consulting rooms in another part of Galveston for his evil intentions.

"What am I to assume that was?" said Eugene sharply to his wife, as he entered the gale one evening after leaving his consulting rooms.

"What was?" repeated Marvel, her face dyed blood-red.

"If I am not mistaken I fancy I saw you holding Pearly in your arms at the door and kissing some man that went out at the gate," he continued, walking up to the agitated bird of Heaven as she stood in the doorway.

"Oh! well, and if I did: what has it got to do with you? I knew him before you. He kissed me three times in the dining-room," as if she was very glad of the opportunity of saying so.

The next evening visit of the aspiring interloper came to an abortive end. Meeting him as he watched for him on the pier, before the gaze of a steamboat load of passengers—"Is your name Clifford?" said Eugene.

"It is," said the exquisite, pulling on a new pair of gloves.

"Well, Mr. Clifford," returned Eugene, while the crowd began to notice his attitude and gather around, "if you come crawling about my place again I'll take you by your dirty throat and throw you over the gate into the gutter."

The venomous reptile crawled up to a policeman, who accompanied him to a cab-stand; but that curiosity-excited crowd on the pier never knew what was the cause of the *rencontre*

For *rencounter*, a hostile encounter or skirmish. [OED Online](#), senses 1a, 1b.

. It added a little pith to the rife scandal of the town: it pointed the moral and adorned the tale. It was only an ephemeral rumour, and the doctor heard no more of it till he found a letter—one his wife had written to her cousin—describing what a fool he had made of himself by insulting her friend, who had never been near the place since. Taking the letter, he handed it over to her and quietly said, "If this letter is an index of your notions of right and wrong, would you have written it on the day you were wedded to me?" She held down her guilty countenance and answered not a word: when in passionate and indignant tones he hurled at her—"If I don't defend you and my child from calumny, do you imagine that interloping scoundrel would?" but she answered not a word, and with a faltering hand she feigned to dust the side-board, affecting a half-hysterical laugh. "If you can hold that little angel while you consort with a devil from hell, the angel will in time abandon you, and rightly too, and you will groan in a hell as long as you live." But she answered not a word. Her only reply to his withering denunciation was a sort of half-cynical smile.

Slamming the door behind him, while Pearly cried from fright, he left the house and slept on the couch in the surgery in the town. Full of aroused anger, fiery in temper, he would rage at an insult with all the fury of a maelström, anon to subside into the calm brooding of the dove. The next morning he seemed to have forgotten and forgiven, and the quietude of the home called "The Elms" was undisturbed for a year.

Chapter XXI. Valentine Gordon Whitworth. The Election for the State Legislature.

MARMADUKE PAYNE, Bachelor of Laws and Barrister-at-law of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, had laid his lines in unlucky places when he prematurely relinquished his prospects in New Orleans and narrowed down his field of practice to the inferior town of Augusta. Relying when he removed to the smaller field on the oft-repeated promises of support from his wife's father's old friend the coal-miner and suburban retreat proprietor, he had waited nearly three years, to derive not a farthing's worth of benefit from the great man, who, although he commanded a vast interest in Augusta and district, never put a cent in Marmaduke's way. Of late he had certainly to a very large extent removed his pecuniary interests in Augusta and Maconville to investments in city properties, and for the most of his spare time he lived in the villa which he had built in the suburbs of New Orleans, beguiling himself with the charms of the cuddlesome young housekeeper.

It was, however, an innovation on Marmaduke's part to attempt to establish a practice as a barrister in Augusta. None before him had ever thought of leaving; his chambers in the outer temple of law in the city. A new Act of Congress introduced and enacted since that time, had placed all barristers and solicitors on the same

footing, allowing them to engage in the branches which theretofore had been special to each; so that it was quite a common thing to see an ordinary solicitor who had never lived a day of university life in the classical inner temple donning a wig and barrister's gown with far more assurance and asseveration than the *élite* barristers themselves. The judges of the Supreme Court did not, however, appear to approve of the enactment of Congress, and were frequently suspected of showing unmerited harshness towards the emulous solicitors, and a great amount of favoritism towards the barristers, properly so called. To preserve unspoiled the prestige of the barrister was to succeed; to compromise it by practising both ways was to court failure. This became so well known a fact that it was growing to be a rare thing for an ordinary solicitor to be seen entrusted with any important case before a judge of the Supreme Court; so that the Act of Congress, whose cardinal object was the cheapening of litigation, defeated its own ends, insomuch nearly all the work was performed by a monopoly of barristers in the city, and the average solicitor was relegated to his own particular sphere: where, metaphorically speaking, pulling the strings with the successful barristers against the Act, he raised his fees in all the big causes which the barristers handled.

Two years Marmaduke had been established in Augusta, but he had not saved a dollar, and even if had tried to save money it is questionable if he could have made it to save. The Seven Stars Hotel and the little card-room, quite a miniature Monte Carlo in Augusta, had absorbed nearly all his earnings. Upon the average he found himself very much out, and, indeed, amongst all the players the only one who seemed to derive any profit from the gambling was the publican himself, and outside of the publican the gas company. They slowly but surely fleeced all the others.

"I think I'll give up the notion of staying here another year, Guinevere," he said one morning after a bad night at the hotel, when she called at the office with Cyril, as her husband had not been home all night; "it agrees with you and Cyril I daresay, but it doesn't agree with me."

"Oh! Marmaduke," she replied: "you know you need not let that stand in your way. The main object is your success, and nothing would please me more than to see you get on well; so don't trouble about Cyril and me, for we are ready to go with poor papa,"—kissing the child and in tears—"anywhere in the world; won't we darling? I think it would be much better if you did leave this place, and if I were you, wherever you go, I would keep away from those treacherous hotels. The landlord only wants your money, and when your back is turned, after having seen the worst side of you, he will speak harmfully of you and impair your chances. Where do you think of going, Marmaduke?"

"Back to New Orleans," he answered: "if you don't mind."

"Mind! Marmaduke! why should I mind?" she smiled, and opened her big soft violet eyes: "I shall be happy to go anywhere, and I shall always be happy, no matter what happens, as long as I am with my little pet:" taking Cyril up and kissing him again.

"Very well," he said: "I shall go dawn to the city to-morrow and take an office in the old chambers. I may be a week or so away, as I have another project in view. Here's a letter I got from Whitworth this morning."

"Oh! yes: that is his writing: how is he getting on, I wonder, in Galveston. It is all about Marvel and Moss Rose I suppose," she said.

"Not at all: it's all about me," and he handed her the letter:—

"The Elms, Galveston, 12th Aug., 1848.

My dear Marmaduke,—

All hail! I thought of drawing your attention to a first-class opening for the legislature here, and I wish to urge upon you the great influence you will acquire for increasing your business, if you win the seat. I consider you would stand a first-rate chance. One of the representatives died last week. I attended to him and wrote out his death certificate this morning. The President will declare a vacancy here in due course, and if you have the luck to fill it you would profit largely. If you ever think of re-establishing yourself in New Orleans I need hardly say it would be better for you to make the city your head-quarters and Galveston a branch. You have friends of your own here, and a great many have spoken to me about Mrs. Payne. My father has a good deal of influence in the town among the working classes, and you might count on the support of the Orange lodges. We have such a splendid little baby-girl, so if Mrs. Payne will come with you and bring Cyril we will be glad to see you once again.

Yours faithfully,

With best wishes,

EUGENE WHITWORTH."

"Oh! how good of Eugene," she said, folding the letter; "I always told you he was a good fellow, and you can depend on what he says;" whereupon Marmaduke concluded, rising from the office table over which he had sat waiting for clients so long in vain—"If I see about the chambers in the city first, I could meet you and Cyril at the steamer. Legislature or no legislature, I mean to leave this place as soon as I can."

Next morning he proceeded to the city, and on the following day, meeting them at Mississippi Quay and postponing the engagement of chambers in New Orleans, they all steamed away over the blue waters to Galveston. There they were welcomed by Eugene, and conducted to his home, The Elms. The sight of Guinevere was as gratifying to Eugene as ever, and, although she hesitated about going to the house, as she had not been invited by Marvel, he insisted upon her throwing her ceremonious scruples to one side on the festive and much-honoured occasion. Marvel had given orders to the servant to prepare an elaborate lunch, and had even with her own paradisaic hands made what she called "*Croutades Marie Louise*" for the table, anxious to display the exquisite taste with which the bird of Paradise could prepare a ceremony of the kind. All the wedding presents were very much *en evidence*. *Hors d'œuvre* stands and valuable plate, in the shape of silver butter-boats, chased silver cruets, morocco

Made of or covered with morocco leather.[OED Online](#), sense 2.

cases of fish-knives and forks, dessert knives and forks, were all on view on the chippendale side-board, decorated with mauve orchids and great bunches of deep-crimson roses, while a heavy mahogany case of carving knives and forks (three sizes), dinner knives and forks, breakfast and dessert knives and forks, about a hundred in all, were placed with the lid open to show the blue silk lining of the precious present and the implements, all hall-marked, lying in their little soft blue beds in the case, upon a dinner-waggon near the door, and on a porphyry

A very hard, purplish-red rock quarried in the eastern desert of Egypt for ornamental use; or any attractive red or purple stone taking a high polish. [OED Online](#), sense 2a.

pedestal stood the great emerald bird of Paradise mounted on silver so as to attract the attention of any one entering. The snow-white cloth on the pompadour table was decorated with double crescents of hibiscus, roses and begonias laid flat, while artistically-arranged sprays of flowers, white predominating, stood upright. Lovely clusters of godetias filled the cut crystal glass flower-containers, supported on a rustic design of fire-gilt brass, and placed punctiliously about the table were most fascinating tiny cruets of reedy glass, with silver mounts and bright cut crystal Venetian tall and slender decanters. After arranging the table, Marvel sat at the window watching the steamer come in and her husband meet his friends.

When the servant had finished the cooking, there being only one in the employ of Marvel at the time (and this one also had given notice of quittal), she was arranged to appear as a housemaid, with a nurse's white cap and a new white lace apron, in order to answer the bell in becoming style.

The repast being quite ready, the visitors arrived in nice time for a gushing reception by Marvel, who appeared to be suffering from the delusion that she was holding a reception in a nutshell of all the visitors who had forgotten to call.

"Let Pearly sit beside me on her high chair," said the doctor, who had already rigged her up aloft and triced her to the stilted-legged baby-chair.

"No I won't: she must go out: ring the bell for the housemaid," snapped the bird of Heaven; but when he again urged his little girl's presence, Marvel snatched her roughly out of the chair, which was capsized by her hurry-scurry. The little child had put her finger on a flower, and was summarily bundled neck and crop out of the door, after the same fashion as Mrs. Gould might have pitched out the swallows from the little nest in the stable.

"Shall I send out Cyril to play with her?" said Guinevere.

"No," replied Marvel: "he is older, he can stay," with an insinuation that if he were a week younger than he was she would bundle him out too, and that his mother should have left him at home, as the bird of Paradise did not take so much pains with those flowers to please two children. The doctor soon followed Pearly through the door, rescued her crying from the housemaid, and sat her on the chair again beside him, whereupon the bird of Heaven forfeited her sweet angelic temper, and made the guests feel quite uncomfortable.

Little Pearly Imogen enjoyed the entertainment as much as anybody, and sipped the nectar from a red dolly wineglass of raspberry vinegar, while Eugene and Marmaduke quaffed the good old crusty Falernian wine.

A variety celebrated in the Roman Empire. See for example Catullus 27.

The luncheon being over, the doctor drove his friend around the town, while Guinevere and Marvel stayed

at home with the children. Old Christopher infused great hopes into the mind of the aspiring politician, and assured him of the suffrages of the bulk of the working classes, the government departments, the shipping interests, and last, but not least, the Orange Societies. He could fairly well guarantee all that; but beyond that he could not give a conscientious opinion. He had not mixed much with the upper ten thousand, although they knew him well enough; but they were in reality only the coping-stone of the building. The main support consisted almost entirely of the Orange lodges, of which he was right worshipful past grand master and patriarch, together with the government departments and those of the working classes employed, in the building trade. It was his firm belief, as the saying was, that a new candidate would jump the seat.

The doctor's old school-master, a man of great influence with the upper classes, and middle classes too, all the medical gentlemen—including the great gun, Dr. Bruce Ripsom, who had not yet forgiven himself for the blunder on the night when he had roused out the bird from Heaven—and all the legal fraternity promised him their full and unqualified support, so that before he left the town, he had fully made up his mind to offer himself to the electors at the bye-election.

While the peregrinations of the doctor and the lawyer were in vogue about the streets, "How do you get on with *him*?" said Marvel to Guinevere; "he seems too slow for my fancy."

"Get on with him! how do you think I should get on with him?" said her gentle companion; "I always do all I can to please him, and I think sometimes he is very hard to please when he has been out all night, especially if he has lost any money and doesn't feel fit to go to the office. I never quarrel with my husband, nor anybody if I can avoid doing so. Life is too short for quarreling. I know that he would be better at home than in the Seven Stars Hotel all night; but if he doesn't feel well I make him egg-flips, beef-tea, and chicken broth, and soon get him well again—dear old Marmaduke."

"Egg-flips! beef-tea! chicken broths!!" exclaimed the scared bird of Heaven; "do you make those things for *him* when he has been out all night drinking? I would see him starve first, and if he got drunk I would give him in charge of the police. My mother advised me, if my husband ever did that, to throw up the windows or run out of the house and scream for the police on the top of the hill, and I intend to do it on the first opportunity I get. "Beef-tea, indeed!" as she swept out of the room: "Beef-fool you, more like!"

Her keen black eyes sparkled with her utterances, but the soft dreamy violet eyes of the dignified and tranquil, the refined and pensive Guinevere, conscious of her superiority, seemed to pity rather than rebuke her.

Coming back in the buggy with Marmaduke and the doctor, old Christopher Whitworth, the right worshipful past grand master of the Orange Societies, stopped at the gate of The Elms, stretching out his arms, yawning with the air of one whose desires were impossible of fulfilment, and saying he would rather walk back straight home to his little cabouche

Uncertain.

than go inside, he left them to re-enter by themselves.

"Well, Guinevere," began Marmaduke, "you haven't seen much of Augusta, but how would you like to live here?"

"Oh! I would like it well enough, but what about the office in the city?" she replied.

"Yes, I must get a house in one of the suburbs—which one would you prefer?" he asked, and she said any one he thought would be most convenient for his practice. He had fully made up his mind, he told her, to contest the election, and suggested that she could come to The Elms occasionally to see Mrs. Whitworth.

"Oh! yes," she thoughtfully replied: "Cyril will come down to play with Nearly whenever he can; but there's only a quarter of an hour to catch the boat, so I'm ready if you are. Kiss me good-bye. Pearly dear, and another kiss for Cyril." Away the visitors went, as the fifteen minutes bell rang on the steamer, and sailed away to New Orleans *en route* for Augusta, consigning to the doctor the task of engaging accommodation for them on their return to the city in the event of the new candidate being successful.

On the twenty-fifth day in the month of December, 1848, to weld still stronger the chain of Eugene's attachment to his wife, and to reflect the image of Eugene himself in every lineament and expression of his face, with a great flourish of loud timbrels and trumpets heralded into the uncertain world of man, came the first-born son and heir to the new Elysium.

The day after, the alarmed old wifey of the suburban villa proprietor returned from the trail of the old rover's movements in the metropolis of the adjoining State, where she had shadowed him for months. Upon first casting eyes upon the new-born babe, scowling she knitted her nasty old brows, shrivelled her bile-coloured old forehead into goose-skin, and ogling the baby in the cradle she straightway pronounced judgment like a savage Spartan father of old. His chief fault according to the alarmed woman with the goose-skin forehead and the bilious brows was that he looked slightly undeveloped, as if he had come an hour or so too soon and should have waited for the return of the goose-skin forehead and the bilious brows. He had no peacock blue about his skin, there being no abnormal opening in the ventricles of his heart to suffuse his veins with the beloved tints; on the other hand, it was a remarkably delicate integument, almost on his temples and his eyelids, showing, as

through a misty veil, the vermilion blood-vessels running riot underneath. "No peacock blue about him," said his father; but the truculent old woman exclaimed that "*hit* was ower sma' and might as weel be dead." In three months the much-abused baby could pull that vicious old woman's nose, and at three years he could trip her into the gutter, although she was as tough and coarse as an old hippopotamus and had the ways of some old hospital hag.

The old feeding-bottle, that had stood his little sister in such good stead, was ceremoniously taken from its hiding-place, and duly brought to bear upon the little baby boy, with truly marvellous results. In that generation, few American mothers could suckle a child *morê materno*, as their own mothers did *them*, and from some obscure cause upon the slightest pretext they reverted to the bottle. The bird of Paradise was a striking example of this defect; she hadn't the pluck or the desire to try—if Pearly Imogen Gould and Valentine Gordon had depended for their sustenance upon their mother, they would never have survived a day. Soon his little muscles swelled out, and his firm sinews delineated their strong bony connections amongst the growing fatness of his legs and arms; his skin took on a healthy action, and the contour of his bright and pleasant face grew more like his father's every day.

"Blue eyes again, Marvel," observed his father: "sure to be something blue about him. I'll warrant he will grow up as hardy and bold as any boy in the dominion."

So like was the baby to his father in facial appearance and form, and even in his little, restless, enterprising ways, that Eugene considered that he should have the proprietary right of naming the baby according to his own fancy, and especially as Pearly Imogen Gould had been the choice of his mother and contained the brand of the great and mighty potentate of coal.

"I'll call him Valentine Gordon. I had an uncle, a master of a whaling ship, called Valentine, who was drowned at sea by being thrown overboard and stunned in the sudden flurry of a death-stricken eighty-barrel right whale off the Kermadec Islands

[sic] The Kermadec Islands.

. It will be an appropriate Latin name, because I know he will grow up firm and strong. There had been one too, an uncle for baby, who, had he lived, would have shed the generous blessing of the milk of his human kindness over his young life: so," said Eugene, "Valentine Gordon shall be his name." Marvel's blood relations were both unsuitable for copying their names, and thinking the proposed name more patrician than the general run of the ones of her other relations, she acquiesced in the right of his father to name him. Thus no other name was put forward, while the nasty bilious-browed old grandmother held aloof from the discussion, and said she didn't care what he was called as he was no good to anybody, and there was nothing to be "fashions" about.

Within a few weeks of the twenty-fifth of December, his more gracious and affectionate grandmother, Miriam, called for him as a matter of course. Amidst the clanking jubilation of the bells of St. John's, she carried him and held him in her arms at the baptismal font long before the pealing bells had ceased their din, where during the christening ordeal the officiating apostle received from the principal performer—Valentine himself—a sudden back-hander for the trouble which he took in making the watery cross upon his filmy forehead, and the new-born little doctor made his exodus from the church homeward-bound. Arriving with his brand-new name, his father stood admiring him, as if threatening—

"To impale, upon his scimitar's sharp point, the knave

That toucheth this, his first-born son and heir."

Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus, IV.ii; originally, 'He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point/ That toucheth this...'

The city proper and municipality of Galveston returned three representatives to the State legislature. It was the principal political centre, and for years had been the stronghold of the State-governor himself. The present was a bye-election, necessitated by the death of one of the former representatives.

During the birth and baptismal ceremonies of Valentine Gordon, the work of canvassing and stumping the town was proceeding apace. Three candidates presented themselves. There was a government party and an opposition party; a party of conservatives and free-traders, and party of liberal-radical protectionists. To the former party Marmaduke and an influential brass-founder belonged; to the latter, the proprietor of an extensive fellmongery

A business concerning the preparation of the skins or hides of animals. [OED Online](#).

. None showed more industry in collecting votes, or in supplying barrels of beer to the stevedores, the government employées, and the drought-stricken navvies of the town than did the great gun, the operating military surgeon, whose wife opened and conducted a dancing saloon. He would clear out the brewery and send its lorries laden with beer to all quarters of the town with his compliments and requests that the thirsty stevedores, railway men, and navvies should do him the honour of swallowing down the health of the irresistible, superlative Marmaduke Payne.

Old Christopher Whitworth mustered the tribes of his doughty Orangemen and all his old colleagues in the

Crown lands department, many of whom had left Shrewsbury, in England, and were then residents of Galveston. He left no stone unturned among the main supports of the political edifice, now and then putting in a word with any duke he might meet in his perambulations. In doing so, however, he raised the animus and boiling blood of the Papists, who came out in swarms to frustrate his efforts. The gold harp of Erin, on a large green banner, fluttered on the breeze in the sweet-scented atmosphere of the fellmongery, the proprietor of which was none other than the man of the Sun bone-mill fame, who had sickened of Madame and left her at Augusta two years before—the old Silenus

In Greek mythology, the companion of Dionysus, and leader of the Satyrs. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

, Rudolph Hind, the bone - miller. A bitter feeling was engendered among the populace: the principle of men and individuals—not measures—held sway over the parliamentary arena. It quickly became a fight amongst the electors whether they would elect brass whom they knew or hides whom they also knew—a fight between the brassfounder and the tanwasher, between the brassfoundry and the fellmongery—a battle between polish and stench.

A public holiday was proclaimed, and upwards of ten thousand votes recorded. The rancorous feeling between the Orange party and the Roman Catholic party proved to be a great boon to the comparatively unknown Marmaduke. He was a stranger to both parties and stood upon neutral ground aloof from personal animosities. He slipped in thuswise at the head of the poll, and as there was only one seat vacant neither the party of King William nor the adversarial party of Pope Pius IX. could claim a victory over each other. He had been elected—declared the State Governor—by a majority of eight hundred and seventy-six. The light-fingered Gluepot Ike was scrutineer for Marmaduke, in an empty house on the old Kent road. He only got a pen and a bottle of ink; still, as he said, it was something, and he hoped to do better next time.

As the elated Marmaduke stood upon a little wooden frame-work outside the sill of a second storey window of the Village Belle Hotel to return his thanks for the honour of being placed at the head of the poll by such a proud majority, in a long speech his tongue seemed never to know when to stop wagging. Most of the crowd had left before he was half-way through his fawning, flattering, flowery speech, smacking very much of an address to the jury, and an impeachment of his defeated antagonists. The electors had not gone to the spot to hear oratory, but to a presumptive American Donnybrook fair

A riotous or uproarious meeting. [OED Online](#).

in order to ascertain, in the most indelicate manner possible, if they could find anybody to tread on their corns, or even the tails of their coats

Presumably, seeking out a fight.

. They further anticipated a supply of beer at the ambrosial Bruce's

Uncertain; possibly a reference to Robert the Bruce of Scotland.

expense—but it didn't matter whose—from the brewery. Now that the victory was beyond all question, the generous old doctor abruptly buttoned up his pockets, and Marmaduke had no money to throw away. The landlord of the Seven Stars had all that he ever earned deposited in the Augusta savings' bank.

In consequence of the drought, the crowd dispersed quietly to their homes, and the new member for North Galveston walked away to the steam-boat pier, attended by the two Whitworths, the old but good-customer-for-the-brewery surgeon, and a small sprinkling of the *devotées* of Freetrade with China. Before leaving, however, he appeared to be slightly overcome by the frequent acknowledgment of the toasts proposed to his health and success, and it occurred to Eugene that the excitement of political life would prove a trifle strong for Marmaduke, and that the free bar at the House of Representatives would find him there oftener than the floor of the legislature. In the art of sing-tai-loo and Yankee-grab he had, during his sojourn at Galveston, received a few valuable wrinkles from the impecunious Brosie, and as to card-playing, the game of forty-fives, which he had thoroughly mastered at the little card-room in the Seven Stars, would find a much broader scope in the new parliamentary club which he expected the new member would be ballotted into on the nomination of one of his colleagues. In the possession of the parliamentary club he had heard that sacred to the members were knottier series of bars and a suite of rooms for gambling purposes, where often in the dawn of the coming day members were regularly seen to stagger into hansom cabs and be driven home to sleep, instead of to their offices on business.

The presentiment proved only too true. Marmaduke fell. The seat in the House of Legislature turned out to be a stepping-stone beyond the card room of the Seven Stars towards the life-long spoliation of his friend; it was a milestone on his road to rack and ruin, body and soul, irretrievable. What Euclid is to the practical utilisation of the science of geometry, such was his short career at legislation to the shame of his blighted after-life. Within six months, as a penniless profligate he was hounded out of circumspect society, to hide his diminished head in the bush. It was the fate of the constant and clinging Guinevere to toil with her needle and thread to keep them from starving and to keep Cyril at school. I.O.U. notes, promissory notes, bills overdue and

underdue, kites, writs, summonses, fraud summonses and warrants of distraint poured into the lap of the longsuffering seamstress, whose passionate prayer at the cot of her child, repeated by little Cyril himself, was for the redemption and the rehabilitation of her husband—never to be answered even by an effort on his part to reform—never to be granted by the merciless powers above. In rags and shame he wandered about the bush earning a few shillings killing cotton-blight, and spending them forthwith in the nearest den he could find; while by the side of her fever-stricken Cyril sat the fair statuesque form of his undeserving girl-wife in anguish over his prolonged absence from the little home, which she contrived to keep together, praying fervently for his amelioration and for the salvation of his drifting soul. With mendicancy written on his face, and none so poor as now to do him reverence, he sponged about the country bars, and day after day he lay drunk at their gates while the dogs came and licked his sores. Ichabod, Ichabod,—how soon had his glory departed!

Cyril was always a delicate child. He had been plucked like a brand from the fire by Whitworth before his own unhappy union with Marvel. Again he depended upon Eugene for his life. So much as he could decorously give, helped to keep the little home in North Galveston into which they had removed after his downfall in the city, and much of his money and exertion was spent in the wild-goose chase of reinstating the once honourable Marmaduke Payne. So far on the road to ruin had he travelled, that becoming exhausted by starvation and powerless to turn back, he finally got into the hands of the police. He was arrested as a vagrant. Whitworth was the means of his liberation time after time, and even shepherded him and nursed him as Guinevere did herself, in the endeavour to place him under treatment for the vile malady which had befallen him. To help him out of the slouch of despond was labour in vain; he had not the necessary desire to rise, and he stubbornly baulked all the efforts of his friend and his wife. It were as easy to make the leopard change his spots. The promises which he made to Guinevere were never intended to be kept, and even she was treated, when she humiliated herself bathed in tears before him and implored him to make them, with the utmost callousness and indifference. Toiling and struggling and scheming, her few shillings earned by the making of pinafores and dresses for children in the town he took away from her aching fingers with the true greed of a hopeless drunkard, and left her without a farthing for herself and her child. "With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red," she fretted at the side of the ever-ailing Cyril, making and stitching for any who might patronise her, and mending the clothes for her own little child till all hours of the night—stitching, worrying, stitching, with a gnawing pain at her heart, encouraged only by the pole-star of sorrow—the hope that springs eternal in the human breast.

Cyril after an attack of subacute broncho-pneumonia, again was restored to convalescence, and thankful for one mercy, she resigned herself as one foredoomed in the incomprehensible gloom to toil, destitution and misery. No purer woman ever gave birth to a son; no gentler hands ever slaved to maintain him and advance him in the cold, unkind world. No brave heart ever bore more from a thankless husband, or tried harder to redeem him from evil than did the girl of science from the cloisters of the University—the perfect, the undefiled, the sweet, the calm and the rare Guinevere.

Chapter XXII. The Corinthian Cup. Game Till Death.

THE machinations of the champion horse-trainer of the States—the astute and shrewd trainer of the valiant Moss Rose—did not culminate in the victory of the Coronation Plate. This was not the only object which the long-headed Billy Fox had in view. The win had been a most meritorious one for the little horse, and the win of the trainer-king himself had amounted to nearly five thousand dollars. He bought the hotel, in the name of his wife. Mrs. Fox was a native of British Guiana, and she was almost as competent in horse-training as old Billy himself. By meretricious schemes and patient cunning he had succeeded in reducing the weight which the horse had to carry from eight stone twelve to eight stone, in six months, and though he had been deliberately prevented from winning a single race during this period, the moneys paid over through the medium of the bookmaker by the doctor paid handsomely for his keep and the assiduous care bestowed upon the racehorse by his son Roland. He felt disgusted with the poetical ideas of the doctor, who wanted the horse to win every race he could. To relieve himself of this distasteful phantasy he determined to do all he could to relieve Whitworth of the worries of ownership. With a great snow of dissembling horsey talk, that he had not been a red cent to the good by the recent win of the Coronation Plate, he urged that the horse was taking money out of his pocket, and that it was impossible for Moss Rose ever to win another race in his life. The charge which he proposed to make of fifteen dollars per week for his keep and training Whitworth thought only fair, and would gladly have paid twice as much, even if he never won again; but the journeys to the training stables and the races were beginning to tell their tale upon his practice, and were a continual source of embitterment with Marvel. The old pangs of jealousy and the words of the malicious telegram—"Not horse, woman"—still hovered around her

thoughts and filled her mind with self-tortures, and her husband's life with worry and unrest.

Ever since the birth of the roseate Pearly he had taken a waning interest in the absent Moss Rose. He had not cared about betting and gambling at any time, and felt happy in the company of his children at home. The only thought to mar his contentment was the constant dread of an outburst of passionate jealousy from his wife, and as a sequel, her running away to Edenhall. When one morning in the city the trainer proposed that he should sell the racehorse, he listened to the proposals and promised to favourably consider them.

"There's four hundred owing upon him for part keep and training and losses at backing him, but I'll feel the market and let you know what offer I can get for him, as I have no money to buy him myself," said the artful William.

Soon after an offer came by letter from a bookmaker, a brother of the man who had with the trainer entered into so many conspiracies against the owner. The offer was two thousand four hundred dollars.

About a day after came a letter from the trainer himself, saying his wife had fallen in love with the race-horse and that she would through him submit an offer of two thousand four hundred dollars, on the understanding that the vendor should always be informed beforehand when the horse was expected to win.

The letter fell out of the doctor's pocket and quickly it was read, marked, learnt off by rote and inwardly digested, by the bird of Heaven. Thereupon, wafted itself through the higher regions of the light ether into the brain of the bird of the sun the idea of going away for an ostensible visit of a couple of days with the children to Edenhall—once there, never to return until her husband had parted with the race-horse and given up racing altogether. This little scheme she carried out with the forethought and far-reaching mind of a Marshal Von Moltke. She seemed so earnest in her promise to return that her husband thought the change would do the children a world of good, and no suspicion crossed his mind whatsoever. Accordingly the wanton and wayward Marvel migrated with the children to Edenhall the following week. A month elapsed, and he had written her several letters, asking—nay, begging—her to return with the children to The Elms; but at the end of the month she sent a peremptory reply, to the effect that she had consulted with her friends and had fully made up her mind to stay where she was until such time as he gave up racing and sold the race-horse.

The old sentiment and the desire for peace prevailed, and Moss Rose became the property of Mrs. Billy Fox, presumably, insomuch she had signed the cheque for two thousand dollars, the amount owing, four hundred dollars, having been deducted from his price. She had forwarded the cheque herself to the doctor. The following week Marvel and the children returned to the shady groves of Paradise. For several months all was amity and quietude in The Elms, and the growth, health and vigour of his children were the chief of Eugene's joys.

The fondness for Moss Rose was not alone a guiding trait in the doctor's character—it was the ruling passion in the hearts of the whole household of the Foxes, old and young. It was Moss Rose that bought the Old White Horse Hotel in which they lived and all that it contained, and it was Moss Rose alone that kept his vagabond son at home. If he was cared for when he was the pet belonging of the doctor, he lolled in the lap of luxury when he became the property of Mrs. Billy Fox. Every agency, too, for the increase of his speed and stamina the great trainer brought to bear upon the black horse with all his might and main. During the three months he had been in their possession the old trainer had finessed him with consummate judgment—never letting him get a place in any of the smaller races in which he was entered and had accepted, and yet escaping the vigilance of the stipendiary steward and the handicapper. He played a puddling game with the ring. Wherever he wandered and in whatever company he chanced to be, he would pull a long-fiddle face and give lugubrious expressions of regret that his wife had ever bought the beast, and declare to his most trusting friends that the horse had foundered and gone off for evermore after the terrible struggle in the Coronation Plate, and that none but a madman could ever expect him to race again. In this studied way he brought the weight from nine stone for six furlongs down to eight stone for a mile, and entered him for the Corinthian Cup at New Orleans, to be run in three months from the date of the sale. Not a hair grew on that equine skin but what was brushed and polished ten times a day; not a grain of oats but what had been fastidiously sieved; not a drop of water but what had been distilled ever crossed his lips; his recreation on the hay-grass paddock half-an-hour every day was timed to the fraction of a second, and the jealous Roland shifted his bed into the room adjoining the loose-box to hear every sound he uttered during the night. At day-break he had been placed on his trial with standard celebrities of his class and a hidden heavier weight on his back morning after morning, before chanticleer

Chanticleer was the rooster hero of the Nun's Priest's Tale in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

called upon the day-god to illuminate the spring fields or night had withdrawn her sable mantle from the sky. Before the blathering turf-prophets could throw their flash-lights upon the flying Moss Rose, or record his unbroken victories over all-comers, the certainty of the Corinthian Cup victory was revealed to the trainer-king alone.

"Roland," said the old man, "we must not give him too much, or he may boil over and break down; he is

just wound up to a turn—better ease him off a bit in his gallops for a week."

"All right, father," said Roland: "one gallop at the end of the week will do I suppose." He never obeyed that order from his father. Slily he piled upon the little fellow the full complement of his ordinary work, and thus surreptitiously took the management into his own hands at the most critical time.

The intensity of the high-strung excitement in the old trainer's brain brought on a form of intractable insomnia, and for weeks he had not slept a wink. He mortgaged the hotel which he had purchased in his wife's name, and put every dollar he received upon Moss Rose at a fairly good price. Every dollar which his ostensible owner and her children could scrape together was entrusted to Moss Rose, and the whole fortune for good or evil of that old man's household and horse-loving family was deposited on that honest little black horse's chance in the race.

The sun-bright fourth of July, ere the fields were ripe with the mellowing maize, and while the frowsy hum of the wild upborne bees could be heard, like distant music high above the tassels of the canary island pines, in the midst of the great Commemoration festivals of the anniversary of the declaration of American Independence, brought together one of the most important meetings of the Louisiana Jockey Club at New Orleans. Among shiploads of horses, representing all the sister and neighbouring dominions, came on foot the mustang on whose chances hinged the fortunes of hundreds of families—the popular, the well-beloved, the sensational, the romantic Moss Rose.

The vast crowd, as seen from afar, again blackened the bracken-clothed hill, the grand-stand, the lawn, the flat and the bird-cage; while, important among the multi-coloured throng on the lawn, came Marvel, the bird of the sun, and the hurrying, cherry-cheeked Pearly. Nearly three years old now, among the *élégantes* she looked quite pretty and *petite*, tripping along among the pink pimpernel and the snowdrops on the variegated sward. Her little heart full of gladsome excitement, chattering she held on to her father's hand, dressed in white *eau de Nil* silk with loops of primrose ribbon, and a big fluffy cream lace sun-bonnet—a perfect little symphony in pink and white. Above lay "trailing clouds of glory" melting from saffron to rose-pink and amber in a sky of the tenderest blue, while far away in the more distant cloudland the most delicate tints in the choice colour-box of Nature were blended in divine and supernal harmony over a varying circle of human destinies moving beneath the solemn loveliness of Nature. Strolling about the many-flowered lawn they watched two races, and heard the bell tinkle for the Corinthian Cup, the third race on the card. The Corinthian Cup brought out a field of thirteen horses, but the favorite well-known colours of Moss Rose were changed for a blue-green cap and a tartan jacket. The old trainer, with his cumbersome wife and family, when the field had all appeared and he had given his final instructions to the jockey, stood in the same spot as Marvel had chosen on the day of the Coronation Plate, while Eugene, his wife and little Pearly sat near the box of the Louisiana State governor: Marvel again conspicuous in *glacé*

Of cloth or leather: having a smooth surface with high polish or lustre; *lacé* silk or *glacé* leather. [OED Online](#), a.

of the shade called *gorge de pigeon*

Throat-of-pigeon; iridescent

, with a blouse bodice

A loosely fitting bodice usually tucked inside the skirt at the waist. [OED Online](#). See 'blouse', sense 3. of Liberty

Used of any material or style characteristic of London drapers Messrs Liberty. [Earliest citation 1888].

[OED Online](#). See 'Liberty', n.2.

satin in dark green, and a brown Tuscan hat trimmed with lace, yellow and pink flowers and foliage.

Regardless of all others, Eugene's gaze was fixed upon the nimble movements of the quickly ambulating, jet-black mustang. Little Pearly herself drew him in a sweep out of her father's hat.

"Where is my gee-gee, puppa?" tugging at her father's arm.

"There he is, Pearly; see him running along with the boy in the pretty coat," said Eugene while Pearly looked along his finger.

"Oh! yes: can Pearly have him if he wins, puppa? Pearly would feed him and give him to Vallie when he gets a big boy."

"Wait till he wins, Pearly, and papa will see if you can get him."

"Oh! he'll win, puppa; Pearly knows he'll win. Vallie hasn't got a gee-gee, has he puppa? only an old wood wockle-horse. Puppa! I saw him giving it some of your chaff and a drink out of a bockle. Pearly's gee-gee win. I know, I know; Pearly take him home to Vallie in a big ship:" prattling away and jumping up every minute in childish glee with a thrill of delight.

Listening to the rippling exuberance of the prophesying cherub, the ting-a-ling-ling of the bell came again, and the field was off from the starting-post. For a moment he forgot, and strained his eyes for primrose and white, till somebody sitting near said—"Peacock blue and tartan: bad start, but he's coming." Before them

near the judge's box stood every member of the household of the old trainer, each with a pair of field-glasses to his eyes, and the face of the old man deadly pale, his lips, as of old, moving with every stride of Moss Rose. On they came, looking in the far distance like a pack of wolves, and Whitworth was not at all surprised to see with his field-glass the tartan well forward. Four horses full of running and rushing with all the fury of tigers lay before the black, but he was beating them down stride by stride at the distance, when the jockey moved upon him and cut him with the whip. As if three of the leaders stood still the little mustang whisked past them and came up girth to girth with Waterfall. One furlong left to the pair—for Gloriation came down behind, and Merry Hampton with Harpagon rolled over him—"Waterfall!" roared the crowd; but the echo reverberated with the sound of "Moss Rose!" Then began a desperate, ding-dong neck-and-neck struggle with Waterfall, whose jockey in yellow and black was lashing him in all directions with the whip and chopping him raw with the spurs till he began to show signs of distress, while other horses in the rear, whose jockeys had been looking down at their boots and waiting for a gallery finish, came behind him like a raging storm; but the shooting Moss Rose, whose jockey had adopted the "butcher-boy" style of riding—as fast and as far as he could—passed the withers of Waterfall and in the last few lengths snatched the race away from the champion-winner by a head, and the uproar of the thirty thousand race-goers deadened all other sound.

"Puppa, my gee-gee can't win now, puppa;" and the tears welled into her bright violet eyes and trickled over the apple-bloom cheeks of Pearly.

"Oh! yes, Pearly's gee-gee won the big race," as her father dried the tears away with his handkerchief.

"Oh! no, no, puppa, Pearly gee-gee can't win. Pearly gee-gee fell down. See there," pointing with one tiny finger to a scene of excitement.

Seeing, as he looked from the little child, a gathering and swarming crowd quickly collecting in advance of the winning-post, jumping in hot haste the dividing-fences, and ignoring all rules of the course, he suspected that something had happened. He left little Pearly with her mother, and elbowed his way through the surging crowd to the spot where, with all his blushing honours thick upon him, lay—while the blood streamed through his widely-dilated nostrils—the *non-pareil* pet of his earlier days—the horse who had padded his pockets with gold and his home with anxiety and trouble—the gallant and hot-blooded Moss Rose, pawing with one foot the air as he lay in agony, his long, glossy sable satin neck stretched out straight on the sward, his fire-flashing eye looking up at his trainer. The extra stress of the training which young Roland Fox had piled upon him unknown to his father had produced dilatation of his heart just before the race, and a blood-vessel had burst in his lungs during the terrible strain of the fast-run mile. The time was one forty-one. Beside him stood the trainer-king, his eyes suffused with grief.

"I suspected it, doctor," he sobbed. "I was afraid we were taking too much out of him in the training. I told Roland to ease him off, but he didn't obey me. I had rather he had never been entered at all than win that race and fall—I can't bear it," kneeling down, and smoothing the dying hero's neck—"I can't bear it—my poor boy, my pet—my pretty boy." He fell prone on his neck in a passionate flood of tears, kissing and caressing the brave conqueror conquered at last, whose name was a household word in America, and the very tocsin of the old man's soul. The sudden grief, acting upon the prolonged insomnia, brought him into a state of acute melancholia, and when the constable came with a revolver he got up and maniacally implored him—"For God's sake, constable, don't shoot him!—don't shoot him! let my little darling die in peace—my poor bay—my poor little boy—my little sweet Moss Rose!"

Bang! banged the revolver, and bang! it banged again. "He's out of pain now," said the constable—and so he was, as his glorious life ebbed away with a *coup de grace* of two bullets buried in his head. The unruly concourse soon disappeared before the charge of two mounted constables, and Eugene, full of the sorrow of sentiment and romance, moved slowly back to his little child in the grand-stand.

"Poor gee-gee gone away, Pearly - poor gee-gee dead," he said in genuine sadness; "never mind, papa get Pearly another gee-gee."

"Don't put such absurd notions into the child's head," said the cynical Marvel; "it's very wrong," as she snapped her false teeth together.

They did not stay for any more races. Neither did the family of the trainer or old Billy himself. Meeting the doctor as they all walked away towards the cab-stand, the woe-begone trainer seemed to be perfectly oblivious of his big win, and harped upon the one string—"my poor boy, my poor boy,"—all the time they stood waiting for the waggonette. All getting into the same conveyance, they journeyed into the city—Mrs. Fox during the journey prevailing upon Marvel to bring Pearly down with her for the night to Houston—while opposite Eugene sat the bereaved trainer himself. All the way into town—a distance of a few miles—the doctor kept talking to the trainer trying to cheer him, but the old man vouchsafed no reply. In the train he sat with his sunken downcast eyes fixed like glass spheres in their sockets, gaping at the passing plains, and took no heed of anything in the carriage. He had received a felling blow, and together with the weeks of insomnia it had unhinged his mind. To the doctor at least the prospect of melancholia was black. In the city he would eat

nothing, drink nothing; in the cab from the train to his hotel he sat as before—stolid, silent, and pre-possessed—while Marvel and Mrs. Fox chatted together in the same conveyance. Although Moss Rose was supposed to be her own property her sorrow was unnoticeable beside the profound anguish of her husband.

Upon arriving at the Old White Horse hotel they all entered the house together, and Mrs. Fox politely marshalled Marvel upstairs to take off her hat while the doctor sat with the old man in the private parlour. In a short time the servant announced the dinner, and Eugene, after washing his hands upstairs, came down again; but the trainer, whom he had left in the little parlour, was gone.

Going into the dining-room, "I thought Mr. Fox was here before me," he said.

"I saw him going through into the bar," said the trainer's wife—"I suppose he has gone to get a drink." The dinner was begun without him.

"I am afraid he is taking the misfortune too much to heart," said the doctor.

"Yes," she replied; "he never sleeps, and indeed he has given up going to bed this fortnight. I do wish, Dr. Whitworth, you could give him something. Roland, go and tell father that dinner is waiting, and the doctor is asking for him."

The eldest son went out to seek his father in the bar. Not finding him there, he wandered around the house and towards the few winking lights of the little town, into the hotels and over the bridge, fossicking about everywhere for his father. Coming back alone, the gravest suspicions entered the mind of Eugene; but, afraid to upset the feelings of the old man's wife, he rose from the table and offered to go out in order to search for him, whereupon Mrs. Fox followed, saying—"Why, there is his hat on the seat outside the bar; he can't be far away."

"Perhaps he went down to the stable," suggested the doctor, when the muffled crack of a pistol could be heard from within the stable door. Rushing down to the stable, followed by the terror-stricken wife, he threw open the door of the dead winner's box, where, in its last spasmodic throes on the broad of his back on the hay bed prepared for the lost Moss Rose, his right arm outstretched supine, and a revolver clutched in the *rigor mortis* of his hand, with a bullet in his brain, fluttered away the life of William Wood Fox, the king of horse-trainers of the United States, the well-known sportsman and the life-long disciple of the turf. His clothes were dripping wet, his big, red handkerchief tied tightly around his neck. His coat was off. His hat was gone. There on the couch of his beloved benefactor lay in its last long sleep that paragon trainer of a horse, a peaceful calm almost a smile on his dark, rigid face, as if he were smiling on the form of "his poor little boy"—a tiny trickling streak of blood and a small hole in his right temple, calm, motionless, and locked for ever in a slumber for which the world has no key.

"Great God! Great God!" cried the widow, and fell beside him, holding his head in her arms and covering his face with kisses, while Whitworth stood stock-still, for he saw at a glance that the trainer was dead. His heart was full. He uttered no sound, but thought what a horse was Moss Rose. Raising the stricken woman from the hay, he conducted her into the little parlour of the hotel.

"Oh, My God! My God!" she cried aloud to Marvel: "and he bought those colours from your father for that race; he said they would change his bad luck. What will I do?—whatever will I do?" but the cold-blooded Marvel stood by, drinking tea in the parlour and sneering.

The career of Thunderbolt had been so bad and fraudulent that the great and mighty man had sold him at an enormous loss, and had put up the rest of his stable, saddles, bridles, rugs, clothing and colours to auction about the same time as the doctor had sold Moss Rose to the widow.

Assuaging her anguish as best he could, while Marvel put little Pearly to bed, he waited with her till the eldest son returned. Some hours afterwards, he wandered with him down to the swamp at the back of the hotel, between the hotel and the foreshore of the harbour. There upon the bank lay the old trainer's coat, and it soon became manifest that he had attempted to drown himself in one of the miasmatic Mississippi swamps—a swamp matted with confervæ

A genus of fresh-water algae composed of simple many-celled filaments. [OED Online](#). See 'conferva'.

and swarming with dab-chicks and moorhens. Next morning the daily papers regretted to announce the suicide of the father of Louisiana horse-trainers. His funeral took place the following day, all the racing community following the flower-strewn coffin. He was buried in the local cemetery, Whitworth being one of the pall-bearers.

With a fair competence of winnings, the family that mourned—in combination with the few distant relations who had quarrelled with but now knew the patriarch of the turf no more—redeemed the mortgage on the Old White Horse hotel and leased it in the widow's name. They gave up horse-racing on their own account altogether, and made a good living by it as a race-meeting resort, the name being changed to the Moss Rose hotel. Bringing the dead body of the horse away from the racecourse, it was carted to the precincts of his old home at Houston. Within ear-shot of the North Atlantic breakers as they dash against the javelined rocks to change again and for ever again into the back-borne spray and drift upon the long snow-white foreshore, in the presence of the bereaved Patrick Flynn—who for the solemn occasion departed from his custom and put on a

borrowed black coat, and whose valuable services were still retained by the family—sobbing aloud a wakeful death-wail—"Oh, wirra, wirra! me honey, me purty boy, me darlin'"—the remains of the ill-fated race-horse, the beloved flying steed of Eugene, were consigned by him to their sandy grave — the marvellous Moss Rose to his long home by the sounding sea. Gone like a brilliant and fallen star the horse whose memory haunted his lovers in life-long dreams, and whose wondrous career was a story among children. They planted on his grave the white moss rose and the sweetbriar, and as the roses bloomed and the years rolled slowly away a sorrowful man was often seen at the grave. It was Eugene—with tears in his eyes, it was Eugene.

Chapter XXIII. The Nuptials of Carrie Downward. Sukey on the Trail. The Great Leviathan Antediluvian Diamantino Tin-Mine.

It wasn't a stylish marriage—they couldn't afford a carriage; nor did they even look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two. The other twelve children absorbed all their thrifty mother could scrape together, and for years she had, with letters of administration of her deceased husband's estate, been occupied in the liquidation of the legacy of debts which he had left behind him.

Carrie's only source of income was the scanty remuneration which she was paid by Madame for her services as governess to the two children; and since her mother had gone away to New Orleans her salary had still further been reduced by fifty dollars a year, as in lieu thereof she was entitled to live on sufferance in the society-haunted mansion of Madame for a term co-eval

Of contemporaneous origin. [OED Online](#).

with the desertion of the old bone-miller for the fellmongery at galveston. However, it is wonderful how judicious economy will enable a young lady with small means to dress fairly well. Miss Caroline always made that her first consideration, and displayed great taste in her costumes. For months she might have been seen in Madame's little music-room, after the children had received their tuition for the day, cooing to the billing architect and land-surveyor, who, with the view of ensnaring the contralto *cantatrice*, relinquished his professional engagements for the *ars amatoria* in the little music-room. He threw aside for some months his parallel-rulers, Wattman's sheets

Whatman paper: the proprietary name for a kind of paper, made in various qualities, used for drawings, engravings, etc. [OED Online](#). See 'Whatman'.

, drawing-boards, and brass compasses, with the sole object of devoting his whole heart and soul to Caroline. In the evenings especially, thanks to the great kindness and gracious consideration of Madame, they were allowed the uninterrupted use of a little boudoir parlour, where the love-sick land-surveyor and pretty Carrie ensconced themselves away from the naughty world, and rehearsed their little amateur comedies and tragedies. Carrie often fainted into his amorous arms. The golden-haired Daphne

A nymph pursued by Apollo and transformed into a laurel tree. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#). would warble "The little Shepherd Lad" for the delectation of Orpheus

In Greek mythology, a supernaturally talented musician. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

, who was a trifle over six feet two in his stockings, and had shoulders nearly as broad as the front door-step; while the little shepherd lad was never at a loss for a comic song as an appropriate variation to the sentimental solos of the contralto warbler. "The Lost Chord" and other themes, describing over and over again how calmly she could sleep if only she were rocked in the cradle of the deep, and how she could never forget as long as she lived one night in June upon the Sabine river, would Orpheus intersprinkle with a nice little ditty, which she thought was very pretty, as he composed it himself to his own accompaniment on the banjo. He was never known to go down on his knees. She would sit on *his* knee with her legs dangling over and never smile, while—shade of Orpheus! —the architect and land-surveyor thumbed away on the banjo and trilled his enchanting little lay to the glamorous, moon-lit, sighing pines through the open window and sang *tempo poco piu lento*—

*Her name it is Caroline,
But it might have been Madeleine:
With a tooth-brush I fan her, taught
By Cupid, at the pianoforte.*

The usual sequel—to wit, the engagement—took place shortly after Whitworth's little boy was born. Madame congratulated herself on the adroit manner in which she had foisted her little *protégée* governess upon the massive architect and land-surveyor, determined as she was not to be outwitted altogether by her rival professional match-maker, "Snivelling Mag," the chronic broncho-asthmatical auntie, whom indeed she twitted with having compounded only a mixture of inflammables and combustibles. She freely admitted that the deity was a greater agent than herself, and nailed up on the wall of the little parlour a pretty card whereon was printed among white hand-painted almond blossoms—"God, the best maker of all marriages, combine your hearts in one." She bought half a dozen of them for a quarter-dollar at a little stationery shop round the corner in Augusta, and reserved the five for future uses, as she had no intention of selling the good-will of the matrimonial bureau. She introduced the cards of a reverse character—cards with the pictures of the jack of clubs and other right and left bowers, king of diamonds and queen of hearts, and all the other patterns of the arch-enemy's playthings. They afforded a sort of *raison d'être* for the architect and land-surveyor, who, Madame proudly but quietly informed the chronic broncho-asthmatical auntie, was sixteen stone heavier than the match which she had provided for herself. They played *écarté* and Chinese euchre for periwinkles, Barcelona nuts

A variety of hazelnut. [OED Online](#). See 'Barcelona', sense 2.

, and shirt buttons; Madame, the match-maker, on the *tapis* for the nonce posing as the goddess of propriety, with the swansdown fan as a magic wand, but pouring the love philtre at every opportunity into the architectural heart with apt little parenthetical remarks. It was quite a nice little *coterie* and a nice little game of cards for love; nobody had occasion for the bitter feeling of remorse next morning, as the stakes were so much smaller than the numerous dollars that Whitworth had lost, as he trudged home at cock-crow and canary-song after similar games at Sunnyside and the Seven Stars. In point of fact there wasn't anything to lose worth speaking about. There was no occasion for a fuss over the affair; it could never by any possible chance make them one whit the happier afterwards, although a little inexpensive hurry was by no means out of place. Madame herself would arrange that the beadle would call—it would be a cut above being married in his dirty little office, and would not make the remotest difference to herself if she allowed that functionary to celebrate the marriage where the shade of Orpheus had sanctified the betrothal. It was quite a *mariage de convenance*, and nobody was in the least incommoded.

"Judging by the way in which one marriage to my own personal knowledge," explained the felicitous match-maker in a small hodge-podge volume: "if one can believe all they see and hear which howsoever is not altogether what under all circumstances and irrespective of persons of whom in happy thoughts of one I would be rather inclined to believe the reverse but little birds will tell tales and I was almost forgetting what I was thinking of going to say what I was going to say was that a quiet wedding will eventuate that is a good word eventuate my dear Carrie is it not will as I said before eventuate in a happy or unhappy union just as much as a grand and public wedding which little birds come and tell me in one instance at least of recent date has been the case of one we know grand and ostentious wedding—case of ostentious wedding."

Accordingly, a few days after, the half-starved-looking beadle, looking like the man all tattered and torn

Referring to the traditional rhyme 'The House that Jack Built, and in particular, 'This is the priest all shaven and shorn/ That married the man all tattered and torn/ That kissed the maiden all forlorn'.

called and married the *other* man to Carrie, without kissing the maiden, after getting through the onerous duty without a single hitch, in the fastest time on record. He was not asked to stay to the wedding breakfast, poor fellow, and cut his stick with the dollar and a half. The breakfast, however, was no great miss, or even possible catch on the part of the penurious marriage official, as it consisted only of a few scraps of water biscuits, rattling about at the bottom of, not a tin-kettle but a tin can, and a bottle or so of ginger-beer. Madame's *menage* was greatly constricted since Rudolph had run away, and so she thought she would just make the ginger-beer and the biscuits do, and she haggled over the dollar and a-half they had to give the beadle. Indeed, in this and every other respect, it was a hyperæsthetical, compassparellical, geometrical wedding; no cards and no guests to spoil the æsthetical nature or the mathematical purity of the wedding, with their champagne swallowing and gourmondage. Fancy! one hundred and fifty dead marines on one table. Quite enough to wreck any marriage.

As soon as the little true-love knot was tied, a carriage was quite a superfluous adjunct, with their hammercloths, footmen, streaming ribbons, decorated churches, their plethora of French dishes, and other rubbishy paraphernalia, even if it were desired, as the railway station was only two miles away. Orpheus and Daphne walked it, and took their seats in a carriage with "first class" printed in gold letters outside the door. Telling the porter they would esteem it a favour if he kept all intruders out (a tip not being thought of before the train had gone, or Daphne would have squared the yards

To settle a score. [Partridge 1972](#).

herself with the porter), they were whirled away to see the waxworks and the magnificent shops of New

Orleans.

Mrs. Carrie Cosgrove was whirled back again the next morning to the three roomed cottage the front room of which was used as an office and contained a drawing-board and a bone geometrical scale or two, so that poor Carrie had very little space to braid her tresses, or crimp and frizzle her fringe; while the triumphant match-maker made broad her phylacteries and praised God on the Mount of Olives the following Sunday morning that she was not as other match-makers were, and had established a paradise of happiness and peace. So she had. To a contented mind a bark hut is a palace. Carrie soon assimilated to her new home, and her benedict settled down again to the contemplation of the drawing-board with the *insouciance* of a waggoner asleep on his wain.

About the same time as the engagement took place the country sessions of the County court were on the eve of their inauguration. An action for damages and claim for five thousand dollars made by a labouring miner against one of the colliery companies, was listed for the ensuing sitting of the court. This case of Fitzwilliam *versus* the Raspberry-gully Coalmining Company, Maconville, was expected to be heard on the day before the wedding. The plaintiff claimed damages for an accident which had befallen him in the prosecution of his duties, inasmuch as the iron cage of the shaft of the mine had broken its cable while Fitzwilliam was ascending the shaft upon the cage, and he was precipitated to the bottom, a distance of some ten feet. He had sustained—so said the medical witnesses for the plaintiff—some obscure *neurosis* of the spinal cord, being incurably paralysed and rendered unfit to earn his daily bread by reason of the accident. The claim which he submitted to the court was the sum of five hundred dollars for every foot he had fallen. Now it so happened that the accident occurred during the tenure of the office of resident surgeon by Dr. Whitworth, and it suggested itself to the solicitors for the defence that he would be an important and favorable witness. The company devoted a sum of money to defray the expense of bringing the important and favorable witness from Galveston, and a telegram was despatched to the said important and favorable witness asking his attendance at the provincial court the day before the mathematical, hyperæsthetical wedding. The synchronance was rather unfortunate for the peace of mind of the doctor, inasmuch as, on the receipt of the telegram, although he had no idea of what event other than the sitting of the court of assizes was to come off at that particular time, it seemed that the bird of Paradise knew all about the one if she knew nothing about the other.

"I must go to Augusta to-morrow, Marvel," he said after the receipt of the message.

"I could have told you that a week ago," pecked at him the paradisal bird: "you can't deceive me; I had a letter from my cousin a week ago, and I know all about your little dodges. Strange thing they didn't ask me to go! but never mind, I'll be even with you yet," as she turned on her heel and whew! whisked out of the dining-room in a cloud of dust after dropping the door-mat in a passion.

Meeting the bird of Heaven again, "Look here, Marvel," he said, "what on earth are you talking about? Here is a telegram from Harper and Crawley wanting me to go there and give evidence in the court in connection with——"

"Keep your telegram; it wasn't sent to me," and she knocked it up in his face with the dust-broom. "Don't try to deceive me with your bogus telegrams, when I know better," she said in a great pet, and a hoity-toity toss of her head, violent enough to put a kink in the paradisal neck.

"It's no more bogus than the bird of Paradise," he retorted, and made his way to the steamer, while little Pearly and Valentine revelled in a scramble on the floor for the red and white envelope.

Wondering whatever his wife could mean—whatever mystery there was about the thing—feeling convinced that she could not have dreamt that Moss Rose had come to life again, although his death might have been credited by her as bogus too, the steamer landed him on the Mississippi Quay, and the train in his old resorts at Augusta.

Every three months the State assizes collected a large crowd inside and outside the large weatherboard building, and there he met many of his old friends and acquaintances. The action for damages was taken earlier than it had been anticipated, and was already progressing, the taking of the evidence of Eugene being expected in an hour or so after his arrival. Spending the interval in the Seven Stars Hotel, he heard of the marriage of Carrie. It was the first ray of light to dawn upon his bewildered senses, and to elucidate the mystery which Marvel's utterances had impressed upon his mind. He met the geometrical bridegroom walking up to Madame's altar, and wished him joy with Carrie. No sooner had he shaken hands with his old architectural friend and wished him good-bye than his other old friend, Mrs. Downward, came from across the road over to him as he stood in front of the hotel. As she advanced he raised his hat; as they met he shook hands with her. He then walked part of the way with her and one of her younger daughters, who was arrayed as a bridesmaid in meagre white lace.

Coming down the road leading from Sunnyside to Madame's house, who above all should appear on the scene but Marvel's cousin, the Argus-eyed

In Greek mythology, Hera's watchman, who had a hundred eyes. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995.](#)

Sukey, in a riding habit, snuff-coloured toque, and a big flea-bitten palfrey, sweating like a bull and foaming at the bit! The large, ungainly, periwinkle-eyed, self-satisfied, private-detective Sukey had evidently taken in the situation at a glance. He watched and saw her dismount at the telegraph office, reeve the bridle through the iron ring of the post and march inside to indite the telegram—"Not court—woman," and ask the operator to rush it through to Marvel.

Returning to the State court after leaving his lady friend, he sat inside listening to a long rigmarole of medical technicalities, aired and paraded as exhibitions of the recondite knowledge and results of original research, in the possession of the medical witnesses for the plaintiff, with the hopes of bewildering the jury. They all stolidly maintained that the accident had caused *locomotor ataxia*; there was no response to electrical excitation in the digital branches of the *portio dura* and the plantar nerves—the motor sensory and the sensori-motor nerves—were affected in all the limbs. The *tibialis anticus* and *extensor communis digitorum* muscles were paralysed in one foot, and the irregularity of the pupils of Fitzwilliam's eyes were strong proof of a nervous lesion produced by the accident. Fitzwilliam was the worst case they had ever seen. These witnesses who, it was subsequently discovered, were aiding and abetting the plaintiff, with the nefarious hopes of getting their extortionate charges paid out of the amount which they endeavoured to have awarded to Fitzwilliam, finished their cross-examination, in which the highest authorities in the world were made by the counsel for the defence to disagree with the evidence of the medical witnesses for the plaintiff. The crier of the court then called Dr. Eugene Whitworth, who was the next to mount the witness-box and kiss the book.

"You were the resident surgeon of the hospital when the plaintiff was admitted on the evening of the 15th October, 1844. Will you be good enough to tell the jury what was the matter with him?" said the counsel for the company.

"He had a bruise in the back," said Whitworth.

"Thank you," said the counsel for the defence; whereupon the cross-examining counsel asked if the symptoms described by the other medical witnesses might have occurred after that.

"They must have occurred *after* that, but not in consequence of that; he was never treated in the hospital for those remarkably rare nervous diseases." replied the witness, and he left the box. The discomfited Fitzwilliam coolly walked out of the court, but forgot to take his crutches.

Two hours were occupied by the opposing barristers in pleading before the jury. The judge summed up in favour of the Company, and the jury returned a verdict for the defendants. Great relief was experienced at the verdict by hundreds of the bread-winners of anxious families. The Company was a poor and struggling one: a hostile verdict would have knocked it out of time altogether, and would have left scores of men out of employment. On its merits it was only an attempt on the part of the plaintiff, in conjunction with his medical attendants, to extort money from the Company. The important testimony of Whitworth, as he had seen and treated the man just after the accident occurred, weighed heavily in the deliberations of the jury. Three cheers greeted him as he left the court, and some of his old companions spirited him away to the old haunt, the Seven Stars Hotel, where they crushed several cups of champagne. Not even a moment to steal a glimpse of the triumphant Carrie; not even a moment to speak again to her mother; the champagne and cordiality flowed fast and furious, and it was long after dark before the hilarious company arose.

Inclined for a re-visitation of his old quarters, he walked with a couple of friends in the direction of the hospital. Nearing the railway-station, where a long, steep path up the high bank went by the name of the raspberry growers' pass, missing his footing, he fell head foremost down the bank and gravelled the side of his face. Wiping off the dirt from the scratches, he proceeded alone into the hospital, where old Hemlock, on seeing the gravel-rash on his face, expressed her very great surprise at his appearance, felt highly delighted at seeing him, considered that the champagne must have had something to do with the accident, and was of the opinion that in five days it would all be gone, by simply exclaiming "Ha-Ha-Ha." With a basin of warm water and soap, she washed the face of her prodigal son, who after looking over a few items in the news of the day, and leading articles on the court action for damages in the pages of the "Evening Star," spent an hour with Lilliecrap, and took his leave from the old place, which he still regretted he had ever left. He stayed for the night at the Seven Stars Hotel.

Annoyed at the *contretemps* on the railway bank, and apprehensive of the interpretation which people would put upon the gravel-rash, which would, he thought, be quite enough to bring the whole police force of Galveston to The Elms; uneasy about the demeanour of Marvel when he left, and the appearance of her cousin when he walked up the street with her old *bête noire*, and her subsequent dismissal of a telegram, sleep deserted him for the night and he lay awake till morning dawned. Then he dressed himself and walked out of the hotel to revisit the scenes of his former strolls and haunts. Fully a couple of hours passed while he leisurely loitered about the gardens. Nothing disturbed the placid waters of the lake but the trumpet note of some little paradise duck as it floated idly along the mirror surface among the lilac-stars near the shore. Remorse stole over his mind as he sat again upon the little rustic seat from which he had thrown the red berries to the sailing swans and

the navigatory paradise ducks, but he fought hard to repress the feeling. Passing by the old parade-ground and the track where Moss Rose had received his early education, he stood before the weather-board house on the roof of which he had spent the woeful night with the widow, and which was now inhabited by Madame Pompadour minus the bone-miller. Wherever he wandered, the only silver lining to the dark clouds that gathered and hovered in the firmament of his mind were the faces of his rosy children at home. Hurrying back to the hotel for some breakfast, he caught the early train to the city, and as it stopped at the roadside station again, as on the occasion of the trial for murder, into the same carriage marched the great and mighty Gould—the great and omnipotent potentate of pumping engines, belts, and hydraulic rams—while accompanying him came three others. They all sat down together in the same saloon carriage.

"Good morning, dochther," said the great and omnipotent driver of air compressors and hydraulic rams: "what's up with your physog.—been fightin'?" and as the doctor, who had not been fighting, explained the cause of the scratches, "Ahum," said the great man, putting his bag at his feet:—"Mr Brick Bore, this is my son-in-law, Dr. Whitworth: this is Mr. Toynbee, and that is Mr. Catchpole." The company newly introduced shook hands with the doctor.

The appearance of the disfigured son-in-law did not appear to strike the strangers as a matter of very great consequence at all. He therefore felt comparatively easy in his mind, and took up the paper, intending to read it, but was prevented by the clamorous din and the loud and boisterous conversation which the three strangers held with the great and mighty hydraulic-rammer. They made prodigious protestations of a colossal fortune for all, to be made by floating into a Company, by hook or by crook, a new and rich find of tin ore in the central territory of South America near Diamantino

Referring to a Brazilian town at which there was a diamond mining boom in 1746. (Informal source.)

. One of the strangers, a stout, heavy man, with a vertically oblong football-shaped head, seemed to be the leading spirit of the three, and the centre of extravagantly hilarious, uproarious din and attraction. He had spent years among the savages and the birds of Paradise of the Salomon Islands and New Guinea, and all the grog-ranches

Uncertain; probably related to grog-shop, grog-den, a place to buy and drink grog. [Green 2005](#).

in the bush in the northern parts of South America. He recounted scenes and episodes which he had witnessed in them all. The pachydermatous

Like a pachyderm (generally large, thick-skinned, sparsely-haired herbivores, such as elephants and hippopotomuses). [OED Online](#).

and wary old campaigner had, like Ulysses, seen many cities, and he knew the manners of many men. His career had been the stormiest of the stormy, and in him dwelt a daring character amidst the fiercest passions. He wore a large sombrero cabbage-tree hat, and he had a large nose, like the beak of a bird of prey. He had brought a large store of ivory from India, and he swore, did Brick Bore—and he sang songs, did Brick Bore. He sang to jingling tunes and barbaric modulations whole polyglot songs and scraps from the songs of all nations. He sang in the sweetest pianissimo the song of "Lucy Long—Miss Lucy, Lucy Long," and in the most rousing fortissimo "Die Wacht am Rhein"

The Watch on the Rhine; German patriotic song, although more popular after the establishment of the German Empire in 1871 than at the time of Dutton's characters.

and the "Wild Colorado Boy." Brick Bore further performed tricks by sleight of hand, and no mistake he performed them well. During his noisy gesticulations, the *raconteur* fashioned a palm-leaf into the shape of a jew's-harp

Harmonica.

and holding it to his mouth he entertained the company with tunes which he played upon it; another (and his pocket was half-full) he twisted and rolled into the shape of a pen, and like a probe he passed it horizontally through an abnormal artificial opening in the column of his nose, through which at one time, he said, he had been ringed by the savages, who took him for the devil. Then he put half-dollars and globules of rolled palm-leaves into his eyes and took them out of his mouth, off the tip of his ever-wagging tongue. His fluent speech was always adorned by an imprecation in the name of some aristocratic lord—some saint of the apocalypse, or even the homely fire-irons, and his language sometimes gave one the impression that he had served in the American navy at one time as a midshipmite

Midshipman (humorous). [OED Online](#).

. He anathematised

Correctly, to formally curse or declare anathema upon a person or thing. [OED Online](#).

for the most part a sacred poker and King Henry V.

"By the lord Harry," his hoarse voice shouted across the carriage, drowning the rattle and whirr of the train, "it'll go thirty thousand ounces to the ton—you bet your bottom dollar it will, Julian Jasper Gould. I'll spike the guns of every member of that blooming exchange that says it won't and I'll spike the guns of every mother's son

that doesn't take a promoter—by the holy poker I will. Look you here, Julian Jasper Gould, you never saw such ore in yore life; there's as much there as will buy up the whole city of Chicago, by the lord Harry there is. Wait till we see Vernon at the station, you'll see something to astonish yore eyes, you'll see; just wait—by the holy poker you'll see." The name struck a kindred chord in the heart of Eugene.

Conjuring up in his mind all the theories and probabilities as to who Vernon could be, the doctor fancied as he gleaned scraps of the monologue and pieced them together, that the vision to be seen at the railway terminus was none other than a connexion of the great and mighty hydraulic rammer, a favoured scion of the house of Gould, who had been appointed by the great man to accompany the three adventurers to the promised land of Canaan, inspect the field of ore, the stannic El Dorado of South America, and report upon it for the coal-king's edification. He knew full well it could not be his own brother, whose second name was Vernon, for about that time his own brother, Brosie, was employed on an expedition of his own for the inspection of the bottom of pewter-shafts for irrigation purposes. Brosie knew all about pewter and nothing at all about tin, and had seen very little of its equivalent for years. Brosie's purse had the misfortune to be nearly always empty. The only fee Brosie had received was half-a-dollar from the antiquarian Adam Quain for the advice that he should "hold a chaw of tobacco in his mouth" to cure the ache in the tooth which Brosie had plugged on the pinnacle of science. Furthermore, he remembered that Marvel had said she had only one brother, and his name was Reginald. Venturing to broach the question of the magnificent specimens, he essayed to address the stentorian Bride Bore, who cleared up all his doubts in one act, before he had finished the question which he intended to ask.

He stood aghast when Eugene asked to see a specimen, and shouted—"Jumping Moses! Me! Specimen! no not me, Vernon has though—you'll see by God, you'll see. Vernon has been with us to the place and stayed on the spot three years since he left his billet at the tobacco-plantation. We've got forty tons of the stuff in the 'Mary Jane'; the old man here is going to get an assay made by the government mineralogist: strike me blind it'll go thirty thousand ounces to the ton, by the holy poker it will—thirty thousand ounces to the ton: say that quick if you can—by Saint Aloysius you can't, and there's enough there to buy up the whole city of Chicago," coming down on his knee with a thump sufficient to crush an ox.

"Who is Vernon?" inquired the doctor.

"Vernon!" returned the amazed adventurer, leaning back and staring at the doctor with his mouth open, as if he had got a fright; "Look here, Julian Gould, yore son-in-law doesn't know who Vernon is; strike me blind, he doesn't know yore old colliery manager."

The doctor replied that he had never seen any of the colliery managers, but that he had heard one of them had gone away from Maconville to look after a tobacco-plantation somewhere, and that he had also heard the man was a particular favorite of his father-in-law.

"He's no much to see, dochther," remarked the old coal-king, puffing away at a cigar: "he's what they call in New York a bummer; he would do nothing here but dawdle about and drink swipes, so I sent him to work on a tobacco-plantation in Haiti breedin' turkeys; he was a shareholder in one of the collieries once and was on duty as manager, when he found a seam lost by a land-fault in the Agamemnon. After that, I gave him the management of the plantation, and when Brick Bore picked him up in Haiti I got him to go to Diamantino to look into this affair o' his," nodding his head at Brick Bore. "His name is Jay, and he was the man that first christened Marvel with the name of the Bird of Paradise, although Mithress Hornblower says' it was her. He'll be at the station I expect, as the boat came here last wick."

"By Heavens, he *will* be there," said Brick Bore, "and by the lord Harry the stuff will be there too, on board the 'Mary Jane'; you'll see," and he sang by way of a change the song of "The Wild Colorado Boy." Hoarse as his great, rough voice was in excited conversation, the irrepressible Brick Bore was gifted with an exquisite, light baritone voice, and, son of a gentleman as he was, he had been trained in many refined accomplishments. His conversation was a monologue of egotism from a throat like a roaring blow-hole—his vocalism was the sound of the sweetest voice of the bird.

Upon the arrival of the train at the metropolis, the prognostication of the irrepressible Brick Bore proved to be correct, for as large as life would let him and twice as natural as nature itself, loomed on the platform the interesting Vernon Jay. With a brand-new belltopper canted up on the side of his head and dipping forward over his forehead till the border of the rim nearly touched his nose, a great preponderance of weighty jewelry depending from various points, one article hanging on to another, and dressed in a loud suit with peg-top

An item of clothing which is baggy at the hips and narrow further down. [OED Online](#). See 'pegtop', compound and derivative uses.

pantaloon of a conspicuous check pattern, Vernon Jay was the verisimilitude of a hard-working Hebrew bookmaker. He was a long slab of a man, and his face was hillocky with brandy-blossoms

Pimples which related to excessive consumption of alcohol. [Green 2005](#).

. He had a bottle nose—a beauty. The cock-sparrow style of the bummer, instead of making it a pleasure to

the doctor to meet and greet him as a warm friend of his father-in-law, made him rather repulsive, so what with the scratches on his face and the cheeky look of the presumptions and repugnant Vernon Jay he thought it prudent to cut. Slipping away from the company and the jewelry show, he seated himself in the waiting omnibus for Mississippi Quay, and felt more at ease when he boarded the State mail coastal steamer, and within an hour from his embarkation the whistle blew, and the steam-boat started for home. Upon landing on the Galveston pier, the State mail steamer going North was just in the act of hauling off the pier into the stream, and as Eugene stood watching the departing mail-boat he could scarcely believe his eyes when, fair in front of him, to his dismay and mortification, he saw looking out through the port-hole his own little darling Pearly.

"Pearly," he called out to her, "where are you going?"

"Hallo puppa!" shouted Pearly, and she appeared to be pulled back into the saloon; but soon re-appeared at the port-hole calling out, "Mumma says she is going to get me and Vallie's likeness in a big shop, puppa," and the mail-boat swung her head out to sea.

Soliloquising on the way home, he wondered if Marvel had gone away for months again in his absence, or whether she only intended to go for one day's holiday from home with the children, and while in the city get the childrens' photos taken, for she had often said she would do so. Uneasy and oppressed with misgivings of some fresh series of troubles, he walked to his home at The Elms, overcome with disappointment at the expected welcome of his wife and children, and not knowing what to do; for the servant had again quarreled with his wife and had taken her departure before he left for Augusta. In the surgery upon the table lay a crumpled telegram from her cousin, worded, "Not court—met woman on arrival of train to-day; come at once," and written on a torn half sheet of notepaper—"Sick of sticking here—going to Edenhall with the children. Marvel Imogen Whitworth." She wanted all the privileges but none of the responsibilities of married life. She treated her home as if it were an hotel. His first impulse was to go to Lily Cottage and sit by the side of poor old Miriam, to whom such treachery was unknown; to lay his troubles before her and also before Guinevere—who in her charitable ministrations had become greatly nurtured by Miriam—in the hopes that they might change the uncertain and faithless Marvel, but he rejected the idea and bore his anguish alone. Within a few days the clamorous Brick Bore and the great Julian Gould came to Galveston, palmed off upon him some promoters' certificates in the projected tin-mining company, and occupied his whole day by obliging him to show them over the town and introduce them to all the people whom he knew likely to hand over their contributions to the new company, which, like a gigantic octopus, was spreading out its arms all over the States.

"We want five hundred and fifty thousand," said the mighty Julian Gould; "I'll take thirty thousand myself."

"By Saint Peter and the lord Harry," said the tumultuous Brick Bore, "I've muzzled nine thousand in my wife's name; take a few thousand in yore's, Whitworth. You'll never regret it if you do, and you will, by the holy poker you will, if you don't; strike me blind, thirty thousand ounces to the ton!"

The doctor was induced to take three hundred dollars' worth, but held to the opinion that it was proper to take them in his own name, as did the mighty man himself Astonished at not finding his daughter at home, the old man seemed indeed sorry: he guessed there was something wrong.

"Have you been kicking up a row, dochther?" he said in a flippant sort of way, as he helped himself to a huge nobbler of whisky.

Eugene replied that he had not, and that he could not sometimes understand Marvel at all. Suggesting that she must have some reason, good, bad, or indifferent, he offered the only light which he had on the subject in the shape of the telegram and note from her cousin and Marvel respectively.

"That's hit," said her father; "I thought she had that nonsense out of her head, years ago; she's a queer fesh is Marvel. I wish I had that money back to put into the company; it was nothing but a piece of damned nonsense altogether; never mind, dochther, I'll see about *her* when I get back and pack her off home with a flea in her ear. Its something sickenin'—I ken what her mother is, the damned fool, and Marvel is her mother all over; if ye want anything let me know."

The doctor assured his father-in-law that he did not want anything more than his wife and children back, and said that he was doing very well in Galveston.

"Keep away frae the whisky," said the old tumblerful-drinker, "and go straight: I've no doubt ye'll get on—a man with your ability will find——"

"HALIFAX!" burst out Brick Bore; "I'll show you a place where you'll make fifty thousand a year if yo're any good at all; come away with us to-day: I'll show you a place for a doctor, only thirty-five miles out of the city I'm going there to sell shares, and you can't do better than have a look at the place; just *look* at the place, by the holy poker, look at the place; you'll see, by Jupiter you'll see—you'll spike their guns, by the lord Harry—you'll spike their guns."

"I don't think Marvel likes this part of the world," said the old speculator; "but you know your own business best. Rolling stones gather nae moss, dochther; but please yourself. I won't see ye stuck."

On the spur of the moment Whitworth was at a loss what to say or what to do. The disappointment on his

return; the dread that further trouble was pending with his obdurate wife, in spite of her father's expressed intention to send her home, as he seldom fulfilled his promises; the respect which he felt for the rough old man; the new notion presented to him by Brick Bore, all wrestled with one another in a wild *melée* in his brain the whole night long in the empty house when they had gone. Amongst all his conflicting emotions, like bright stars of hope and sweetness in the cloudy horizon of his distracted mind, glittered the love and the memories of his fine little boy and his little rosebud of a girl. His visitors had left for night revelries, magnificent debauches and orgies in the city, while Eugene lay in an all-night reverie in that deserted home and heard every bell that tolled.

"He saddened, all the mystic light
Died out at once from bower and hall,
And all the place was dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight."

In Memoriam A. H. H. Obit MCCCXXXIII, VIII, Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Chapter XXIV. The Sabine River, Louisiana.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine.
And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers:
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!"

THE distress of Guinevere was now at flood tide. The dear little Cyril, nursed in vicissitudes at home and beaten with the rough storms of disease, though convalescent, was still weak, and suffering from the after-effects of the broncho-pneumonia; her husband had returned after a prolonged absence only to increase the miseries of her little home. Without a cent in his pocket he had returned on foot from his cotton-blight exploits and his tour of the prairie grog-shops, the rim of his hat hanging loose at the back, an old coat given him in charity, its sleeves terminating mid way between his elbows and his wrists, buttoned and dragging on its buttons to hide the waistcoat that was not there, the bottoms of his pants ragged and torn, and the selvages of his boots showing his naked feet. Starved and haggard, wretched and desperate he looked as he called upon the doctor for the few dollars his wife had earned by making pinnies and little dresses for the children.

"Why, in the name of Heaven," said Eugene, "don't you make some effort to reform, Marmaduke?"

"Upon my soul Whitworth," he returned: "I haven't tasted a drink for six months!" but the smell of rum, the bleary, red eyes and the inarticulate, blurred speech told a very different tale, as he looked down at his boots.

"Here's the money," said the doctor; "I'm going down this afternoon to see Cyril. If you can take that money home without spending it, I think I can get you a situation. For goodness sake put on a suit of mine—you look like a lunatic at large in that rig," and bringing him a suit he began to roll it up in a piece of brown paper, but on second thoughts said—"No this won't do; I know where the parcel will go—into the golden balls establishment. Come inside here and take those rags off; have a bath, and you can put on these things. There's nobody inside, and I'll burn the old rags in the paddock."

The barrister and sometime honourable member of the House of Representatives followed him inside, with the abject obeisance of an alcoholic scapegrace, and did everything he was ordered to do like a child.

Drink had knocked the fibre and the spirit, out of him, and, when the doctor was engaged with a patient, he stole silently, like a sneak-thief, out of the house and away. On his rounds in the afternoon the doctor called to see Cyril, when to his gladsome surprise he learnt from the lips of Guinevere that he had brought every dollar back; but as he refused to eat anything which she offered to make for him, the soft-hearted girl spared him five

cents to get two glasses of beer, and he was only gone a few minutes. He soon returned somewhat livened up by the beer, when Eugene called him to one side and said "Look here, Marmaduke, when a man can take the money home as you did, I think there are some hopes of his recovery from the cursed thing; will you take a situation as groom?"

"Take it," he said: "I should think I would take it; where is it?"

"I want a groom," said the doctor: "my present one is going away steeplechase riding next week: you may take the place if you like—it will be quite as good as blight-killing. It will be six dollars a week in your wife's pocket, and will be, I daresay, the means of doing you a great deal of good. I don't think you are so irreclaimable as I did yesterday. If you come with me it must be on strict conditions that as soon as you neglect to give your wife the money every Saturday night, I will stop it from you and give it to her myself. Any drink you really require before giving it up altogether I will pay for; but you must ask me first for the money for it: will that do?"

"It will," he replied looking down on the ground. "I'll give it up this time for good—I'll never touch another drop in my life."

"Very well," said the doctor, and he drove away.

Upon her bended knees that pattern girl-wife beseeched her husband to keep his word if only for a month, trying to persuade him that every new day would make him forget the curse, and at the end of a month Marmaduke would be himself again.

"Swear, dear Marmaduke," she implored him in flowing tears, "for my sake and Cyril's: swear by our little darling that you will do this for your own sake and ours, and no matter how poor we are all our misery will be at an end." It was no trouble to Marmaduke to promise or swear to anything. No man—none but a fiend—could resist the appeals of that pitiable woman, whose tears burst from a well-spring of love, ever devoted to her husband and her child, ever forgetful of herself.

The Monday morning came and the new groom entered upon his new duties. He performed them after a slipshod fashion, and all he ever knew about grooming a horse he picked up that week from the horse-loving doctor. He seemed, however, to realise the meaning of the change, and confessed that the old pains and ailments which he suffered before were disappearing. Every morning and evening he had large doses of strychnine thrown into his veins with a hypodermic syringe, and he took prescribed quantities of the chloride of gold

Contemporary medicines for alcoholism; these are also highly poisonous.

The doctor, pleased at the efforts of his old friend to reform, on his rounds reported them to Guinevere, whose delight assumed the form of a girlish playfulness, exultation and buoyancy. Joy is merely a comparative term, and the news that the abandoned Marmaduke was retracing his steps on the road to ruin filled the down-trodden spirit of Guinevere with the quintessence of jubilation and bliss. For the sake of encouragement on the Saturday evenings, the doctor complimented him on the week's work, and especially on the fact that he had showed them he could keep sober if he liked.

"Here's the money, Marmaduke—don't forget what you promised to do with it, like a good fellow," he said, and handing him the money the groom went away.

He did forget. From the Saturday night till the Monday morning his wife searched high and low, but could not find him, because the police had locked him up in the watch-house. Instead of resuming his duty he stood at the bar of the police court, to answer to the charge of drunkenness for the twentieth time. He never went near the stable again, and discarded his broken-hearted wife for months. Still she pitied and loved him, and yearned for his redemption, though her heart was crushed and rent in twain—the very emblem of Hope walking through the valley of the shadow!

About the deserted abode of The Elms for two months—during which period one letter came from his wife—Whitworth lived the forlorn life of a shipwrecked sailor. In the letter she stated that she didn't like Galveston at all; she wished he would give up the house, coolly recommending him not to keep it open on her account by any means, inasmuch as she and the children were quite comfortable where they were. The letter trembled in his hand as he read it, and he decided upon seeing her father in the city about the promise which he had made to send his daughter home. The next week he met him in company with Brick Bare, Toynbee and Catchpole. Drawing him aside, he questioned him on the subject. The great man had forgotten all about it, and harped upon the fact that the bird of Paradise did not like Galveston.

"What about that great practice you were spoutin' about?" he said aside to the adventurer.

"PRACTICE!" returned at once the adventurer—"Practice is no name for it—by the lord Harry I know a better name for it than that! It's a little silver-mine for a good doctor. Nature has put the dollars there, and all the doctor has to do is to drive about the country picking them up—yes, drive about the country picking them up; the gold is there, and all he has got to do is to dissect it out, by the holy poker yes—dissect it out. You come out with me to-night. I'll show you—you'll see a silver-mine for a doctor. By the lord Harry we'll spike their guns!"

The doctor, after the above lucubration, proceeded to ask his father-in-law if he thought it would make any difference to Marvel, supposing that he left the sea-side and came nearer the city.

"You please yourself, dochther," said the mighty genius: "but my idea is it would. Marvel has never been much in the big towns, and she likes the country best or she wouldn't stay in Edenhall. I'll see her and tell her when I go home. See me when you come back ter-morrer," and the suburban train whisked him away.

Thirty-five miles from the city by train the adventurer and the doctor journeyed that night to Sabinnia. It being late when they arrived there, they both went straight to the adventurer's house, where the doctor was introduced to Mrs. Brick Bore—a splendid specimen of feminine size and strength, with an affable manner and a fine commanding presence. A sumptuous rich man's dinner was spread before them, the adventurer swallowing four bottles of "La Rose" and two of Tennent's bitter beer himself, eating and talking away all the while.

The housemaid and waitress consisted of a black male Salomon islander, just about out of his teens, dubbed with the Christian name of Julia. Peculiar Julia laid the table, waited upon the guests, nursed the baby and minded the children—mostly little girls—chopped the wood, polished the boots, scrubbed the floor, groomed the ponies, cleaned out the stable, milked six cows, drew the wine, ran all the messages, and rode a skewbald pony for the tri-daily mail. The oaths and curses, kicks and cuffs, scoldings and buffetings bestowed upon the lowly savage were quite enough to lay him out for evermore; but, on the other hand, he seemed to thrive upon the curses and buffetings, and as his master carefully explained to the doctor, he could not be got to do a hand's turn properly unless he were properly cursed and kicked. The customary ejaculations and epithets of Brick Bore were like water thrown on the back of a duck, and altogether inadequate to meet his case. The oaths appropriate to the black heathen were a sort of decoction of all the worst oaths in all the worst languages of all the worst hells in the world. It was apparently the only poetry to produce motion in peculiar Julia. A lump of wood, furthermore, was also a gentle reminder that the lazy Julia was wanted to light the fire; a prod with the butt-end of a gun, a suggestion that it wanted cleaning; a kick behind, a quiet hint that the boots were to be taken off and polished; while a crack over the head with the holy poker indicated that it was time to go for the letters. No dog ever had such grand times as that Salomon Islander, emancipated from the thralldom of his native chief and the *ennui* of the beauties of the tropical forests, as after a big dinner on guava fruit and yams, he lay in siestas under the cool cocoa-nut palms and the mangroves. With all the rough usage, none could handle a baby with greater tenderness and care, or watch the gambolling little girls with more consistent solicitude and vigilance. One word in particular was always used in addressing Julia, and whether it was part and parcel of a vernacular oath or not, it seemed to have as many significations as the cawing cry of old Hemlock.

"Wad-a-wee, you blood-thirsty hound," and Julia straightway would sweep the floor, light the fire, and nurse the baby: "wad-a-wee, you rotten son of a bitch," and peculiar Julia would put down the baby and clean out the stable; "wad-a-wee, you scabby, scurvy skunk," and Julia would bring in more champagne; "wad-a-wee, you lousy, mangy hound from hell," and Julia would milk the cows and cheerfully set sail for the mail on the bare-back pony. Give him a good feed, he wouldn't do anything at all—one meal a day like any other dog was quite enough for the savage. During one of his curio-hunting exploits in the islands, the adventurer had come upon a tribe of the natives. They took fright thinking Brick Bore was the devil, when he came suddenly upon them, and shot a bird of Paradise with a blunderbuss. They fled; no wonder! He made after them as they were fording the river, and pulled out one in the rear by the wool of his head. It was a young prince, but Brick Bore called him Julia. He followed his master like a well-trained spaniel, and would give utterance to sounds that expressed his unqualified approval of his situation and the tame, gentle, tender and considerate Brick Bore before everything else in Christendom.

The castle of the adventurous savage island hunter was situated on the beetling crag of a lofty hill clothed with ferns and generally known as Chocolate-hill. Shaped like an old Swiss chateau, it was a tower of wassail and welcome. From the look-out on the tower grand panoramic views could be obtained for scores of miles, including the city, the Mississippi delta, and a vast expanse of sea coast; while in the far West the glamour of the Rocky Mountains added a sombre and solemn aspect to the landscape. Majestic mail-boats, stately wool ships in full sail, or wavering the shadows of their flapping drying shrouds on the water, heavy barges, colliers and white-winged yachts could be seen scattered over the blue waters of the bay or scudding through the heads. On the morning of Eugene's look-out they enjoyed a *coup d'œil*

A quick glance of the eye. [Jones 1963:217](#)

of the British Royal squadron, its yard-arms manned with rows of white jackets in lightning changes—now bare, now lined with rows of sailor with the regularity of clock-work. The vicinity of Augusta and the hills over which he had roamed with Marvel in his halcyon prenuptial days squeezed themselves into the panorama, while for miles around the castle lay, six feet deep in maize and luxuriating hay-grass, the best fattening land in the country's side. The banks of the Sabine River stretched themselves out into fertile plains of rich meadow-land and pasturage, broken by occasional clumps of ilex, wild gentian, and golden rods. It was, further, the home of

American viticulture, and like an unending green carpet, the rich loamy soil for a radius of twenty miles in its slopes, its rises and valleys among the hills, lay buried in tobacco-herbs of every known variety. After surfeiting their eyes with the unspeakably glorious view, arrangements were made for the reconnoitring of the country by the doctor, and the invasion by the adventurer of the vigneron homes and planters' homesteads. The work was, without further delay, begun with a pair of skewbald roadster ponies yoked abreast in a pony phaeton, on the back seat of which sat the Salomon islander, tiger-like, his arms and white gloved black hands folded akimbo diagonally across his chest, and his dreamy eyes in the one attitude of star-gazing, as if every moment he were expecting a thunderbolt from Brick Bore behind him.

Every living soul in that herb-clad district knew Brick Bore: farmers of grain and farmers of sheep and cattle; tobacco-planters, who formed the bulk of the population, vignerons, tradespeople, navvies, milk-boys and publicans—all came within the ken and the courtesy of the irresistible company—floater. His plan of attack was directed chiefly against the innocent, the unsuspecting, the simple and unlettered farmers and vignerons with a modicum of monetary capital. Upon these, after wearisome harangues on the untold treasures of the Great Leviathan Antediluvian

Ancient; primitive; referring to a time before Noah's Flood. [OED Online](#).

Diamantino Tin Mine, he would audaciously foist shares in the gigantic company, standing at their front doors as if he were distributing largesse out of a bag, until there was not one of his allotted portion left to sell, and it was expected that the full complement of five hundred and fifty thousand shares had all been palmed off on the people of the Southern States. All the time he was there shares were selling like hot cakes to the sons of the soil, with the glittering lure of \$ x—in nubibus

In the clouds, befogged. [Jones 1963](#):58.

—held temptingly before them. Then would the unblushing Brick Bore begin his premeditated introduction in such terms as made the doctor blush and his cheeks tingle with shame.

"Oh! by the lord Harry, Mr. Vigneron Planter, just you look here: let me introduce you to a very old friend of mine, Dr. Whitworth, son-in-law of the paragon coal-king. There never set his foot on a tobacco plantation such an eminent surgeon before—no, by Jehosaphat, there has not been such a saw-bones here before. He has had offers of some of the biggest prizes in the whole world in the way of hospitals, but I daresay if a petition were prepared and a deputation formed to present it to him, with an offer of about fifty thousand dollars a year, he might be induced to stay here for the benefit of his wife's health. There is not a man in the city who can hold a candle for him while he operates, and an offer of fifty thousand a year—guaranteed mind—I fancy might fetch him to practise upon us: yes, by the holy poker to practise upon us—practise upon us, by the holy poker: that's all."

One and all, the credulous and the unbelieving seemed to absorb the words of the wondrous adventurer and confirm his opinion, saying that they thought that a strong deputation could be formed, and that there was no doubt in the world but that the money could be raised in time, if the wondrous man would only prevail upon his friend to wait a week. Whithersoever they wandered, the nicotinal and viticultural labourers received them with profuse hospitality, and vehemently urged upon the doctor the notion of his starting practice upon them without delay. So kind, homely, and gratuitous did all the strange people seem that it occurred to Eugene that the bird of Paradise would have no reason to complain of the dearth of visitors, and in every other respect the prospect seemed to be attractive and lucrative. So enamoured had the adventurer made him of the new project that Eugene followed him in his explorations of a house to let, and after an infinitesimally short delay compared to the troublesome time which he had experienced in the same work at Galveston, they found one eminently suited to the purposes of Marvel. It was a very choice and commodious brick villa, with a large and beautiful garden and five acres of land under vines, and to crown all, it was in shape the very facsimile of the villa of her own, Edenhall, which had been the cause of so much of her desertion; furthermore, it was admirably suitable for medical purposes. Large and lofty stables it contained, and a short distance behind lay a training track for race-horses. There and then, whether the doctor liked it or not, the irrepressible Brick Bore paid down to toe owner of the villa a month's rent in advance out of his own pocket, or other people's pockets, and they finally, after a day's enjoyment, left the flourishing district of Sabinnia, taking the evening train back to the city of New Orleans.

There again they encountered the mighty coal-king, the great father-in-law, to whom the signal success of the wholesale sale of promoters' certificates among the good people of Sabinnia was, in the usual manner, propounded. It was considered that the floating of the colossal company was *un fait accompli*, owing principally to the vigorous attack made by the knowing manœuvring Brick Bore upon the unarmed and unwary hosts on the fields of tobacco and maize and wine.

The notion of the doctor attacking the aforesaid unwary hosts and charging their broken phalanx with knives and pill-boxes was duly discussed at length, and submitted for the approval of the king, who, albeit, did not express an opinion one way or another. Probably because he felt certain his son-in-law was enamoured of

the proposal, and pretty sure to carry it out, he seemed a bit afraid to pass an opinion in case the undertaking proved to be a failure, and he might, if he had as it were a finger in the pie, afterwards be expected to shell out something towards its success. He was as usual much more liberal with promises not to see the doctor "stuck" than he was in the matter of performances. The king commanded the doctor to please himself, and undertook to send the bird of Edenhall, "with a flea in her ear," again home to her husband as soon as ever he reached home.

After a few carousals with his father-in-law and the indefatigable adventurer, Whitworth separated from the other two, while the heroic, ubiquitous company-floater stuck to the uncompromising king like two hundredweight of glue. Arriving at Galveston, he wrote to his wife, informing her of his intention to leave The Elms, pay the balance of the unexpired lease, and begin practice again in a district which he trusted would be more congenial to her tastes. The practice at the seaside he had very little trouble in selling to a medical man from New York, and all his belongings, furniture, buggy, brass-plate, red lamp, and the old favorite mare were removed to the new residence among the tobacco and grape-covered slopes of the Sabine River.

Marmaduke was away out of the city at the time; nobody knew where he was, while the struggling Guinevere lingered in penury and sorrow and became more and more attached to Miriam. The doctor called to wish her good-bye and, through her, he made again the offer of the position of groom to her husband should he shortly come back. He encouraged her with the hopes that they might all be in Sabinnia before very long, where Cyril could play with Pearly and Valentine among the wild flowers of the vine-growing fields.

When all was settled in the charming villa rejoicing in the name of "Bendemeer,"

Bendemeer is a small town in New South Wales, on the Macdonald river; Dutton may also be referring to a location in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

a passing fancy, a long-forgotten dream, an hallucination, a something—he could not tell what it was—came into his mind when the proprietor of the adjacent vineyard showed him through the wine-vaults, the wine-presses, the varied vines with their green festoons and clusters of grapes purpling under the smiles of the waning summer, and the home of what he called "The Paradise vineyard." After quaffing cups of Maronean

A strong wine known from antiquity. [Pellew 1897](#).

and Falernian chasselas

A variety of white grape. [OED Online](#).

in the paradisaal holy of holies, the uncommonly hospitable French vigneron beamed forth in all his benign radiance upon the new doctor and said, with a deep crystal scintillating flagon of ruby Burgundy at his lips—"Dogder, I vaz zo pleased to velcome you come mid your vife to Paradize; ven Mrs. Dogder vill come you zay?"

Oh Paradise! Oh Paradise! what would we give to see thy rapturous delights, of which we think when we read that sweet story of old. Oh! to banish the battle and the roar of life and to enter by the ivory gates into the euthanasia of that unknown, unploughed, untrodden land whose saffron rivers flow through gardens of asphodel and cinnabar, and where the perfume of spices and flowers we have never seen floats on the ambrosial breeze; where the almond spreads her white pink-veined blossom in leafy lace against the sapphire sky, "thick inlaid with patines of fine gold,"

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, V.i.

and the sighing cedar shades the idle swain from the rays of the deepening summer as he lies on the radiant, musk-scented fields, while enchanted birds sing their love-calls among the everlasting emerald leaves; where night is the brooding of calm and peace, and light the eternal wedding of the silver queen of night with the golden king of day. There to wander in perpetual youth through beatific groves and watch the houris

A nymph of the Muslim paradise. [OED Online](#).

and the wood-nymphs in endless measures, in ever-changing robes and ever-changing harmony, dancing to the soft, sweet tones of the reed, the lyre and the lute; to loll in the odoriferous glades where the flower-crowned fairy-queen entwines her chaplets of rosy chains, and never-dying climbers hang in garlands of green and gold. Oh! for an idyllic life among the dreamy, white oxen basking among the blue lotos in the limpid streams and the crystal pools or browsing among the blue-bells and the tussocks of ilex on the perennial clover and laying them down drowsily under the noon-day sun; to eat of the tree whose scent is the breath of eternity, while the tall corn waves its bright gold, reflecting like a sea the clouds that move slowly above; at eve to lie, like Adonis in the lap of Venus, among the lissom Nereids clothed in moonlight and harken to the murmuring cicada from amidst draperies of amethyst and pearls studded with golden stars. Oh! night beyond compare to listen to the undying song of the bulbul and the deathless phoenix, steeping the senses in the sleepy fragrance of the clove, the cinnamon and the olive, drinking from starry goblets deep draughts of purest oblivion in the juice of the imperishable vine in the land of Lethe, and awaking with Aurora, like Psyche, in the alabaster Halls of Love. Oh Paradise! Oh Paradise! Reached at last the verification of the dream under the boughs of the sighing canary-pine and the shining beams of the big, yellow moon!—the promised land! the goal after the struggle! the haven after the wave-battering storm! the supernal Paradise of the eternal skies after

the hell upon the ribald earth!

The doctor replied that he did not feel very sure what day his wife might be expected, but that he was at that time waiting for a letter from her upon the subject. After receiving an offer on behalf of the children to ramble among the vines of Paradise and carry away all the grapes they could, like Joshua and Caleb from the land of Canaan—an offer which he accepted with reserve in the case of the unfettered Valentine—he felt at any rate he was, if not in a land of zymotic

Infectious (as an analogy to processes of fermentation). [OED Online](#).

diseases, at least in a land flowing with milk and honey. He settled down in great heart for the work of practising upon the simple and the unwary, many of them already landed in the meshes of the Great Leviathan Antediluvian Diamantino Tin-Mining Company's net.

The change proved in every way a highly beneficial one to the doctor. The colour returned to his cheeks, and fat cheques for attendance quickly drafted into his account at the local bank. Five hundred dollars was quite an ordinary sum, and in one single case he received two thousand for an operation. It was a celebrated case of tumour on the brain which he excised, and so eminent was the success that it was the subject of dissertations among the medical societies of the city, until the method adopted finally received the name of Whitworth's operation. The prowess acquired by it increased the fame of Eugene a hundredfold. Wherever he visited the sick, he was received with open arms, and he soon became a universal favorite in the tobacco and vine-growing district. If Eugene had come to the promised land, it was three months before the bird of Paradise herself was discovered in those habitudes. She reluctantly brooded over the idea of entering there and was probably waiting for the proper season to migrate. Her Paradise was the life of a young grass-widow in the music-halls of Edenhall, and it was embellished by the haunting reflection that Pharoah the king, her father, had said it might some day be her own.

Chapter XXV. The Pine-Forests of the Sabine River. Rattle-Snakes, Roebucks, Peaches.

TOWARDS the end of the summer season for forty years, the Paradise vineyard, the Montpelier and the St. Quentin vineyards foremost, portions of the soil of the Sabine River district were redolent with the fruit of the vine and the fragrance of unmanufactured tobacco. Upon an undulating and hilly country which, its pioneers maintained was a perfect counterpart and replica picture of Spain—the native land of many of the contemporary settlers—spread itself out one far-reaching, waving, emerald sward of rose-flowering tobacco herbs and green grape-vines. The sweet-water, the Sauvignon, the chasselas, the muscatel, and the black prince found a befitting soil in the vicinity of the little town: while the raspberry vied with the grape in its profusion, in the deep, red earth skirting the vine-clad areas, and farther out in their season the slaves were busy in the black-dotted cotton fields.

The Bacchanalia of the Sabine River, celebrated by a great public banquet and affording employment to large numbers of the unemployed about the city, was inaugurated by the festive god shortly after the arrival of Eugene. Boys—big boys and little boys, boys with boots and boys without boots, boys like Glue-pot Ike with sticky fingers and raptorial propensities, good boys and boys with shang-hais

Toy catapults. [Green 2005](#).

— all flocked to the festival on boot or on foot from the congested metropolis to participate in the work of grape-gathering. The slave labour was confined to the cotton fields. Waggon laden with the raw cotton poured into the town every day from morn till dewy eve on their creaking way to the railway station; while grapes found their way to the great public battery, the dozen stamp-heads of the hydraulic rammed wine-press or grape-compressor. The heat of the air most oppressive, the thermometer at 120° Fahrenheit in the shade, was tempered only by the appearance of the far-stretching acres under tobacco and vines, and the light fragrance of the balmy vineyards; it was moderated by the whispering shade of the pine-trees and peach-trees in full bloom.

"Fred," he called out to the groom, "get the buggy ready to go towards the head of the river to-day to Prince's orchard." In half an hour the new pair which he had bought since he came to Bendemeer (five horses being there in constant work or standing in the stable, while one sufficed in Galveston) being ready, getting into the buggy they drove out of the township on a visit to a patient at a distance of twenty-nine miles.

"Pull up the hood, Fred," he said; "it's roasting hot to-day, and let them go steadily; we can't get back before night." On they trotted at a moderate pace past Grassmere, a little hamlet three miles out; past Daisy Hill and Noonoon, all the road the dragon-flies alighting upon them unawares and stinging their faces like bees and—whew! round and round came in riotous gambols the whirlwind-borne red dust making sport of the whole turn-out as they drove along the main Colorado road.

"Pull up, Fred: the whip! the whip! quick, lively," said the doctor, as the dreaded rattle-snake (*crotalus durissus*) lay disabled at the side of the road. Up the little bank to the path the sleeky serpent could not clamber: one of the pair had put his foot on him, contrary to the laws of the nature of snakes, and there he wriggled, surly at his awkward fix, with his head in beauty raised and his gleaming eyes and his venomous fangs protruding. Swish, swish, and the vicious and varnished and sleeky serpent, with his head in beauty raised and his gleaming eyes and venomous fangs protruding, dropped his lower jaw and resigned the following evening. Five miles more, and three more followed in the wake of the one with the gleaming eyes and venomous fangs protruding, while Eugene regretted that Guinevere was not there to discourse science in the hot-bed of natural history, as he rubbed little purple mounds and pyramids on his hands, the work of the bronze-winged stinging dragon-flies with the frowsy hum and the shrill tenor voice, up-borne on the bosom of the whirlwind, and killed the convincing proofs that he was on the paradise threshold.

"Only another three miles to the orchard," said the doctor: "just look at those pines over the creek. I never saw such trees in my life," as they came to a little bridge, spanning the Mayflower creek. There, arrayed in all their cool green glory stood a nation of the great ornamental pines of the Southern States, casting their umbrageous demarcations over an earthy disc three miles in diameter, spreading out their gigantic, green, feathery fronds to kiss and overlap one another: towering in verdant emulation over each other, the green kings defending their green tribes from the day-god enemy and forming meandering labyrinthine avenues for the drive to Prince's orchard; sheltering from the tropical sun the lesser varieties of their order, from the dark-green foliage of the young araucarias to the delicately-toned and exquisite plumes of the *pinus canariensis*. Rippling about their scaly trunks trickled a tiny brooklet, prattling in childish simplicity and vivacity, "dancing its wayward round,"

Lucy. William Wordsworth.

and hurrying along with captive chips of bark and withered leaves to tumble them into the Mayflower creek.

"Jerusalem! wild horses," shouted Frederick, but Brick Bore ought to have been there: "about a hundred—just look at 'em taking that hill," as a large mob of the Indian mustangs by leaps and bounds fell back in the trackless fastnesses of the mountain side.

"Oh! lord!" (Brick Bore in great request); "Deer! some's got 'orns and some aint. Whoa there: whoa, whoa!" as the pair prepared for a bolt, and there resounded through the solitudes of the swaying pines, piercing, spreading, echoing and swelling into echoes again through the forest the sharp loud report of a Snider rifle, and one of the field fell with a muffled thud on the grass, while the others came closer to the buggy and took up their quarters with a herd of browsing polled-Angus cattle. With his ponderous antlers thrown back, he called upon the stragglers to forsake their death-stricken mate and to fly for their lives to the higher regions of the mountain peak. In the twinkling of an eye the fleet-footed roebucks and red-deer had vanished: when not having learnt to pity the flocks that roam the valleys free, a beastly man emerged from the side of the gorge, and having previously condemned one of the flock that roamed the primeval forests free to slaughter, he proceeded to chop off its head with a clasp knife, while the buggy proceeded on its way to Prince's orchard.

It was only another mile, and as the doctor got out of the buggy there advanced a man with a terrified look and a face as white as a sheet.

"She's very bad doctor; I'm afraid it's too late," he said as Eugene followed him into the mia-mia.

Australian slang for an Aboriginal hut, or a temporary hut built by a traveller. [OED Online](#).

The little reed-hut was a veritable Canaan of peaches: peaches stacked on the table, peaches in boxes stacked on the floor, peaches *on* the cupboard, peaches *in* the cupboard; peaches on the sofa, on the hobs of the fireplace, and peaches rolling about the floor—peaches, peaches everywhere: slipstone peaches, clingstone peaches, roseate, blushing, rich ripe peaches, fresh from the trees in the orchard. In the partitioned bedroom, as he entered, peaches blooming full and tight as gooseberries on the clothes-box, in the clothes-basket, on the window sill, on the floor under the bed—and upon the bed a moaning woman, whose exsanguine face portrayed the flow of flooding blood, as it filled an iron pail in the room and formed river beds upon the floor among the peaches. Two sick children sat up affrighted, their eyes as big as saucers staring at the intruding doctor, and as they rubbed them with their dirty little fists they called for their mother and their picture-book. At the side of the doomed woman lay, lustily yelling out its little spongy lungs, a scarlet-skinned baby attached by emptied bloodvessels to its mother.

"She had a fit before the baby was born, sir," said the man: I couldn't get near the neighbours on account of the fire."

"Throw up the window," gasped the spasmodic sufferer: "I can't breathe here, it's so close," notwithstanding the fact that the door and window were open and there was abundant cross-draught ventilation from the pure mountain breezes in the draughty hut.

"It's too late for me to do anything," said the doctor; "that is a common cry of a woman after losing so much

blood." She heaved one long desperate gasp for air, her uplifted arms fell at her side, her glassy eyes closed, and she sank with a shudder in death.

"Mary, my poor wife; my poor wife, my Mary," he threw his strong arms around her and cried bitterly; while Eugene took up the wondering little waifs and carried them out of the room. "My Mary in Heaven."

What a blow to that lonesome peach-grower, the death of his hardworking mate, stolen away in the midst of his harvest by the Almighty ruler over all; cut down before the gaze of his babbling children and severed for ever from the forsaken and helpless babe. No neighbourly hand to relieve him of some of his burthen—not one of his own old enough to run a message! For years he struggled with them, buying and mending their clothes with his own hands, teaching them himself in his own untaught way, forming out of them a little school on Sundays; well he reared and trained them in the paths of virtue and holiness. Ten years therefrom his little girl filled her mother's place. Condoling with the stricken man for an hour or so, he returned to the buggy, which the man filled with cases of peaches. He shook hands with the father of the two little girls and his horses' heads were turned for home.

"Keep on the same side of the creek," said the peach-grower. "the fire is coming down the other way; it's only about half a mile from the bridge new."

The prairie across the Sabine River was on fire. Passing through the avenues of pines they again crossed the bridge over the Mayflower creek, when through the moaning forest, droning with the blast of a thousand bagpipes, could be heard the crackling flames of the prairie fire, and now and then a far-sounding crash as a pine-tree fell to the ground. Crashing through the others and carrying them down before him, a massive king of the forest fell with the shock of a thunderbolt across the road, a stone's-throw from the horses.

"Hold them! Fred; hold them, or they'll see that fire and go mad," he cried, as the great pine-tree laid open through the others which it had brought down a wide vista of smoke and flame. Alive, leaping and dancing in its mad tumult, the fire came upon them, cutting and sweeping its way through the wilderness.

"Right about, Fred, and we'll get back to the green avenues," said the doctor, and round the frightened blood-horses came, catching a glimpse of the flames as they turned and snorting and sniffing at the smoke. With one simultaneous snort, those spirited steeds lifted that buggy almost bodily off the ground, and bounding together into the air they flew away with it in the direction of the pine-avenues and the Mayflower creek. Nearer and nearer crackled and roared the flames among the dead pines; faster and faster fell the trees in the great prairie fire of America; louder and more boisterous howled the east wind, driving the terrified horses almost out of their senses.

"Let them go, Fred, over the bridge," said the doctor, and the stamp of their hoofs on the little, wooden structure chimed in with the empty roar of the fire. No barricade on one side of the low bridge, and into the creek plunged the horses, where they halted, while the buggy and its occupants were left on the bridge. Taking the reins from the groom, he cracked the whip over their heads and called upon Pearly and Vallie to go; they dragged the buggy into the creek and pulled it across to the opposite bank. Straight for the pine-tree shades he drove, where he stood with the groom holding the heads of the quivering horses and speaking to them, while the prairie fire blistered their faces and raged with the furies of *Inferno*. Now and then a burning branch would fall on the backs of the horses, but quickly the groom knocked them off, and spreading over them the rug he took out his pipe and smoked. With its hoarse, stentorian throat roaring, rattling, the raking, roving prairie flames laid every dry monarch in the fastness low; but luckily for the doctor and his equipage no tree fell within the pine-avenue areas, though the thudding trees around sounded like the volleys of a *feu-de-joie*

Firing of guns in a token of joy. [Jones 1963:232](#)

. Hares, white rabbits, racoons, bandicoots, squirrels, badgers and coons fled in terror from the thickets and overgrown scrub to the creek, and many gaudy-skinned copper-headed snakes and rattlesnakes were seen climbing the pine-trees. Enormous cones and pyramids of fire vied with each other in attaining stupendous heights, and from their aerial craters vomited forth the black smoke and charred ashes, wind-borne across the vast wilderness to fall and enshroud like a pall the town.

For two hours they had been standing in the pine-tree hermitage, and beyond the scorching of the outer boundaries not a trunk of the enclosure had been touched by the flames. Soon all danger from the fire and the horses had passed away, when they seated themselves again in the buggy and cautiously drove upon an improvised track homewards. Charred and burning trunks of pine-trees stood like spectres and beacons in the darkening night, the higher parts of the thick, mutilated boughs winking and blinking at the fallen light breezes, and shooting their shining red-hot gems into the night air, as the horses jumped a prostrate tree here and there, bumping against it the wheels of the buggy travelling home. Not an extraneous sound but the night-calls of the scared and sequestered fallow deer, and that sound that always took back Eugene's recollection to the night when old Adam raised the bones of the dead from the grave by the cockspur of the Colorado ranges—the weird screech of the lonesome wild goose—wa-wa—in the deepening dark.

"Safe home at last," said the doctor, as he got out of the buggy and rang the door-bell of Bendemeer, while

the groom took out the overwrought horses and bedded them down in the stable for the night.

"There's a letter for you," said the housekeeper, a repulsive-looking old woman with scattered fangs in her mouth, as she held it open like a jaw-dropping dog, and went to bring the letter for him. Martha Wax's husband, supposed to be blind, called every night and carried away every night a large bundle of necessities for their own establishment in a pillowslip, while the old dame herself carried home her heart afloat in a stomach-full of whisky.

"Came to-day," she said with a glorious smile, as she handed it over. It was from Marvel, and said—"Dear Doctor,—Send me a hundred dollars at once. You can come for us next week.—Yours, etc., Marvel I. Whitworth." The bell rang, and upon the half-muddled dame with the jaw-drop and the doggy teeth opening the door, could be heard before he was seen (by the holy poker he could) the great investor of other people's capital.

"Halloa, my boy, how are you?" he sang out with an air of breezy familiarity and a few introductory double-barrelled oaths, laughing all over his face and throwing his hat into the air—give us your hand (hand nearly wrenched off). "By the lord Harry, the old man is ropable mad. He's in it. I'm right—everything in my wife's name. He's properly in it. He's wrong—nothing in his wife's name. Downright glorious swindle. Vernon Jay a drunken old blatherskite—drunk all the time he was with us on the field. Told the old man that he got the specimens from the mine. By the lord Harry, no tin there! The old man swears he'll never touch another Company in his life. Plenty paper—no tin—no money except the old man's to pay incurred expenses. By the holy father, I won't lose a blooming cent—everything in my wife's name. Julian Jasper Gould, old man, plank down your hundred thousand. By the holy poker, it's a grand bit of fun—grand fun, by the saints in hell it's grand—grand," rubbing his hands together and taking a seat beside Whitworth.

"Has the company been formed," inquired Eugene.

"Formed!" exclaimed the jubilant Brick Bore: "why, it was formed three months ago, and the blooming asses ordered a plant to cost a hundred thousand. By Heavens, they got it fixed up a bit out of Diamantino in the West of Brazil in the wrong spot, and strike me blind there was not a speck of ore to be seen. I'll spike their guns—everything in my wife's name—my wife's name. Jumping Jehosaphat! I spiked their guns—all in my wife's name."

For fully three hours he sat, explaining the inns and outs of the floating of the Great Leviathan Antediluvian Diamantino Tin-Mine, characterising it as a swindle and bubble—how that it rivalled in historical importance the South Sea Bubble; how that it had ruined thousands of shareholders, of which, indeed, the doctor was one, though not a ruined one; crippled the farmers and the vigneron of Sabinnia, whom he traversed as a blooming set of fat-heads and donkeys; and how it had even besmirched the good and theretofore unwhispered-against name of the great and mighty patron himself. Brick Bore maintained that they had all been put on the wrong scent by Jay, and that there was tin in the vicinity.

For forty years Julian Jasper Gould had bored into the womb of the earth for coal. For years he was one of the most prominent promoters of mining companies, and for more than half his life-time—thirty-five years in Wales and five years in the Alleghanies of America—he was the sole representative to stand his ground when company after company had vanished into thin air. For legitimate and straight-forward mining he had never slackened one screw of his indomitable courage, and had drilled holes for leagues through rocks that required an adamant heart to face them. To trickery, chicanery, fraud, and swindling, the name of Julian Jasper Gould was never, unless unwittingly, loaned. Never a whisper had been heard from even his enemies that he was dishonest or roguish in any of his many transactions. Now, after withstanding the voices of the tempters at the usurious exchanges for forty years his good name was tarnished and blackened with the tar-brush of his old obtuse and hood-winked manager. For months after the collapse of the colossal tin-mining company, the solicitors for the company and the solicitors for the vendors of the plant kept the old man waiting for hours in their offices, knowing that they had him in their clutches and need not trouble to chase after him. They ruthlessly held him for months in suspense while a threatened lawsuit for payment and an exposure of the whole swindle was hanging over his head, to (as they called it) let him off lightly after six months worry and torment that helped to drag him to his grave by accepting the consideration of ninety thousand dollars.

"Catchpole cleared out," continued the sweet-toned, the pure-souled, the unoffending adventurer: "cleared out to Callao; Toynbee hasn't got a bean; Brick Bore hasn't got a bean either—everything in *his* wife's name. By the lord Harry, look you here, doctor, you should have seen that belltopper when he came up to the old man in the street after the exposure was disclosed in the New York Herald: strike me blind, the old man knocked it spinning in the gutter; followed him into the Old Angel hotel and knocked him sprawling three times in the passage. The crowning beauty of the whole affair is to see the old woman trotting and traipsing about all over the highways, the alleys and the bye-ways, looking for the old rover. She followed him, only last night, in the dark and saw him meet the dashing young party, and drive away with her to the suburban domicile right before the old geyser's eyes. It's the fun of the world, by Heavens—by Jehosaphat, it's the fun of the world; and he's

got that suburban villa called Don Juan House—yes, by the lord Harry, Don Juan House. Come up to-morrow night and hear a little more," he said, preparing to go; "I'm going to the city in the morning and will be back by last train at night. Oh! by the way, when is *she* coming down? I didn't ask the old man—forgot all about her," and the doctor replied that he was not sure when, but thought probably next week.

"Look you here," he said, tapping the doctor on the shoulder with a hunting-crop: "You let her sweat where she is; she'll come soon enough and very glad to come some day. By the lord Harry, I would no more bother my brains over a thing like her than I would over black Julia; I know those Goulds—they're a queer, cunning lot. I'd spike their guns, every one of them. She would trouble over you, unless she wanted something, as much as I would over that black nigger. I know the greedy, selfish crew, and every one of the tribe. Put money in thy purse, my boy, and let the Goulds go to hell—I'd spike their guns. Here's luck again," and down went half a tumblertful raw: "come up to-morrow night and hear the play—I'll give you all the news from the city."

"I would rather not go," said the doctor, "than go to hear my wife maligned. *Toujours*," as turning on his heel he shut the door, and the wondrous adventurer hied him home.

During the time the macrophonic Brick Bore was engaged pouring his microcosmic tirade into the ears of the doctor, and during the time he occupied riding to his aerial castle the big black horse which the Salomon islander had been holding for three hours outside the gate, the busy little gas-engine of the "Sabinnia Standard" puffed away at fifteen-second intervals, and up till midnight it kept up the puffing and spitting out of newspapers every fifteen seconds till it was utterly exhausted from want of its gaseous breath. The gas supply had been shut off from the gasometer. Next morning the bi-weekly newspaper was quickly snapped up and its contents greedily devoured by the inhabitants, as if each copy were a last will and testament and every buyer's name was mentioned in its columns. Copied from the city papers—because the most useful factors to the success of the "Sabinnia Standard" and the office in general were held by the entire staff to be a sharp pair of scissors and a pot of paste—the great mining bubble was disclosed. The great swindle was laid bare—the history of Brick Bore's flagitious

Deeply criminal, extremely wicked. [OED Online](#).

coup d'état

A stroke of violence or policy in state affairs (extended meaning?). [Jones 1963](#):217.

was published in full detail. The dismal outlook for the shareholders was painted in terms as black as pitch, and the columns surrounded by deep black borders.

As far as the vigneron and tobacco-planters were concerned, they laid the whole mischief at the door of the Chocolate Hill castle. Some of them contemplated an attack on the castle, and Brick Bore himself prepared for even another *sortie* on the village. His enemies were, however, scared by the colour of his skin, tanned by years of wandering in Polynesia, and by his huge and ferocious moustache and the determined Vandyck beard he wore

A trimmed and pointed beard of a type popularised by Van Dyck paintings. [OED Online](#). See 'Vandyke'. [OED Online](#).

. They would have fared as well in the jaws of the Numidian lion

From Greek mythology. To kill the Numidian lion was one of the twelve tasks of Heracles or Hercules. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

, for he was a bold, herculean, and masterful man, utterly devoid of fear even under the most desperate circumstances. He had had many hairbreadth escapes, and had passed through the deadliest perils save battle and murder and sudden death, and was not a man to be backward at using his derringer if occasion required. Brick Bore for months had his hand against every man in that village, and every man in that village bad his hand against Brick Bore. The ruthless adventurer alone they knew in the matter, and he had sold them scrip that he alone knew was not worth the paper on which it was printed. They talked about lynching Brick Bore. The revolutionary article forcibly provoked an assault upon the castle, and a general *melée* was only prevented by the timely judgment of the police, who had placards printed and posted about the town proclaiming that it was only a *ruse* on the part of the original promoters to bring the shares down in the market and buy them back at a low price themselves. Bogus telegrams were received purporting that ever since its christening-day the mine was looking well; that a meeting of the directors was taking place that very afternoon; that the alarm was entirely without foundation, and that the scrip-holders might return to their homes and occupations without fear.

Brick Bore knew better. Dreading an inroad of bailiffs—whom, however, he had often before entertained in really handsome style in the princely castle—he had not wasted a minute of the few days subsequent to his visit to the doctor. The visit had taken place on the Monday night, and on the Thursday morning Eugene rode up to the castle to ascertain further particulars from the master, surmising that he had met the prostrated coal-king a couple of days before, and probably since. When the cannabalistic Julia had opened the big front door he entered. Not a stick of furniture could be seen in the place. The linoleums had been ripped up from the passage floors; the carpets from every room. Nothing remained but the bare walls, with chips of plaister broken away in

the hurried removal of pictures, and wisps of loose straw lay here and there on the floors. All the household Lares

Roman household spirits. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).
had taken their departure.

"Come up to the tower, Whitworth," he shouted. "You'll see what I've done—you'll see what this son of a gun has done, what Brick Bore has done in spite of the old Hebrew Jew up here in the tower; by the lord Harry I spiked their guns, and I spiked Mosey's guns too—Mosey's guns too—poor old Mosey Moss."

Climbing the narrow spiral staircase and pushing up the trap-door as he stood on the step-ladder on the second floor he pushed up another trap-door and emerged from below upon the leaden floor of the tower, to survey the vast expanse of land, mountain range, and ocean, and noticed a fat, porky, greasy little Jew, his hands holding his knees together as he squatted on the leaden floor in the corner.

"All I vath got for my golden moneyth," he said with a first-prize oleaginous sneer all over his flabby face, "vath a thong on that blathted banjo and a drink of dat damned two-year old vineth out of that dirty bridle mit der neck broke; by Himmel s'help me, it's a nithe buthneth!"

"Never mind, old man—did you ever hear this?" and the strange man whistled to the accompaniment of the banjo as he too squatted on the lead in the next corner. He whistled in notes as clear as the song of the nightingale without moving his lips, which he held tight together, and without emitting the air through his mouth. He had a little hole in the column of his nose, and another little whistling hole in the roof of his mouth. *Allegro* he sang in tuneful melody with the banjo and the grace of a Tyrolese troubadour, "I'm selling up me 'appy 'ome, I'm parting with the dear old sticks." He vocalised his intention of cutting the two legs with a saw off his mother-in-law, and many others he sweetly warbled into the greasy ears of the lamenting, sour-visaged Moses Moss, while the doctor sat smiling in the corner at the winks and pantomimic performances of the self-possessed and victorious Brick Bore putting cowrie shells into his eyes and taking them out of his mouth.

"By the holy poker, you're not the only one, Mosey—think of that." he suddenly reflected—"here's a nice little blister to send a man:—'Brick Bore, Esq., bought of Mrs. Maguffin—drinks, five hundred and fifty-five dollars five cents,'" sticking the bill under the nose of the Jew with the force of a catapult.

"Vell, Mithter Brick Bore," said the unbeliever, "You vath a von damned scoundrel. I vil go away midoud dot sheck to get you oud of my thigh," as he left the proscenium of the stage and disappeared like an elf in the Midsummer Night's Dream through the flapping tower trap-door. Down the ladder and down the spiral staircase he fretted his fat, and with a few farewell woe-begone looks at the rooms he said "tit-tit-tit" with the tip of his tongue and his teeth and quietly and mournfully he waddled slowly away through the trees, while Brick Bore declared he was like the Peri at the gate of Paradise without the drop of blood but with the sigh and the tear.

From Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. The Peri is barred from heaven and brings a drop of heroic blood, a sigh of sacrifice in love, and a penitent's tear to gain entrance.

"You see, doctor," said the callous-hearted man with the whistling hole in the roof of his mouth. "I sold my wife's aunt the sticks for a sort of release from a trifle I owed her—everything in my wife's name. Have a taste out of that bottle—never see any more of that. Holy smoke, by the angels of heaven!—five hundred and fifty-five dollars five cents for drinks! Never mind, Mrs. Maguffin—everything in my wife's name. I'm safe as houses," as he strummed his thumb over the banjo again, and put it down, saying—"I say, old man, awfully sorry for saying anything about the Missus—never mind—never saw the old man, but I'm going in to-day again."

"I'm going in too," said the doctor: "there's the train at the next station—hurry up, and we'll catch her"—when banjo and all, except the dead marine with the head knocked off, hurried away from the castle on Chocolate Hill.

Upon arriving at the local station the doctor purchased a ticket. The man with the banjo did without a ticket. He walked past the porter nipping tickets at the wicket-gate as if he were the commissioner-in-chief of the railway department, and showed neither ticket nor pass.

Seated in the carriage on the way to the city—"What's the matter in the city?" he inquired.

"Only a paltry affair," said the doctor, "I had a letter from my wife yesterday saying that she intended to stay in Maconville till some mystery about this account from Swan, Berry, and White's is cleared up. Here it is—an account for four white lace aprons, and the firm has sent it to *her*. I know nothing about it, but I suppose it is some nonsense she has got into her head about an old friend of mine, a Mrs. Downward, who lived at one time in Augusta. She is in New Orleans now—do you know her?"

Looking over the bill, "Know her!" said Brick Bore: "I should think I did know her. My father was a blooming parson and married her to the doctor I never heard anything about her but what was good. By the lord Harry, she's a perfect lady, and if I heard any man say anything about her, by the holy poker, I'd spike his guns and knock him silly. I told you so—that's it; she wants to kick up a row, so as to pose as an injured innocent and suck money out of the old man. By Heavens, I know her; you take my advice and let her slide."

"I'll see the bottom of this now I'm here," said the doctor, "and if you see Mr. Gould you might tell him I am waiting for him to fulfill his promise, and that I am getting about tired of waiting for Marvel to come home."

The train stopped at the metropolitan station and they alighted on the platform. Past the ticket-collecting and brass-locket-pass-inspecting porter, nodding and winking at the ticket-collecting and brass-locket-pass-inspecting porter, the complacent Brick Bore stalked, and turned his *nonchalant* face around to stand and wait for the doctor, with an air of supreme contempt and indifference towards the ticket—collecting arid brass-locket-pass-inspecting official. He stared with the expression of one who should say—"Don't you know me? I am nearly a blood-relation of George Stephenson

British railway engineer, 1781-1848. His nephew, George Robert Stephenson, was also an engineer, and travelled to New Zealand where he built the Lyttelton-Christchurch railway. [Kirby 2004-2010](#), and [Jarvis 2004-2010](#).

: if it hadn't been for my immortal uncle you wouldn't be getting that two dollars a day. I travel the railways of the world free and I am known wherever I travel." He thuswise bluffed the porter every day for twelve months, and never was once rooted out of the train to be stood out on the platform as was often the case of many artful dodgers, who were in that manner reminded of their youthful days at school.

Upon reaching the drapery fair of Swan, Berry and White, the doctor inquired of the shop-walker for the manager: the manager referred him to the accountant; the accountant referred him to the assistant-manager; the assistant-manager to the ledger-keeper; the ledger-keeper referred him back to the accountant; the accountant back to the manager; the manager to the head of the firm, and the head of the firm being out he ran the gauntlet of the counterjumpers, answered the questions of the calico gents, got beaten by the milliners in a staring match, and was referred by the head of the firm to the registering clerk of the country orders. The registering clerk of the country orders, from a wooden tub full of blue-mouldy and dusty letters unearthed an order from the bird of Paradise dated three months back and saying—"Please send me at once four white lace pinafores on approbation and oblige, Yours truly, Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth."

"I see," said the clerk for the taking and registering of country orders: "Mrs. Whitworth has ordered pinafores and the book-keeper has entered them as aprons: hence the mistake."

The book-keeper, the manager, the accountant, the assistant-manager, the ledger-keeper, the head of the firm and the clerk for the taking and registering of country orders humbly sent in their apologies to the doctor for the mistake which their mistaken generosity acknowledged as their own, the proper designation of the articles being aprons, and they all told off the foreman-shopwalker for the express duty of blandly smiling upon and bowing the doctor out of the big glass door, after putting him through an examination to find out if he didn't require any cuffs or collars or shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, hats or gloves; boots, shoes or a suit for tennis and a light serge suit for summer. After being reassured that his orders were highly esteemed, although he hadn't given any, and that they would receive the strictest attention by every member of the fair, relieved of the load which he had carried into the drapery establishment of Swan, Berry and White in Broad Street, gladly he left the fair for home.

"When on earth will this absurdity cease?" he soliloquised on his way to Sabinnia in the train: never, he thought, while he took notice of every whim and folly of a renegade, vain and frivolous wife; never while he groaned in pain at her prolonged absences from home; never until she had discovered for herself that he had done everything that lay in his power to please her, and could do no more; never while the vision of wealth to be some day hers was kept floating before her eyes in Edenhall. Vanity, frippery, finery, ostentation and kittenish frivolity were the creatures of the brain of the Paradisal bird. Passion, jealousy and avarice were the idols of this worshipper and server of Mammon. Peace, contentment and calm could never come into the home of Eugene until the idols were dragged from their pedestals and shattered by the hand of some iconoclast into ruins.

*"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! Klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"*

Chapter XXVI. "Kling! Klang! to the Luck of

Edenhall."

WHILE toiling assiduously at his medical practice in Sabinnia, making the the lame to walk and the blind to see, running the gauntlet of prairie fires and dangers of accidents which often occurred on the road with his spirited horses, battling against and striving to silence the same incipient scandal that had been like an incubus upon him and weighed him down in his work at Galveston—the scandal of infelicities between himself and his wife—the country residence of Edenhall was the gayest of the gay. It was the open house of all open houses, the house where light-hearted buoyancy and *prévenances*

Courtesy, anticipation of others' desires. [OED Online](#).

filled the air of the renovated rooms, and where the country coquettes and exquisites loved to linger at night. The young grass-widow kept the ball hopping as long as she occupied the house. Had it not been for the extravagant and maniacal appearance of the thing, she would gladly have invited her friends to a musical evening or a dance every night, as long as she reigned there, turning night into day.

From Augusta *the jeunesse dorée*

Gilded youth. [Jones 1963](#):255.

came to enjoy themselves for the evenings, and now and then to stay for a few days' recreation afterwards. The Collard and Collard piano that had served the purpose of the tobacco-planter for ten years, flat, untunable and out of date, was relegated to a lumber-room outside the house, and was replaced by her father with a new semi-grand Hölling and Spangenberg. For two hours together in the day-time she would labour in the practice of some new piece ordered from the great music warehouse, Chappel and Co. of London, in order to attune the ears of her patrons and friends at night. The undeveloped alto voice which she inherited was consigned to the tuition of a professor of singing, who came every morning to instruct the bird of Paradise in its development, and never left without complimenting her upon the marvellous progress which she was making in the art of singing. Artistic cookery was the programme for her supervision for half-an-hour every afternoon, where she endeavoured to emulate the professional cook from town in the making of *œufs à l'aurore*, *crème au caramel*, *crème brûlée*, *crème renversée*, and *petit fours*. On most afternoons, however, archery was the greater attraction, and her large circle of friends and admirers were provided with seats around an improvised archery-stand, to feast their eyes on the agility of the bird of the sun and her mates.

The walls of the music halls of Edenhall were decorated in quite a unique and tropical style, by an arrangement of large plants of orchids and tulips hanging down in picturesque confusion, and looking as if they had just been torn up by the roots; added to these were tangled briars, among which might be seen a few birds of gaudy plumage. Large, wide, pink silk shades covered with paler pink gauze, embroidered with silver, others of pale silk and chiffon, were caught up with delicate little bunches of down, while square shields edged with lace and adorned with pale roses and bright red ones with sprays of jasmine, made up a congenial region for the Paradisal bird.

Chief among the guests, coming all the way from Cocklebrook was the merchant's clerk whom the doctor had threatened on the steam-boat pier at Galveston. He was the most unabashed and favored visitor at the home of the gay.

Playing about among the long grass in the garden together sat Whitworth's children, all day long basking in the sunshine of the pure mountain air, and carelessly attended by a nurse-girl, while the bird of Heaven gambolled amongst the flirts and coxcombs from anear and afar. When she was a girl at school she was the most conspicuous flirt of them all—the flirt whom it was alleged her father had taken from school and removed to her home on account of her giddiness; while with her husband, since her marriage, she had shown that she had been merely flirting with him. She married him in the gloss of her devotion, and now, in the presence of her children, as they amused themselves in their innocent and pretty little ways amongst the waving grass and the wild flowers of the field, she was the most audacious flirt in the gathering.

During her stay at Edenhall the seam of the Agamemnon mine of the great and mighty Gould was found. The news spread like wildfire, and in a short space of time the town was in a drunken uproar. The fading fortunes of the indomitable owner were now revived, and a fresh impetus was given to his manifold speculations abroad. It was a particularly welcome event, coming as it did after the bursting of the Diamantino Tin Mine bubble; it relieved to a large extent the distress of mind which he had experienced since he had been enfettered in the clutches of Brick Bore, Toynbee, Catchpole and other adventurous companions. It brought more gaiety within the reach of Marvel, and so turned her already averted head against the memory of the man who would have knelt down before her and kissed the hem of her garment. An increase of working miners was necessitated by the great discovery, and a great influx of mining men of all grades took place into the township of Maconville. Big speculators and *dilletante* investors patronised the courageous Julian Gould; whereas,

theretofore, most of them would not have nodded to him in the street and some would have spat on his coffin.

No parvenu

Social climber, upstart. [OED Online](#).

of a lucky quartz-reefer

Australian; one who mines gold-bearing quartz. [OED Online](#). See 'quartz', sense c. 2b.

was Julian Jasper Gould. He had made fortunes before and had spent them on machinery; his good luck he accepted with the same grace as the bad—no alteration in his demeanour or his workmanlike attire, no toadyism or undue deference to his superiors, no change of bearing towards the less fortunate was ever perceived in Gould. He forged on as if nothing extraordinary had happened, ordering new machinery or taking broken portions of it in the bag to the city foundries for repair.

To the magical Marvel the effect of the find was electrical—it developed still further and propagated her coquetting proclivities; it afforded her more *materiel* for the life of pleasure which she was leading, and it made her look down upon her conscientious, easy-going husband all the more.

During the inroads of the strangers to Maconville, a cashier in the Metropolitan savings' bank had been shifted to the local bank, and being of a speculative and acquiring turn of mind he by slow degrees found his way through the medium of the master himself into the holy of holies of the house of the king. He was a man under average height, but an awkward, bloated man with a lumbering gait, and a remarkably keen eye for business. Simon Ernest Bubbitt was a lantern-jawed, middle-aged boy, weak-kneed but very broad in the beam—a bald-headed animal with large teeth and whiskers like a billygoat, wisps of hair of the colour of cocoa-nut matting and a nose like a satyr, dilated wide at the nostrils. His little eyes were the size of two little glass marbles—they could go through an offer of scrip like a gimlet through a half-inch board, and he often made it a boast that they were the proper sort for a duststorm, as they were so little exposed to the wind. He seemed to be a martyr to a palpitating heart, arising from some fatty or flabby degeneration of the organ, which communicated its cumbersome disease to his powers of respiration. His breathing on the slightest unusual exertion become so laborious that he was commonly diagnosed as another case of the "snuffles," while all the miners imagined that there was a bolt loose in the pumping engine and air-compressors within his flabby ribs. He hailed from London. His face was covered with pock-marks but Sukey who had been born in Kansas was heavily freckled by way of contrast. He could not walk up a hill, or a quarter of a mile on the level road without feeling the greatest fatigue, and yet it was stated that his brother had been a champion oarsman, and a prize Indian-club-slinger his day. His athletic brother had been killed by a man in Texas.

The brother of the champion oarsman and prize Indian-club slinger in his day practised the *ars amatoria* on the niece of the mighty coal-king—the veritable female monster and private pimp who had detected and telegraphed the doctor's liaisons, and had caught him *flagrante delicto* at his capers in the city and with the widow at the wedding—the young lady with the turned-up, inquisitorial bit-of-putty nose—Sukey Mouchard, on whose thirty-fifth birthday the sun had set for ever. Simon followed her about all over the village like a great Newfoundland dog with her reticule in his mouth.

Most of the time during which he was supposed by his employers to be storing away in the Milner safes the vaults and caverns under the bank the dollars and cent pieces of the savings' bank depositors, the old lady was busily employing herself in hounding the trail of the naughty roving king in the city, so that the new Lothario had no difficulty from that quarter, as the doctor had had before him. They had the house to themselves almost entirely for three months, inasmuch as while the old woman was in red-hot pursuit of the king, Sukey from Sunnyside, Augusta, was asked to take charge of the Maconville house. Accordingly, after much philandering and innumerable love-passages under the patriarchal roof of the rover, where hearts, arrows and darts were the chief items in the catalogue, the brother of the champion oarsman and Indian-club-slinger in his day became formally betrothed to the clumsy, inquisitorial niece with the putty nose, who was the third daughter of the asthmatical woman with the ozænatous nose, that married a second husband in the dwarf that fed the ducks and peacocks.

The marriage of the maiden all forlorn took place in Augusta in the Wesleyan Church, and the knot was tied by the Methodist minister, Sukey being one of the Reverend Ezekiel Band's pet lambs, inasmuch as she had often assisted at other people's tables in the church bazaars and once made some flowered chintz which she sold at a rainbow bazaar conducting the Bruce auction herself. If Marvel had spent most of the days during her transition state in trysts with Eugene in the Augusta gardens, the daughter of the ozænatous woman spent most of that time in the home of the king at Maconville. Sukey had quarreled with her mother for marrying Augustus. There was nothing particularly noticeable about the wedding from first to last beyond the deplorable fact that Sukey had the toothache all the blessed day. Sukey wore the triumphant air of a conquering heroine, while Simon, the subjugated subject of the capitulation, with the dejected head and the distinguishing frown of a man about to be immolated and buried, walked phlegmatically like a lamb to the sacrifice on the altar. The happy couple were regaled before a small sprinkling of acquaintances in Sunnyside, at the expense of the man

who fed the ducks, and who had married auntie five years before. The old auntie had been left very rich by her first husband, but she was very mean, and the dwarf, although he was only a cotton expert, was a wealthy man and in expenditure a man after the heart of "auntie." Having spent portion of her time in the home of the king, it was generally surmised that Sukey would some day be an heiress in connection with the coal-king himself, to whom she was much attached, as well as the only *beneficiare* when her mother and step-father died. Sukey had a good supply of brains for that distinction, which nobody could deny. Casual observers were heard to exclaim during the ceremony—"Who would marry her?" "he's only after the tin," and such like; while when the toast of the brother of the champion oarsman and club-slinger in his day had been proposed by the mealy-mouthed parson and drunk by the twenty-five guests present, the bridegroom rose to respond; but probably as the result of the panting heart and the snuffles he no sooner stood up with his heart beating against his shirt-front to respond than he straightway sat down again, and the response was considered as made. Simon was tongue-tied. At the Cinderella dance in the evening Sukey would allow nobody else to dance with the invertebrate Simon, and for fully an hour they skurried around the room like two cockchafers

A large European insect, greyish-brown in colour. [OED Online](#).
spitted on one skewer, Sukey wearing two large ear-drops like little kerosene lamps, and dropping her oily fatness wherever she shambled around. At the railway station they were sent off by some boys who raised a sarcastic cheer, and soon afterwards they settled down to an industrious but squally future when Sukey had finally carried Simon off into bondage.

By dint of log-rolling and wire-pulling in the ministerial offices and by unremitting bothering of the inside out of the garrulous member—who was uncommonly shrewd in trimming his sails when he had an axe to grind—the new benedict was by short stages drafted from the subordinate post in Maconville to a slight promotion in the city, where his appointment was quite a sinecure, inasmuch as all he had to do was to sit reading the newspaper and superintending the work of two others on similar duty in one of the saving' bank concerns. This occupation, however, taking into consideration the maladies from which he suffered, and which were almost as bad as his mother-in-law's, was a highly congenial and health-giving one for Simon Ernest Bibtitt. Simon was altogether a perfect gaby

A simpleton. [OED Online](#).
of a husband, and he was only fit for an easy post, because he always had a sore thumb in a finger-stall and a sling. The principal lesson which he had learned during the celebration of the marriage ceremony was that it was ordained for the procreation of children, which duty, as far as mere numbers counted, the brother of the man with the athletic pedigree, with the help of the private *mouchard*, religiously carried out, and one or two babies were sent into the valley of tears once regularly every year. It was always very early in April that Sukey fell due, so that in a short space of time and in geometrical procession there came one little, two little, three little—thirteen little Bibtitts. All but the last were boys, and each little boy had legs like sticks of red sealing-wax and a face like a watch. Simon Ernest was present at the births of them all, holding Sukey's hand. Bibtitt was an ardent advocate of the Greek theory of marriage—that it was a means provided by the gods for the propagation of children, and happy was the man who had his quiver full of them. In point of quality, fibre and calibre the result however was egregiously disappointing, inasmuch as every one of the thirteen children born during the consecutive years turned out to be a measly little imp, surlily maintaining its muddy and sickly appearance after it grew out of the snuffles with which it was born, and generally betraying the doubt if it were not tainted with scrofula. They were born without any hair on their heads—little suety heads; although their mother had worn a wavy *bandeau* night and day for ten years antecedent to her marriage and after. Still, the dust-storm periwinkle eyes, the putty nose and the snuffles were enough to convince Simon Ernest that they were the genuine article, and so he was satisfied and pleased with what he got.

When newly married and living in Maconville the happy couple were frequently the guests of the bird of Paradise; for quite a couple of months her cousin joined with the others in the games of croquet and blind man's buff. Sukey was an adept on the accordion, but she had never been taught the piano. This was too plebeian for paradise; Sukey, therefore, invariably hid her light under the bushel of her *tête-à-tête* with some other unrefined lady keeping up a running commentary in Yankee twang on everything going on in the room, while the bounteous Marvel delighted the ears of her hearers with music, flirtation and song.

Through the agency of the bride of Sunnyside, the society-hunting Madame had wormed her way into the music-halls of the Paradisal bird, and conveniently growing rusty on the subject of etiquette for the drawing-room, she sometimes came without an *invite*. She would also attempt an old-fashioned song. "Comin' thro' the rye" was her favorite; it was sung and enacted with great *chic* and strict attention to the drawing-room uses of the fan. It was not merely a song—it was more like a song and a dance. She would peep over the brim of the fan, make sheep's eyes with the fan, shut in her voice with the fan, remove the fan from her lips in the nick of time, and wind up the song with a big top note and a glorious shout at the finish. The *grande dame* of the parabolic salutations and the eternal smile, the lady of culture and social *aplomb*, who could talk de

omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis

Concerning all things and a few others. [Jones 1963:29](#).

, sang "When other lips" and other songs in a high-low, up-and-down, see-saw sort of style, albeit quite *affetuously*. With the Ayer's almanac rising-sun smile and gingerly planted footsteps she would daintily cross the room and seat herself on the ottoman beside the Lothario from the caverns. Rival as she was in this respect, she sometimes incurred the deep censure of Marvel, and did everything she could to outwit her and outstrip her in the flirtations of the drawing-room, on the subject of which Marvel had recently purchased a book.

She knew the bride well, and, while Marvel played or sang, she confided in her a volume as follows:—"Do you know my dear Mrs. Bubbitt although I don't know as how it is right and I am saying it that shouldn't it has sometimes occurred to me when I have had the felicity and the pleasure of listening to the rich tones and the artistic touches of your cousin's playing and singing as I have often of late had such pleasure and felicity that joyful memory takes me back to a time when I can imagine somebody else also listened alone to those sweet strains of the martingale who howsomever when I courteously asked him to call at my house some years ago he although it was under different circumstances from the present neglected to pay the visit which I need hardly say is scarcely in keeping with any ordinary knowledge of etiquette but I am going away from the subject which I was going to say is that if somebody else were here tonight it would surprise somebody else to see me as nobody knows but myself." She leaned back and raised the fan to her lips to wait for the explosion of the mine, while Sukey looked at her yellow shoe which gave everybody the impression that she had just walked through the California gold mine in which the dwarf was largely interested.

"Oh! I can guess who you mean," slily responded Sukey, who was a native of Kansas and to the manner born—"that beast. What do you opinionate, Madam? He had not been, a month married when he got into a style of visiting that horrible Mrs. Downtail, and her father had to pay five thousand dollars to make him quit his visits on thar: I saw him with my own eyes look her up after he was supposed to have dropped her, on two separate occasions, once in New Orleans and once in Augusta. What's more, I guess when he came to these parts last he kinder got drunk and fell down the bank; when he backed off home he chased my cousin out of their ranche, and told her not to fall back again, and that he hated her—the scoundrel that he is—the beast. Marvel is a kinder too much for him—she ought to have stayed on and married a right down noble lord."

Sukey from Kansas stopped, and Madame, who had vainly endeavoured to stop her before and get a few objections in edgeways, in repressed indignation said at last:—"Oh! my dear Mrs. Bubbitt in sweet remembrance of my old friend although he neglected to call upon me what reason I can't tell I can scarcely believe but what you are falsely deceiving yourself about Dr. Whitworth. He was always so kind and good and clever as I can prove of my own knowledge for do you know I taught him dancing but as for my dear friend Mrs. Downward I am sure you can't mean her she's old enough to be his mother. I know everything that happened that day *wordbatim*. There is not a better or more virtuous and pious woman in all the world and I am sure nobody could speak the truth and utter a breath of scandal about the pure name and character of my dear old friend Mrs. Downward."

Sukey was a thorough-bred, low-down Yankee. "Stop it off thar, Madame," came more Kansas slang; "blood ain't thicker then water—ain't it, cockey? you ken't help believing on what you twig with your own eye—it kinder strikes me so, any 'ow."

During the rendering of "In the merry Maytime" by the bird of Heaven herself, who had been chased out of her earthly Paradise in the shady Elms, a lull occurred in the conversation, while the fascinating article from Cocklebrook stood by her side drinking the honeyed tones about the petals of red roses perfumed with nightly dews, and striking an attitude for the delectation of the other drawing-room flirts, together with the giddy whirlpool of coquettes around the ottoman and among the lyre, shield and uprooted orchid decorations on the walls of Edenhall. The *allegro* and the *pose plastique*

A type of *tableau vivant*, often involving nudes. [OED Online](#).

being achieved in proper fashion, the usual chorus of "thank-yous" rang its changes around the room, and after a briet interval, during which from dearth of brain-power the conversation was but feebly sustained, the nabobs and *élégantes* were invited by the paradisal Marvel into the dining-room. Cocklebrook took the *pas* of all the others in the procession to the dining-room, for he had *ecrasèd* all rivals, and was hand-in-glove with Marvel now. A gorgeous repast appeared on a table, decorated in a rococo style with gaudy parrot tulips and croton foliage of the same colour; stands at the sides as usual and light delicate sprays upon the cloth from a deep rich crimson to a pale cool cream, amongst which glinting Salvati decanters filled with bright and varied wines made the room look like a little fairyland. Conspicuous among the luxuries were the *Croutades Marie Louise* made by the paradisal hands, *crème renversée* and *crème à la menagèrie*, while out of the scrimmage all poor little Pearly and Valentine got was a bon-bon each. The rest had been nearly all snapped off by their mother and the Don Juan from Cocklebrook, as in their little bed they lay asleep and Eugene dreamt of them as encircled each with a nimbus of affection for him.

After supper Cocklebrook called upon snivelling Mag for a song. Not at all backward in coming forward, the old auntie was duly conducted by Augustus of cotton-blight and fowl-yard fame to the pianoforte candle-lights, where amidst breathless silence she selected a song which all in the room anticipated would be a song for a broncho-asthmatical voice; but no, it was one equally suitable, and its title was "Three blind mice," a song with a chorus. Auntie sang "The three blind mice" song *moderato, poco piu lento*; but notwithstanding the fact that there was intended to be a chorus the snivelling songster warbled it all herself. Long breaths were thickly interspersed between the harsh and jarring tones in the cadences of the indescribable voice; it sounded as if somebody was sea-sick and anxious to sing at the same time—there was, as the impudent Don Juan himself put it, a hole in the ballad at every line, but still it evoked the *feu de joie* of the "thank you" chorus again.

The blundering booby of blight and fowl-yard fame was shortly afterwards called upon for a sing-song. He babbled out a string of lame-looking but in reality valid and logical subterfuges—"Birds as can sing and won't sing ought to be made to sing; I can't," he said and blushed all over. He also smiled but it was the smile of the baboon. He also volunteered to relate to the company a story as a substitute. It was about a fowl. A Chinaman had bought a fowl from him for half a dollar—a pure bred Dorking hen; next day the idiot returned with the pure bred Dorking hen and said to the story-teller 'Him chuck no damn good; him no talk at all: wantum 'nother chuck all'e same.' The story fell quite flat as there was a scarcity of perceptive power in the *tout ensemble*, and there was no chorus of "thank yous" at all. Soon after the company rose with a sociable biscuit in every hand; assuming their hats and wrappers they left the festive scene after a night had been appointed for the next meeting of the flirting school. Madame, however, who had kept her tongue in her cheek since the song of "In the merry May-time," left the little section which she accompanied on the pretext of forgetting her fan, before they reached the gate, and reentered the room in search of the Heavenly bird.

"Oh! Mrs. Whitworth," she said: "I'm sorry to hear and I never could have believed it if I had not heard it from your cousin's lips that one whom I am in some doubt as to forgiving for neglecting to fulfil a promise to me which however in fond remembrance I think I shall and will do. I am sorry to think that you were not properly treated by him and that you are obliged to live away up here and away from him and I am so sorry to hear the name of my respected friend Mrs. Downward drawn into context with his in what I am sure and certain and in confidence between ourselves is an unjust way as if it comes to that people might say the same of me my own self."

Madame had made a mistake. The name of Downward was to Marvel like a red rag to a mad bull. The keen black eyes gleamed at Madame, as, straightening up the music and picking it up off the floor, "It's quite true," she said: "I don't tell lies and never did, and that is why I came to stay here away from the wretch. He is always running after that abominable woman, and he stayed out all night once with her. My father gave him five thousand dollars to stop it, but it only made him worse, and besides he got drunk with her after her step-daughter's wedding."

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Whitworth," burst out the indignant Madame: "It is not true. It is false. It is a deliberate lie."

"Well, never mind if it is," coolly replied the bird: "he got drunk and she pushed him down on the ground, and he came home and kicked me and the children out of the house so that he could bring her into it."

"Oh! is it possible? is it possible?" said Madame half to herself and half to the floor. "It is a lie, Mrs Whitworth," gnashing her teeth and hurling her indignant words into the false set of the bird of Heaven, as she stared her full in the face: "it is a downright wicked lie, and you are a liar."

"No voice, however feeble, lifted up for truth dies: no effort, however small, put forth in the right cause fails of its effect."

Leaving the room, without either saying another word, Madame hied away to the train, while the bird of the empyreal heavens stood check-mated and disconcerted; but on further reflection she consoled herself with the thoughts that it made no pecuniary difference to her; that her father would believe anything she told him: when he died she would get bought the house and had turned it from a ruin into a palace.

Within a week after the party, the bright morning came in all its glory, and the magnamrnous and fortunate gold king after brooding over his promise to the doctor for more than four months, or more likely forgetting about it altogether, found his way to the halls of Edenhall. He pointed out to his daughter the wrong-doing of staying away so long from her husband, who had begged him to speak to her and persuade her to go home.

"He's a good house in Sabinnia and a good position," he said, "and he's doing first-rate in every way; you don't want two places, Birdie, and he's just as well able to keep you as I am. What more do you want?"

Non-plussed again, the cornered bird fluttered its gorgeous wings, and working herself into a tearful and emotional passion she endeavoured to strike the chord of the coal-king's sympathies. "He's always drunk, father, and he has been drunk night and day ever since he left the hospital—he never sees a patient at all. He won't give me any money: it all goes for that woman and her children, and I hate the very sight of him," wiping

the smelling-salt tears away.

"Tut, tut, tut," said the sensible father: "Marvel, ye ought to be ashamed o' yersel'. I never saw or heard of the man bein' drunk but once, and that wasn't much. My opinion is that he is a good many cuts above that sloberin' molly-caddle o' your cousin's. So pick up your duds and be ready to go with me in the morning. I promised to take ye, and I am going to do it."

The children, seeing the crocodile tears of their mother, and opining that there was occasion for a general lamentation, began to follow suit, and clung to their nurse-girl's apron in the scare at the mighty coal-king: but he silenced the forts with a dollar shell and left the distressful scene, while Marvel regretted that she had forgotten to ask a solatium

A sum of money or other compensation offered to make up for loss or inconvenience. [OED Online](#).
cheque for herself, as her husband's hundred dollars had gone. Her passivity was the result of a final fatigue in mental resistance and the decisive command whose observance could not be delayed.

Next morning the enforced migration occurred, and they all set sail in the train for the city *en route* to the herb-clad slopes, the children amusing their old grandfather on the way. At the half-way station he scratched out a telegram to the doctor, ate a hurried breakfast, which he had brought in the bag, and hurried away in the train to town.

There they met the doctor waiting upon the platform. As they alighted he carried the children off in his arms, while his wife did not think it worth her while to even offer him her hand. She vehemently protested about walking to the suburban station, and became very importunate about getting two hansom cabs.

"Why can't ye walk?" said the king with a frown: "it's quite close, your mother wanted no cabs to carry her last wick. Dochther, I want ye to have a look at my back—come in here," and they all adjourned to the Savannah Hotel, where a waiter brought in some whisky and lemonade. The king pulled off his coat and shirt, and displayed a back as red as fire with an *erisypelatous* crimson blush. The doctor wrote out a prescription and left with his wife and children to catch the afternoon train to the town by the Sabine River.

"It is so far from New Orleans," said Marvel in a sullen mood, which she affected all the way from the city, "and nobody to see when I do get there;" to which her husband replied that Edenhall was nearly ten times as far away from the city; that she would see plenty of well-conducted people in the Sabine district; and that they were far more hospitable and sociable than the grandees who held aloof in Galveston. The fretful Marvel made no reply, and all the way maintained a far-away look through the carriage window, or else pretended to sleep in the train. At last the bird of the sun entered her proper Paradise; the children wandered all over its nooks and corners and stacked beside their swinging cots whatever they could collect in the shape of a toy to play with in the morning at 'Bendemeer.' After scrutinising every corner in the house and overhauling everything in the cupboards and drawers, she felt inclined to believe there was nothing upon which she could hang a suspicion. She gave unwonted credit to the statement that he had bought the new furniture himself, and showed signs of assimilation with her new and really charming surroundings.

"I do hope Mrs. Bubbitt comes here: father said her husband might be shifted here soon." she said with a wearied sigh of resignation.

Eugene said nothing to that, but prayed in his heart that Simon Bubbitt would be kept at the work of gazing where he was at the newspapers. That silent prayer was never answered: the logs and axes were soon at work again. Within a month from the migration of Marvel, the brother of the illustrious oarsman was shifted to the Sabine River branch of the Savings' Bank, and the meddlesome private informer, who had seen so much with her own par-boiled eyes, followed as a matter of course with all the picaninnies, whose sickly plaintive cries oft disturbed the air of the solemn and stilly night in the home of the rattle-snake, the wild mustangs, and the pine.

Chapter XXVII. The Bird of Paradise at Bendemeer. Celebrities of the Sabine River.

NEXT morning Marvel rose full of a vague feeling of penitence over her protracted absence from home countermined with regrets that she had left behind the whirligig of pleasure-seekers to whom she had ministered in Edenhall. She dressed the little boy. Pearly was now proficient in dressing herself, and if anything she could not do was required she would run to her father or the servant. After her breakfast Marvel reconnoitred her external surroundings and the contiguous Paradise vineyard, in the name and history of which she seemed to take a peculiar and lively interest; watched the movements of the trolloping and slovenly housekeeper, turned up her nose and sniffed at the manipulations of the floor-cloths, dish-cloths and other accoutrements in the kitchen, and withdrew to the surgery to read through all the correspondence past and present—whatever she could find lying on the table or in the writing-desk. While thus employed little Pearly

ran in from outside to the surgery with a large bunch of sweet-water grapes.

"Mumma," she cried, out of breath, "look what I dot: big man out dere give dem to me: want's to see you mumma#come on quick," and Marvel followed her little girl, pulling her by the dress, to the dividing fence, over which leaned the massive and corpulent form of the old French vigneron, who with very redundant politeness beamed upon Marvel and said—"I did vas like to zee you Madame zee Dogder: my name is Chevalier Jules Léroche; I vas leef here Baradize; vill you come into Baradize and bring your little girl? It ees ver' hot oudzide."

Madame zee Dogder, however, smilingly refused to enter Paradise, and seemed to think Chevalier Jules Léroche was a fool and a trifle silly; besides, as he stood with his coat off and his shirt sleeves tucked up and an old cabbage-tree hat on his head, he was not in accordance with the exquisite tastes of Marvel: in any case he was too old for a flirtation. She returned to the house, while the juvenile bird of Heaven, little Pearly, tripped on her light fantastic toes, like a fairy through the groves and realms of Paradise, in company with the kind-hearted old vigneron, and soon returned with an offering of all sorts of grapes in a basket.

Upon re-entering the house, Marvel was confronted by the blear-eyed old housekeeper dusting the furniture in the drawing-room, a very choicely equipped little room, upon whose furniture her husband had spent some nine hundred dollars. There was a beautiful figured dado around the walls, a lovely centre flower, on a ceiling worked in *carton pierre*

A kind of papier mâché made to imitate stone or bronze. [OED Online](#).

, costly furniture, marble statuary, porcelaine enamels and bric-a-brac. To say nothing of the bibulous propensities of the old housekeeper, she was tormented with a diabolically leaky nose, which necessitated her constant attention, but did not, however, in the slightest degree impede—as was the case with the noisome-nosed auntie—the rapid flow of her garrulity. Handkerchiefs were rather small for the housekeeper with the leaky nose; but her apron served a double purpose: it was the *mouchoir*

Handkerchief. [OED Online](#).

of the leaky nose, and it also did duty as a dish-cloth, and sometimes as a duster. She was a Papist and was in possession of a shroud which she had filched from a corpse and kept in store for herself. It was made of a brown material and had the letters I.H.S. on the bosom. She was fond of displaying it to her friends, saying "Won't I be a swell?" so she brought it out to Marvel and began—

"What a dear little boy, ma'am! (at-chew); he is so much like my little boy, ma'am, (at-chew) that died that I would like to kiss him (kiss-you)." She wiped an ordinary sneeze away with the well-varnished sleeve of her sugar-bag dress and proceeded—"He ain't so big as my little boy was; but when I come to reckon up the age my little boy was wunst—he was born on the twenty-sixed of Apraile, thutty-four, and he died of the hoop an' cough (at-chew—at-chew) on a Friday—I think yore little boy orter be younger than my little boy was that died on a Friday, and my dear little boy could give yore dear little boy full six munce. My little girl (at-chew—at-chew)—she was just like yore little girl, and when I count up her buthday. I think it must ha' bin the same day as yore little girl's was; you would hardly ha' knowed her from my little girl, ma'am, and my little girl was always a grinnin' and a laughin' too; yore little girl's got eyes just like my little girl's was, and yore little girl's nose and mouth and 'air is just the same as my little girl's nose and mouth and 'air. Dash this nose of mine to be sure (at-chew—at-chew—at-chew). I hope I will give you satisfaction, ma'am, but there's a power of cleanin' up o' floors (at-chew—at-chew—at-chew) in this 'ere' ouse, ma'am—the patients drops in so permiskus-like — that there floor in the surgee, ma'am, I says to meself 'wot's the good of washing this 'ere floor; it'll only be smothered in blood in ten minits:' dash this nose; doctor—he don't care where the blood goes. One day I had to wash some bandiges wot had been used, and with respects to you, ma'am, I 'eaved me 'eart up very near, I ain't a bin used to this 'ere sort o' wuck, and it goes agin me grain, but one must do what one can for the best—heigh-ho—at-chew—at-chew—notwith-standin' that I 'ave a blind 'usband to support and four dead children, which comes very 'ard on a pore woman that 'as bin used to bein' a-waited on 'erself, and never knowed what it was to wuck for a livin' afore (heigho—oh! dear me! at-chew—at—chew)!"

Smiling an enigmatical smile, the disgusted bird of paradise queried where she brought the leaky nose from, and the old woman replied—"From Twicken'um, ma'am: you ain't a bin to Twicken'um I suppose?—it's in London; the thoughts of Twicken'um Ferry makes my 'eart bleed (kiss-you—kiss-you—kiss—you). My good man—he was wunst a pork-butcher there ma'am, and I 'ad a drawningroom and two servants o' me own there in Twicken'um—four shillins a week each—and two good wuckin' gairls they was, ma'am, at that. I get three dollars orf the doctor, and it's little enough. Gord knows, with a blind 'usband as can do nothin' but damn an' swear and doss his - self all the arternoon on the kitching sofey and drink and smoke 'and-chew and-chew and-chew.' But one thing your 'usband, ma'am, with respects to you, don't go a'-pokin' of his nose and a-pryin' like my man into the kitching and as some of 'em does, and sometimes on a washin' day doctor he sends the groom for a glass of beer to keep me up like; I suppose he knows as 'ow I have a sinkin' comes over me 'eart, winch is all I gits and enjoys from Mond'y mornin' till Sa' (at-chew) Sat' (at-chew) Sat'd'y

(at-chew—at-chew—at-chew) night to be sure, and I'm sorter not ongrateful for't."

"Does *he* very often go to town?" came the little question from the divine bird.

"Who, ma'am, my 'usband?" said the old woman from Twickenham; but Marvel meant Dr. Whitworth.

"Only twice since I've bin a wuckin for 'im (at-chew)— yest'y and wunst afore;" when Marvel inquired if the doctor drank any of the beer; "Lawk-a-daisy, ma'am! why bless yore 'eart there ain't more'n 'arf a pint, and it would come very 'ard (at-chew) on a pore woman with a blind 'usband if he did, to be sure."

Marvel next wanted to know what time the doctor went to bed.

"Any time, ma'am; sometimes, Lord love you, ma'am, he don't go to bed (at-chew) at all, and like I ain't ha 'alf sorry, for it saves me of a makin' of the bed."

The old woman held her nose with her apron and stared at Marvel as if she meant to say—"I ain't a goin' to put him away"—whereupon Marvel thinking she had discovered a mare's nest

To imagine that one has found something wonderful which does not actually exist. [OED Online](#).

dropped the subject in order to disarm any suspicion the questioning and cross-questioning might arouse, and, saying she would dust the drawing-room mantelpiece herself, she took up a duster and packed the old woman off to scrape and scrub the kitchen table, cupboards and floor, which she said were filthy. They were quite dirty enough to soil the plumage of the bird from New Guinea. If that old Martha Wax from Twickenham had said she had scrubbed the things before, which was a positive fact, or had contradicted in the slightest degree anything the punctilious Marvel said, it would have meant her instant and inexorable discharge. She would throw upon the old woman most preposterous duties, and summarily send her away if there was the slightest sign of mumbling or grumbling over them.

Suddenly that morning she missed a gold locket, set with about a teaspoonful of diamonds; she had put it in her jewelry case on the previous day, but after hunting high and low about the rooms, turning all her belongings out of her boxes and investigating every move the old woman had made that morning and on the evening after the time she had entered the house, the lost, stolen or strayed locket could not be found. It seemed to be as far off as ever. Whatever could have happened to the lost, stolen or strayed diamond locket was a mysterious conundrum to the bird of the sun: "Perhaps he took it," she muttered to herself in the bedroom, "and for all I know it may be on its way to that abominable woman in New Orleans."

"When will *he* be back?" she called out to the old woman sweating at the scraping of the table with the carving knife, and holey-stoning the floor with a brick. No answer, and Marvel advanced to the kitchen.

"Take six buckets of water to that floor," she screamed to the toiling Martha; "yon are not scrubbing it, you are only washing it; why don't you scrub it?—it looks as if it hadn't been scrubbed since the house was built: when will *he* be back?" but the old woman was malingering to be deaf. She sweated and struggled with the knife and the brick at what would have been a nice little bit of Sunday morning recreation for Dolly.

Ting-a-ling-ling tinkled the bell, and the old woman, wiping her nose with the drenched flour bag which she wore for the occasion, waddled with shambling, short, quick steps to the door. *He* entered and walked into the surgery; the bird followed and bearded the lion in his den.

"Have you seen my locket?" she said, and he replied with another question, as to what locket it was; but not to be bluffed so easily as all that, she sneered and fleered and insinuated all the more, when little Pearly toddled into the surgery, with the stolen article hanging from a muff-chain around her neck, and in a most *debonnaire* fashion said—"Puppa, look at my pitty wash."

"Is that it?" said the doctor to Marvel: "where did you get that? it's like the jewelry advertised as missing."

She waited for a few minutes to see if a thunderbolt would come and strike little Pearly, but failing that, "You naughty girl," she said, smacking Pearly: "never you mind, Dr Whitworth where I got it; it was a present; *you* didn't buy it anyhow." It had been a gift from the white-headed boy, the Adonis of the music-halls—but Adonis didn't buy it either.

The habit of calling for the convoy of provisions had become so confirmed in the blind husband of the leaky-nosed Martha from Twickenham that he could walk half a mile and strike the back door with the walking crook without making one single mistake on the road. The doctor himself turned his metaphorically blind eye to the little episodes, and the old housekeeper looked upon it as a presumptive right to remove the crusts, as she called them, and other perquisites out of the way. It never struck her that the advent of Mrs. Whitworth might jeopardise the little game. The visits of the blind man, however, had become so habitual that they began to arouse the suspicion always lurking in the brain of the Paradisal and celestial Marvel that either the old man could see well enough to pick up rags and bones, cabbage stalks and crusts, or that he was carting away wholesale the provender from the larders out of her road. She made a man-trap out of herself one evening as Bartimeus was wending his weary way home. It was blind-man's buff in earnest this time.

"What have you got there, Mister?" she said as he was leaving by the back gate, staggering under an awkward load in a flour-bag, and the bird of Paradise emerged from the stable.

"Only the crusts," said the blind man as innocent as the goddess of Innocence herself.

"Let me see," said Marvel pulling the sack off his back and the broadside of the blind man's back on top of it, as he fell supine with his heels in the air.

"Ha! I thought so," warbled the bird: "boots and shoes, loaves of bread and cakes; brown paper parcel of sugar, brown paper parcel of sago, brown paper bag of rice, twenty-eight pound bag of flour, junks of bacon and cheese; spoons, cups and plates; two knives, a fork and a blacking-brush; two tins of Keilor's marmalade, note-paper, envelopes and stamps; a wine bottle of milk, six big ostrich feathers, and a bottle of brandy; kippered herrings and salmon, all mixed up with half-a-dollar's worth of potatoes, two large bottles of ink and innumerable pearl-coated pills." Martha had lost no time in weeding out Marvel's wardrobe, and there was quite enough in the collection to bring forth the most glorious smile from Swan, Berry and White or any shop-walker in creation.

"Wait a minute," said Marvel, "there's something else you can take home," as she bustled inside up the steps and bundled out Martha Wax, the 'ard wuckin' woman from Twickenham: "You can take that old thief away with you, or I'll send for the police in two minutes," she shouted triumphantly.

Twickenham patronised Billingsgate and clenched its fists in a furious rage. "You miserable little wretch," said Twickenham with her face in a state of great inflammation; "you'll starve yourself yet when you can see a poor old crittur (at-chew — at-chew) as wucks 'ard and her pore 'usband as can't see to do no wuck a starvin' for the sake of a few bits of crusts and things like that. We wasn't so mean in Twicken'um when we had servants of our own (at-chew—at-chew—at-chew): you might 'ave to be a servant yourself yet: you little beast, I would like to tear the 'air out of yore blessed 'ead and shove my fist into your nasty hugly mouth, and for two pins I'd do it now, you (at-chew)—tripe (at-chew)—tripey chop thing (at-chew): you're no lady, you're more like one of these 'ere bloomin' hactresses."

The bird of the sun, scared at the threats of the old woman, flew away, leaving them to scrape up as much as they could in the dust and waddle away with the salvage, swearing at the little beast of Bendemeer.

The first month Marvel had spent in Bendemeer and its surroundings had been replete with excitement and pleasure. Cartes de visite fluttered in upon the tulipwood console table like the leaves of Vallombrosa

Milton, *Paradise Lost*.

. The little drawing-room was crowded with visitors every day; the snowy mass of cards lying on the card-receiver was thawing on its surface and falling down from the top and the sides. So bounteous was the attention paid to the wife of the doctor, that she had scarcely a moment between lunch and dinner to spare. After the first rush of visitors she found it necessary to curtail her receptions to one afternoon a week. Thursday was the chosen day, but she subsequently thought it wise to restrict her days at home to the first and second Thursdays in the month. The doctor's groom, Frederick, in a dark bottle-green livery coat, tight-fitting knee-breeches, top boots, big silvery buttons like new half-crowns, and a tall black silk hat with a silvery band and cockade, drove the celestial Marvel, sitting beside the groom with an air of ostentatious condescension, with the pair of thoroughbred horses to return the multitude of visits; but, out of all who had done her the honour to pay their respects, she deemed it *infra dignitatem paradiseidalem*

Beneath [Paradisa] dignity. Jones 1963:57.

to return visits to more than one-tenth, this fractional quantity being of course the ones included in the refined circle of those who knew how to tilt their noses higher into the air than the ones whom she neglected.

The routine of Bendemeer was all nice and smooth, and she indeed seemed to regret, and once expressed her remorse—on the twenty-fourth of May, her birthday—at having left her husband and crippled his chances of success. The regrets were, however, very unsubstantial and ephemeral; after a month she began to grow restless and fidgetty again at intervals from lack of excitement and change. The following month brought a steadying-down of the social strain, and nothing occurred till a month after, when an accident to the village priest brought what seemed to be all the shining lights of the Roman Catholic clergy to see the lovely, renowned, paradisa, heliotropical, celestial and aerial bird of the rose-bowers of Bendemeer.

One Daniel Carter, who, during his twenty years residence in Sabinnia had sold bad beer at the Hallelujah Hotel, supplemented his profits by breaking in colts and fillies and horse-dealing generally. Like old Adam Quain, Daniel was seldom seen sober and never on any one single occasion perfectly sober by those who knew the Hallelujah Hotel or those that had not that honour. Crude, fool-hardy man as he was, he had perched himself on the top of the box-seat of the hearse during his late wife's funeral, and called upon the undertaker beside him to "trot the old bitch along as fast as he could, and plant her out of his sight." After a bucketful of two-year-old Burgundy, Daniel roamed wild about the streets, taking himself round the town as it were after the manner of a tame ape, performing all sorts of antics. When Sabinnia was wrapped in slumber, he roared like a caged baboon at night because the gas lamps were extinguished before he reached his Hallelujah home. An angular raw-boned man was Daniel, with a fierce stained beard, something like a white horse's tail cut off very short. He offered His Reverence the village priest a trial with a young colt, which he had just broken in himself and wanted to sell. As the simple-minded priest acquiesced in the trial of the quiet and reliable buggy horse, he was whirled

away at a dare-devil rate a mile or so out of town, and shot out of the flying ape's buggy like so much rubbish, to receive a concussion of the brain on the road. Eugene attended him at the presbytery after the accident, and his beloved brothers in holy orders from all points of the compass hurried to administer the last sacrament of the dead.

The first day after the accident one priest called to see the doctor; the day after, the one that came the first day brought two others; the two brought four others; the four brought eight; the eight brought sixteen, and within six days, all seated in the little drawingroom of Bendemeer, among the Chippendale and Louis Quinze art furniture like thirty-one crows, while the dying lamb lay unconscious in the presbytery, they inclined their ears to the music of Marvel on the Mignon, and drank the whisky which her husband brought in on a tray. Particularly amiable gentlemen they persuasion, showed a great inclination to unbutton their otherwise straitlaced dignity, and make themselves in all way highly interesting and agreeable. For several days while the life of the patient lingered in the balance, like Mahomet mid-air between the wicked world and heaven

Possibly referring to a legend that Mahomet's tomb is suspended between earth and heave.

, the crows came every afternoon, drinking down the whisky and sunning their souls in the Paradisal music and radiance.

One priest in particular was a profound historical scholar, and with him the doctor's early career at university college enabled him to discourse mythical, metaphysical and classical lore, while the heavenly music of the paradisaical angel wafted itself through the exalted souls and thrilled the emotional bosoms of the others. Not only in science and history was Father O'Leary a polished scholar: he could criticise a racehorse and run off its pedigree as glibly as Brosie could that of a fox-terrier or a greyhound, of which specific order in creation Father O'Leary was the happy possessor of several fine specimens, all called by some highly appropriate name, signifying the design of the Great Father of us all that they were meant to kill something, and yet selected from the poetical language of old Ireland, such as, *Killalee*, *Killaoe*, *killarney* and *Kildare*. So highly enjoyable was the company of the priests that on that account all felt a hidden sorrow when the fog lifted from the concussed brain, and on leaving they one and all expressed themselves to that effect. A special invitation came from the scholarly priest of the horse-racing proclivities to visit his mansion near the race-course when the doctor went next to the city, where he promised to introduce him to all the jockeys and trainers of the day. The doctor, however, had once been a racing man himself, and replied that he had at one time been the owner of the marvellous Moss Rose, when the invitation was passed on to the bird of Paradise, who promised to call upon His Reverence, if not the jockeys and trainers, on the first opportunity she had of going to town. After the horse-loving priest had given the doctor several good tips for the cup, the archidiaconal congress ended and they all departed *en masse* to their folds among whom they issued an encyclical to the effect that their sojourn at Bendemeer comprised the happiest days in their lives.

There was apparently nothing to ruffle the sweet temper of Marvel; no ground upon which her jealous and acrimonious nature could build an airy castle of suspicion, and considering the light foundation upon which she could raise an imposing tower of Babel this was saying a very great deal. There was nothing to disturb the brooding complacency which she seemed to be engendering within herself towards her husband ever since the little episode of the pinafores and aprons had recoiled on her own foolish temper. Day after day the reign of calm and content in the flowery home at Bendemeer became more and more firmly established. The new servant whom she had obtained from Daisy Hill, a few miles out of the town, appeared to meet her desires in every little matter, although of all mistresses she was the strictest and most exacting. The groom seldom came across her path since the burden of her calls had been removed from the collars of the horses; he was, too, of a very hard-working and retiring disposition. Marvel indeed seemed to be self-convinced that she had unjustly fallen out with the doctor quite enough for a life-time.

It is a rare thing in American country society to find a family by whom, even on their ordinary everyday domestic occasions, the stiff and starchy forms of a British nobleman's house and table are regularly observed as by force of habit or second nature with unremitting punctiliousness. The Sabine River had the very distinguished honour of being an exception to the rule, inasmuch as within one mile of the township, frowning from a lofty hill over three square miles of ground stood the Elizabethan castle of "Rotojingolong," occupied by and being the freehold property of a British colonel of the line. There, with my lady and seven grown children, for years had been sequestered William, tenth Earl of Kincaird. He had won his spurs on the field of the Afghan war, and for two years had turned the sword into the ploughshare. A few croakers there were among the tobacco-planting population—chiefly those who had never been requested to honour his halls with their company—who maintained a stand-off scorn and derision of the whole family of the Earl of Kincaird, from the ancient Earl himself down to his youngest child. These asseverated that all the active service which the Earl had ever seen was summed up in the declaration that he had once shot his nose off when out after parrots on the Rocky mountains. However, the courtesans who had enjoyed the high privilege of sitting at the lord's table vehemently sounded the loud bugle for the ancestral family, and sturdily maintained that he verily had sought

glory at the cannon's mouth

As You Like It, Shakespeare, II.vii.

; that he was for ten years a colonel in command of a Sikh-Sepoys two hundred strong, marching them daily up and down hill to the sound of the trumpet and the drum; that when they were up, and when they were down they were down; and that when they were only half-way up they were neither up nor down; that in every way the noble two hundred were constituted equally as well as the famous regiment of the brave old Duke of York, whose prowess is recorded in the history of the world as second on the tented and bloody field to that of Don Quixote the Great atone. The medals won by William, tenth Earl of Kincaird, stopped short only of the Victoria Cross, no action for the exploded nose having been heard with a view to that decoration.

Migrating from the land of chutney, spice, and mango jellies, he leased and feohed

Possibly 'paid money for'. [OED Online](#). See 'fee', v1.

for four hundred and ninety-nine years the magnificent property near the Sabine River, which, nevertheless, still retained its vernacular and euphonious name of "Rotojingolong." Now most of his time was devoted to the horticultural uses of the garden-rake and dutch-hoe on the winding paths and the flower-flecked beds, where he was invariably to be found as long as the king of day was describing his circle over William's ancestral head. In many respects the old warrior appeared to have infringed on his dotage: he furthermore suffered at the time from an uncontrollable and ceaseless movement of his limbs and the muscles of his face called *Paralysis agitans*, which never forsook him as long as he kept awake in the violet-seented garden. Sitting for hours as he did every day contemplating the beauty of the unfolding inflorescence of an ox-eyed daisy or a gilliflower, and as it were goading on its tardy growth by the perpetual movements of his arms, his head and his legs, all the while he would remain as cool as when he had been in the habit of charging the Russian front in the van of the dour Sepoys.

The sons, of which there were five, not being handicapped with a maudlin superabundance of ambition, were generally considered to be highly adapted—after a thorough education at the agricultural colleges of Edinburgh—for the laborious cultivation of maize, and at the ploughing matches in the Sabine River district they once went very near being awarded an honourable mention for a fanciful figure of eight. His two daughters, Lady Harriet and Lady Henrietta, both unspeakably buxom and buoyant, spent most of their time reading French novels or paying calls on the aristocracy of New Orleans, while the energy of my Lady the Countess was consumed in a boundless profusion of money and beneficence for the relief of the waifs and strays of the city and the poor of the Sabine district.

Whatever idiosyncracies the members of the family individually possessed, they were severally well-trained in all the forms and fashions of high life, and they took precious care not to allow the revolution in the life of the colonel of the Sikh-Sepoy guards to interfere in the slightest degree with the regular observance of their rigid English ceremonies and ordeals in the outskirts of the American pine-forests. When the ploughing, harrowing, winnowing, or mustering of cattle was over for the day, the toiling Arcadians would be warned by the ponderous dinner-gong that it was the correct time for them to disrobe and array themselves in their swallow-tail coats and waistcoats showing wastes of embroidered shirt-front like pillow-slips, not forgetting a spruce sprig of hawthorn or holly for a *boutonnière*. By lightning changes from force of ingrained habit they transformed themselves from bucolics into *fin de siècle* courtiers or grand flaneurs of the ball-room. Every evening they were dressed to receive or meet any grandee in creation, irrespective of the usual fact that there was nobody to meet but their own father and mother and sisters at the lordly dinner.

The magnificent income of the Earl of Kincaird, with the addition of a liberal pension allowed by a grateful country for distinguished services in time of peace, was further supplemented by fees charged for the grazing of horses in a small two-acre paddock. The only good grass was reserved for their own sheep and cattle, while the small paddock was often seen to be so crowded that when Eugene found his mare Rosie there munching the post-and-rail fence in a scarcity of grass such as was found on the surface of the Earl's billiard table, he thought the enclosure was a sale-yard, and promptly took her away from Rotojingolong. The unmerited ridicule of the smaller section of the Sabinites did not detract one atom from the glory and renown of the nobleman's family. It was the acme of privilege to be invited to dinner at the castle of Rotojingolong. Such was the lucky privilege of Marvel.

When the doctor had first gone to the Sabine district, Lady Kincaird had undoubtedly called and left cards, upon two of which was written, like the writing on the wall, "Kincaird." He was, however, out at the time, and Marvel, who little thought of being so highly honoured, was in the razzle - dazzle of merriment at Edenhall. Since her return to her husband all she had seen of the nobility was the record of the visit in the shape of the cards left, which Marvel kept studiously on the top of the pile—name-up-with-care—in the card-receiver. The very name was a name to conjure with, and an earnest of something sumptuous. The butler of the castle had curtly informed the discomfited Marvel, when she called to return the deposit of the precious pasteboard, that it was not his lady's day at home.

Great was her delight and surprise when, a few weeks after her *rencontre* with the butler, she received an invitation written by my lady herself by the morning post, requesting the honour of Dr. Whitworth and his wife's company to dinner on the following Friday week. It just gave Marvel time to order a new dress from the *costumière*—a dolly

A Dolly Varden dress; a polonaise-style princess dress with an underskirt. [Ladies Treasury 2002-2005](#).

dress of blue satin fussed over with blue tulle and blue well-off-the-shoulder velvet bows, with an immense quantity of filmy lace-like cobwebs on a blue ceiling. She also had time to polish up a few pieces which she fully expected to find in the music canterbury

A piece of furniture; a stand with partitions designed to hold music. [OED Online](#).
at Rotojingolong.

On the miserable evening stated in the *lettre d'invitation*, while the slanting rain monotonously pattered on the iron roof, Frederick was called out with the bottle-green livery coat, tight pants, top-boots, silk hat, silvery band and cockade and surrounded by a tight-fitting Melton

A kind of cloth with a close-cut nap, used to make jackets, coats, etc. [OED Online](#).

great-coat, making him look like a huge pork sausage, together with the thoroughbred pair, in order to assimilate the style of the celestial bird as closely as possible to that of the Earl. There was no loophole of escape, so the doctor accompanied his wife, and they both set out with Frederick for Rotojingolong. The scrolled oak door swung open on what seemed to be a ringing of all the bells in the castle, and the simultaneous barking of all the Rotojingolong pack of harriers and fox-hounds, and the portentous butler escorted the bird of Paradise to the ladies' dressing-room, while the doctor stood gaping at the picture of Quatre Bras

Probably concerning the battle fought there during the Waterloo campaign.

, hanging on the passage wall, looking as though he were going to be crucified. Presently, however, removing his coat and withdrawing his gloves, he marched boldly into the drawingroom where he had ample time to ruminate and await the reception of his host. The first *entrée* lady was the smiling Marvel, attended by one of the honourable young ladies: his wife seemed to be the first to receive and welcome him. With them he discussed the meteorological conditions of the night for quite a quarter of an hour, when the loud tocsin of the dinner-gong resounded through the halls, echoing in the rooms as my lady appeared on the quivering paralysed arm of the earl. Marvel was introduced by her husband, who had known the family outside before. The earl offered his arm to her and with as much ostentation as her agitated nerves would suffer her to display she was marshalled by Kincaird the warrior into the dining-room, while my lady offered her elbow to the doctor and piloted him in the same direction. At their heels came Lady Harriet and Lady Henrietta, discussing French novels, and a quintette of the genteel young viscounts of the plough. Viands, rarest of which was the venison of the deer—supposed to be at any rate, though none could gainsay that it might have been a sacrificed nanny-goat—reminded the guests of Bolton Abbey. Rare wines scintillated in tall, slender, Venetian decanters amongst the fine linear network of clippings of exquisite maidenhair finding its mazy ways along the white tablecloth among what seemed to be specimens of every flower in the viscount's garden, giving the table the appearance of an elaborate floral rainbow-bazaar. Still, no vulgarity was shown as often is the case when enormous bouquets are piled so high that the guests, as at Madame's, could not see across the table. My lord was evidently a great connoisseur of foliage and flowers. He completely bored and bewildered the Paradisal bird, who sat in a state of chronic martyrdom on his right at the top of the table, while he described the minute anatomy of every tiny bud and curling fern-frond, and gave every member of the copious, choicely-arranged group on the table its proper botanical name. Overhearing the verbose descriptions of the nobleman and noticing the uneasiness of his wife, Eugene could not help thinking to himself of one sweet face which he knew so well; of one who at that time was writhing with a broken heart in the throes of starvation and abysmal gloom: of one who could have brought to bear upon the pedantic colonel all the lore of the flowers of the earth, and expatiated upon the exact Linnæan scientific characteristics of every floral gem on his table in terms that would have put his assertiveness to shame—the girl fashioned in the semblance of Diana and undergoing a training in the bitter school of poverty learning the lesson of despair, whose sweet sad eyes seemed to take an interest in everything that breathed and every flower that grew.

Conspicuous on the table stood a large table-centre in a quasi-rustic style, with no very definite symmetrical shape, but giving quite a novel effect: the cut crystal flower-containers being fitted into a frame-work of fire-gilt brass, simulating stalks and ivy leaves, while the containers represented blossoms. Some of the decanters in plain or reeded glass were more than two feet high and consisted of musical trios, comprising a golden-strung lyre pouring from either side, a violin and a mandolin: others were the shape of double eagles or quaint ducks; while the wineglasses also seemed to follow the elongation of the decanters, some of them being fitted into stalks about twelve inches high. Liqueur and *café noir* trays assumed quite a Bacchanalian rotundity and became veritable tiny barrels. In liquors and delicacies the guests were confronted with an *embarras du choix*

Embarrassment of choices.

. Long *entrée* dishes seemed to be so deliciously suited to their uses that their long narrow shapes allowed them to slip between the guests without obliging them to turn sideways, as the ordinary square or oval dish necessitates. As if the sight of all the pretty things was not enough, the viscount and my lady were most importunate in their lavish generousities, and in spite of the botany they seemed to be straining every nerve to make Marvel feel just as if she were at home and all the rare novelties belonged to the sweet bird of Bendemeer.

Lady Kincaird found plenty of *materiel* and tales to unfold before the doctor on the ruling passion of her beneficent ministrations towards the relief and comfort of the fatherless and motherless children. My lady there and then appointed him medical officer to her baby society, while the honourable young lords and the honourable young ladies chatted among themselves.

The sumptuous dinner concluded, they all returned as they had entered back to the drawingroom, where Lady Henrietta, in a *bien décolletée* white and green brocade, trimmed with lace and silver embroidery, and wearing some magnificent diamonds, stood in all her buxom glory, while her softly swelling bosom rose and fell in rhythm to the cadences of the song of "Robin Adair," accompanied by Marvel, quite at home on the grand Collard and Collard. Lady Harriet sang a song expressive of her desire to be a butterfly or a bird, and one of the young Arcadian nabobs produced something about a gun.

Marvel was in her element at the piano. When asked to play something, she threw Lady Henrietta and all-comers into the shade, completely eclipsing them all. Nervous as she was she made the chords of the grand Collard and Collard ring again and resound through those lofty acoustic halls with the masterly execution of a Kowalski. Nobody could help but admire the precision with which every half-note was played, and as amongst others she produced the inexpressibly grand symphonies of Beethoven, and the enchanting variations of Serenatas and the Myosotis, Eugene felt quite a rush of glowing pride of his wife, and he recalled the happy days when he had heard that Myosotis before. After a game of loo—not sing-tai loo as played by the jaunty Ambrose, for sing-tai loo was played with dice—the party broke up for the night; not as might have occurred in lowlier houses with the parting glass of a vulgar *doch an-dhurris*, but with a quiet and ceremonious "good-night" in plain, humble and earnest language. Eugene drove home his elated wife, who seemed to have reached the summit of her social ambition, and who seemed to have gained a love for her husband that *seemed* as deep as the sleeping sea and as constant as the fixed stars of the universe.

Chapter XXVIII. A Beacon-Light of the American Methodist Church. Marvel's Companions. The Bird of Paradise at the Country Concert.

TWELVE months passed. Not even a cross word, not a sign of any altercation—not even a symptom of any disapproval of their mutual relations and reflex conduct was ever heard in Bendemeer. The seasons came and glided away, and whatever foibles there might have been on either side were either unnoticed or overlooked as not worth falling out about. Instead of reproachful sullen gravity all was complaisant mutual admiration. The doctor was successful, prosperous and, as indeed he always had been, he was deeply attached to his wife. The life of Marvel was like a light and sunny dream.

True, Lady Kincaird had called twice or three times during the year, and several more *cartes de visite*—printed on some of them the one word "Kincaird"—lay conspicuous upon the little stack in the drawingroom; but the honourable Lady Harriet and the honourable Lady Henrietta ever since Marvel had returned, had apparently slighted her by rigidly staying away from Bendemeer. The returns to the calls of Lady Kincaird had been in all due form and ceremony religiously observed by Marvel, and paid upon the days appointed for the reception of visitors at the manor house; but during these return calls she had never caught even a glimpse of the daughters of the earl. All she had seen at the courtly receptions were my lady herself and a few of the commoners of the town, whom she disdainfully affected to hold aloof from and despise.

The wife of the local solicitor in particular she had deliberately planned out a quarrel with, for no other reason than that she was formerly very intimate with the honourable lady Henrietta, from which fact she was suspected by Marvel of having had something disparaging to herself to say to the honourable young lady. In no other way could she account for the growing indifference towards herself on the part of the *crème de la crème* of the Sabine River society; although the doctor would endeavour to solace his wife with the theory that Harriet

was jealous of her playing on the occasion of the musical evening at Rotojingolong, and that Henrietta must be vain and insincere. Nothing, nevertheless, could drive the presentiment out of Marvel's head that the passive slights put upon her by the masterly inactivity exhibited by the young ladies in the matter of calls were the doing of Mrs. Alexander. With the assiduity of revenge she raked up all the history of the solicitor's wife, and wherever she visited she spread a terrible story, which she heard from somebody else and knew it was perfectly true, as her friend had heard it on good authority from a third party, namely—that the wife of the solicitor before she was married had been an amanuensis

One who copies or writes from the dictation of another. [OED Online](#).

, and that her employer had said that she was a first-rate girl to spoon with in the moonlight on the verandah. The enjoyable evenings which she and her husband had spent at the solicitor's house were discarded by Marvel as altogether lowering; but the doctor himself used to go, as he was a very close companion of the lawyer, whose wife was very much liked all over the district. The bird of Paradise, however, cut the lady dead and preferred to stay at home; nor, strange to say, did she manifest any signs of chagrin or disapproval at her husband's solitary visits, probably fancying she might be able to glean from him all the little inns and outs of what occurred in Mrs. Alexander's drawingroom, with a view to promulgating them in a distorted and derogatory form to her own little circle of admirers. Of these she now had very few, but such as they were they formed a little school of gossip, treachery, scandal, envy, malice, conspiracy and all uncharitableness—a ring of women that traduced the character of every good man and virtuous lady in the district.

The most frequent guests of the doctor and his wife after their first twelve months in Bendemeer were the heads of a large family living a mile away, of which the pillar of the house was a pillar of the church of John Wesley. He could scarcely be called the key-stone of the Primitive Methodist Church as, although he was an intellectual and well-read man, he had been weighed in the balance and found wanting in originality and force of character. He was not pugnacious enough to make a distinguished theologian. His sermons were nothing more than a barrel-organ-like reading of the sermons of some eminent divine, all of which he kept in his study in a tub, which he turned upside down every two years, so as to keep his sequences correct. Personally he was too deficient in the art of jumbling the judgment and confounding the senses of his congregations to make a successful preacher. Still, he managed to conduct his services satisfactorily to the little vestry and the sparse assemblage of dissenters, every portion of the psalm-singing, ranting service being produced in the same barrel-organ way. No man could read the solemn service for the burial of the dead with more genuine pathos than could the reverend lugubrious and sickly Erasmus Field; moreover, no man could offer his services with more refined grace wherever he heard a death had occurred, for the trifle of two dollars each delivery. Amongst the dignitaries of the church he was not exactly a beacon shining along the deep, and many of the congregation who "sat under him," although they came to pray remained to sleep, and afterwards went home to scoff.

Like the jaunty mercurial Ambrose, he had gone through many mills before he was received into the arms of his mother, the Church. His early career had been that of a draper's cashier, from which post he had emerged into a trade debt-collecting agency: next he became a teacher at a private school; next a law student for a year, and back to school again; next, a law student again, a teacher, and back to the debt-collecting; next, back to school again for six months, and a private writing-master for twelve; next, a reporter for a newspaper and a journalist, and back to school again; next, an inspector of factories and an assistant in a lawyer's office; next, a letter-writer for the public, a managing law clerk, and back again to the newspapers: all along the gamut interspersing his duties with lay-reading and alternating the cycles with the study of cant and divine rant, and clinging to the oar of the life-boat, to reach at last the safe haven of rest in the pulpit of the glory-grinding church.

The pillar that could hardly be called the keystone grew to be very fond of spending his evenings at the doctor's house, showing a marked and consistent predilection for the bird of Heaven; occasionally too he brought his morose and melancholy wife. The music had a marvellous effect upon her melancholial hypochondriacal frame of mind, which the pillar explained had begun with an inordinate jealousy of himself when perforce attending to the bi-weekly meetings of the young ladies who conducted juvenile classes at the Sunday school. He won more hearts than souls—did Erasmus.

The Reverend Erasmus Field seldom missed a week without spending two or three evenings at the paradisaal abode. The pillar himself would stand on the base of his hind legs, spread out like poppet-legs, during the whole of the evening, rejecting the admonitions and solicitations of the celestial bird to be seated, and occupying quite an hour in the dining-room smoking a little Cameo

An American cigarette imported to Australia during Dutton's time. [Advertiser Adelaide September 1893](#).

cigarette. He did not care very much for smoking them at all, and bought, he said himself, the boxes for the sake of the pretty pictures therein contained: albeit, he was never seen with any French or Neapolitan cards in his possession. Most of the time during which the cigarette kept alight it was fizzling and smoking away, not between his lips but between his fingers, offering as it were incense to himself as the pillar of the Methodist

Church. Occasionally, however, he would put it in his mouth, open wide the wide mouth which he had, and not being at all proficient in weaving smoke ring-drifts, which he could not have made to save his life, he let the volume escape the best way it could, gazing all the while at the *pierre carton* work of the ceiling and the centre-flower in the doctor's dining-room, not so much like a dying duck in a thunderstorm as like a saint in the attitude of supplication and prayer.

If ever, over his left shoulder, he saw his melancholial and hypochondriacal dove brooding over the family album, he would whisper into the private ear of the bird of Paradise, slyly preferring a request that she should play something like Sir George Macfarren's oratorio of "St. John the Baptist," or the air of "I rejoice in my youth," or even "Rock of Ages," while he made a sort of attempt, *poco piu lento*, at a song.

The better half of the pillar would thereupon stealthily approach from behind and in a most sacrilegious manner deliver a sounding smack on the right cheek of the pillar himself, who appeared to be meekly turning the other also as he revolved on his axis and lightly tapped his own forehead with his fore-finger, in order to signify to the doctor that the jealous theory of the causation of her melancholia was quite correct.

He borrowed books on the subject of insanity from the doctor, and after reading, marking, learning and inwardly digesting the subject in which he was most intensely interested, he would debate with the doctor upon the question, and strive with such powers of persuasion as he possessed to prevail upon Whitworth to commit his wife to a lunatic asylum. His prayers, however, were not granted, and the melancholia was left to keep the church militant in correction, and to shadow and show it up whithersoever it wandered.

The medical work in connection with the waifs and strays from the slums of New Orleans brought Lady Kincaird and Dr. Whitworth frequently into contact, sometimes in houses where the destitute children were kept in penury, knocked about and neglected, sometimes at the monthly meetings of the visiting committee held at Rotojingolong, where also for some time he had been attending to one of the servants who was ill. During his professional visits to the servant he was importuned again and again by Marvel to find out what the wife of the solicitor had been saying to Lady Henrietta; but, although he had promised to do so as an emissary for his wife and he fully expected that he would meet the young ladies when the first message came for him to go to Rotojingolong, the self-torment of Marvel on this score was not relieved. The portentous butler would marshal Eugene from the front door, through the hall curtains up the stairs to the first landing, up the stairs again to the second landing, round the corner, down the passage, up the steps, and round the corner, to a little back attic in the clouds. When the attendance on the servant was over, the butler marshalled him back the same way, up the steps, down the passage, round the corner, down the steps, round the corner, down the passage, down the stairs and through the hall curtains again out of the big front door, without affording him a glance at the honourable young ladies at all, and he was afraid to open his mouth about the forbidden vision in case he would, metaphorically speaking, put his foot in his mouth.

Lady Kincaird herself had always shown some attention to the lady of Bendemeer, but her visits, as Marvel said, could scarcely be chalked up as noteworthy, insomuch she paid visits to all the little street-arabs, gutter snipes and other common people, one of whom was Marvel's Sabinnial *bête noire*.

In aid of the metropolitan charity school funds, my lady conceived the noble idea of arranging a first-class concert under the auspices of the inhabitants of the nicotinal district. She engaged the Masonic Hall for the night of the twenty-fourth of May, 1849, that night being chosen in order that the concert might bear the interpretation of being a sort of compliment to royalty, of which it was to be supposed the royal, brave, and doughty viscount was a sort of representative tendril. She called upon all the artistes, pianistes and vocalists of whom she could think in the town. The local solicitor and his wife, the hated Mrs. Alexander, were the first to accord their services; others, whose fathers Brick Bore had cheated and helped to ruin, and even the uproarious, yet occasionally melodious Brick Bore himself, together with several of the minor folk also joined in the plan and smilingly consented to play or to sing.

Marvel alone, of all the celebrities, stood out and frowned upon the meritorious work. The bird of Paradise was not going to perform at the same concert and on the same platform as the wife of a common solicitor, and if it wasn't good enough for Lady Harriet and Lady Henrietta to sing, it wasn't good enough for the bird of Paradise to play. So she argued with herself, and expressed her unalterable intention to her husband a fortnight before Lady Kincaird called on an occasion which she put down in the diary made out of a birthday book as a formal stereotyped society call by my lady and Kincaird of Rotojingolong. My lady explained that the success of the concert was assured if only the bird of Paradise would consent to play the same pieces as she played at her manor-house. Before the vision of the celestial Marvel, like a revelation to St. John the divine, the heavens opened: she learnt her visitor had received a letter from her daughters, Lady Harriet and Lady Henrietta, expressing their anxiety to be in time for the coming concert, and the fact of such paramount importance, namely, that Lady Henrietta was going to sing—"When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell."

"Oh! my! are they going, my lady?" exclaimed the enlightened Marvel: "I thought they didn't intend to patronise it, as it is only a country amateur concert."

"Why not?" exclaimed my lady: "my girls are very good that way. I always taught them to do all they could for the poor; when they are at home, they often pay visits to the poor little children; but you know, Mrs. Whitworth, for the last twelve months off and on they have been away on one of our tobacco-plantations in Virginia. I have had to do all the visiting myself."

The load was lifted from the fretful Marvel—the incubus that preyed upon her mind melted away into airy nothingness; the solution of the puzzling riddle over which she had racked her brains was that the young ladies had both been away from home.

"If you think it worth while, my lady," she enthusiastically replied, "I shall be glad to do anything I can; whatever you ask me to play, I shall do so willingly: I will ask the doctor to take ten dollars' worth of tickets and give them to our servants."

"Shall I say two then?" smiled my lady: "say something from Beethoven and something else from—what other name shall I say?"

"Just as you please, my lady," responded the radiant Marvel: "but I think Gounod's Faust and Rubinstein's Hungarian Rhapsodies would be very suitable for a concert," said Marvel, with all the *amour propre* of an *impresario*.

"Very well, my dear," returned Lady Kincaird, writing notes in a little pocket-book: "there, I've put it down in my concert memorandum book, so you must come now. Good-bye." My lady walked out of the room, stepped into the pony phaëton and drove away from Bendemeer.

One of the ring of envy, hatred and malice, who often avowed to the doctor that his wife was a lady after her own heart, upon hearing that Marvel was going to take part in the coming concert—whereas she herself had not even been asked to contribute anything to the signal success which it promised to be—was the wife of the warden. His municipal worship's wife was a Mexican lady of Italian extract—an austere, domineering, uncompromising, acrimonious woman about forty—a woman whose closely-contracted and vindictive brow bore a close resemblance to the face of Marvel's mother. There was, moreover, a sort of fellow-feeling between her and Marvel's mother, insomuch his Worship was a bit of a rake and so was the great and mighty himself, though a different sort of a rake. His Worship's random rakishness expended itself mostly at the beer-shop known as "The Hark up to Nudger," and at the Hallelujah Inn of Daniel Carter, where he would sit from sunrise till the place was closed, keeping the establishment, with the able unfailing assistance of the roystering Daniel, in a continual drunken uproar. In the proprietor of the "Hallelujah" he had a man after *his* own heart, and they devoted their time to painting the town red arm in arm and shoulder to shoulder on long bouts of drunkenness and disorder. Daniel was times without number locked up by the police. His Worship, after a spree with Daniel the night before, would sit upon him in the police court the next morning and fine Daniel one dollar, whereat in the court Daniel would loudly declare that it was half-a-dollar too much.

Her municipal ladyship called upon Marvel on the night after Lady Kincaird's formal afternoon call, and unfolded before her a terrible tale of woe. His Worship had for six months every night called her the foulest and filthiest names that had ever been coined in the dirtiest philological mint in the world, pulled her out of bed, blackened her eyes, kicked her and turned her out of the house, burnt all her dresses till the chimney caught fire, spat on her, and left her without a penny to get a meal.

"The wretch is a perfect demon and a maniac," she said, laying it all down with her umbrella before the receptive Marvel: "I am going to apply for a divorce, for if ever a woman ought to be pitied it's me. He is that mad with drink that I shall have him at once kept in a lunatic asylum or some refractory institution,—perhaps gaol."

While the injured woman talked away to Marvel, drinking tea out of dainty plate-mounted china *étagères*, delicious, prim, quaint little handleless cups, and munching biscuits as light as thistle-down at a specially-designed five o'clock tea-table in the drawingroom, the bell rang and the servant brought a little girl into the surgery. Her father had sent her to ask the doctor to come over and see him as soon as he possibly could. Assuming his hat, he left with the little girl, who appeared to be in dire distress and cried all the way till they reached her father's home, when a little boy opened the door and exclaimed in great excitement—"Doctor, did Elsie tell you that mother shot father last night? but he's not dead, Doctor, he's in there;" when, as the doctor entered the room, he saw the civic warden of the town drunk on the outside of the bed, and quivering from head to foot. What appeared to be all the crockery in the house lay in little pieces on the floor. Crack, crack, crack, crack, as he walked over it to the side of the bed. His Worship's face was ghastly white, and a cold perspiration bathed his forehead and arms. In wild and incoherent language he exclaimed, raising himself upon his elbow on the bed—"I'm glad you have come; I've been on the beer lately, and when I got home last night that bitch stabbed me here," pulling up his shirt over his chest: "can you see?"

"I can," said the doctor; "lie down: there are three wounds, but none of them positively dangerous and they are not very deep. That one between the ribs might easily have been worse, but it's a little low down to be dangerous."

"It was deep enough to wake me up, anyway," said His Worship: "I didn't feel anything much though till I heard her call out—'Die, you devil, die,' when she ran out of the room and around the side of the house. I couldn't see who it was at first, but I picked up the derringer and fired it—do you see that round hole in the window: I'm sorry it missed her."

"Never mind now," said the doctor, "I'll give you some morphine to make you sleep; it's the beer that's at the bottom of it. You've been breaking the furniture, smashing the crockery and abusing her when you came home. She is a hot-headed woman—you told me yourself she was of Italian extract, so be careful in future. There's no necessity to say anything outside. The best thing to do is to give up the beer and everything will be all right." He injected some morphine with a hypodermic syringe into the delirious man's arm, and as he quickly subsided into a narcotic stupor, the doctor was leaving by the front gate, when the two innocent little children ran after him calling out vociferously "Doctor, Doctor, will father die?"

"Oh no," said Whitworth, "father won't die. Don't yon tell anybody—here's a dollar; if father wakes up you buy some brandy and give it to father. Good-bye, don't cry any more."

The interview between Marvel and her boon companion had not ended when the doctor returned, and for some time, as he sat in the surgery, the lying lips of the would-be cold-blooded murderer sounded like sweetest music in the ears of his paradisaical wife.

The domestic tragedy in the house of the warden was, as is mostly the case, the result of drink and jealousy. His wife had been away from home with one of the children staying at a seaside hotel at Brownsville for weeks: she had just returned to her home. What the jealousy did not bring out in her husband the beer did, and on the evening in question he wandered home full of the devil to meet her. His maudlin imagination led him to accuse her of certain improprieties with the landlord and all the men about the health-resort. He had called her such names as a virtuous woman most abhors. In the heated passion and treachery of her race she had revenged herself by trying to murder him in cold blood. Had it not been for the mediation and intercession of the doctor, she would have been arraigned for attempted murder, and probably sentenced to penal servitude for life—her life in a living grave—her husband's wrong-doing gnawing at his vitals for ever after; remorse-demons dragging him down to an early grave, and those innocent children red-branded for ever like Cain.

Upon Mrs. Blackhall leaving the house, Marvel told the doctor the varnished version of the enormity of the mayor's abuse, but she did not seem to know anything of the wounds in the warden's side and the bullet-hole in the window. Not desirous of discussing the subject with Marvel, he proceeded with the writing of a letter upon which he was engaged, simply remarking that it would be better for her to choose her friends with more discrimination. To this, however, she retorted that she would be very sorry indeed to speak to the jockeys of *his* acquaintance, and vouchsafing the remark that all men were alike, she swept herself out in a monologous storm from the room.

When the evening of the twenty-fourth of May came, the concert under the auspices of the Rotojingolong aristocracy took place in the hired hall of the Working Men's Institute, which, by the way, had by this time received a new name, as it had been purchased from the Freemasons by the borough council. The large hall was crowded. It was soon transparent that every farmer and vigneron had come with his wife and family, the estimated attendance in the building being fifteen hundred people. All the celebrities of the town and district poured into the hall by the dozen. The country maidens made quite a galaxy of simplicity, innocence and beauty. It could not have been called a critical audience. Lady Kincaird had not thought it necessary to introduce any of the musical and vocal talent from the metropolis. Her object was not so much to place a high-class and attractive concert before the inhabitants as to enhance the languishing funds of the benevolent society, so that all the amateur *artistes* that evening sang and played no more than they had been in the habit of doing before amongst each other's homes. The local solicitor's wife, who had taken a very active part in the propagation of its success, sang a song about a dream, while the old lawyer himself sang something which seemed to be a contradiction of his wife, and declared that it was not a dream at all. The forgiven Brick Bore produced a combination of gems upon the guitar and the mandolin, with which instruments he was quite as adept as he was on the banjo. He was awarded with vociferous applause, and he brought down the house with "The Zouave" and "The Maid of Llangöllen." The cadences of "Remember me," as the voice of Lady Henrietta rose and fell in its perfect concert pitch undulated in harmony with the expansion and decline of her smooth ivory bosom. Marvel had not spoken to the smartly-dressed wife of the lawyer, and when the doctor remarked that Mrs. Alexander had made quite an impression, she acknowledged the remark with an expressive and disdainful pout of her lips and a subdued grunted ejaculation of inexorable contempt. It was now drawing close upon her turn to make her *début* before the footlights. As she sat next to her husband he could feel the thrill of her high-strung nerves throbbing in her trembling frame and notice her nervous agitation, when she ascended the proscenium of the stage and was conducted by him to the grand Collard and Collard, which had been provided by the countess of Rotojingolong. The bird of Paradise had attained quite a *kudos* for her playing in private, and as soon as she ascended the platform the audience began clapping with their hands and stamping

with their feet, though it was hard to say if some of them were not labouring under the delusion that it was the doctor himself that was going to perform. However, he accepted the compliment on her behalf, but the cheering did not cease until she had played a few bars of the music. She did not play it from the music-sheets. It had a better effect upon the gallery and she wanted them all to see that she could dispense with the printed pages even in such difficult compositions as those of Gounod and Rubinstein. Not even half a note was wrong and if there had been there was nobody there to notice and cavil at it—not even Lady Henrietta, who sat all the time covered with beaming smiles, while the bird of Paradise covered herself with a nimbus of musical glory. The rich runs in the Hungarian rhapsodies as she exhibited her versatility of style and full command of the keyboard elicited ringing cheers and applause; but the *pièce de résistance* for the gallery was yet a musical feast to come, and when for the second time she ascended the platform and the large hall re-echoed with the grand tones of the Collard and Collard in the music of the church scene and the harmonious portions of Faust, the crowd clapped their loud applause and stamped their feet in ecstasy, while the galleries yelled "ankor," "ankor." It was folly to attempt to evade that clamorous "ankor," and Marvel was obliged to produce Faust again. The galleries yelled and screeched all the more: "ankor" "ankor" "ankor" came down upon the platform like imperious commands, as if "the gods" were desirous of getting the music well drummed into their heads with a view of whistling it themselves about the streets. The lawyer thinking he would catch her, sent up Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo Capriccioso as it was something new. Eugene put it on the piano frame. Marvel looked over a few pages, sat down and played it off as vigorously as if she was Mendelssohn himself; after which she left the platform with her bouquets and returned with Eugene to her seat in the body of the hall, while all "the gods" stood up, stamping and whistling; all the country people clapped their hands and the clamour and confusion in the Working Men's Institute was almost as great as on the roaring day when Moss Rose won the Coronation Plate.

When the programme was finished Lady Harriet met her and, after complimenting her upon her performances, she invited her to Rotojingolong next day to spend the afternoon at archery. Marvel thanked her for the invitation, promised to go next day, and although it was only two hundred yards to Bendemeer, the buggy, the pair and the cockaded Frederick took the charming pianiste home.

Her mind was the home of most serene tranquillity; the illusion that Mrs. Alexander had maligned her passed away under the force of the disillusion, when Lady Harriet invited her to Rotojingolong; the delusion regarding Mrs. Downward passed away too, and for months in the Sabine home the paradisaical life of Marvel was as glorious as the gleaming poppies and the summer blooms of Bendemeer. Her husband was doing well, her servants she had trained into perfect models of industry and obedience, her children were pictures of health, strength and joyousness. The wine in the paradisaical chalice was full to overflowing—she knew not a sorrow, she dried not a tear, and her daily life was one continuous flow of harmony and unison with the lives of her husband and children.

Amidst plenty of excitement Marvel was the gayest and the giddiest of the most joyous throng; in loneliness and care she was like a child in the dark. If left alone to her own thoughts and resources she would cry aloud to her friends and relations for help and relief. She had been spoilt as a child. She had no calibre, no bravery, no power to battle against an adversity; but if extraneous circumstances were conducive to her merriment and kittenish playfulness, she was the boldest soarer into the regions of mirth. Left alone and with a cumbersome task to perform, she would bemoan her sad lot and pass on the duty to others nobler, more stouthearted and more enduring. By the side of Guinevere in trouble she was as helpless as the new-born babe. Placed upon the whirligig and the razzle-dazzle of light-hearted frivolity, among the *grand flaneurs* of a ball-room, her giddiness, her butterfly flightiness and ostentation knew no bounds. When all was well, Marvel was exuberance itself; when anything went wrong, she was prostrated in fretfulness, peevishness and confusion. She was the antithesis of Guinevere. Guinevere was a heroine, but Marvel died away at the first breath of reverse.

Chapter XXIX. Marvel and Pearly in an Accident. Little Percy. The Angel of Death.

THE archery ground of Lady Harriet and Lady Henrietta at Rotojingolong was a rendezvous for all the empty-headed noodles and puppy-dogs of the great city of New Orleans. There they were on show every afternoon on the blocks gaping at the ladies, with the crowning insults of their detailed stares. The genuine articles, wearing proper collars around their necks, and rivetted on them a brass label stamped with the registration number of the police officer, together with the genuine articles who had no such affectations as registration collars, made appointments with one another for nightly hideous barking matches at the savings'

bank; while all the tom and Mary-ann cats of the neighbourhood rehearsed the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet on the manager's roof.

The tilting-ground of all the standard *habitués* of Broad Street, week in week out, was the archery ground of the illustrious colonel of the Sikh-Sepoy guards. There, with his proper collar on his hairy neck, one pane of glass in his eye to make him look smart and engaging, kid-gloved and cigarette-whiffing, might be seen on show any day of the week the pick of the city block litters. It was a cardinal and a golden rule to carefully exclude all common-sense young gentlemen from the afternoon rendezvous ground, as well as all other young ladies with pretensions to beauty greater than those of the two *élégantes* of Rotojingolong.

The invitation of Marvel came rather as a surprise to the doctor, who was by this time well acquainted with the customs of Lady Harriet and Lady Henrietta. He depicted to himself the contrast which Marvel's face would form with theirs; but reflected that, as the bird of Paradise was lawfully married to him, there was no danger of her standing in the light of the original promoters of the show. He did not know how audaciously his wife could flirt, and he imagined that the invitation would stand good for that afternoon only.

After the silvery band, white cockade, black silk hat, Lincoln bronze-green livery, silvery buttons, and spirited chestnut thoroughbreds had been duly exhibited before the gaze of the puppies—some of whom rudely affected to bark at the same—the silvery band, white cockade, bronze-green livery, silvery buttons and black silk hat were trotted away with by the spirited thoroughbreds, after depositing Marvel at the tournament ground on the day following the concert in due observance of her invitation. The duty of returning for Marvel, after the bow and arrow battle had waged for two hours, was relegated to the unadorned doctor himself.

About five o'clock that afternoon, accordingly he drove out with the horses to bring the beloved Marvel away from the green fields and the sweet-smelling flower-beds of Kincaird. The battle had just concluded as he arrived in nice time to meet her tripping with mincing steps on the white sandy paths and breathing the sanctified air of the wealthy garden. When seated in the buggy, he wheeled the horses around and drove them in the direction of home. The snorting horses were evidently jubilant at having such a short distance to travel, and looked into each other's faces with a sagacious nod and a self-satisfied wink as their heads were turned for home, and they recollected that it was getting close on time for their evening meal. Showing a strong disposition to appropriate the whole of the duties to themselves and navigate their own way home, irrespective of the man at the helm with the leather ribbons, and cut the work as short as possible without bolting straight across the paddocks, they commenced with a few significant snorts and quickly increased their pace to a very fast trot, with a bit of a gallop thrown in now and then by way of variety. The consternation of Marvel at the snorting steeds and her trepidation as the pace quickened overcame her altogether, and provoked her to call out to her husband to saw their heads off with the bit and make them walk.

Ever since she had been thrown by the accident to his mare Rosie, when Rosie was cannoned by the old chestnut of the abandoned Marmaduke, she had evinced a very strong dislike to horses and buggies. Whenever she was paying her calls she would insist on his taking the most docile and oldest pair he had in the stable, and restricting them to a walk all the way, as if they were out for an unceremonious funeral and had been left behind.

The spirited pair doing duty on the evening after the great archery party had fully made up their minds to stand no more nonsense from the bird of Paradise. Whether from devilment or from hunger, they sturdily rebelled against her officious suggestions that they should slow down their speed. The work was to be done, and the sooner it was over the better. Amidst a hailstorm of reproaches and imprecations loudly levelled at their heads by the bird of Heaven, on they ran riot, careering and prancing and caracoling and capering in a fifteen-mile-an-hour trot, till it was getting dark, and there were no lights in the buggy. Coming up the rise below the post-office hill, in their designs to shove to one side a large caravan in the shape of a broken-down hawker's waggon, they overstepped the mark: the caravan was almost lifted up bodily and hurled down the bank, as a bull would toss an elephant, while the flying buggy was brought to a standstill in the middle of the road. One of the horses, the one he called Valentine, was thrown on his side on the metal, screaming and crying like a child until he was released by the crowd.

Little Pearly herself was in the buggy and kept her seat beside her father, whereas Marvel jumped out without thinking of Pearly and hurried away straight for home. Some by-standers held the horses while volunteers cut away parts of the harness and unyoked the prostrate Valentine. The doctor got out with his little girl and left her in charge of his friend the local postmaster's wife. Upon investigating the circumstances of the collision, it was found that the wheel had been knocked off the waggon by the kinetic energy of the impetuous buggy and the galloping pair; a woman had been thrown out, torn her dress and scratched her leg; whereas the buggy and horses had escaped comparatively uninjured. On arriving at home with little Pearly, the doctor found that his wife had sent for the sergeant of police, and had laid the whole blame of the accident upon the driver of the buggy—her husband.

"He must have been drinking, Sergeant Stalkingham," she shouted in a great rage: "I called out to him

several times to stop the beasts, but he wouldn't care if I had been killed, the villain." She said nothing about poor little Pearly at all, nor even asked her if she was hurt, nor made any excuse for running away and leaving her in the unfortunate plight. Her whole and sole concern was about herself and the terrible danger she had just escaped. She even hinted to the constable that it might have been the result of malice prepense on the part of the villain.

"Pearly didn't yun away; did Pearly, eh! puppa?" cried Pearly in childish glee. "Pearly not f'ightened geegees;" busily following her father that evening every move he made about the house, conscious of the grand stroke she had done by not showing the white feather, and reiterating—"Pearly didn't kie: mumma would kie: Pearly not f'ightened geegees; poor geegees."

The merry prattle of the lovable little Pearly was the strongest impeachment that could have been entered against her timorous mother; it seemed to tell even upon the callous sergeant of the detective police, for he swallowed some whisky which the doctor poured out for him and left the place, as he subsequently remarked disgusted with the Paradisal bird.

Some few days after a writ was issued, and damages laid at two hundred dollars. The case was heard in the Supreme Court, as the legal expenses of the Supreme Court were so much higher than the expenses of the County Court, and it padded the pockets of the lawyers to whom he had entrusted the defence better. It was heard before His Honour Judge Grant, and the counsel for the doctor was an old college fellow-student. The learned judge refused to hear any defence which his counsel might offer, and jumped to the conclusion that the accident would not have occurred if the doctor had not been driving so fast. He awarded the woman with the torn dress and the scratched leg full damages claimed, with costs against the doctor. The lawyers on both sides thus looked to Whitworth for their fees, and the affair cost him another two hundred dollars before he was out of their clutches.

"If once you set your foot in a lawyer's office," he said to the Sabinnia post-master, who was one of his witnesses, "he has got a hold of you, and can do just whatever he likes with you and your money; he will not relax his hold upon you till all your money is gone and then he will kick you out. I could have settled that case by making the owner a present of a twenty-dollar bill. No more law for me if I can possibly help it—it was made for fools, and rich fools especially. Let them have as much as they like to pay for: let them find the money, the lawyers will soon find the law. No more law for me; no more law for me!"

"If he could possibly help it"—there's the rub. How true the dictum! How often unobserved its precepts! How like a coming event casting its shadow before—that accident on the post-office road! warning in its legal results the unwary against the enmeshing dangers of the uncertain and treacherous law. In some respects, the *personnel* in the coming litigation is the same.

Nearly another year elapsed, the driving out of Marvel being ever after the collision a special burden thrown upon the groom, beside whom she sat with an air of ostentatious condescension, and the mare Rosie, at that time getting old and steady. Few visitors compared to the paradisal receptions of the first few months came to Bendemeer. Marvel's contingent was confined to the melancholy wife of the Primitive Methodist parson, the sergeant of police,—whose abilities all pointed to the twofaced sneaking quarter of the moral compass,—the pillar himself and the Mexican-Italian—the woman whose ungovernable passion had well-nigh taken the life of her husband.

Just about a month after the entrance of Marvel into the confines of the Paradise vineyard, her cousin had followed with the watch-faced picaninnies, when her husband filled the vacant post of manager of the savings' bank, kept warm for Simon Ernest by the energetic member of the State legislature. By Christmas, 1849, Simon Bubbitt and his family were comfortably ensconced in a magnificent stone residence, which the money of the asthmatical auntie had built upon a little plot of land some distance out of the town, about large enough to make a nice little Chinese garden. The keen-eye-to-business pock-pitted Simon had made a good and useful tool out of the ugly freckle-faced Sukey, who enjoyed a growing influence over the purse-strings of her mother, even greater than what Marvel had over the exchequer of the great belt-driver. Simon had as much bluestone, bricks and mortar on that tiny bit of land as it would inconveniently hold. What is more, he had the title-deeds of the land stored away in the caverns underneath the savings' bank. With the land followed the right of possessing the bluestone, bricks and mortar, and he had inherited the little bit of ground from his brother the champion oarsman, who in his day had won it by right of aquatic conquest from the then local blacksmith of the Sabine River, so that the wide-awake Simon was thus enabled to abstract seven thousand five hundred dollars from the coffers of Margaret Horn-blower—a feat that would have redounded to the credit of gluepot Ike or any other hard-working Jew.

He had been married two years and was the happy father of four children. There were unmistakable proofs of another one or a pigeon pair to shortly arrive. Simon and Sukey were frequent visitors at Bendemeer. Simon came on Sunday afternoons wheeling some of the picaninnies in a safety-mail-cart, while Sukey followed with some more behind. Although, on his wife's account, the doctor made them as welcome as he could, he was

always in dread of Sukey Bibtitt casting some bomb-shell for the bird of Paradise to explode around him, especially when putting two and two together he remembered that his wife's constant comrades were the crazy woman who had slapped the cheek of her reverend lord and master and who lived in melancholial jealousy of that luminary, together with that other woman who had in the dark stabbed her sleeping husband in an attempt upon his life.

Upon one occasion he had referred to Simon Bibtitt in Sabinnia as an eminent monthly nurse, with the result of much mortification on the part of Marvel. On another occasion when he met Simon at the chemist's shop, loaded with boat-bottles, Alexandra bottles, princess bottles, siphon-action bottles, and other new patents for relieving the necessity for constant cleaning of the baby-feeding apparatus, he had asked the brother of the Indian club-slinger if he were not able to give the twins a suck himself.

The white-livered Simon was, as the coal-king himself had styled him, a regular old molly-coddle. He was well known to the local chemist, who might have lived upon the twins and triplets and who meanly made fun of him when his back was turned and Simon left the shop with a clothesbasket full of auxiliaries to nursing, including breast-pumps like green footballs, strong enough to drag the heart out of the poor lying-in Sukey, patent pap-boats, nipple shields with long india-rubber tubing and nipple shields with no tubing at all, belladonna plasters for arresting the flow of milk, and enabling Sukey to gad about the town, two Winchester bottles of dill water and Daffy's elixir, a large assortment of nipple teats, six pounds of liquorice powder, six pounds of grey powder and worm-powder, various patents recommended by the chemist for the wind, a large box of nickel-plated safety pins, and one wickerwork rattle as a present from the vendor of the other paraphernalia to the twins, with the hopes that they might wrangle over it, fall out of the cradle, knock a bit of the putty off their noses and necessitate another visit from Simon for a quarter-dollar's worth of plaster to stick it on again.

Not only to the chemist was the motherly Simon well-known: he was a favorite butt for the banter of the boys returning from school or playing marbles on the footpath. As the heavy-laden clothes-basket came that way over the marble ring, the big burly snuffler was jeered at and apostrophized with—"Cry Baby Bunting your mother went a-hunting!" The good man heeded not their low ill-bred remarks, and examined every india-rubber tube by sucking the teats to find out if any dangerous holes let in the wind on the way home, looking down upon the rude boys and their nonsensical games of marbles with most sublime contempt. Simon was par excellence the best customer the apothecary ever had in his life; he had swallowed so many drugs himself that it would have been as easy to poison Mithridates

Mithridates was a king with a legendary tolerance for poison.

, king of Pontus, or even a hedgehog, as it was hard to poison Simon. Sometimes written orders were received by the chemist from Simon for "Half a pint of sirup of squeals, half a pint of 'Hippy Canny' wine for the babies and half a pint of sweet spirits of 'nature' to purify his own 'cistern,'" while Sukey herself sent an order a few months after her last maternal indisposition for three boxes of "Saddler's" powders and all the "camel" flowers the man had in his shop to keep down a "sweln."

Such were the companions of Marvel. With the exception of the Rotojingolong family they comprised a gang of censorious tongues that turned the drawingroom into a cackling fowl-house, blighting the tender reputation of a girl no matter how closely hidden under the veil of Vesta

Vesta was the Roman goddess of the hearth and chastity. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

, and bandying her name from lip to lip like the fame of some dancing damsel—a nest of scandal-mongers, nibbling Savoy biscuits and swilling orange pekoe out of sévres tea-cups, devoted to the retailings of petty gossip that loosens the knots of the truest love. The few whom she patronised with her celestial visits were Lady Harriet and Lady Henrietta, with the puppies from the kennels of Broad Street on view at the archery grounds of Rotojingolong.

While the atmosphere of the Sabine River valleys was thickly impregnated with the mists and white fogs that never lifted for days, amidst the howling of the wind through the swaying conifers, and the slanting torrents of rain of the Louisiana winter, pattering on the iron roof and rattling against the windows of Bendemeer, and shortly after the loss which the doctor had sustained by the collision, Marvel's third child was born on the twenty-first of September, 1849. The stress of his birth had left his mother weak and nervously affected for months—she became more peevish, fretful, cross and unreasonable.

The new comer was a bonnie blue-eyed babe, much heavier than the alert little Valentine as a baby, but like him in the lineaments of his face and the brightness of his expression, and like his father in accord with both. He survived the terrible strain of his birth and soon grew fat and strong. In Sabinnia there were no merry-making bells to herald him on the way to his christening; unannounced he was taken to the church called Holy Trinity where another pathetic divine, a recently arrived apostle of the Church of England, lacking in spiritual but abounding in corporeal weight, baptised him with the name of his father in the name of his Father in Heaven. In the mornings, after he was taken out of his cot—just large enough to contain a fairy—he would

be carried about by the new nurse-girl; ever and anon he would nimbly turn around his bonnie head and flutter his arms, lighting up his face with smiles from his bright blue eyes as his father approached. Rapidly he grew healthy and vigorous. Ever since his birth, whether from the effects of the prolonged puerperal fever, or from the instillation of the doctrines of the melancholial wife of the Wesleyan parson and the cold-blooded Italo-Mexican whose *morale* was the cause of some anxiety to her husband, the mind of Marvel seemed to have undergone a complete revolution. She would perform most eccentric acts, say and do most hysterical things, and at times she seemed to be some other than her former self in her attitude towards her husband and her manner towards all.

On the Easter eve subsequent to his birth, the doctor was called away nearly thirty miles at night, starting about an hour after dark to attend at Prince's orchard to the peach-grower's baby, suffering, it was said, from diphtheria. On the back of his mare Rosie he rode and was approaching the heart of the burnt forest when the father of the child met him and said he was too late as his little one had died. Returning, he reached the township of Sabinnia about an hour before midnight, and meeting many who were coming away from some country theatricals, he spent an hour or so with the postmaster in the dwelling-rooms of the post-office. He wended his way home in the first hour of the Easter morn ere scarce the melodies of Easter carols had died away; while the fragrance from the vine-clad slopes was wafted afar poised upon the mountain breezes, or loitering in the misty valleys at the season of the Saturnalia, and when the smoke and charred grit from blazing pine-trees drifted from the prairies to envelop the town. Opening the door with his latch-key, he prepared to retire with a candle, when going through the hall, where dried prairie grasses divided it from the passage, some filaments of the tall grasses caught fire and they quickly blazed up to the ceiling. Pulling them down he squeezed out the flame with his hands, and opened the door of the bedroom at the end of the hall. Not a soul was there. He knocked at the servants' doors. Not a soul was there. He looked all through the house with the candle-light, but not a trace of his wife or his children could he find. Going up to the stables he knocked up the groom, who told him that he had seen them all preparing to go out about an hour before, and thought they had gone to the minister's house. He went to the minister's house, as the Church of England clergyman lived a few doors below Bendemeer and was friendly with him. He knocked loudly at the door: not a stir in the house or the sign of a light. He went back to Bendemeer. In wonder and agitation he lay down on the sofa to await the return of Marvel and the children. He waited all night, yet nobody came. The morning came, when the groom reported that they were all in the mayor's house, and that his wife had sent the girl for the letters.

"Tell her to come here for the letters and bring the children home," he said. The groom returned with the news that the mayor was coming to see him, whereupon he returned to his surgery to await the explanation of the mayor. He came, and said that Mrs. Whitworth had become frightened when she saw the grasses catch fire; she had run away with the children out of the house, and stayed at his place all night. He had been away himself at the Hallelujah Hotel, he said, and had not come home till they had gone to bed. Shortly after the Mayor had returned to his own house, up to Bendemeer came Pearly running with a skipping-rope, Vallie with the servants, and the baby with Marvel following. Marvel walked in as if nothing had happened and resumed her usual morning's occupation, while the doctor set out in his buggy on his rounds.

Late in the broiling summer, when the thermometer registered 110° Fah. in the shade, and when the heat oppressed the vigorous and the sturdy, yellow fever attacked the baby when nearly a year old, there being annual epidemics around the miasmatic Mississippi marshes in the vintage season, and many cases of heat apoplexy and *coup de soleil*. Marvel secreted his illness for some inscrutable reason as close as she could from the doctor, who did not notice the malady that was slowly drying up the channels of his baby's blood until it was too late to administer the proper and early remedies. The suffering child, who had grown into a merry and apple-cheeked baby, would brighten his eyes and hold up his head in relief from the remedies given, but soon the sweltering overpowering heat would weigh it down again and loll it back, bathed in perspiration, on his father's arm. For a week, night after night he knelt over the cradle in the vain effort to rock to sleep the fore-doomed baby; time after time running backwards and forwards to the chemist's shop for any new remedy that suggested itself to him and which he had not tried before; till at last the little child could take nothing at all. The last night of the week it groaned in pain, and tossed up its little wasted arms in supplication for relief. Finally, it subsided into a delirious somnolence and stupor, and at dawn next morning little Percy awakened in the light of a brighter and a better home.

In his father's death-scene hardened nature lay dormant for years the fountain of his emotions: it moved in ecstatic joy when the flying Moss Rose had run away with the glorious races which he had won; it paled the colour of his face, as in anguish Eugene knelt over the white form of his lost little child ransomed from pain, clasped by the hand and lifted to the realms of bliss by the loving Saviour—spirited away to where no thieves could break through and steal, away from the corruption and the corroding care to come, there in a halo of love o'ershaded, to dwell in the realms of joy for ever.

The day after the death of the golden-haired little Percy, as always in similar circumstances, came Miriam,

in order to help in the arrangements for the removal of the dear little child to her beloved resting-place, the tomb in St. Martin's cemetery. Marvel despatched a telegram and a letter to her father, throwing the whole blame upon the doctor, and actually telling the sinful lie that he had chased them all out of the house, in consequence of which the baby had caught cold and died, knowing that she had been in the house of her new friend all night owing to her fright at the ignition of the prairie-grasses and that the baby had died of yellow fever aggravated by artificial food and heat.

The great and mighty speculator came, looked at the little angel as he lay across the brass rails of his little cot white in the deep-blue coffin, like a work of creation fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life in his new cerulean home. The great man shortly afterwards left to attend to repairs of machinery, or to luxuriate in the suburban villa with the sprightly housekeeper of Don Juan House. Mrs. Gould followed. Marching into the room covered in a dark brown dolman, she looked for a moment with the delicacy of a rhinoceros upon the sweet face of the dead baby in the coffin, and wheeling round she bundled herself out of the room, savagely reproving the lamentations of Marvel and shouting—"Wha's the guid o' botherin' yer head o'er *hit*: hit's as weel dead and off yer hauns; ye've enough to pit up wi' as it is."

The reverend gentleman who had performed the rite of baptism read in unalloyed sorrow portion of the beautiful funeral service of the Church of England, and offered a prayer in the mortuary bedroom where little Percy lay coffined over the empty cot, and whence he was slowly drawn by Rosie, with black rosettes and ribbons on her bridle, to meet the steamer for Galveston at the Mississippi Quay. There the little blue coffin was consigned by the Dean of St. Antonio, who had been a fellow-student with the doctor at the university, to the grave, and in silence they walked away, leaving little Percy alone with the flowers and a smiling angel come from God.

Day after day, in the cloudless sunshine that impinged upon the chiselled uplifted face of the monument, or amidst the boisterous rains of winter, the afternoons of Miriam were spent chanting the songs of the Redeemer. Under the pale iridescent silver moon, entranced by the visions of the heavens where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where the just Gordon had trodden its shining golden paths for years and smiled down his welcome upon the toddling stranger upborne along the empyreal ladder with invisible hosts of clustering angels, she stood through all the falling years repeating the orison—"Teach us to love one another in Thee and for Thee, and in the world to come unite us at Thy feet, where peace and love are perfect and everlasting."

Chapter XXX. Vallie's Offerings on the Grave. The Thief in the Dark.

THE death of little Percy had a profound and revolutionary effect upon Marvel. She missed his baby smiles, she experienced a feeling of *ennui* at having nothing to do. She had for the former six months been accustomed to devote almost all her time ministering to the little requirements of Percy: now she sat for hours in the alcoves of Bendemeer, overwhelmed with the remorse of not having mentioned the ailment to the doctor when it first appeared. Now, while weighed down in the depths of despondency and the punishment of regret, her big dark eyes were with her thoughts once again, and her thoughts were far away. Alternately vibrating between hope and despair, extremes met in Marvel. Now in the cloud-capt heights of rapture and now in the depths of the doldrums, she would bring trouble upon herself, and was always prone to meet it half-way. With fierce alternations of passion, in merriment she was the merriest of the merry, in sorrow she was such as grief might call her own. A month passed away drearily; here and there, scattered about the marigolds in the garden or the wild blue-bells in the vineyard of Paradise, she would find a little woollen bootie or some emblem of her erstwhile solicitude for the lost little cherub. Her brooding and remorse were beginning to jeopardise her health.

Feeling that she was taking the bereavement too much to heart, and noticing that her health was being impaired by her musing and moping at home, her husband conceived the idea of taking her away for a change with the children. He had been working hard in a laborious and difficult practice for over two years without intermission and was in need of a holiday himself.

"Would you like to go to the seaside for a few weeks, Marvel?" he said one evening as she sat pining on the verandah: "we could go to Florida and Galveston and stay away a month with the children; it would do you and them a vast amount of good. I can spare a few weeks and get a *locum tenens* from town; while we are away we can arrange about getting the baby's name engraved on the monument."

"Just as you please," said Marvel resignedly. With the exception of the christening of Valentine it was the first time since her honeymoon holiday that she had consented to go anywhere with her husband and to do just as he pleased. How trouble does humble us all!

"Pearly and Vallie can come too, eh Pearly?" said her father as she jumped up on his knee.

"Oh! Yes, puppa, Pearly go: Pearly not f'ightened gee-gees. Puppa take mumma: Pearly take Vallie and show Vallie little Percy in the big hole;" but independent Valentine said he would go by his own self.

"Very well then." said their father, "we will all go next week to Florida Bay and we can see little Percy while we are away."

Pearly seemed to know the difference between being alive and being dead; but poor little Valentine actually thought he was going to meet his baby brother and play with him in the flowery-land over the grave. "I'll give illie Percy my wa'sh, eh puppa," he said in high glee, "and when I see him I'll b'ing him home here."

A *locum tenens* was engaged in the city at the medical bureau, and at the end of the month of August the little family in mourning took train and steamboat to Florida Bay. On board the steamer the delight of the children was to hang over the railing in the engine-room and watch the vertical movements of the piston-rods in the big triple cylinders of the s.s. "Orange." So eager was Valentine for his father to buy him a triple-expansion engine that it was fancied he was gifted with the nucleus of a *penchant* for the avocation of his uncle, the Flying Dutchman.

Arriving late in the evening, the little family lodged in the Bunch of Roses Hotel for the night, and after a good breakfast of fresh, briny herring they set out in a buggy early, driving across the peninsula past the heads out to the foreshore of the open ocean. On the milk-white sand before the crisping white of the rolling breakers, Pearly and Valentine as merrily as sand-boys romped and piled up sandy cones and cowrie shell pyramids on the beach, and raced together in joyous emulation, with toy-buckets and spades gathering pretty specimens of seaweed and pearly shells, while Marvel and her husband strolled together on the shore, and gladdened their hearts at the health and exuberance of their children.

During the first week of their sojourn at the seaside, a telegram had come to the doctor asking him to return to Sabinnia, as the *luocum tenens* had been unable to re-introduce a drainage tube which he had withdrawn in a case of surgical operation. Going back to Sabinnia and returning to Florida Bay the next day, he rejoined his wife and children and found the little boy provided with a new wheel-barrow. Running up to his father as he saw him coming through the sand, Valentine drew his attention to the new acquisition.

"Very nice one, Vallie, very nice," said his father: "did mumma buy it for you?"

"No fear," cried out little rosy-cheeked Pearly; "a man gave it to him in that shop up there; but he didn't give Pearly one: buy one for Pearly, puppa."

"What man was it, Pearly?" said her father; but Marvel stopped her from answering and bundled her off to play; while he fancied he heard the words—"kissed mumma." His curiosity at the unaccounted possession of the wheel-barrow by his little boy excited, and his suspicions about the visitor during his absence aroused, he asked Marvel if her father had been down. Marvel replied that he had not, and gave him no satisfaction about the donor of the wheel-barrow, whose name he did not discover for some little time. Marvel complained of getting tired of the seaside and its bleak quietude, but it must be remembered that the bird of Paradise is a land bird and a migratory bird. Accordingly he arranged to leave the peninsula at the end of the week, pay a visit to the grave of Percy by taking the next mail-boat to Galveston as promised to the children, who seemed very anxious to visit the cemetery, and after a trip to the Rocky Mountains to return through New Orleans home again.

The following day they inspected the fortifications opposite the Florida Keys at the invitation of an old soldierly acquaintance of Marvel's girlhood. He had known her pretty well before she was married, and gave them a most painstaking description of the forts, the drill-sheds and the disappearing guns. Furthermore, he permitted the infantile Valentine to fall in with the recruits, who were being drilled in the barrack yard, and play what Valentine thought was a *réveillé* upon a real big soldier's bugle. It was a mistake on Valentine's part to imagine that what he produced was a codified *réveillé*, and it was also a mistake on his mother's part to let him play what he thought was a codified *réveillé*, or even to arouse his martial spirit at all by letting him fall into the ranks. He whimpered, he cried, he howled, he sulked, he kicked, he ran away and planted himself in a rock-cave till his mother thought he was lost at sea, all on account of that soldier's big brass bugle. If it had been for sale there would have been no bother at all, but his father remembered the multiplicity of forms which he had filled in when preferring a request to the English government for a sum of two hundred pounds, and surmising that equally as many would be required for the American government before the bugle would be forthcoming, he bought for the disappointed infantile cadet a drum and a triangle instead. Ever since that memorable day the market for musical and military toys must have experienced a decided rise, for nothing would please either Valentine or Pearly unless it was a trumpet, a bugle, a cornet, a kettle-drum, a triangle, a tambourine, a pop-gun, a sword or a cane, and when their father had no money to buy even these, they contented themselves with penny-whistles, jew's-harps, squeaking dolls, and a band-box with a rope for a drum-strap.

In a few days after that never-to-be-forgotten visit to the fortifications, they bade farewell to the rock-bound coast and the sand-hemmed shores of Florida. With a fortnight still to spare for the holiday making, they sailed away in the mail steamer for Galveston, where they stayed at the Rosemary Branch Hotel on the bay, from

which on the following morning they wandered to the scene of Percy's grave. It would have charmed the hearts of the muses among the purple waving grass and the white wild flowers of the outlying plains on that fresh September morning to see that devoted little boy toddling along without saying a word. His general behaviour was a kind of engaging naughtiness, but sometimes he was as solemn as a judge. His little heart was full of the expected reunion with his departed little brother as he trudged along with a bundle strapped like an enormous knapsack over his shoulder, comprising the wheel-barrow, the drum, the triangle and the remains of the gilded watch, which he had secreted in his pocket ever since he left Bendemeer; marching to the spirit-stirring music of a long penny whistle, and depositing the offerings to little Percy on the grave. Arriving at the tomb after a two-mile walk, at last he spoke, and said, "Oh, puppa! Pearly didn't bring the spade; illie Percy can't get 'em till I dig up the big hole. Pearly tole me just now, puppa."

Little Vallie's mind was still imbued with the delusion that if not on the surface Percy was playing about the grave *somewhere*—that his little brother was still alive, and living in a beautiful land in the region of the shells within the iron fence, where nothing died or ever grew old.

"Put them on the top of the grave, Vallie," said his father, and the *manes* of the raised Laban Jarves seemed to Eugene to appear. Throwing the swag off his shoulder, Vallie placed the toys on the mound within the enclosure, and, scraping away some of the gravelly shells with his hands, he buried the tin watch for the use of little Percy in the flowery land, while Pearly strewed the grave with seaweed and wild buttercups which she had gathered on the way.

The task of engraving the name on the monument had been accomplished the month before by Miriam, who knelt down with the little children by her side singing requiem hymns, and the collect for the seventh Sunday after Trinity, and listening to the lisps of their well-known prayers until it was time to go back home.

After a glimpse at their former abodes, Glenaveril and The Elms, where Pearly and Valentine were born, and where Eugene had spent so many sleepless nights in anxiety about his wife's return, they all left for a final excursion to the Rocky Mountains, and eventually returned through the city to Bendemeer, with the children's cheeks like rosy apples, the carmine tints of Marvel's face returned, and all the family robust and resuscitated.

Home; sweet, sweet home! Since their departure some of the autumn blooms had appeared: the gay laurustinus and the laughing white marguerites—great spheres with tiny dewdrops on every petal—seemed to reflect the fresh faces of the children, while the heavy concentrated odours of the magnolias lingered around Bendemeer. Dainty little waxeyes deftly balanced themselves on the swinging twigs sipping the juice of the laurel and the elderberries; the green linnet sang in the yellow bloom of the golden acacias, and picked the seed from the rustling blossoms, swinging on his light aerial trapeze. The passion-flower had burst into bloom on the walls; the trumpet-lily opened her white bodice to the scented breezes playing along the liliputian walks of the flower-beds, and the full blown tea-roses and the Ethel chrysanthemums looked up at the trailing eglantine on the trellised verandah, and down on the nodding violet, the meek cowslip and the flaming phlox; while the little blue-cap flitted here and there among the vines or the blackbird called to the waking Aurora and the dying day and the chaffinch whistled from the elms. The same servants, who had been enjoying high holiday during the absence of Marvel, had everything in order and readiness for her return. The balm of home suffused her every thought. Next day the *locum tenens* was relieved and paid off by Eugene, and his work resumed with renewed vigour by himself. Frederick had distinguished himself by knocking out the local boxing champion in a mill of two rounds clean off the Working Men's Institute stage, but in every other respect the circumstances of the household were the same.

The grief over the death of Percy seemed to have worn off prematurely from his mother. Marvel soon recovered her light-hearted gaiety and the natural exuberance of her spirits. The Methodist parson called, the melancholial wife stayed for hours, and the dangerous acquaintance, Mrs. Blackhall, clung to Marvel closer than ever, infusing into her mind the poisonous doctrines which she had always inculcated; discoursing upon every occasion of her visits on the topic that men were not made to tyrannise over women; that if they did not resist, maintain their rights and rebel, they would be crushed under the heels of their tyrants for ever; that "men were deceivers ever, to one thing constant never," and that women were by far their superiors.

Six months passed and the routine of Marvel's life was a repetition of her previous history: the melancholy woman and the Italo-Mexican her close companions, together with her cousin, whose last consignment was a watch-faced triplet and who had now a step-and-stairs family of seven, while the puppy-dog corner at Rotojingolong was the most frequent place she visited. Her visits to the archery ground were becoming so regular and apparently so eagerly anticipated, that it frequently became a great source of inconvenience to the doctor as the groom was so often away when he was wanted at home. Furthermore, from some unaccountable cause, probably a word or name uttered by Marvel in a forgetful moment, or some trifle as light as air betraying her, his suspicions were aroused and soon confirmed. He had noticed himself the counterfeit quality of the visitors from the city and the habitués of the archery ground the year before. He often had casual sights of them, like harlequinading merry-andrews playing together, as he drove past with the groom on the road, but never had

he received any tangible proof that his wife's constant attendance and ostensible devotion to the sport were due to anything more than her inborn inveterate habits of pleasure-seeking and mixing in what she called good society—the covetousness of the bird for the balloon.

Passing through a field near Rotojingolong one day as he was out for an afternoon's heron shooting, he suddenly encountered Lady Harriet just as she was stepping off a little footbridge over the creek and walking in the direction of the railway station, one of the puppies following a short distance behind. "Good afternoon, my lady," said the doctor; "is archery the ruling passion still out here?"

Lady Harriet replied she was not taking part that afternoon, but was going with a telegram to the railway station, when, not recognising Eugene in his shooting costume, with his back turned towards the puppy-dog straggling from the show, the latter came up as he was speaking to the young lady.

"Dr. Whitworth," said Lady Harriet, "this is a friend of mine from"——

"I'm sorry to hear you say so," returned the doctor, ramming his hands down into his pockets and walking away. It was the interloper whom he had confronted on the pier at Galveston! He had been living for some time in the city, where his powers of fascination had a wider scope.

There was the sweet milk in the sweet cocoanut. *There* was the solution of Marvel's extraordinary passion for archery. It came like an ominous thunderclap upon him—the meeting of that destroyer of his peace of mind, that demoniacal usurper of his home in The Elms; that smiling, fascinating, bejewelled and cigarette-smoking coxcomb, who had insulted his wife while she held his little girl in her arms, and who had paraded his generosity by presenting his little boy with the wheel-barrow that lay on his dead child's grave. His gift of the lost locket turned out to be nugatory

Worthless. [OED Online](#).

, as one of the ladies from the city established her claim to it, and Marvel explaining how she came by it was obliged to hand it over to the owner. When the bird of Paradise had left Edenhall he had soon after come away to the city. Now that Marvel was in Sabinnia, it was as convenient to his purposes as when she had lived in Maconville, and much more so than when she resided in Galveston. He had heard of her contemplated sojourn at the seaside, presumably from Marvel herself during their visits to the archery ground, and had chosen a day to visit her—the very day that Eugene was obliged to leave her and the children at Florida Bay. He had wormed himself—worm and viper that he was—into the society of the Earl's daughters, bolstered up by the hope of coming across the object of his vile affections there. Had it not been for the presence of Lady Harriet, what might have happened?—he ground his teeth in the yearning for revenge. He took up the gun and making a *détour* without shooting over the fields any longer, he walked away hastily home.

"Fred," he said when he arrived there, "Mrs. Whitworth can walk home this evening; we can't spare the buggy for that tomfoolery out there any more."

Vague suspicions floated through the congested brain of Marvel when she waited and waited but found no buggy to meet her, and she knew her husband had been out shooting in the neighbourhood that afternoon. Walking with vacillating footsteps homeward through the fields, amongst the stately upright trees of the forest that sombre evening in solitude, the grandeur of the sunset scene, the idle wandering here and there of the light and fleecy clouds, the crimson and magenta hues changing into that ill-fated blue-green, and all resolving into a dull dismal grey, portrayed the perturbed mind of the conscience-stricken Marvel, as she felt that her husband knew of her *liaisons* on the archery ground; while to Eugene the sun of his paradisaal home had set that day for ever.

On her return she entered in a nervous and guilty way; her face was ashy pale and the improvement which she had made during her marine holiday was annulled by the walk that evening through the forest. Her first thoughts were to confront her husband, but she thought of his passionate nature when provoked, and smarting under the prickings of her uneasy forebodings within, she waited till she had an opportunity of cross-questioning the groom. Stealing up to the stable in the dark, as he sat alone in his room, after bedding down the horses, "Frederick," she said, "why didn't you come for me this evening?"

"The boss—he told me, when he come home, not to go no more," answered Frederick.

It was enough for Marvel. The conspiracy had been detected—the secret of the wheelbarrow had been laid bare, all the concomitant revelations of her clandestine scheming with the dangerous exquisite opened out, hissing and grinning at her like demons let loose upon her tormented soul. When her husband had gone out in the night without saying a word, she stole into the surgery and with a lancet she niggled away at the lip of the envelope, withdrawing the letter which he had written. With tremulous hands she opened out the black-bordered note-paper and held it before her keen black eyes wide open and staring at the contents, every word of which was like an arrow in her side, and nervously starting at every extraneous, insignificant sound, as she read—"Dear mother,—Take Valentine's wheel-barrow off the baby's grave and send it here; he is going to give it away to the Industrial School children.—Eugene."

Would it not be wiser, she thought, to make a clean breast of the accursed thing; but she had no time to

consult with her sympathising cousin, and dreaded the passion of her husband. When he returned she was sitting idly and listlessly striking the chords of the Mignon piano, but he walked straight past the open door, down the hall into the surgery. On the impulse of the moment she followed him and, on one of the rare occasions in her life, she addressed him by his Christian name.

"Eugene," she said, "how long have we been here now?" and her husband replied that he had been there himself over two years.

"I wish you would leave here soon," she said, "there is nothing all the year round here for me but trees and flowers and those *idiots* at Rotojingolong."

The word was a flash of genius on Marvel's part: it disarmed the charge simmering in his mind and melted it away altogether. Replying that he did not want to stay there any longer, as the district from a medical point of view was getting exhausted, and that he had made up his mind to go to the city next day to make some inquiries into a partnership in a New Orleans practice, he returned at his wife's solicitation, absent-mindedly, to the drawingroom. The music of the agitated Marvel, while the recoiling consolation thrilled along her nerves was never heard to greater perfection, as amongst a treasury of charming gems she interweaved installments of the *Myosotis*. She conjectured at the *rationale* of his complaisance in leaving, but she feared to touch upon the subject of causation and effect in his hearing, for she felt and whispered to herself that the less said the sooner the mischief already done was likely to be mended. Knowing his candid nature so well, she could not imagine him to be dissembling, and she deemed it politic to endeavour to divert as strenuously as she could his thoughts and her own with the music, while Eugene deceived himself with the belief that there was nothing reprehensible in her *liaisons* at all. He had not then fathomed the depths of his wife's chicanery. He loved her; he loved his children beyond all measure; he studied their welfare and happiness, present and to come, and he meditated on the babe in the tomb. Hope and patience was the motto oft repeated to himself — hope and patience—the polestars that shine eternal on the human heart.

The very next day in New Orleans he entered in effect into partnership with a well-known surgeon of the city, who had attained to his prominent position not at all from any intrinsic abilities or from any signal successes in the domain of surgery, but chiefly from the fact that he was the son of a very influential statesman, who propped him up and advertised him under the electric light of Government departments, and who by dint of toadyism to the then ministry, logrolling, axe-grinding, and wire-pulling in Congress had procured for him an important position among the government medical offices, as well as one of the most coveted medical appointments in the Louisiana State militia.

The salient terms of the deed of partnership were that Eugene should pay the sum of four thousand dollars for his share in the partnership; should reside in the house in Fifth Avenue, to be vacated in his favour; should attend to all patients and perform all surgical operations, while, after a trip to Australia and round the world, his partner should devote his attention to the work of visiting the lunatic asylums, reporting on all rail-way accidents, and carrying out his sinecure duties as medical officer of the military forces.

Dr. Jonas Peck was a flat-headed, cunning and grasping Welshman, of the worst and meanest variety, and he attached as much arrogant importance to the rank and position in the military forces into which he had been pitchforked by his scheming, trimming father, as if he were Napoleon *Premier*. His height was about five feet three inches and a quarter; his hair had the hue of the parsnep, and his weight was nearly eight stone—just a nice handy weight for Moss Rose in first-class company for a mile, with a cup hanging at the end of it. Mounted on a scraggy mule, he could maintain his seat in the saddle quite as well as a good clown or a circus billy-goat, and when his imperial medicalship was on view in the streets or on the field, he looked "like a monkey riding on a donkey, singing out charcoal—charcoal,"

Uncertain.

and he fumed and sweated instead of the lop-eared mule. There he sat bumping the pigskin on the ewe-necked mule with the Roman nose like a little god on a tin-wheel

Possibly referring to 'Little Tin Gods on Wheels' in Rudyard Kipling's poem Public Waste.

, with an eye like a damson to threaten and command any old woman lying sick in bed; and at night he went about like a Chinese soldier armed with an umbrella and a lantern. He wore his vizor down, but on his mailed breast he had no medal to wear. His face was the colour of mahogany, and his fingers were like ten thin sausages. He was as hairy as Esau

Esau, the son of Isaac. The Bible, Genesis 25:25.

. He was a bachelor: nobody wondered at that. The bird of Paradise considered he was more like a useful man at the gasworks than a doctor; so did the urchins in the streets, for they advised him to get inside the mule one afternoon when he fell off as he was going away on parade, with Eugene and the pearl of a remount Rosie by his side.

Eugene still retained his old liking for the service and his connection with the militia, as lieutenant of the cavalry corps. Upon leaving Sabinnia he was transferred to the metropolitan detachment, where his shapely

charger, Rosie, was as much a pet of the regiment as she had been in the country districts.

Shifting in all speed his goods and chattels to New Orleans with almost as much expedition as the noted and flagitious Brick Bore had left the castle, he returned to Sabinnia for his wife and children. Marvel, on arriving at Bendemeer he ascertained, was consorting to the bitter end with the woman from Mexico. She was comfortably ensconced within the woman's house. The children were jubilant at the prospect of gazing upon the wonderful illusions and sights from all the world to be seen collected together in the great metropolis, and they left in eager expectation of seeing all the glories of the universe. Marvel showed particular *bon homie* in her *prés prendre congé*

Possibly 'Pour Prendre Congé', meaning to take leave. [Jones 1963:317](#).

visits to her friends, and concocted in her mind visions of private balls, hospital balls, mayor's balls, ministerial balls, bachelor's balls, hunt-club balls, naval balls, military balls, naval and military balls, theatres, operas, presidential receptions and town-hall concerts thick as autumn leaves.

On the first of December, when Eugene was just twenty-eight years old and the bird of Paradise was thirty—and merging into the shady side of thirty—his brass plate was fixed on the iron gate, almost diametrically opposite to the emporium where the doctor of dental surgery of Apricot Street, Chicago, U.S.A. had shone in his meteoric flight, and the great undertaking of harmonious medical practice, in defiance of the traditions about the disagreements of rogues and medical practitioners, was duly announced and begun.

The house in New Orleans was as a residence much inferior to Bendemeer: it had no name, but its number was A777½. In many respects A777½ was rather uncomfortable, and the horrid flight of stairs harassed the tranquillity of Marvel. The want of a garden irritated still further her fancies; but so as to make the bird of Paradise and the Air collapse altogether, turn up the whites of her eyes like a dying duck in a thunderstorm, and sit down to faint on a kerosene tin in the kitchen, there was no more room at the back than would afford fresh air to the magpie which Valentine had brought from the Sabine River. It—the magpie—hopped about on the cemented area and screwed its neck for a peep with one eye sideways at the bluesky, directing the other eye down upon the gurgling pellucid stream in the sink. A prisoner for evermore, it died of a broken heart the week after, and moistened by the tears of Valentine it was consigned to the dust-bin outside in the blind alley, so that the undertaker—the scavenger—might call for it next day.

The servants of Bendemeer not caring, so they said, about leaving their mother's side for the city, in spite of the affection which they dissembled before Marvel, refused her offers of an increase of wages, so that new and smarter ones were procured at a servants' registry office round the corner. One of the girls, who had been appointed to the duty of answering the door-bell, was invested with a nurse's white cap and a new white embroidered apron in the mornings, while in her engrossing charge were packed off every afternoon sharp at half-past two the dignified Pearly and the mercurial Valentine, with full and explicit instructions to be on the *qui vive*

On the alert. [Jones 1963:327](#).

for the latter.

On their first day's outing they brought home from a cosmopolitan fair a multi-coloured bird with one eye. It wasn't a paraquêt, nor was it even a rosella; it had one wing like a king-lory, and still the top of its head was like the top of the head of a macaw; it had never seen the Mexican mountains, but might possibly have come from New Guinea, although there was not trace discernible of any remote connection with the bird of Paradise. An hour in the rain on the asphalted area cleared up all disputes as to its individuality, washing all its gaudy plumage away and proving it to be beyond all manner of doubt a *young hawk* painted by the rascal who had palmed it off upon Valentine. One eye had been knocked clean out, probably in a battle with a game-cock bantam when a mean advantage was taken of it by chaining it in a corner by the leg; but the empty orbit had been considerably stuffed with a split pea previously dipped in red ink. The doctor was obliged to accompany Valentine back to the fair with the brummagem

Fake or inferior. [Green 2005](#).

cockatoo, interview the *genre* artist in water-colour, and demand a more natural and thoroughbred specimen. The mission proved to be a great success. The more natural and thoroughbred specimen was suspended aloft in the area over the babbling brook in the sink, where it praised itself and danced away and danced away without lifting its feet off the hillocky crystallized slime on the perch, and, after reciting a vocabulary of choice extracts from the golden treasury of the grand old father of poetry, it survived the magpie by fully a week; further, next morning, all the way down the back lane it lay perfectly still on the shoulder of the dayman, who ruthlessly heaved pretty polly among the garbage into corporation cart No xlix.

The doctor bought—through the agency of Brosie—a fine pure-bred St. Bernard, a perfect monarch of dogs, for the children, as Moss Rose's companion stayed at the Old White Horse hotel; and after an altercation as to whom he should belong he was proclaimed a joint partnership from the tip of his nose to the last hair of his tail—the joint possession of Pearly and Valentine—although it was hard to say afterwards whether the St.

Bernard belonged to the children or the children to the St. Bernard. Prince, as he was called, made it his business to follow the children whithersoever they rambled and maintained a more vigilant watch upon them than the flippant attendant on them and the door. He would lie all night at their bedroom door and wait till they came out in the morning. Wherever Prince was seen, it was concluded that Pearly and Valentine were with him, and if the St. Bernard appeared to be at ease in his mind, it was abundant proof that the children were perfectly safe. He was an uncommonly useful dog, for he often allayed the fears and anxieties of Marvel, who would rush to the door every time she heard the bell of the omnibus, and appeared to look upon every driver as an enemy endeavoring to run the bus over the children.

One duty which the deed of the medical partnership did not disclose in any of its clauses, as if it were something quite foreign to the management of the business, was the compiling of the monthly accounts, the entering up of the books, of which the original partner at his own expense purchased three nearly as long as his arm and, finally, the receipt of the moneys paid into the medical firm. These arduous tasks were appropriated by Dr. Jonas Peck to himself. His regular practice consisted in his calling at A777½, the house where all the business was conducted and the iron Milner safe was kept, unlocking the safe with a key, of which there was no duplicate, and which he kept in a pocket at the back of his pants; sleeping with it under his pillow, carrying it away with him to the field all gory, and proceeding with the work of book-keeping and fiction after the professional work for the day was done. Being of a *gallant* and cavalierly turn of mind, when his works of fiction were ended he would condescend to sit in the surgery for a while, confident that no patients were likely to put his skill in medical diagnosis to the test. Slowly and by tentative degrees, he cunningly inveigled the bird of Heaven into secret conversations while her husband was busy outside with the patients. One clause in the agreement which he had artfully introduced was to the effect that each partner should devote himself diligently to the work of the practice. After dissecting out the nominal share for himself, the burthen of the work with the patients was thrown upon the shoulders of Eugene. It was seldom that a railway accident or a lunatic demanded his attention, and the office of medical attendant upon the militia was quite a sinecure.

About this time, excited by the dazzling splendour of the lions and lights of the city social club, and all the notable company which he met when he became a member himself, Eugene often spent an hour or so in the evenings among his newly-made friends. These occasions were not lost sight of by his partner, whose primary object had been to swindle him out of the four thousand dollars which he had received for the half-share enjoyed by Eugene. Accordingly, in a most captious manner he seized upon the clause relating to diligence as a stalking-horse for the dissolution of the partnership.

After it had existed for the space of three months, Eugene began to reflect that he had been unfairly dealt with, and drew the attention of Dr. Jonas Peck to the extraordinary amount of work which he had to do without receiving any assistance from his partner. The remarks were flouted by Dr. Jonas Peck, and Eugene for the first time felt convinced that his case was another historical instance of the truth of the fable of the spider and the fly. In dogged determination he refused to attend to everything that his partner had planned out for him, and now and then he left a straggling patient to the mercies and skill of Dr. Peck. These patients complained, and withdrew their patronage from the partnership, but its withdrawal was just what Dr. Peck wanted. It suited his purposes beautifully, and, together with the waste of time by Eugene at the club, it afforded him a continual ground of complaint, which he instilled into the private ear of the bird of Paradise after the books were made up for the day in the surgery, where Eugene had during the day attended to as many as forty or fifty cases. He would stand for half-an-hour in the military costume, which he donned for the illusion of Marvel, descanting upon this little episode at the club, and that little episode of neglect, while the *faithful, honourable and devoted* wife of Eugene would incline her ear to his little confidences, sympathise with the deceived little medical soldier, and enhance his charges against the doctor by manufacturing a few imaginary ones of her own; rejoicing in betraying the cause of her husband to the very man who was longing to put his knife into that self-same husband.

Often, as he came in unexpectedly, she would hastily withdraw from the surgery, or when the conspiracy was being hatched in the passage they would hurriedly separate and retreat—the bird of Paradise in a state of perturbation to her bedroom, the poultice and pill-box soldier to the surgery, the books and the safe, as if he were in a hurry to get inside. To give further proof of his asseverations, he would invite her into his buggy and take her to the house of some patient, where her husband had not thought it necessary to go for a couple of days. The playful Jonas would lay traps for Eugene at the social club, and poison the mind of his wife against him by every means that lay in his power. His charges, his unfathomable duplicity, and his dissembling sympathies with the false grievances of the *much injured* Marvel were balmy incense and sweetest music to the bird of the sun. She never missed one solitary evening's chat in the surgery to exchange her confidences with the enemy who had inveigled her husband into paying him nearly all the money he possessed—the man who strived and contrived by all manner of means to work him out from the position which he had given four thousand silver dollars to obtain. Fellow-conspirator as she was she listened to his schemes for the explosion of

her husband's fortunes and fame: his treachery was like honey to her lips, and she strained every nerve to assist in the nefarious work of the destruction of her husband—of him, who, in his generosity, had condoned her improprieties and had suffered in silence her cowardly desertion and her prolonged absences from his side, and who, ever since the night when he had asked her under the sheen of the yellow moon to come home with him and be his wife, had set himself heart and soul to the work of her delectation—glorying in the sunshine and the love of his children and his home.

Chapter XXXI. Fallen, The Great and Mighty Gould!

"The sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow spread below;
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!"

IN the midst of the simmering turmoil between the two medical partners, ere the vague suspicion of impending trouble had firmly established itself in the mind of Eugene, the little discrepancies between Marvel's attitude towards him while they were holiday-making at Florida Bay and the defiant bearing which she now deliberately assumed, he passed over as only varying phases in the modes and peculiarities of his wife's demeanour, while she carefully suppressed all reference to the secrets between his partner and herself.

One evening after an important operation, the performance of which had occupied two hours, he returned to the house by the evening train from one of the suburbs, and arrived about seven in the evening to find his wife had gone. On inquiring from the servants, they informed him that she had left a note for him in the surgery, and that she had said she was coming back the next day. Upon opening the note in the surgery he found its sole contents to be a telegram which Marvel had received from her aunt to the effect that her father was dangerously ill, and asking her to go to Maconville at once.

"Did Mrs. Whitworth go away by herself?" he inquired of the groom, who had followed him from Sabinnia.

"No sir," replied Frederick, "Dr. Peck, he comes in his buggy for her, and his groom, old Donald Hooligan, he drives both on 'em to the railway station right enough."

He gnashed his teeth as he read the telegram again; but could not resist the belief that the message was genuine, and that her father was indeed seriously ill. His first thoughts were that it was a *canard* to hoax herself quietly away to Edenhall, and, once there, to remain there until such times as it would suit her pleasure to come back. Contenting himself with the comforting reflection that she had not taken the children away with her, and that he would be happy in their company alone, he at once determined to send for Miriam to attend to the children for the time being. Miriam arrived next day, laden with cakes, fruit, and all the drums, bugles, and dolls she could carry. They created quite a scramble in the house for ownership or joint partnership, and Miriam took her *protégées* in hand in the fulness of her bounteous love and overflowing tenderness.

Strange, he thought to himself, that they had not sent for him if it was a case of sickness. He remembered the time when, after resisting all other modes of treatment by the fashionable doctors of the city, his own remedy for diseased back of the great man had succeeded; and had earned for him the gratitude of the coal-king himself.

Two days had elapsed and there was no sign of his wife's return, or any further explanation of the cause of her leaving so abruptly. On the third day in a hansom cab she drove to the door, and furiously ringing the bell she demanded in excited tones if the doctor was at home, and where were the children. When she was informed that her husband was out, but that the children were in the dining-room playing with their grandmother, she peremptorily ordered the servant to bring the children upstairs into the bedroom, while the bird of Heaven flew upstairs holding up her skirts at the knees, as if the place was on fire and she wanted to save some treasure. As the children followed the servant upstairs and she returned without them, Miriam sat in the dining-room, wondering whatever was going on in the hurry and skurry upstairs. Before she stirred to inquire from the servant, Eugene entered the front door from the street, and as he walked upstairs he was astonished to see Marvel and the children all dressed and ready to leave the house. Check-mated in the little dodge, she civilly asked him if he had not read the telegram, and when he replied that he the point of death and that he wanted to see the children before he died.

"I am grieved to say, Marvel," he began, "I don't know whether to believe you or not. You have taken the

children away before on a mere pretext, and kept them away in spite of my remonstrances and entreaties. For all I know, this may be a *ruse* in an attempt to do the same thing over again, and I don't intend to let them leave me any more."

Flint and steel and red-hot fire flashed out of the fierce black eyes of the incensed but heavenly bird, heaping up reprobation on the head of Miriam for neglecting to mind the children properly; pulling the coverlets off their cots and shouting that they had not been properly made; slamming the doors of the wardrobe and impetuously dragging the drawers clean out of the chest till they fell on her toes to the floor, and inciting the timorous and innocent Pearly to cry and the frightened Valentine quickly to follow suit in wild and wailing screams.

Perplexed as to what he should do and disconcerted by the consternation of the children, he stood facing his wife and said—"If I consent to your taking the children, will you promise me that you will bring them back in a week?"

Grasping her opportunity with the intuitive perspicuity with which she had always conceived some mischievous idea, "I swear to God," she declared "that my father is dying and wants to see the children, and that if you let me take them I will bring them back *as soon as he is dead*."

Venturing the opinion that he did not perceive what good the children could do to a dying man, he dried the tears of Pearly and Vallie with his pocket-handkerchief and left the room, while little Pearly cried out between her lingering sobs—"Pearly come back puppa: Pearly not f'rightened gee-gees: Pearly b'ing Vallie back home," and Vallie avowed that he would come back by himself. They followed him down the steps of the staircase while Valentine skidded down along the rail of the bannister, when their mother, holding them by the hands and whisking them past the dining-room door, behind which their poor old beneficent grandmother sat wondering why they didn't come to see her, hurriedly hustled them down the passage, almost lifting them off their feet, and bundled them into a hansom cab waiting outside to summarily whirl them away.

When the doctor re-entered the dining-room he explained to Miriam all that had transpired and heard her candid opinion that he had made a grievous mistake in believing what Marvel had said, and in allowing her to take them away, insomuch if the great and mighty man died, he might say good-bye to comfort and peace with Marvel altogether. Impressed by the warning, he hailed a passing cab, met them again on the railway station and procured tickets for Marvel, who was all smiles and light-heartedness, albeit her father was on the eve of his death. Putting her head out of the window, "Pearly come back puppa: Pearly b'ing Vallie," the little child cried out again, when the engine blew her whistle and slowly drew the train out of her dock.

Amongst all his marriage relations, the great coal-king himself was the only one who had been in concord with Eugene. His father-in-law had made bushels of promises which he never fulfilled, but he had shown a moral sympathy for the doctor and had often upheld him against the calumnies of his wife and his mother-in-law. "Why should I stay away?" he said to Miriam, "even if I haven't been asked to see him, if I can do him any good," and Miriam approved of the idea.

There was a special additional train that night—it was the eve of Thanksgiving's Day—going to Augusta with a party of base-ballers, who had been playing a match against a metropolitan team. The doctor embraced the opportunity. In the van of the train he was permitted to travel by the guard, who was an old friend of his and whom he had known ever since he went to live in Augusta, and as in the middle of the night he peered out through the high narrow windows of the raised rear of the van the reminiscences of his earlier wedded days, the flood, Sunnyside, the training of Moss Rose and the cavalry parade-ground came vividly before his mind again. While he felt his heart warming at the sight of the oft-trodden scenes, he alighted from the van in Augusta once again.

It was too late to catch the train to Maconville—it had struck twelve and the hotels had closed. His memory took him back to the nights when, with Marmaduke, he had played till daybreak in the little card-room, and, feeling assured that other benighted gamblers would still be sitting at the little square table, he bent his steps thither accordingly. There was a light at the back, and, as of old, he gave three distinct knocks at the window-pane, when he heard a bustle in the card-room, and soon had the front door opened by his old friend the landlord of the Seven Stars Hotel. They drank a glass of wine together, and Eugene, unfolding the object of his visit, was provided by the proprietor with a horse to ride to the colliery field.

Mounted, again he rode at a swinging gallop along the pine-tree bordered road, and he heard again in the solemn night the call of the wild wawa. Nearing the bend of the road, he reined in the horse which he was riding and dwelt abstractedly upon the memory of the brook with whose waters he had bathed the face of his paradisaical bride on the evening of her betrothal. Pushing on again after a pause, he ran through the memories of all that had occurred since that eventful night—his joys, his triumphs with Moss Rose, his unrequited attachment to his wife, the births of the precious Pearly and Valentine, and the death of his apple-checked child, while from over the glamorous blue mountains the big yellow moon emerged on a level with the nocturnal horizon. Walking the horse slowly on again, he had come to within a short distance of the house of the great

and mighty Gould, whose moans and contorting and distracting groans of agony he could hear issuing from the old house, and disordering the quiet solemn coming of the moon. Pain-racked and stretched on a bed of suffering, the great man writhed with increasing paroxysms of torture shaking his burly frame, and his cry was the cry of a soul in pain. Nearer and nearer came the pain-inflicting wailings of the soul of the great man in torment. Not a sound besides could be heard. In quickening succession they fell jarring upon his ears as he dismounted, and leading the horse inside the goat-yard of his mother-in-law, he tied the bridle to the fence inside and passed down the narrow path from the paddock to the house. He tapped softly at the back door and listened to the cries of torture, as the mighty man battled against the arch-enemy of all. The door was silently and reluctantly opened, and the form of the ugly dwarf, who had hailed with delight the betrothal of Marvel and joined with his ducks in the *tableaux* on the verandah, appeared in the murky light and stuck his nose through the chink between the door and the doorpost.

"Is that you, doctor?" said the voice from below, sounding like the reflected voice of a ventriloquist at a punch-and-judy show.

"Yes," said Eugene: "I came to see if I could be of any use."

"Better not come in," said the voice. "come again in the morning, *if he lives till then*," and the door was closed again.

In doubt and hesitation as to what he should do, he stood dumbfounded and chagrined at not seeing his old friend his father-in-law, and seemed to have made up his mind to loiter outside, imagine the contortions of the coal-king, and listen to the moaning and the groaning inside the house until he could hear its horrible sound no more. Suddenly, as by an inspiration, he remembered that one of the medical men of the town lived near, and surmised that Dr. Seymour would probably be in attendance on his suffering father-in-law. Chancing his being at home, he walked to the medical man's house, about half-a-mile away near the town, followed by the sepulchral groans. He vehemently rang the bell.

"Who's there?" replied a voice. Eugene knew it was the doctor himself.

"Whitworth: I come to see about Mr. Gould," he said.

The doctor came down and opened his door, which was barred, barricaded and chained like the door of a jail, the residence of the doctor having at one time been the watch-house—a double-storey building plastered in front, standing flush with the footpath. The door being opened, the disturbed doctor stood with a candle in his hand. His garments were such as he had hurriedly put on when awakened from sleep—the braces of his trousers hanging down at the hips in loops, like the sword-straps of a mounted commissioner of police.

"Come in Whitworth," he said, "in here; into my consulting-room: I'll just put on my slippers and be there in five minutes."

"What is the matter with Mr. Gould?" said Eugene when he returned.

"Well, I told him two years ago and warned him often since," he replied, "that if he didn't pull himself together he would soon be in his grave, and my words have proved to be true."

"He is not there yet," remarked Eugene: "what is the disease?"

"Well, to begin with," went on the doctor, "he has had for years a hob-nailed liver

A cirrlosed liver, studded with projections. [OED Online](#).

, caused by excessive drinking; but, strange to say, there are no signs of anasarca

Swelling of the subcutaneous cellular level of a limb or other large surface of the body due to retention of liquid. [OED Online](#).

or dropsy

A morbid condition characterised by the accumulation of fluid in the body. [OED Online](#).

about him. I have never treated him for any other malady myself."

"Medicines would not be of much avail for cirrhosis of the liver," remarked Eugene.

"No," said the doctor, "and they are not much use now. About three weeks ago he complained of a pain and a swelling in the foot; the swelling and throbbing pain increased and extended up to the inner surface of the thighs. Mrs. Gould suggested that they should send for Dr. Hardiman of West Broadway, New York. He came up three days ago, and after creating great alarm he made a small incision in conjunction with me. The smell was enough to choke a Kentucky nigger. It nearly knocked us over: so we threw up the windows and came away."

"That doesn't seem so bad as I expected," said Eugene, "I should esteem it a favour if you would come down with me to the house and let me see him; they don't seem to care about letting me see him, and unless you pilot me through to the bedside I am afraid I shall not see him at all:" whereupon the doctor replying that he would put on his coat and hat he steamed away with Eugene in tow.

It was then after four o'clock. The iridescent queen of night was at her full height in the dome of the skies, eclipsing the primitive signs of the awakening lord of the day, when they entered the old man's little wooden gate, and Eugene was marshalled into the house of his father-in-law by Dr. Seymour.

Ten million microbes in one mass had manifestly come amongst the wakeful inmates of the old house, for all his married relations shunned Eugene. Passing by, in the rear of the portico, his mother-in-law, the old auntie and the snub-nosed Sukey who had come from Augusta and Sabinnia, respectively, and taken up their quarters in the old house upon the first alarm about their relative's illness, and who disdained to take the slightest notice of Eugene and seemed anxious to shirk his presence, it was as much as the microbes could do to find standing-room in the building, while the sands in the hour-glass of the old man's life were quickly running out in the adjoining room. In the passage he met the man who had poked his nose through the chink of the door on his first arrival, and the distant relative smarting under the sobriquet of "the wet nurse" assigned him by Eugene. Augustus and Simon both held aside and surlily down their heads while he followed the piloting doctor past them into the same room where little Cyril had lain at the gate of death for more than a week—the room whence the moaning and lamentation proceeded.

There he met another relative whom he had never seen before—a red-faced man with a straggling imperial brown beard, with tears trickling through it and hanging like dew-drops on the uttermost hairs. The stranger to Eugene was a good-looking, intelligent, affable man. He was Marvel's only brother, and had some days before his father took ill come from Minneapolis in quest of his father's signature as a promoter of a tin mine which he had discovered in North Dakota. The old man had had enough of tin, so his prayer had not been granted.

"Dr. Whitworth, I presume," said the too late rival of Brick Bore: "I'm your wife's brother, Reginald." They shook hands, and Eugene turned to the bedside, which was surrounded by a peacock-blue Japanese screen.

"Holloa dochther," said the prostrate Julian Gould, and he moaned a stupendous moan.

Eugene grasped his outstretched hand and retained it while he felt his pulse—small, rapid, feeble and *dicrotic*

Exhibiting a double beat or wave. [OED Online](#).

. His face was ghastly white, his eyes glassy, wild and staring—overshadowed with the anxiety of impending death. Dr. Seymour removed the counterpane, the blankets and the sheet, the gauze bandages, the dressings of boracic wool

Abrasive wool treated with borax. [OED Online](#).

, spongio-piline and lint, displaying to the gaze of the mortified Eugene a cadaverous, dull, purplish, greenish-black mass, mottled in patches with reddish-brown spots, evolving a sickening odour of putrescence, and crackling under the fingers from the effusion of gases into the tissues of the part attacked with a fatal moist gangrene. The pain was suddenly leaving, but the hiccup, vomiting and tympanitic distention of the abdomen superadded to the symptoms and told of the mischief that had occurred within. Eugene felt the crackling, foetid, putrid mass with his finger and made the remark that the surgeon should have made several free incisions early instead of only one. He looked knowingly at the medical attendant, and fixed his eyes in a forlorn long look on his doomed father-in-law.

"Are there any hopes dochther?" said the old man; "I wanted you to come at first, but they didn't send I suppose."

Eugene shook his head, turning away from the lingering gaze of the old man and stood leaning over the fool-rail of the bed. He held out his hand again to Eugene, whose deep regard for his father-in-law was greater by far than the more natural love of his son Reginald, his only daughter and his savage-looking cross-grained wife. Two trained nurses had been engaged and were alternating duty attendance for a week. One brought in some champagne, which the old man greedily swallowed out of an old-fashioned feeding-cup like a broken teapot, and, while Eugene remained leaning over the rail of the bed, the local doctor and the only son retired from the room. Soon, however, they returned in company with a very tall man—a stranger to Eugene. He had on many occasions mixed himself up with the business of the departing king in his Welsh and American speculations, although in business he was a wool-merchant and a man lolling in wealth. He was a bald-headed man, with no moustache but a long white beard.

"I have the will in my house in the city," Eugene heard him say as he came with the other down the passage: "if you are sure there are no hopes, Dr. Seymour. I had better tell him so:" when in silence they entered the room stealthily, and the only son, stooping down over his dying father's pillow, queried if he felt any better.

"Go away: go away out of my sight," roared his father with a rattling and choking throat and motioning his son away from the bed: "Go away: go home away:" when they all withdrew but Eugene and the nurse. The death-scene was prolonged and terrible. With a strained and anxious countenance, his lips and tongue covered with sordes

Feculent matter collecting on or in the bodies of persons or animals, esp. feverish. [OED Online](#).

, he lapsed into a maniacal delirium, roaring and raving, absolutely distraught; calling out for the will, clamouring for the will to alter it; browbeating the nurse for not producing the document and yelling out hoarse and coarse oaths and imprecations on his wife and every member of his family. Twitchings of his hands at the bedclothes, a low muttering delirium and a stertorous respiration brought on the invasion of coma; but for a few

minutes he became more rational, when the lanky wool-merchant entered and asked Eugene how long he thought Gould would live. The suave and affable wool-merchant was a stranger to Whitworth, but he introduced himself as Mr. Grieve. "About an hour," said Eugene; when the moaning and groaning that had jarred on his ears since he first heard it in the saddle on the road till now it was ten o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, came to a sudden full-stop. The stalking wool-merchant stole out and quickly returned with the old woman, Sukey Bibtitt, Simon Ernest, Augustus Hornblower, the chronic broncho-asthmatical auntie in great pulmonary distress, and Marvel, whom Eugene had not seen since she left town with the children.

The struggling, dying old coal-king seemed to brighten up a little, but it was only an ephemeral and transitory flash of consciousness, as Marvel came in calling out hysterically—"Oh! father! oh! father!" but as with the only son—"Go away, go away out of my sight!" he cried, throwing his arm back spasmodically, supine over his head in rage upon the pillow, from which none of the muscular power of the mighty man's arm was left to remove it of his own accord. After the penultimate shuddering pangs of disease the coma deepened and deepened to its unfathomable profundities, and the eyes of the great and mighty Julian Jasper Gould set in the eternal repose of death.

Finished at last—that desperate struggle with the universal invincible conqueror! Supine he lay with his glassy spectral eyes wide open, vanquished, demolished, lifeless. Gone out of the sinful and beautiful world, whose pleasures he had but two years before begun to enjoy, after spending nearly fifty years in the discovery and upheaval of coal, and the absorption of fortunes by new inventions in machinery. Fallen the great and mighty Gould! he whose energy, headstrong determination and unyielding zeal had bored the vast depths into the womb of the earth, and whose throbbing prodigious engines, forcing along and round and round their unending driving-belts rolled on, on, on, while in disease he lay, levelled with the poor whom he had crushed—levelled by the hand of the Almighty on the same dead-level with the pauper and the peasant, the homeless waif and the stray!

When Eugene retired from the presence of the dead, he made his way down the passage, where, in the portico at the back, an animated discussion was being held as to when the will should be read and when the funeral should take place. There seemed to be a consensus of opinion that it was optional for Theophilus Grieve, the wool-merchant, who had the will in his possession and was the sole trustee of the estate, to read its contents out to the assembled *beneficiaires* either before or after the funeral. A resolution was carried at the post-mortem meeting of the much-interested relatives and the keen-eye-to-business man, together with the eleemosynary

Charitable; dependent on alms. [OED Online](#).

old wool-merchant, to the effect that there was not the slightest occasion for any delay whatever in the funeral obsequies, nor any special reason for postponing the reading of the will until after the body was buried.

In pursuance of this Christian determination, the ceremonial was fixed for the following day, provided the coffin could be obtained in time; like-wise a resolution was unanimously carried to the effect that the reading of the will should take place as soon as it could be procured from the warehouse of the wool-merchant, independently of the funeral ceremonials altogether. The warm glow of the glorious sun irradiated the little portico where the solemn conclave was sitting; outside in the neglected garden, where everything seemed rank and gone to seed, feeling convinced that all the relatives excepting the son were uneasily apprehensive lest one of the ten million microbes might shift from him upon them, Eugene lingered during the confabulation. All Nature was gay. He listened to the chimes of the old village bells and thought of the supernal day of days when the old man quailed before the altar.

Had Julian Jasper Gould died the day before, there would not have been half the trouble and botheration over the reading of the will—it could have been telegraphed for and obtained the same day; but Thanks-giving day was such an awkward day for business, as all the telegraph offices and post-offices were closed, and the only train had gone. The gimlet-eyed Simon as a sort of ninety-third cousin in the gathering suggested that they might chance a telegram finding one of the operators at the metropolitan office, and, further, that if one were sent to the wife of the merchant she could get the document out of the warehouse safe and send it by special train to Maconville. This, from his private knowledge of the banking account of *his* deceased kith-and-kin, he felt certain there would be ample means to afford. The idea was snapped at with avidity, but the suggestion fell very flat when the wool-merchant recollected that he had the key of the iron safe in his pocket; that it would be necessary to send somebody whom he could trust, as there were letters therein which he did not want his curious wife to see. Thus it so happened that the will was not read till the following day and after the body had been committed to the grave.

From all these private disquisitions Eugene held himself aloof; indeed, he could not help feeling that he was regarded as still affected with typhoid fever or peradventure the germs of Cyril's diphtheria, and generally looked upon as a nuisance in the sanctuary of his relations. He had always evinced a strong liking for his father-in-law, and seemed to feel a silent sorrow at his death which none of the others appeared to experience. It

would certainly have been more gratifying to them had he handed over the money and still lived on, even had it been for the rest of his days in the suburban retreat at Don Juan house; but now that he was dead he was dead, and it couldn't be helped: all they could say or do would never bring him to life again. Soon after, two women came to wash and dress the old man's corpse, when Eugene, anxious about his little children, walked up to Edenhall. He found them playing among the long grass of the paddock. Marvel's expressed motive for bringing them there was false—they had not been taken to see their old grandfather at all. For some hours he waited amusing himself with them, when Marvel, her cousin and the elated Simon came loaded with armfuls of fruit, cakes and a bottle of raspberry vinegar, while Simon himself was critically examining a new brand of feeding-bottle which he had never seen before. The children were invited to walk inside, and as they did not seem inclined to go without their father, he accompanied them into the dining-room, where they all regaled themselves with the cakes and raspberry vinegar, and Marvel, her cousin and her cousin's husband made attempts at simulating grief, which looked infinitely worse than if they had shown no sorrow whatever.

The cog-wheel of Marvel's gaiety machine was irretrievably gone altogether. There was none left in the house of Gould to check her reckless buoyancy and self-will. It was plain to Eugene that her wantonness and flippant department had received a mighty impulse. After the death of her father, she openly rebelled against her husband, and planned her hostilities with such consummate tact and intrepidity that her future relations with Eugene Whitworth were incessant acrimonious recrimination and perpetual intestine war to the knife, and no quarter—war *à outrance*

To the uttermost. [Jones 1963](#):190.
, without truce or mercy.

Chapter I. The Reading of the Coal-King's Will. The Dirge of the Wool-Merchant.

WHAT a demon is Avarice! What tumults it generates, what miseries it brings into the life of man, till he is laid in the grave! In the harp of life what chord more jarring than the chord of self, or what can be more revolting than the preternatural enmity it engenders? Ere yet the green grass has ripened on the mound, what discord it creates to disunite the family forces; what bad blood it infuses into their veins, sowing the tares of envy, hatred and malice amongst the smiling cornfield of domestic simplicity and love! What rank weeds grow upon the soil over a rich man's coffin—treachery, lies, perjury—as the law courts batten on the strife over his will! What autogenetic

From within the organism; from itself. [OED Online](#).

conflicts it breeds! dissociating the factors whose union is strength: putting brother against brother, sister against sister, wife against husband in the all-pervading struggle of the primal law of self-aggrandisement, rolling and sweeping on no matter what other hearts are ground beneath the wheels, emitting its foul vapours to suffocate the noblest instincts of man, and to poison his being with the sting of its advocate, the Law!

During the afternoon, preceding the funeral on the forenoon of the day after the great man died, Marvel enlisted the services of a new servant to clean out, wash out, scrub out and scrape out the long-uninhabited Eden-hall, now at last, as she felt fully convinced in her own mind, a paradisal appanage in her own right. Her father had said something approaching a promise of the kind some years before, and whatever was wanting in the terms and conditions of the promise as uttered by the great man himself was supplemented by the fertile and active imagination of the bird of Paradise. In taking arbitrary possession of Edenhall, she manifested the feeling which she possessed by inviting her cousin and her cousin's husband—who had by the way brought all his picaninnies with him, and had been waiting for some days for the old man to pass in his cheques and clear out—to remain for a few weeks as her guests at Edenhall. Bustling about the house, knocking the dust off the mantelpiece—which from non-residence was an inch thick everywhere—the oblong mahogany table, the leather suite and the semi-grand Holling and Spangenberg, whose flowered brown-holland case she carefully omitted to replace, she peeped into every room and scrutinized every corner quite a dozen times, to reassure herself that everything was as it should be and in strict accordance with her tastes and fancies, after which, with a last long look of complacent vanity in the mirror, the bird of Paradise flew away after her cousin and her cousin's husband, in order to overtake them before they reached the old home.

The picaninnies, seven in number, one with a sore throat, one with weak eyes, one with scabby ears, another with the mumps, all with the snuffles, and every little face as brown as a saddle, were all left under the espionage of Pearly and Valentine, who were again supposed to be in charge of the newly - arrived servant; but as there were so many duties for her to perform in the house, and she found it necessary to run messages for a load of wood, a broom, a bucket, a bar of soap, a scrubbing-brush, some safety matches, blacklead and a set of

blacklead brushes, all the babies were left under the sole control of Pearly for the morning and the rest of the day, while Valentine looked after himself the best way he could. Pearly being of a motherly, sociable and good-natured disposition embraced the task as cordially as she could, considering the inroads made upon her exertions by the guerrilla warfare of her own little brother. She arranged the pica-ninnies into a sort of *al-fresco* school—a work in which she had a large experience by five years' practice upon dolls of various sizes, nationalities, and dispositions. The priory was, however, turned into a skittle-alley by the sportive Valentine, instead of assisting his dutiful sister in the management of the establishment. He planted himself behind a gooseberry bush, from which ambuscade he shelled the school with the berries and made sorties upon the disciples in order to dismiss them for the Thanksgiving Day truce by knocking the babies off their seats like nine-pins off their alley. He otherwise made such raids upon the internal economy of the institution that it became a matter of downright impossibility for the little mother to keep the school together. Coming to the conclusion that there was nothing to engross or even attract her attention in the obtuse and scrofulous baby-show, she imparted the profound secret into the private ear of Vallie—that they all had scabby heads and that she intended to cut their acquaintanceship. The little confidence was not, however, strictly observed by her brother, for as soon as he saw the mother and father of the scabby-headed picaninnies, he communicated the secret to them, as if it had been a discovery of his own, and he furthermore shocked the proud parents by stoutly maintaining that his father was a doctor and had told him they all had the dry-rot and the scurvy.

The doctor himself, after visiting a few of his former acquaintances and friends among the collieries, dropped into the abode of his sweet-tempered mother-in-law with the intention of enquiring if he might be of any use. The inmates of the old house, however, seemed to still keep him in quarantine, unable to get rid of the notion that he had something infectious the matter with him. When he sat down on the sofa, the little, wizened, widowed old scowler candidly informed him that he was not wanted; so that not finding a willing recipient of his offer, in spite of the fact that there was no danger then of any bequest to him reducing the sizes of their own, and as the master of the house was not able to ask him to help himself to the whisky standing in the decanter on a little table in the portico, he helped himself without being asked. Whereupon, after having inoculated the cushion of the sofa with a small colony of microbes, he made his exit from the house, the flavour of the whisky being greatly improved by the fact that he knew it was sorely begrudged.

It was close on dinner-time—for he had seen the afflicted widow taking the lid of the stew-pan off some smoking hot potatoes, and stirring up the fire till it danced around a turkey-gobbler nearly ready for the attack. All the others stayed behind drinking porter as he bent his steps back to the garden of Edenhall, where, although he found his little son remarkably adroit in the nine-pins arena, he did not at all chide him for the mischief, but seemed rather to enjoy the fun himself, providoring the little soldier with ammunition from the gooseberry bush.

Next morning, the time for the funeral drawing near, back again he walked after breakfast alone to the starting-place and heard when he arrived at the house from the greatly excited, highly expectant Simon Bubbitt that the will had come, but, as the undertaker was then screwing down the lid of the coffin, there was not sufficient time to go into it properly before the starting of the *cortège*; that nearly all agreed that as they had waited so long they might as well wait another hour, and that a resolution had been passed with only one dissentient—which was himself—compelling them to wait until the funeral was over.

Entering the room where the body lay the undertaker's assistant removed the one screw which he had driven and lifting the lid of the shell he exposed the face of the great Julian Jasper Gould beneath a little oval window-pane, where, calm and peaceful, but with a disappointed expression on his face, lay the old warrior in his spruce-pine coffin, while a presentiment thrilled along the nerves of his son-in-law that the sun of his own peace and happiness, whatever there had been theretofore in his home, had now gone down for ever.

Retiring from the room, which was filled with the sweet odours of early summer flowers, mingled with the sickly lingering putrescence of the room engendered during his illness, as in wreaths of white roses and immortelles of everlasting flowers they lay upon the coffin, he noticed a vast crowd of spectators and a long rank of vehicles of all sorts drawn up outside with the hearse and one old shabby-genteel mourning-coach. Walking down the passage to the lobby, he heard deep and convulsive sobs, lamentations, and remonstrations from two persons whom he fancied must be comparative strangers to him, apparently locked in one of the rooms. It could not be the old man's widow, for he saw her making pancakes in the kitchen; it could not be the only son, for he was attending to the duties of steward of whisky bottles in the front parlour among a large body of friends of the deceased. Upon approaching the door whence the sobs proceeded he turned the handle of what proved to be a bathroom. Stooping over the bath, with his craped silk-hat in one hand and his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief in the other, supported at the back by the dwarf who had poked his nose through the chink of the door on the occasion of the doctor's first visit to the house, and remonstrated with by the voice whose owner was possessed of the aforesaid nose "without any signs of a cold in the head or anything in any way resembling snuff or smelling-salts, or onions," to be seen in the bathroom wherever he cast his eyes, tottered

and knocked his knees together the quailing form of the man who had possession of the will—Theophilus Grieve, the long-necked wool-merchant, and sole-executor of the opulent coal-king.

"Come on, Mr Grieve—come on, come on," drawled out the voice through the nose, as the ugly abortive Augustus pulled at the coat-tails of the overwhelmed lanky man of sorrows.

"I can't, I can't—ahoo—I can't. I can't—ahoo—ahoo," responded the sole executor as he dried the big drops away and blowed away at his bugle nose.

The remonstrating monstrosity did his best to support and console the pitiable Theophilus, the wool-merchant and sole executor of the will, but the only response was the one refrain—"I can't, I can't—ahoo."

When this little side-play had lasted for some fifteen minutes, without making any appreciable difference to the flow through the plug-hole of the bath, the emotional mourner mopped out the source of the water-supply with his yellow pocket-handkerchief, and resting his elbow on the shoulder of the afflicted and disgusted, yet ostensibly sympathising, fowl-farmer, he walked in hysterical and theatrical outbursts to the mourning-coach. Behind him the undertaker banged the door, and winked a derisive wink at the assistant.

Compared with the sad and solemn faces of the loyal, manly, hard-working miners, whose means of family support for all they knew were about to be buried in the grave, it appeared to a casual observer that the loud lamentation was not altogether genuine grief on the part of Theophilus Grieve over the loss of his friend. It seemed as if he was desirous of blinding the fact that he had been caught having a quiet peep at the will in the bathroom in order to satisfy himself that the executor's percentage was *three*, as promised.

Soon after, there entered the mourning-coach all the other male members of the family in a body, including the doctor, who was well known to the bystanders and the workmen, and to them the great departed had expressed his pride of his son-in-law. Running the gauntlet of the microbes, he had been invited by Reginald Gould to walk beside him from the house to the coach.

The dismal bell tolled from the village chapel tower, driving home to every heart its messages of the limited span and the uncertainty of life and its solemn warnings of mortality. The driver of the mourning-coach, after closing the door behind them, mounted his box and followed the already moving hearse—a very common and old-fashioned concern—while the lady members of the mourning family remained behind in the parlour. Two hundred miners fell in, two deep, behind the squeaking, creaking hearse, while the main thoroughfare to Maconville—between which and the Cyclops and Agamemnon collieries the graveyard lay—was thickly thronged with onlookers at the long cavalcade. Large as the attendance at the funeral was, the hurry-scurry and the unseemly haste with which the arrangements were made and carried out had precluded hosts of the old man's friends in the city from paying their respects to him at the grave. There was no reason whatever for such dispatch in the committal of the body to the ground beyond the allaying of the anxieties of the relatives in connection with the will. The corpse was as innocuous as the antirrhinums and white roses that bestrewed the coffin, for the undertaker had dusted it with powdered pumicestone. The weather was fine for weeks together. Hundreds of his admirers regretted that no obituary notice appeared in the city papers until after their old friend had been buried, and it can be truthfully said that wherever he was known—and he was widely known in the city—he was universally respected and esteemed. The honourable member of Congress for Maconville telegraphed urging a little delay, but the request was ignored.

The plain and respectable funeral wended its slow wearisome way to the cemetery, with measured mournful minute tolls of the village church bell to where among the tossing cedars the lugubrious voice of the Presbyterian minister could be heard consigning the remains of the coal-mining patriarch to the grave. If there be as much faith in honest doubt as in half the creeds

From Alfred Lord Tennyson, In Memoriam A. H. H.

, it made no difference to Julian Jasper Gould—the fact of which he had often made an open boast in the bars of the numerous hotels which he patronised that he had not seen the inside of a church for forty years.

In life he had been seen by thousands every day; in death every anniversary of his funeral obsequies only his old manager, Vernon Jay, was to be seen at his tomb. The winter rains and floods wore down the earth of the grave to within a few feet of the coffin. Sagging down it remained for upwards of a year, when, the proceeds of a family subscription, a little plain slab marked the last resting place of the great and mighty coal-king. Upon it was enamelled in black—"Julian Jasper Gould: died on Thanks-giving's Day, 1850: aged 72 years. Well done thou good and faithful servant. Rest in Peace." In twelve months it was hidden by a growth of straggling gorse.

*"I must be gone to the crowd untold
Of men by the cause which they served unknown,*

*Who moulder in myriad graves of old;
Never a story and never a stone
Tells of the martyrs who die like me,
Just for the pride of the old countree."*
Theology in Extremis. Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall.

Hurrying away from the grave, some before the service for the dead was concluded, the large concourse of attendants trotted away down the cemetery road in a mad rush for the township and the houses near the collieries. The jaded old black prod that did duty in the mourning-coach was no match for the trotters that flew past him in impromptu trotting matches, and was by one and all left behind in the uproarious race for home.

The grief of the wailing wool-merchant had now been spent—indeed it had completely evaporated as soon as the door of the mourning-coach had been closed upon him, insomuch he briskly led the conversation therein on the subjects of the Great Leviathan Antediluvian Tin Mine bubble and the various qualities of River Plate wool.

Guesses at the respective sizes of the fortunes which each member of the family would receive were indulged in by the son, the dwarf, and the wide-awake Simon, while the doctor himself remarked that he knew years before that the money which the old man had possessed would be distributed in unequal shares among his own blood relations, as the mighty man had frequently said so to him personally. Approaching the house and satisfied to wait without keeping up the discussion to the very door, as this might bear an unbecoming interpretation, the mourners maintained a dignified silence on the subject and with very knowing egressions on their faces they paid strict attention to the speculative and portentous executor, who had the will in his pocket, with the corner sticking out upon his collar and intended to read it, as per arrangement, in the presence of the assembled family as soon as the old prod could worry his way back with them.

When he finally came to a full-stop at the gate and gave utterance to a groan, as if in mockery of the king on his last night, the mourning-coach deposited its convoy of live stock, and the interested parties walked in much more cheerfully than they had walked out, with the solitary exception of the doctor. He remained on the footpath, and was preparing to walk away in quest of his children when he was pounced upon by the son and heir, who averred that the reading of the will would be informal if he were not present; whereupon they walked back to the house together.

Entering the little mortuary whence the dead man had been removed and which during their absence had been cleaned up a bit by the bereaved widow for the ceremony of the reading of the will, they found the disconsolate old lady silting bolt upright in the easy chair, with Marvel and Sukey Bubbitt on straight-back chairs one on each wing. Oh! sweet star of simplicity, candour and innocence, how meekly sittest thou upon the foreheads of those three inexpressibly unconcerned countenances! How thou dost twinkle from afar across the sea of troubles to enlighten the ethereal souls of those saintly dames! How winkest thou at their calm composure as the pregnant parchment is unfolded, and how settest thou for ages when its mysteries are revealed, after scintillating through those dazzling dark eyes, as thy gorgeous companion, the bird of the eternal heavens turns her face aside to nod at the old fowl upon the entrance of her husband!

From the little flutter among the saints occasioned by the entrance of the son, the dwarf, the gimlet-eyed Simon and the wool-merchant, it was fancied that they had been drawing sweeps out of the old man's hat, as it was taken up from the floor and hung up on a peg when the party came in and took their seats.

Producing the precious document from his inside pocket, the eleemosynary Theophilus Grieve with tears in spangles and icicles on his beard began to address the solemn conclave in a speech, the purport of which was that he had never read the contents of the document. *Qu'il s'excuse s'accuse*

He who excuses himself accuses himself. [Jones 1963:326](#).

! Nobody said that he had, and the little preamble carrying his faculties back to the previous interruption in the bath-room was accompanied by a pronounced attempt at another similar performance, but for some hidden psychological reason the lamentation hung fire for a while. Having succeeded in disentangling the knot in the bit of red tape tied by himself around the parchment, and having put the red tape in his waistcoat pocket, he proceeded to unravel the folds of the document. Smoothing them all out in silence that would have reflected great credit on the divine service of a Roman cathedral upon his knees, he placed his one pane of eyeglass in position and, when the eyeglass was well and truly laid, shooting his search-lights over the first page of the will he began to read aloud for the edification of the palpitating impatient mourners.

"This is the last will and testament of Julian Jasp—ahoo—ahoo—I can't—ahoo: ahoo—I can't—ahoo: ahoo—ahoo—ahoo:"—when, as he slewed around to get the yellow handkerchief out of the overcoat thrown over the piano, the last will and testament fell on the floor and wound itself up again. The hawk-eyed Simon

bore down upon it as rapaciously as glue-pot Ike would on an old door-mat, and in one fell swoop he fixed the will in his talons. "Shall I read it, Mr. Grieve?" said simple Simon, but before you would wink your eye the handkerchief was returned to the pocket and, with a groan and a look of reproof at the hastiness of the eager individual, he straightened out the folds again, knocked off a few spots of dust, and with a mighty effort to repress his emotions, he boldly entered the breach again. Following along the lines with his finger and remembering where he broke down, he proceeded—"Julian Jasper Gould: all other wills I revoke, this tenth day of the month of June one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven. I hereby bequeath all my linen, plate, furniture and other effects in my residence at Maconville to Jean Gould, my lawful wife, to be for her own separate and exclusive use so long as she may live. I bequeath to my son Reginald Jasper Gould the sum of two hundred thousand dollars on trust, and I direct my executor to invest the same in government bonds and securities in the New York bank, and the interest thereof to be paid to my said son in quarterly installments from the date of my death. I bequeath to my sister, Margaret Amanda Horn-blower, the sum of twenty thousand dollars on trust, to be invested by my executor in government bonds and securities of the associated banks, and the interest thereof to be paid to my said sister in quarterly installments from the date of my death."

Here the uneasy afflicted widow suddenly hoisted herself from the easy chair and abruptly marched quick-steps out of the door. During her absence profound silence was observed, and although nobody could divine from what cause she had left in such a peculiar manner, the old man's son maintained that the reading of the will might be informal if proceeded with in his mother's absence, and that, even as it was, the interruption might be made a ground for upsetting the will by some lawyer or other. Accordingly, he suggested that the portion already read out containing a clause relating to himself should be read over again. This suggestion, however, was negatived by the meeting, and especially by the casting vote of the chairman, who expressed his dissent from the proposition by feeling for his yellow bugle-wiper, pulling it out and convulsively sobbing the dirge—"Aho—ah—ah—I can't: aho—ah—ah: Aho—I can't—ah—ah: aho—I can't—ah." The absentee beneficiary returned while the second bar of the dirge was in progress. Blowing her snivelling nose on a clean handkerchief, she replaced herself in her former position without deeming it necessary to apologise for her rude interruption or making any explanation whatever. Perhaps she had forgotten to pray before the reading of the will. Theophilus replaced his handkerchief and, without affording the covetous Simon a ghost of a chance to finger it again, he proceeded with the reading of the will.

"I further bequeath to my lawful wife, Jean Gould, the sum of three thousand dollars per annum, such sum to be deducted from the interest accruing upon my estate and to be for her separate use, so long as she may live in the state of widowhood."

"You nearly missed that mother," said the filial son: "the clause would have been informal if you had not heard it read by the executor," and the doctor began to wish that Pearly and Valentine had been there if such was to be the case.

Withdrawing the clean handkerchief, she tied a little knot in the corner of it, and winding it like a piece of string around her forefinger she twirled and revolved it in the corner of her eye till nature resented the visitation by turning it an underdone-mutton colour. Snivelling with her nose in unison with the rubbing of her eye she after a few minutes desisted and for the remainder of the reading she leaned back in the easy-chair, heaved a long and expressive sigh of relief and turned up the whites of her eyes to the ceiling, gazing in the direction of the skies at the illusion of old Julian in a white robe among the angels; following him as he flitted from choir to choir, as lovingly as she had tracked him to Don Juan house, where she had often fancied she saw him on earth in a nightgown and carrying a candle. She seemed to be saying to herself—"Weel, old man, ye cut yersel' up gay bonnie for yer auld Jean:" while the ahoing member proceeded merrily with the rest of the important will.

"I bequeath to my niece Susannah Bibtitt, daughter of my sister Margaret Amanda Hornblower, the sum of two thousand dollars on trust, to be invested by my trustee in Mexican railways, and the interest thereof to be paid to my said niece the said Susannah Bibtitt: the said payments to be paid as the said Mexican Railways may declare their dividends after the day of my death and during the term of her present or any future coverture."

The keen-eye-to-business man here politely preferred a request that the kind executor, if it were not asking too great a favour, as he had not been listening to the last clause, should read the clause over again, or let him view the written words with his own eyes because he had fully expected and had been led to believe that—

"Aho—ah—I can't," said the interrupted Theophilus: "ah—ah—I can't," blowing his nose and wiping his perspiring forehead, while the matronly Jean still sat ogling the vision of old Julian up aloft.

The sobs and the "ahoos" were a source of great annoyance and disgust to the bird of Paradise, the Air and the Sun, whose store of patience could scarcely stand the suspense and whose blood fairly bubbled in her veins, twitched the tips of her fingers and kept creeping up and down her spinal marrow, while her adamant heart missed a few pulsations. White with anxiety, she fixed the "ahoing" member with her fierce and jet-black eyes, beating down her importunate bosom as she muttered between her teeth, "Be still, my heart, be still," and

the lanky, husky-voiced reader continued.

"I bequeath to my daughter," came the tardy words after a few more sniffs and snorts, "Marvel Imogen Narramore Gould (very sudden flutter on the paradisal chair) the sum of two hundred thousand dollars on trust, to be invested by my executor in the city of New York bank (paradisal face blood-red: mouth wide open); the interest thereof to be paid in quarterly installments from the date of my death to the said Marvel Imogen Narra-more Gould during her present or any future coverture; such bequest to be subject to the obligation of maintaining and educating my grand-children, Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth and Valentine Gordon Whitworth, the children of Eugene Percival Whitworth, of 'The Elms,' Galveston, doctor of medicine."

Marvel's face exhibited kaleidoscopic changes from a peacock-blue to an ashy white, and the aërial, celestial and heliotropical beneficiare gave a dainty little cough and said "ahum," while anon she hopped off the chair, looked out of the window, and wreathed her compressed lips into peculiar pouts, signifying "I should have had it all to myself; he might have thrown the house in and left the kids out—bother the kids; he said he would leave me the house as well as the money: let that animal over there pay for his own kids."

Oh! sun of the universe, how shinest thou upon the just and the unjust! Oh! wheel of Fortune, how dost thou whirl together promiscuous atoms: picking up in thy unending revolutions the waif, the stray, the foundling and the usurper, to favour them with thy magical smiles equally with the curled darlings who loll in the rose-bowers of thy luxuries, thy paradisal palaces and thy sumptuous homes!

"Furthermore," continued the wool-merchant, like Niobe

In Greek mythology, a woman who was punished for her pride with the deaths of all of her children; in her incessant grief, she was changed into a stone, which still wept. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

, all tears; "I bequeath to my son, Julian Horatio Cholmon—de—ahoo—ahoo: I can't—ahoo: ahoo—ahoo—ahoo: what's this? (bearing down on the name with the magnifying glass):

C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-ley—Julian Horatio Chol-mon-de-ley, the son of myself and Charlotte Chol-mon-deley of Don Juan House, New Orleans"—whereupon the recalcitrant Simon said the proper pronunciation was Chumley, and Theophilus continued, "the sum of ninety thousand dollars, to be invested by my trustees at compound interest in Mexican Railroads until the said Julian Horatio Cholmondeley attains the age of twenty-one years, at which epoch of his life I direct the said sum with interest to be paid to this my said son, in full. I furthermore bequeath to Aurora Laura Leonora Cholmondeley, my daughter by the aforesaid Charlotte Cholmondeley, the like sum under the like conditions."

Julian Horatio Cholmondeley was at the time mewling and puking on his mother's knees in Don Juan House, and Aurora Laura Leonora was running wild about the streets with a nose that might have suggested she was a connexion of Martha Wax, but she was not. Suddenly all the beneficiares assumed an expression of *morgue* and appeared to be making ready for a set of quadrilles; facing in couples and curtsying at one another, they seemed to be setting to partners and waiting for the music to proceed. No dance, however, was contemplated, as might have been known by the vinegar faces on every mortified legatee; while the disconcerted sole executor rattled away at a great rate over the remainder of the coal-king's will.

It was a most elaborate, intricate compilation; with "*said*s" and "*aforesaid*s" preponderating and redundating in every line; its complexities filled up nine pages of parchment, each page two feet by eighteen inches in dimensions. So closely packed was the verbiage that there was barely room left at the bottom of each page for the *awful* signature of the great and mighty air-compressor, Julian Jasper Gould, ending with a stroke like a rope's-end, and the attestation of the witness who had never read the will before, in similar hieroglyphics, with a fanciful clove-hitch underneath.

Amongst other clauses—there being seventy-seven in all, counting numerous codicils—it gave power to the executor to carry on the work of the Cyclops and Agamemnon collieries, and it bequeathed the magnanimous amount of two hundred dollars sterling to the New Orleans Benevolent Asylum. It further stipulated that the residuary estate should be invested in Mexican Railways or other safe securities at compound interest, and that on the attaining of the age of twenty-five years by the youngest grandchild, namely Valentine, living at the time of the testator's death, the accumulated legacies to the several beneficiares, invested in Mexican Railroads, banks and government securities, should be withdrawn, and after being added to the amount resulting from the compound interest and principal of the residuary estate, the sum-total should be equally divided amongst all his children and grand-children, share and share alike. In conclusion, it gave authority to the executor to anticipate the residuary estate for the use of the coal-mines, and power to the several beneficiares to anticipate or mortgage their incomes.

The gravelled, wriggling Simon Bubbitt, with the hopes of consolation from a fellow-feeling in the doctor, followed at his heels as the party left the room, and when outside he bemoaned his bad luck at not being mentioned in the will. He could not make it out at all, he said, why he should have been left out in the cold, looking down at his boots and up at the sky, leaning well over to one side and diving his hand into an old-fashioned fob in his trousers high up under his waistcoat, pulling out his purse, counting out how much he

had therein and biting his finger-nails, while he made no secret of the fact that he had fully expected the old *beggar* would have *cut up* better for Sukey than he had done. He had promised something for himself, he said, when the Great Leviathan Antediluvian Diamantino Tin-mine bubble burst, and simple Simon had suffered a considerable loss. Had Eugene chosen, he could have mentioned many instances of the old man's short-comings in performance and his wanton liberality with promises, but he had no love for Simon Bubbitt and abstained from making any comments. The thwarted business man went into all the minutiae of the will, which he seemed to have thoroughly mastered. He had all the salient points on his finger-ends and the tip of his tongue, while the wailing executor and the beneficiares formed another division in the portico.

Now that the difficult and onerous task of reading the will was *un fait accompli*, the lachrymations of the distressful wool-merchant had disappeared, the gravy-looking eye of the old lady resumed its natural steel-grey, the lurid, transitory lustre in the niece's optics returned to their normal parboiled-periwinkle murkiness, and the manifold colours of Marvel to her natural, pigmented gipsy-brown.

As the two divisions disbanded Eugene walked out through the front gate. Though not expressing his feelings, he felt that a terrific blow had been delivered upon him, and while the clauses bequeathing so much money to his wife were being read he could not have restrained his foreboding looks for a pension. He comforted himself with the knowledge that his darling little Pearly and his manly little Valentine had not been forgotten; but regretted the provision imposed in the will that their maintenance and education should be paid for by any man's money but his own.

Upon the whole, all the parties were apparently satisfied, with the one exception of Simon—he alone was crestfallen at the manner in which the old opulent coal-skipper had distributed his estate. The tearful executor, too, was in high glee, as he had been allowed three and a-half per cent. for his trouble in blowing his nose and ahoosing. The only factor to mar the general contentment was the smudge on the family escutcheon in the legacies bequeathed to the illegitimate children, who, had they not been cared and provided for by their world-wise father, would probably have been reared like children of shame and knocked about from post to pillar as nuisances and disgraces. A special meeting was called to argue the question of excising the damnatory clause from the will, but the executor had in his long life suffered some bitter experiences of law and strenuously protested against the proposal that anybody should tamper with the sheets, as such mutilation would undeniably invalidate the legal interpretation of the will as a whole. A resolution was put before the special meeting by the old man's son to the effect that all and sundry who had heard the fatal clause should swear an oath upon the holy bible that he or she should never divulge the malodorous portion, on penalty of forfeiture of his or her bequest, and of excommunication for life from the confines of the hallowed circle of the lofty house of Jean Gould in the case of those to whom no pecuniary advantages accrued. This resolution was unanimously carried; but as the desolate widow was so long in finding the holy book—which, if the truth had been told, the family never possessed—the keen-eyed Simon, somewhat nettled at his hard lines, ridiculed the proposal and flippantly remarked that Mrs. Beeton's cookery-book lay on the kitchen mantelshelf and could be used as a substitute for the undiscoverable bible. This created a vague detraction from the sacred nature of the oath, and gave him an opportunity for a further remark, that Julian Horatio Cholmondeley and Aurora Laura Leonora were only two little sinners in a hundred who might have been mentioned under similar conditions: while both the broncho-asthmatical auntie and Augustus, who did not appear at all put about, opined that although the said little sinners had inherited large legacies it was only a recompense for the shame in which they were born, and that it would have been better for themselves if they had never been born at all. The old lady returned without the book but with a very apoplectic face, caused by stooping down and rummaging amongst old boxes underneath the beds, and complimenting the auntie and the dwarf on the good sense of their concluding remarks, which seemed to produce a simultaneous impression upon them all, a ludicrous turn was given to the proceedings, resulting *nem con*

Nemine contradicente; without opposition. [Jones 1963:75](#).

in the facetious resolution to the effect that the oaths should be left as merely binding upon the rigidity or elasticity of their several consciences, if any. Some took oaths upon the intangible article in question; others took their dying oaths. It was, however, a vain vexation of their spirits: insomuch on the following morning full details of the will appeared in the city newspapers, emblazoning the name of Aurora Laura Leonora and Julian Horatio Cholmondeley with their full pedigrees as complete as if they both were prominent candidates for the Corinthian Cup.

Thus it is that the besmirching of the family escutcheon of the blood kindred of the colliery king is *une note hurlante* for ever.

Chapter II. Lillie Delaine and Lollie Delaine. The

Declaration of Matrimonial War.

THE mental premonitions of Eugene were summarily realised. Directly the will had been read the demeanour of his wife towards him underwent an appalling change. Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth as a wife had been difficult to please,—capricious, wanton, captious and irritating *before* the death of her father; when his will was read and she was proclaimed an independent and affluent woman, she threw off the guise of her petulant and querulous behaviour and became a veritable downright shrew. She quarrelled with her mother: she quarrelled with her brother; she bounced her old auntie; she declared open war with her husband, and posed before the eyes of the world as a millionairess. Money, greed and license weakened still further the family tie. It would indeed seem that she had never truly loved her husband with that affection which is so great a medium of conciliation, smoothing down so many of the asperities of married life, and even changing faults into virtues. Be it so. What men have not merited, that they can easily bear. Marvel had perverted and materialised notions of that mysterious psychical etherealism which we call love.

Accosting her poorer acquaintances before in the street with a "charity bob." the bird of Paradise now cut them dead, stone-dead. At Edenhall she became the centre of such grandeur as women of small minds value, and it was her ambition to reign supreme of all the idle votaries of pleasure she could gather around her. On the evening of the day when the will had been read Eugene sauntered up to Edenhall, and found her surrounded by a large retinue of visitors; some of them envying her, some of them congratulating her, all flattering her and fawning upon her, as is the way of the world. As it was, her head was turned: now her friends and admirers screwed it into the upward averted position that characterises the *nouvelle riches*. She became hopelessly intoxicated with the thought that she was an heiress, a wealthy woman! Not by any successful exertions of her own was she elevated and elated; but by the simple process of passively inheriting a large sum of money—a present from the man who had been so lucky as to find the hidden treasure of coal conveniently placed by nature. The bird of Paradise became a perfect upstart—a *parvenue*. Her birth was ignoble; she had no ancestral laurels to parade, but in the States of America Mammon rules and tyrannises over nobility of birth, science, praiseworthy works, and genius.

Sitting for an hour or so amongst her friends, where he was manifestly considered altogether *de trop*

Too much; unwanted. [Jones 1963:221](#).

and treated, on his wife's instigation, as some plague-infected interloper, the doctor suffered in silence, while the courteous and fulsome attentions of his wife were engrossed by the large environment of friends. Feeling he was regarded as a nuisance amongst the grandeurs of Edenhall, he left in company with the medical man who had paved the way for him to the death-bed of the gangrene-stricken Gould. Instead of returning to Edenhall that night, he spent a few hours with Dr. Seymour, and slept at the neighbouring Laughing Water Hotel. On preparing to return next morning to town he thought it as well to have an interview with his wife, and ascertain when she intended to return to her home in the city. Reluctantly he opened the front gate and rang the bell before Marvel and the children were dressed. Waiting for half-an-hour he strolled about the garden until he saw her open and stand at the front door, when, approaching her, he said—"Well, Marvel, do you remember your promise? There's nothing to do here now: are you coming back with me to-day, or shall I take the children? then you can wait till you are better prepared."

"*You!*" she sneered, with the most contemptuous of all sneers, and with a gleaming new set of teeth on full view; after which canine snarl, turning her back upon him she commenced to walk down the passage, banging the door behind her in his face and swearing blue fire. Hesitating in the hall she came back to the door, opened it enough to let her see through, and commenced a tirade of abuse and opprobrium, levelled at the head of her husband.

"Go to the devil!" said the bird of Paradise: "I wish to God," said the bird of Heaven, "I had never seen your face. I should have done as my cousin has often told me, and waited till now when I could have married a *lord*. Clear out of my house, and go to Hell!" concluded the Bird of the Sun, as a grand finale to the colloquy.

Wavering as to what he should do, while the door stood partially open he saw little Pearly and Valentine in the disarray of their night-dresses running out of their bedroom down the hall, one with a doll and the other with a drum, and Pearly shouting—"Vallie and me is comin,' 'puppa—Pearly not f'ightened gee-gees. Pearly b'ing Vallie: Puppa! Puppa! Vallie can fight all the scabby chinnen;" but before they could get any nearer to their father Pearly's exclamation was stifled with a sounding smack on the face by the nasty Marvel; the door slammed again, and the doctor went brokenhearted away.

The children were kept indoors, probably in bed, all day. In the cool of the evening, he again visited the house and rang furiously at the doorbell, till he pulled the handle and wire out of the socket and the bell would ring no more, with the determination of taking away Pearly and Valentine and telling the insurgent paradisa-

bird she might stay away as far as he was concerned as long as she liked. No answer came to the bell, beyond the loud barking of neighbouring dogs. The white elephant

A burdensome or costly possession. [OED Online](#). See 'elephant', sense 2b.

, Edenhall, was deserted! Remembering that the keen-eyed man had told him that the house had not been given to Marvel, and that it was to be sold at public auction, he concluded that she had left with the children and had them under her thumb in her mother's old house, from which it would have taken bullocks and wain-ropes to draw them. In despair, he galloped the horse to Augusta, and releasing him at the Seven Stars Hotel, he reached the station in time to catch the train from the neighbouring town *en route* for the city and home.

It was a long and wearisome journey, and what with partial starvation for three days, want of sleep, mental torture and misgivings of trouble to come he became quite overpowered and exhausted by the time he reached home. As he opened the gate he noticed that the brass plate of his partner had been taken down from the wall, the ragged state of the plaster indicating that it had been violently wrenched away from its fixings. The first to greet him as he rang the bell was the groom, Frederick, whom he asked what had become of Dr. Jonas Peck's brass-plate.

The groom replied—"That there carf-'eaded Donald he comes and drags it orf; he prises it orf with a spade right enough, the same night you left. I took your message to Peck and arst him to come, right enough, and see about the surgery. They was stacks of patients in the waiting-room; they was all a-stampin' and a-swearin', right enough, for two hours, and a-singin' Glory. Glory Alleluleah, but Peck he never come, so they all cleared right enough all of a heap. Up comes Peck right enough after they was all scooted; he collars all them there books out of the safe in the surgery and slings his hook away with them and another bloke in his buggy. I was a-sittin' in the stable a-doin' nothink like, but if I had ha-seed him and he had ha-riled me I would ha-punched his blessed little 'ead right enough and I'm as how what you call a peaceable man. These 'ere girls they sings out to me—"Yer needn't take on: yer needn't take on, 'and I says, says I, 'wot are yer givin' us?' and I ups and throws off me coat. Then I walks up to the front gate, but Peck and t'other bloke gives me the slip right enough, and skedaddles. Like as not they'd ha-made it up a-tween them, but if I'd a-tumbled to the little fake afore I'd a-hupset their bloomin' happle-cart right enough, and that's 'how the larf'd a-come in. I'll mouch round and tackle that there old Donald about it to-night right enough *fast*, and if he gets a-chuckin' orf at me I'll get in a couple forard on him right enough. I know as how he ain't a patch on me with hees 'ands, and, if anybody arsts me, he needs it bad. I did him a real good turn wunst right enough at the pleeceorifice, but when-like a man makes a harss of hisself better kick him than let him kick you. If he gets a-puttin' up hees dookes at this chicken I'll teach him somethin' wot's afore hees time right enough, and that'll be up agenst hees duck-'ouse you bet. He reckons 'e knows a lot and he knows nothink, and if he gets my monkey up I'll find out how soft hee's up above and knock little devils out of 'im right enough, or call me a bloomin' Dutchman—that's all."

The two girls corroborated the story of Frederick and gave full details of every step the partner had taken in the house and of every word he had spoken. They had been staying at home every night since the doctor left, in their mother's house, as they were sisters—one called Lillie, one called Lollie. It was plain enough to Eugene that his partner had taken the mean advantage of his absence and the clause in the deed of partnership bearing upon the question of diligence to dissolve it without giving him any further notice. In about half-an-hour after Eugene arrived home, a letter was brought in by Dr. Jonas Peck's groom, Donald, and delivered to Eugene in the presence of some stranger, as a witness to its *bonâ fide* delivery, in the event of an affidavit being required to that effect. The only reply accorded to the letter was a verbal message to Dr. Jonas Peck that he considered himself well rid of him and his poulticing proclivities, if not of his four thousand dollars, and that if he wanted a *book-keeper* again he would advertise for one.

Misfortune followed in the wake of misfortune: his wife had shown open mutiny and astern refusal to join him again; his children were forcibly detained from their proper home, and his partner had swindled him out of all he possessed. Downcast at the attitude of his wife, astounded at the action of his partner, ruined financially—what step should he take?

"Never mind, Fred," he said: "we did well enough before without a partner, and we'll do better without one like that. All I have ever known him to do was to make a holy show of himself on that lop-eared mule and to put poultices on every patient he saw. There's nothing in him but shuffling, trickery and treachery, and I daresay he will find it necessary to disgorge some of that money, if he hasn't made away with it; so we may as well set to work in the morning and do the best we can with what is left of the practice."

"My mother she knows a thing or two," began with some constraint the elder of the two girls, "and Mrs. Tandy told my mother that nobody don't care for that feller and if you was by yourself you could get all the patients 'e ever' ad, and what's more, 'e ain't no good for a doctor. My mother knows a man who 'ad rheumatiziss five year and that feller Peck 'ad a poultice on 'im hevery day."

"The man ain't no better neither," chimed in the younger sister, Lollie, with great alacrity: "when is the children comin' 'ome?"

"I don't know when, I'm sure," said the doctor; "I hope it will not be long; but you can stay all the same to attend the door. We must wait for a while for them at any rate, but I don't think they will be long away."

"Can we sleep 'ome at night?" inquired the elder sister, holding a half-gallon saucepan in her hand.

"Just as you like," said the doctor: "it won't make any difference to me, so long as you are here early in the morning."

"Mrs. Whitworth got a lot of money ain't she?" remarked the younger, who had evidently been reading the newspapers and knew all about Charlotte and Julian Horatio and Aurora Laura Leonora.

"My mother's words is come true," said the elder. "When you was out at nights she used to say to me 'Wot a hawful man, ain't he Lillie? When I get my fortune I'll go away and stop away for ever,' she sez."

The two girls, Lillie Delaine and Lollie Delaine, had now been nearly six months in the doctor's employ, and were the daughters of a poor woman whose husband was paralysed and whose only means of support was an only son, a poor struggling fisherman, with a wife and six children to support besides. The wages of the girls, or rather whatever was left of them after the purchase of clothes, boots, frills, hats, parasols and gloves, were poured into the little treasury at home—the lap of their thrifty mother. The mother was the custodian of the revenue—the unerring guide, the mentor and the treasurer of the family at home and abroad. The younger damsel, whose duty it had been to attend to the door and mind the children, was about fourteen years of age, with the latest fashion in fringes, drooping light hair, a goodly face, and a string of songs long enough to fill a book. Lollie was still in short clothes

Garments worn by children; see short frock, short coat. [OED Online](#). See 'short', sense 26.

, but, young as she was, she was uncommonly smart in carrying out her double-barreled duties, and she had always a neat and tidy appearance. The elder girl, whose principal duties were performed in the kitchen, at the wash-tub and all-fours on the floors, was a strong, pleasant-faced, healthy-looking girl about sixteen, with a *modicum* of very fair hair, which also in the latest fashion she had crimped, frizzled, and braided, although she was often in the habit of letting it fall over her shoulders and bisecting it behind, like a chrysanthemum bush, with a piece of pink ribbon. Her general appearance was good, and her main object during the performance of her manifold duties was to emulate and outshine her sister in the art of imprinting on the convolutions of their brains the contents of the American golden treasury of songs comic and sentimental and the London comic song book, with a view to singing and performing them for the edification of Eugene at A7771/2 and other abodes. Grotesque parodies of songs were all jarringly entangled and huddled higgledy-piggledy together. "You naughty Jack Tar," who sang "Farewell my own true love" upon the quay to little "Daisy Bell" that couldn't afford a panama, but nevertheless looked quite neat in the sailor hat, and "pretty Polly Perkins" that couldn't or wouldn't give "the chick-a-leary bloke" her answer true, although they had been often "on a starry night for a ramble among the bush and bramble" and it was just after the hop, were condensed in quick succession into one unrelenting, unrelenting theme. The discordant jangle of the different airs produced the impression that there was only one long song from breakfast time in the morning till they went home for the night and left the big dismal house for the rest of the twenty-four hours to Frederick and the doctor.

The younger sister, who somebody had remarked by way of a compliment to her vocal abilities was stage-struck, had a marked predilection for standing erect on the middle of the kitchen floor with her head thrown well back in order that the acoustic properties of the kitchen in A7771/2 might be used to full advantage during her vocalisations, whereas the elder affected the contemplation not of the ceiling but of the floor. Lillie could keep time with the scrubbing-brush to the cadences of the song, no matter to what music that song might be set. Sometimes a duet was haply thrown into the combination, when the dissonance of the two voices, owing probably to the different positions of the performing *artistes*, would jar so heinously upon the unaccustomed and untuned ear of the doctor that during the first few weeks his head ached for days. "I'm the chick-a-leary bloke, with my one, two, three,"—a song and a dance by the ambitious Lollie in practice for the footlights of the city concert-halls, about thirty-three times a day on the kitchen table—variegated the entertainment, which was a near approach to continuous motion, as long as the pencilled russet lark trilled his soaring solos to the sky.

Week after week had passed till now fully two months had elapsed since Eugene had left his wife and children on the colliery-fields. Although he wrote to her and sent money to her, thinking that she would want some for the journey home, the only acknowledgement that his letter had received came through the medium of the dead letter office, the large yellow envelope of the dead letter office being stamped with the word "disowned" as an explanation for the return of the letter by the postmaster-general.

The girls went home at night and returned in the early morning to their duties and daily rehearsals for the music-halls, while the doctor and Fred drove about the town visiting patients. Many who had been on the partnership list, and many who had formerly been under the care of Dr. Jonas Peck, transferred their names to the list belonging to Whitworth. Although he had been only six months amongst a beehive of medical industry, his prospects were daily brightening and he had numerous grave and capital operation cases on hand. The old

patients at Sabinnia often came to the city to consult him, and a great many came from Galveston and Augusta. His reputation was rapidly spreading in the city and he was elected honorary surgeon of one of the city hospitals. He regularly attended the meetings of the medical societies in the city, and he read dissertations and theses on subjects of a medical nature, together with the results of original researches and experiences as an operative surgeon. The Senate of the University of Philadelphia, of which for years he had been an active member, held its branch congress once a week in the school of science at New Orleans attached to the university, where every Wednesday afternoon he was to be seen wearing the multi-coloured hoods of his various academical orders—laurels of his earlier and palmier days.

The rent of the city premises was exorbitant. Most of the medical practitioners there had simply been working for the landlord for years. Deserted as he was by his wife and financially ruined by his partner, the sharp tongue of scandal stung and poisoned his efforts for a recuperation of the business. The days drearily dawdled away. After his labours in the city he would return to what was no more than an empty and desolate house for him, shut out from the smiles and the pretty ways of the children. Frequently he would fashion resolves to visit Maconville and take away his children by force, overcoming the formidable resistance which he would be certain to encounter. Morning would come, sponge away his resolutions and encourage him to trust to hope and patience. Night-long he would lay wakeful till the dawn, tossing this way and that way in the upstairs bedroom of the big lonely house—forsaken by sleep, unnerved and down-borne by care and anxiety, and haunted by the vision of his sweet little Pearly and Valentine, lying far away like fairies in their little cots dreaming their light and sunny dreams. After he had waited for a considerable time without receiving any reply from Marvel, he sat down in the silent house one night on the eve before his little boy's birthday, unable to bear the solitude and the unmitigating adamantine stubbornness of his wife any longer, and composed the following letter:—

"New Orleans, 24th December, 1850.

"Dear Marvel,—

"It is now three months since you left here, calling God to witness the earnestness of your promise to return within a week if I agreed to your taking the children away. I need hardly remind you of your long absences from home, scattered over the number of years since you have been my wife. These absences have been, in an indirect way, highly injurious to me, as they have been the breath of scandalmongers wherever I have been in medical practice. Your language and your defiant demeanour towards me at Edenhall is something beyond my comprehension to account for in myself, and to my mind it bears only one interpretation, which is—that you wish to assert your independence of me now that you have suddenly become comparatively rich. You have always been welcome to whatever money I could afford, and if at times you have received less than you wanted you were fully aware that I was under the burden of forwarding money to meet calls in the Diamantino Tin-mine bubble, and have lately been under another strain in paying so much money to Dr. Peck. The money which I sent you for your journey here I regret has been returned by the postmaster, but as it bears the stamp of the dead letter office I conclude it was unclaimed. You have a good home here, and in time I hope you will find enough society to make city life attractive. Whatever money you have inherited you can do what you like with, and as I have no desire to dwell upon the propriety of your return to live in your proper home, I will conclude by saying that I am extremely anxious that you should come without any further delay, and that I miss the children more than I can describe.

"Ever your affectionate husband,

"EUGENE."

It was never answered. A few days later a note came for the servant saying—"Dear Lillie.—I don't think I will be back for a good while; send up my jewellery-box, dancing shoes and music.—Yours truly, Marvel Whitworth." The servant not being addicted to the habit of keeping up a correspondence, although she could easily have sung a comic song apropos of the jewellery, the dancing shoes and music, omitted to reply to the letter and also to send the jewellery-box, the dancing shoes and music, probably feeling satisfied that she and her sister were better off than if the bird of Paradise were there to bully and bounce them.

Some short time afterwards, Marvel came with her mother to A777½ while the doctor was out, and surreptitiously removed the jewellery-box, the dancing shoes and the music and nearly all the wedding presents from the house; she made an attempt to induce the servants to leave, in order to break the house up still further,

and browbeated them because they did not reply that they would.

Hearing that his wife had gone to the Rocky Mountains with her mother and the children, he spent three days in a pilgrimage there inquiring for them at all the different hotels and hoping to intercept them; but when he discovered the holiday resort at which they had been staying and asked the *maîtres d'hôtel* he was informed that they had left the day before. Another report that she had gone to Galveston with the children took him there, where he stayed for a couple of days but failed to find any trace of his wife, his children, or their whereabouts. Returning to the dark house in the city again, he wrote another letter as follows:—

"New Orleans, 6th February, 1851.

"Dear Marvel,—

"I have lost over a week during the last fortnight in a wild-goose chase to see you and the children. I have waited six weeks for a reply to my last letter. I am very disappointed at your conduct, but I trust you will see the wrong you are doing and the folly of staying away any longer. I heard you were at the Rocky Mountains; I went there, but missed you. I heard you had gone to Galveston, I went there and could find no trace of you. I visited and tidied up poor little Percy's grave and I enclose you some simple mementoes—buttercups from his tomb. I believe the little darling is happy, and a thousand times more so than his father. May God bless him and keep him and Pearly and Valentine in happiness. I have a fine little Italian greyhound for Vallie, just like little "Tottie" we had at the hospital in Augusta. Prince seems quite disconsolate since the children went away.

"Ever your affectionate husband,

"EUGENE."

It was never answered: it was treated with the usual contempt, and Eugene now at last began to give up all hopes of his wife's return home. He could plainly see that she was making tools of the children in order to torture him, knowing that his whole heart and soul were set upon Pearly and Valentine. The last letter he wrote on the third anniversary of one of the glorious victories of Moss Rose and, as was the case with the others, he registered it and posted it with his own hand. The twenty-fourth of May seemed to be to Eugene a mark in time, as signal as the tenth of September to Oliver Cromwell. It was the wedding-day of Guinevere; it was the day he sailed for London; it was the day he first settled in Augusta; it was the night of the fancy-dress ball; it was the day when Moss Rose won the Coronation Plate; it was Marvel's birthday; it was the night of the great concert, after which Marvel seemed to grow more devoted; it was the day he left the Sabine River; now it was the day when he issued his first manifesto in the coming matrimonial war.

"New Orleans. 24th May. 1851.

"My Dear Wife,—

I have waited I consider quite long enough for responses to my former letters entreating you to come home with the children. I have borne with uncomplaining patience the slights which you have put upon me ever since we were married, the contempt with which you have treated the numerous letters which I have from time to time written you during your absences from home, and the loss of my little children's society, until nature itself is exhausted. When I reflect upon my past life, I can conscientiously accuse myself of nothing that could reasonably account for your contemptuous treatment of me, and I have not only suffered from the undeserved scandal which the fact of your absences has caused. I am reluctantly led to believe that you have not felt satisfied with the injury which you have done me in this way, but that you have for years been in the habit of backbiting me and maligning my good name among your friends when you were at home, and that you have uttered what you know to be deliberate untruths, for what vile purpose I cannot tell. You have told your relations that I chased you out of the house, and that the baby died from cold and exposure on the Easter eve. Some enemy has put these lies into your mouth. Ever since you obtained that money you have been towards me some other than my wife. I have spared nothing to comfort and please you, and my return has been insult and calumny. The absence of my children I can suffer in silence no more. They are dearer to me than all else in the wide world, and if you do not bring them home very soon, I shall be compelled by your own actions to place my case in the hands of a solicitor. They are old enough to leave you, and I am their proper guardian when you choose to pursue the course you are taking. Better by far if you would come quietly home with them than to

have your conduct published in the newspapers, your moral dirty linen washed before the gaze of a gaping throng in the law-courts, and the fair prospects of the children darkened by your adopted attitude. It entirely rests with yourself to avoid all this, which will assuredly be the case. Your present conduct will only lead to trouble and sorrow in the end.

"Ever your affectionate husband,

"EUGENE WHITWORTH."

What manner of man could suffer more the cool contempt of his wife? What manner of man could plead more earnestly for the observation of the vows which she had sworn before high Heaven, or could show more of Nature's love for his own? He had no charm to unlock the imprisoned heart of his wife. Marvel was like one who heard not: her only attitude was the dark vengeance of an infernal hatred.

Befrilled and bejewelled sat the serene châtelaine of Edenhall upon the golden throne which her father had found, scorning his just and natural prayers while his soul was racked with torture and utter despair, yet still yearning to see his wife come home and to see his little ones at play with the big St. Bernard again. The last epistle did move the spirit of Marvel, and she vouchsafed a reply. The reply was that she was quite happy and comfortable where she was; that she did not care about going back to a broken-down old house when she had taken a lease of the magnificent abode of Edenhall, and that as far as she knew at the time her intention was to stay where she was. So cold, so insensate, so ruthless! All in vain! He was like a man crying in the wilderness. Still the letter was not so defiant as it was evasive of the theme upon which he had expostulated with her—the insulation of the hearts of the children.

The house in New Orleans, in which Eugene and his wife had lived for two months, was situated in one of the finest positions in the city and in the very heart of the medical quarter. It was an old building, but in general it was a good and comfortable residence, and its rental was nine hundred dollars a year. Nevertheless, as of old, if it would make any difference to his wife, he thought he would sublet the dwelling parts of it and retain merely the surgery and the waiting-room. No sooner was the accommodation offered than dentists, masseurs, galvanists, electro-pathists and charlatans filled up the rooms where Pearly and Valentine had frolicked with Prince and slept in happiness together, while Eugene still retained the surgery and waiting-room for the convenience of his patients. The Bohemian

Uncertain. Possibly an ironic reference to the fact that Eugene is *not* living as a dissipated outcast from society

rented a superior villa in one of the most fashionable suburbs, overlooking the scene of Bendemeer, and removed his furniture there. He wrote to Marvel explaining what a congenial abode it was, and how suitable in every way to her tastes; he pointed out its superiority in appearance to Edenhall.

He waited for four months for a reply to the letter, but instead of receiving any reply from Marvel stories came to his giddy and libidinous life which she was leading at Edenhall. Anonymous letters were posted to him disparaging his wife's character; but infatuated as he was by Marvel, he convinced himself that they had come from some enemy, and steadfastly refused to believe every one, throwing them all into the fire. Indignant at the tax put upon his endurance, his mind at last made up to suffer the loss of his children no more, he wrote again apprising her of his unalterable determination to initiate legal proceedings for the recovery of his children by the procedures of the act of Habeas Corpus

Here the author is drawing on extensive personal experience. A useful discussion of the legal situation at the time is found in [Clark and McCoy 2000](#).

, assuring her that it was still in the power to arrest any litigation by changing her mind at the eleventh hour and returning with them home.

Arrayed in the purple and fine linen of her newly-acquired wealth, there was no soft corner in the flinty and granite heart of Marvel for her husband. Not even the pathetic appeal to her memory of little Percy's grave, nor the quotations from legal authorities which he sent to her proving she was wrong in imagining she could retain the custody of the children, seemed to trouble the rocky Marvel in the slightest degree. She maintained a dogged taciturnity and rejected every yearning appeal. Heedless of the precepts which he had enunciated to the post-master at Sabinnia after the collision on the post-office road, he inaugurated a series of actions which had the only too common result of leaving him penniless, while drifting on the moving quicksands and socially wrecked on the sunken rocks of the law.

Chapter III. An Embassy at Edenhall. An

Eminent Firm of American Lawyers.

DURING the short stay Eugene had made in Galveston, whither he had gone in quest of his children and his wife, upon entering his father's house, the cottage by the sea, to his great surprise and delight he met the pensive and ill-fated Guinevere—the girl-wife, whose subtle, subjective influences seemed to sweeten all her surroundings, and whose heart, surcharged with a love eclipsing the commonplace malerotic feelings of Marvel, beat with a fervour ever clinging to her husband like the vine to the rotten palisade. The charitable ministrations of Miriam had warmly attached to her friendship and sympathies the meritorious wife of Marmaduke Payne after his untimely downfall. He had become well-known to the family owing to his successful candidature at the elections, and Miriam had busied herself in supporting the little impoverished cottage and relieving the destitution of Guinevere by every means that lay in her power. When Eugene met her, sitting in the little almonry

A place where alms are distributed. [OED Online](#).

with Miriam, and little Cyril looking fresh and strong again by her side, he expressed his intense pleasure at seeing her little son so well, and his surprise at meeting his ineffable friend once more.

"How is Marvel?" she said: "I thought she would have been down here too with you." She had once asked that question before.

With a sad expression, so natural and becoming to her, she listened to the real cause of his presence in Galveston—how it was all on account of Marvel that he happened to meet herself, and how false her old school-mate and friend had proved since she had become a *beneficiare* under her father's will.

"I shall never forget," he said, "the words you spoke to me that Sunday morning when you came to the hospital. I cannot help thinking now that every word was a prescient and veritable prediction of every relation and occurrence between Marvel and me ever since. I paid no heed to what you said at the time, but although I do not intend to imbue anybody's mind with the impression that I regret my marriage with Marvel, your words have often come home to me with a strong self-conscious force. I blame myself, partly, for giving her so much of her own way, and instead of endeavouring to allay her groundless suspicions I treated her surmises as if she entertained none at all. It would have been better for me if I had not treated the matter so lightly and had openly resented the false charges which she made before her father and mother, her brother, her aunt and cousin—that contemptible cousin—and every friend she since has made. I said that morning that the man who rued the marriage he contracted with his eyes wide open, was nothing but a coward and a fraud, and I think so still."

Pale and care-worn as the saddened young wife appeared, her own heart rent in twain with the profligacy of her husband,—“I am so sorry: so sorry,” she said, and clasping her hands she looked studiously on the floor. “Supposing I go and see Marvel. She used to be guided a good deal by me when we were at school and I was for years her only friend,” raising her eyes again before there was time for him to speak; “I *will* go,” she said: “I will: I will go to see Marvel to-morrow.” when, as Miriam came into the parlour, she asked her—“Will you come with me to Edenhall to-morrow, Mrs. Whitworth?”

“Anywhere, anywhere,” returned Miriam in sudden agitation: “anywhere to see those dear little children. You wait there with Eugene. I’ll be back in half-an-hour; wait till I see what money I have,” diving her hand into her pockets and calling out—“Dolly, you light the fire or the shops will be shut. I’m going to get two or three toys for Pearly and Valentine. Turn out your pockets and see what money yon have—one dollar, is that all? keep that, I’ll put them down: they all know me in the toy-shops.”

Off she started to the toy-bazaars, and while Guinevere and the doctor sat wondering how long she would be, she returned, in appearance more like a Christmas tree ready for a fancy-dress ball. “Here are three dolls for Pearly,” she said out of breath: “one with a dark eye, one with a pink eye, and one with a peacock-blue: one with black hair, one with brown hair, and one of a golden hue: two with a squeaking stomach, and one with a talking string; see, pull this bit of tape and the doll says ‘*mammair*’ and ‘*papair*.’ Here’s a trumpet for Valentine and a brass bugle for Pearly. Here’s a perambulator for the dolls. What did he do with the wheelbarrow?—broke it I suppose. Here’s Noah’s ark, a cricket bat, three balls and a football for Valentine; a kettle-drum for Valentine and a tambourine for Pearly; here’s a mouth-harmonica for Valentine, a new kind of doodlembuck, a jack-in-the-box and a jumping-jack, a saddle horse, a tin sword, a gun, a pop-gun, and a horse-and-cart; here’s a skipping-rope, four picture books, and a music-box for Pearly. Here’s a box of picture blocks—who will they do for? they hadn’t any more in the little shop—they’ll do for both. Why can’t we go to-day? Dolly, did you light that fire? you be getting the tea ready while I pack up the things, and we’ll be back in a week.”

It was no use pointing out that there was no occasion for hurrying over the journey, and Guinevere, leaving Cyril to be entertained by the Christy minstrel, agreed to go right away that evening, and form herself with Miriam—whose principal mission was the presentation of the toy-shop—into a double-barreled deputation to

wait upon the celestial bird in the paradisaal groves of Edenhall and coax out of her mellowing bosom by the persuasive powers of the gentle Guinevere the promise that she would cut short the close season for migration to her home. By a roundabout sort of method the toy-shop was to compose the olive branches of their peace-offerings, with the prayer that the flood of domestic trouble would pass away from the soul of the doctor, while the rest was left to the sweetening influences of Guinevere.

There happened to be a mail-steamer sailing East that evening, so that while Eugene took a passage to the city Miriam and Guinevere booked for Houston, and after a tempestuous voyage and a tiresome waiting for the train the deputation arrived about nine o'clock at night in Maconville. Wending their wearisome way on foot to Edenhall, Guinevere rang the bell, which was answered by the servant with the two children clinging to her skirts. No sooner had the excited Miriam cast eyes upon the children than she knelt down on the door-step caressing them and saying—"See what I've got for Pearly and Vallie!" with an innocent, unsuspecting smile.

Thus she made a fatal mistake. No sooner had the servant entered the drawingroom, where Marvel was engaged with some of her friends, with the tidings of the lady visitor to the children than Marvel herself heard the voice at the door and jumping up from her seat in a passion: "I know who it is," she revengefully shouted, while rushing furiously to the front door she snatched the children savagely away, dragging with them whatever presents they had picked up, and slammed the door in their old grandmother's face. Marvel had not seen Guinevere at all, but Guinevere accepted the insult as intended for herself as well.

Gathering up the scattered toys, Miriam placed them in rows upon the verandah, and in the middle of a drenching rain she walked away from Edenhall with Guinevere—thwarted, non-plussed, and crestfallen. They were both practically strangers in the town, for although Guinevere had been when Cyril was ill a fortnight in the house of the "recent departure," she had scarcely ever seen the streets of the township before. In the dark and the pouring rain, the two well-meaning women were shut out by one who, if only in respect for herself, should have made them welcome. After a good deal of trouble and frequent inquiries from night-way farers, they found a place where they could lodge for the night. Next morning they returned, calling at the doctor's consulting-rooms in the city on their way home and recounting the fate of their expedition.

"I could never speak to her again," said Guinevere; "I am sure she saw me, and it was just as bad if she did not. I have screened and shielded Marvel from reproaches, inuendoes and blame which she richly deserved before ever she was married. When none of the other girls at school would have anything to do with her. I have been her only friend and companion. I am truly sorry for you doctor—truly sorry—I am indeed."

Miriam's judgment upon the episode was a determination not to send Marvel any more fruit, birthday cards, and flowers from Percy's grave. She seemed rather enamoured of the prospect of Eugene being released from such an arrant tartar

A savage; an intractable person; when applied to females, a termagant. [OED Online](#), *n.2*, sense 3.

as the bird of Paradise. The doctor fully expected that the outcome of their temerity would be worse than it turned out to be, and considered that they had a miraculous escape from being pelted with the toys; further, he hinted that they would find every item in the toy repertoire smashed and returned by the time they got to Lily Cottage.

Back they sailed by another steamer, and on arriving at Lily Cottage they found the jaunty Ambrose at the piano playing "Yankee Doodle," and Cyril endeavouring to beat time on the drum, which the flying Dutchman had patched up with a porous plaster—the very drum that Valentine had made so desperate an attempt to rescue from the scrimmage at the door, but which in the scramble had met with the same fate as the wild harp of the minstrel boy who tore the chords asunder

From *The Minstrel Boy*. Thomas Moore.

. All the other toys lay in smithereens about the floor as if they had been the object of contention in a football match between the satellites of Marvel.

Upon hearing the story of the repulse of Edenhall, the seraphic Brosie offered to convert himself into an embassy, and in the most refined and diplomatic manner possible to coax the desired promise from the stony-hearted vitriolic but celestial bird, on condition that the unconventional flying Dutchman would stand by to assist in storming the position and removing the children as hostages at war in the event of a failure on the part of the ambassador. An attempt was made by Dolly to get a *chap* to take his place for the purpose at the wiping duties, but this effort falling short of success, the rescue of Pearly and Valentine was left to a very eminent firm of solicitors Messrs. Warne, Costall and Davitt of New Orleans.

In the meantime Guinevere, on the assumption, as maintained by the doctor, that the bird of Paradise had not seen her on the mission, thought it would do no harm if she wrote a letter to Marvel, which she did, explaining the position, detailing all her own miseries and poverty, and recalling to her mind the day when they had both been so delighted at seeing Eugene for the first time in the library; how much she had seen of him during her two-years' stay at the university; how kind and beneficent he had been to her and her husband ever since; how certain it was that she would some day regret the step which she was taking, and how easy it was for

her to follow the way to peace and happiness for herself and her children, instead of the broad road that would irretrievably lead them all into sorrow and shame. Guinevere implored her in all the beauty of expression and affecting language which her classical endowments could suggest, but she might as well have posted the letter to the dead father of the obstinate Marvel. *She* did not appreciate taste, refined composition, or beauty of soul; so turning down the corner of Guinevere's letter, and scrawling out the words—"I never stuck my nose into your affairs: you keep your nose out of mine," she returned her letter next day.

Many and various were the schemes proposed for the rescue of Pearly and Valentine, independently of the law altogether. The patriarchal Adam, the dweller in the wilderness, who regularly plied his calling for the loan of a quarter-dollar, and had a standing order for the supply of box and birch at Lily Cottage, got wind of the coming storm. Subsequent to the repulse of Edenhall, he called for the quarter-dollar and left; but soon returned with a plentitude of swipes in his old stomach and suggested that he might prove as great a hero at kidnapping as he was at "bone-shaking"—he had covered himself with glory at the one, why then not at the other. If it were not so far away he could take the old black prod and bring the bird of Paradise and all away some moonlight night, if they preferred it, in the same old dray. The distance put the scheme out of court altogether. Brosie on the other hand knew a young lady who owed for a set—a pianoforte teacher, just the sort of girl to worm herself into the mazes of Paradise, secure her appointment by the bird thereof as governess, and at an opportune moment walk quietly and coolly away with the spoil. The flying Dutchman suggested that after the wiping was done for the day he should go *as he was* to bewitch, beguile and besmear the bird as the serpent did in the case of Eve in the garden of Eden with the caresses of a loving and long-lost brother-in-law, while the alert Brosie craftily decoyed the youngsters away from Paradise through the back gate by the aid of his dinah.

The different schemes for the redemption of the children were duly submitted to the doctor, but one and all were arbitrarily rejected and now, as he said, he had passed the little river Rubicon by placing the matter in the hands of Warne, Costall and Davitt, he intended to leave the rest to these city solicitors.

This celebrated firm of solicitors, conveyancers and attorneys—known all over the States as Warne, Costall and Davitt—had been recommended to Eugene by his old friend Marmaduke Payne, who, he regretted, had rendered himself incapable of taking the matter in hand. They had a suite of rooms on the third floor of a flat right over the cattle bazaar where Eugene had the good luck to first come across the famous Moss Rose, and where sales of horses and cattle by public auction took place, and the clamorous harangues of Ralph Kiss seriously interfered with the routine of the work in their offices: so much so, that they were habitually made a cause of complaint by the financial clerk—a sort of stalking-horse excuse for many mistakes and short-comings detected by Costall himself in his account-books. Horses were undoubtedly the sole culprits in the defalcations

A monetary deficiency through breach of trust by one who has the management or charge of funds; a fraudulent deficiency in money matters. [OED Online](#), sense 5.

, as they habitually failed to come up to their expectations, and sorely disappointed the poor but dishonest clerk in his sealed intentions to make good the deficiencies unearthed by Costall. So marked an effect had the noise of the auctioneer upon the financial clerk that it was found he had made the mistake of being two thousand five hundred dollars short in his cash. The heads of the firm refused to believe that the auctioneer was entirely to blame for the deficits and issued a warrant for the clerk's arrest. They prosecuted him themselves and obtained for him the temporary loan of a massive pair of bracelets for the occasion of his triumphal march under the mediæval arch of the jail where he had the honour to remain for ten consecutive years. During this term of office his innocent wife and children were left to starve in the city, although the wife was an old acquaintance of Costall.

The original founder of the firm had retired from the legal syndicate, albeit the remaining partners still retained for some years the old appellation of the company, and Costall and Davitt were really the only representatives. The controlling partner of the firm sat the greater part of the day in the only carpeted room of the suite on the third floor flat behind a large office-table, composing abominable sonnets and idylls to ladies whom he admired as they passed in the street below, and sarcastic stanzas concerning judges who had given adverse judgments in his cases; reading medical works on the subject of piles, to which he was a martyr, or making a pretence of annotating the law-journals. His room was the only decently furnished one in the suite, but it was a veritable parlour with its walls and ceiling decorated with cobwebs exquisitely woven for the enmeshing of the flies. There he sat all day long with the gravity of an owl that had lived for a century in a hollow of the same old tower. Most of the new clients were referred to the present head of the firm on their first introduction in order that they might be subjected to a preliminary examination as to the state of their banking accounts before they were duly admitted into the sanctuary over the horse and cattle bazaar. Warne, Costall and Davitt firmly set their heads against speculative litigation, and in the event of any embryo client not passing the aforesaid examination with credit he was afforded another chance of being catechised and cross-questioned as to the probability of his possessing any relations or friends who would be agreeable to write their names on the backs of promissory notes as a guarantee of unlimited costs to accrue by a growth like a cauliflower in a

juggler's hat. Costall undoubtedly was an extremely polite, affable and gentlemanly man, with a few vermilion hirsute tufts on the top of his head, a searching eye and a playful frown. The hæmorrhoids were merely a portion of a general digestive disorder, with the contortions of which his mouth seemed to sympathise. He would stop in the middle of an examination, screw down the corner of his mouth to the angle of his jaw, and compress with his hands the colicky pains within his spheroidal abdomen.

Upon the first visit of the doctor the banking-account examination was passed with flying colours, but it was the fifty-seventh examination which he had essayed and he had passed them every one. After passing with credit the new financial examination, Costall applied a scientific one by quizzing his theoretical knowledge of bowel disorders, for which he was awarded with the promise of an invitation to the lawyer's house to dinner and several glorious smiles on the face of the head of the firm. After a short *résumé* of his case had been committed to a slip of paper containing half a sonnet composed by the neurotic Costall on the back, the head of the firm sounded the alarm on his little bar-parlour bell and Davitt the junior partner waltzed into the parlour, with two quill pens stuck over his ears like floaters on a fishing-line among a river of weeds. A very short, fat sensuous-looking man was Davitt, with a short black beard and an enormous moustache. He worked expressively his thick and lascivious lips as he stood with his shark-shaped mouth open swallowing down the outlines of the new fool's case.

"Bring me 'Lyttleton on the Law of Infants,' and you may as well bring me 'Drake on Divorce,'" said Costall.

Out went Davitt to search for the books in the library belonging to the firm, and soon the moustache re-appeared, looking over and trying to touch the outside of the works demanded, while one floater dipped down at the end indicating the fact of a bite at the maggot.

"What branch?" said Davitt; "maintenance or custody?" whereupon Costall gave Davitt a clearer insight into the salient points of the case, and introduced the doctor to his partner.

Davitt seemed to have the law on the subject on the very tip of his tongue, as he said—"The father has the *primâ facie* right to the children at American law, as copied from the law of England, unless the mother can prove that it is morally dangerous and positively unsafe for the children, and that such custody would imperil their moral character and welfare. The father can take his child from the mother's breast: *vide* Law Reports, vol. X., p. 122, *Cox v Cox*: Queen's Bench Division, vol. IX., p. 911, *Strong v Strong*: Chancery Reports, vol. XXXVII., p. 1507, *Kidd v Kidd*. At law the father is the rightful guardian as against the mother, and unless she can prove profligacy, debauchery or immorality, the children belong to him. You will find all that set out in Blackwood, beginning at the top of page one hundred and seventy-seven and ending at the bottom of page two hundred and thirty-five."

He appeared to know all this without opening the book, and as he handed the volumes to Costall the doctor thought it was a wonderful feat of mnemonic power on Davitt's part, who remained erect on the carpet, glancing over the shoulder of Costall, dangling his massive glittering gold chain and taking stock of the new client by critically examining his boots, his boot-laces, his trousers, his waistcoat and watch-chain, his coat, his collar, his necktie, his cuffs, his gloves, the tips of his fingers and his silk hat hanging on the peg, quizzing him like a little Chinese chow-chow meeting a retriever and smelling him all over from stem to stern.

"Yes," said Costall; "but of course it is in the discretionary power of the judge. The court generally in these cases leans towards the mother. Give me the new act," and Davitt took it out of his pocket.

"Ha! I thought so; you see here it says, when the children are in possession of the mother, the court may order that they may remain in her possession if it thinks fit," as Costall read out the act and looking over towards the client continued—"So you see, Dr. Whitworth, in the face of this new development it will be a fierce fight to obtain custody. Could you not get some friend to guarantee our costs, as they may amount to more than two thousand dollars?"

The doctor replied that he would prefer that they should go on with the business until his money was exhausted, and if it were necessary then to furnish a guarantee, he imagined he would not fail in trying to procure one — a good safe answer. This offer meeting with the approval of the partners after whispering together in the corner, the doctor was requested to follow the track of Davitt into his lair, in order to enter into the particulars more fully, and if in town next day to bring with him a sample of the new remedy which he had said was good for a nutmeg liver

Pathology – a liver which in appearance resembles the cut surface of a nutmeg. [OED Online](#). See 'nutmeggy'.

, together with any books he might have on the subject of piles and liver diseases in general. In the office of Davitt, he awaited the pleasure of the junior partner, whom another ostensible client had stopped on the way between the two apartments. This intruder, however, was curtly sent away with the excuse that Davitt had pressing and important work to do that morning. It was subsequently discovered that he was only the landlord looking in for the rent. Inside the little cell, in which indeed the bulk of the business of the firm was conducted

by the junior partner, stood a deal table with sienna-stained legs and drawers, a book shelf and two American chairs, on one of which Eugene was requested to sit.

"*I knew her*," began Davitt: "*I knew her*," rubbing his hands: "*I knew her*," licking the tips of his fingers. "I had many a lark with the bird and her cousin before they were married. Why didn't you make her part up some of the stuff? I would lay you what you like if I had her I'd make her stump up the coin: you wouldn't see me sitting here. I'd put a little of her dust on 'Sweetheart' for the double."

Upon the new client evincing considerable uneasiness to proceed with the work to be done, Davitt drew from a pile of blue paper in the corner a small armful, and spreading it out on the little deal table he began to draw out a skeleton of an affidavit setting forth the manifold circumstances and conditions of the marriage of Eugene, the births of Pearly and Valentine, and their forcible detention from their father's home. He appeared to be uncommonly well versed in the proper phraseology of affidavits; he had every point on the tip of his pen as in facile runs of sparkling old English he sketched out the draft of Eugene's perambulating statement over four sheets of the blue paper stack. When finished, he tintinnabulated his little alarm-bell and ordered the engrossing clerk to have the draft engrossed and ready for the doctor to swear to at five minutes past two in the afternoon. They then left the office and descended the stone steps to a little luncheon-shop across the street, where they swilled away at oyster stews and smoked a cigar each at the doctor's expense.

At five minutes past two on climbing again the marble steps of Solon

Possibly relates to the story Solon tells Croesus about the happiest men in the world, having judged that among the happiest are two men who have died on temple steps. The surface moral of the story is that one cannot tell whether something will turn out well or not until it is over. [Wilson 2006](#).

to the office, they found a commissioner already in attendance, and although the duties of the commissioner were very light his deportment was a source of constant amusement to the junior partner, who had made a tool and a butt of him for years. Taking off a sooty, greasy chimney-pot from his hairless head, the Louisiana state commissioner hauled from the depths of his frock-coat tails a dog-eared well-thumbed part of a book. Half the back and all the fly leaf had been kissed away and without opening could be read the first page of the first book of Moses called Genesis. Inside it was slobbered all over and the old cover had been replaced with a yellow-back, half of which was missing. Mumbling and jumbling the words of the oath—this is your name and your hand-writing and the contents of this you swear to be true—and wafting whiffs of stale partially-digested beer through the room from the door where he stood to the open window, he mopped up a quarter-dollar's worth of cents which Davitt threw down on the table, and adjourned to the nearest bar.

Upon the back of the greasy, greenish, threadbare frock-coat of the commissioner being turned, Davitt imparted to the doctor the information that the aforesaid greasy, greenish, threadbare, frock-coated commissioner lived on affidavits and beer, and that a portion of seven years had been dissected out of the term of the natural life of the greasy, greenish, threadbare, frock-coated commissioner by the same judge who was likely to hear his own case, for stabbing with intent to murder the Mexican president. He carefully explained, however, that the taking of the affidavit by the aforesaid commissioner, to whom the aforesaid term of seven years freedom had been denied, would not prejudice the hearing of the cause of Pearly and Valentine, inasmuch as the aforesaid greasy, greenish, threadbare, frock-coated trader in affidavits was a duly qualified commissioner and notarypublic, and that he had as high authority to take affidavits as one or two others imported from Callao, to which salubrious clime these others had been introduced by the President of Congress free from *ad valorem* duty during the early history of the settlement. Silas P. Grinder had never enjoyed that honour. He was rather young and was a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Silas was a fallen angel from one bar to another bar owing to his thirst for beer and blood. He had a long brown beard like the tail of a rocking-horse, but of eyes Silas P. had only one.

In pursuance of the legal proceedings, Davitt next applied to the prothonotary

A principal notary or chief clerk or recorder of a court of law. [OED Online](#).

of the public law courts—a gentleman whom Eugene had known previously at the university—for a summons by the Habeas Corpus Act. This, in company with a copy of the affidavit, in due course found its way into the possession of Mrs. Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth, otherwise known as the Bird of Paradise, Heaven, the Air and the Sun, residing at Edenhall, Maconville, the summons being made returnable on the fourteenth day from the day of its issue.

It drew the attention of the aforesaid Mrs. Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth to the various clauses in the affidavit of Eugene Percival Whitworth, her lawful husband, such clauses having been specially composed for her delectation and general amusement by the contumacious

Resisting authority; stubbornly perverse.

Davitt. In the name of the President of the United States, it commanded the aforesaid Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth to produce the bodies of Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth and Valentine Gordon Whitworth in the Supreme court before the chief justice of the State of Louisiana or such other justices as might

be in attendance, on the twenty-first day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fiftyone; furthermore, to show cause why the bodies of the said Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth and Valentine Gordon Whitworth should not be delivered into the custody and possession of their father forthwith. It was ascertained by telegram from the agent of Warne, Costall and Davitt at Maconville that Mrs. Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth had next day been duly served with the affidavit and summons: that no attempt had been made to slam the door in the messenger's face, or to throw the documents at him: and that in company with her mother the paradisal bird had left her house that night by train for New Orleans.

It was a surprise and gratification to the doctor to hear that, although his wife had so much regard for the appealing letters which he had posted to her, she had still more for the emissary of the government of the republic, probably on account of the president's social standing, in addition to the prospect of a flirtation at law. Every one of her husband's letters the bird of Paradise threw into the fire; the letters from her old friend "who had many a lark with her," she kept under her pillow and read lovingly over several times, so as to imprint the flowery verbiage of his correspondence well upon her not impervious memories.

A few days after, when the doctor called at the office above the archway of the cattle-bazaar he was confronted by Davitt with many copies of affidavits, similar in form to the one he himself had sworn, chief of which was a sworn statement by his wife to the effect that her husband was not by any means one of the sweetest creatures she had ever known, but that he was *cap-a-pie*

From head to foot. [Jones 1963:200.](#)

from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, all his life, a downright blackguard, a low taproom loafer and sot, and that he was gifted with all the cruel nature of a Thüg. There was not a slaughterman in the public abattoirs that could hold a candle to him for cruelty. Sixteen pages of foolscap were just about enough to hold all she could think of at the time, but she added an appendix to the effect that she had plenty more to follow. The other affidavits were made by her mother, her valetudinarian

A person in weak health. [OED Online.](#)

auntie, Sukey Bibtitt and Simon Bibtitt, together with some of the unemployed scoundrels of the city who had each been paid the *douceur*

Sweetness; a gift; a bribe. [Jones 1963:223.](#)

of ten dollars. One was made by an old buccaneer of La Fitte's island

Jean Lafitte was a pirate of the early 19th century. La Fitte's island may also specifically refer to Galveston Island, where Lafitte was based around 1820. (Informal source).

; another from a Chinaman had been sworn to by cutting off a cock's head, and the lawyer who had prepared the others on instructions from Marvel swore to the last himself to make the number even and swell the bill of costs by another twenty dollars. They fell like sheaves in autumn, and in that fearful scene in Davitt's lair like a *fusillade* of thunderclaps upon the doctor, who had never dreamt that anybody could bring such a volley of charges against him, feeling, as he did in his own conscience, that his life had never been a wasted or an immoral one, but that it would bear the light of day and the electric light into the bargain as well as the lives of most people whom he had met in his travels. When every little molehill was properly and abundantly magnified in height breadth and depth into the proverbial mountain, and all his laches

Culpability; negligence. Correctly a singular noun. [OED Online.](#)

were stacked together like so many Ossas of vice piled upon Pelions of cruelty; when every venial foible was described as a fearful crime, every glass of wine which he ever was seen to take counted as a roystering match for a week; the incident of the prairiegrasses catching fire alluded to as an act of murderous incendiarism; his midnight searches to bring his wife and children home portrayed as violent and wilful expulsion of the angelic bird of Heaven from Paradise; when he was further informed that the poor little child whom he had tried to rock to sleep for so many nights without sleeping an hour himself had died from maltreatment and criminal exposure to cold; when the homes which he had sustained at the Augusta Hospital, Galveston, Sabinnia and the city and which he had tried to make happy for Marvel were painted as little hells upon earth—the dawning spitefulness and galling passion merged into the broad daylight of her rabid, malicious, unscrupulous and venomous mind, and he, began to see clearly for himself what manner of woman he had been dealing with for the previous seven years. The veil had dropped.

Costall, thinking to catch him at a weak moment off his guard after he had perused the charges forwarded from the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, primitively emanating from the amiable Marvel and enough to hang any man, hinted to him in most unmistakable language that he must gird up his loins and straightway put upon himself all his available armour for bloody war to the knife, and concluded by suggesting that he should induce his father to leave, *pendente lite*

While a suit is pending. [OED Online.](#)

, any title-deeds he might possess for safe keeping in the strong-room of the office on the third floor flat. Feeling, however, that it was as easy for him to rout the *chevaux de frise*

Defensive appliances of war (singular cheval de frise). [OED Online](#).
of the affidavits from the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare as it was to Valentine to bowl over the pugwuggies of Simon and Sukey Bubbitt, he resented the idea of soliciting aid from his father, and disclosed to the proud satisfaction of Costall and Davitt that he could produce hundreds of answering affidavits from gentlemen and ladies in the country and from gentlemen and ladies in the city to clean whose boots among the swearers of the consigned dispatches from the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare there was not one in any way worthy.

"The more the merrier," said Davitt: "I'll go with you to Galveston to-morrow; to the Sabine River district the day after we return from Galveston; the week after that we will take a hansom and hunt up all your supporters in the city. The servants who have been in your joint employ are *sine quâ non* the most important witnesses, because they would of course be the most likely parties to see everything that was going on in the houses. You must get every one of them: you say they all fell out with your wife. In order to do things as economically as possible we must take Commissioner Silas P. Grinder with us, as I can make arrangements with him to take the affidavits at three dollars a dozen if you prime him well up with a few quarts before I make the offer. Go home now, and don't you go into any hotels. Mind you don't go out after dark. They are sure to have your footsteps dogged by some private mouchard. Good-night; I've got a little tart to meet at four minutes past eight."

Chapter IV. Collecting Affidavits. Silas P. Grinder, The American Commissioner, on a Cotton Plantation.

THE following morning in the middle of a torrential downpour of rain Eugene and the industrious junior partner set out for Galveston, the assiduous lawyer, who had now thoroughly launched out into the sea of work before him, losing no time on board the steamer, sketching out drafts of affidavits in the terms that Eugene suggested as likely to find favour with the individuals to whom he intended to broach the subject of the coming lawsuit. Had the affidavits of his own relations and Guinevere been considered by the lawyer an adequate supply, the case might have been fairly decided upon them alone; but this not being the opinion of Davitt they drove about in a waggonette from one place to another, sometimes compiling affidavits in little unassuming cottages, sometimes in lordly mansions, and sometimes with the stump of a lead-pencil upon cart-horses' backs in the vicinity of the Great Rocky ranges of North America.

The fastidious junior partner, who was a perfect *gourmet*, affected to stay at the grandest caravanserai in the town—The Thirteen Bells—and even suggested that they should spend a few days at the seaside at Whitworth's expense. Whithersoever they wandered, the commissioner followed close upon their heels in another waggonette which he had all to himself, as Davitt was ashamed to be seen in his company in the public streets. The ambrosial affidavit-monger kept close on the trail of Davitt. Upon receiving the signal from the junior partner standing at the front door of the house in which an affidavit was ready to be sworn, after popping quick sticks in and out of a few hotels across the road, he would approach, fish out the yellow-backed bible and administer the solemn oath. After two days' stay in Galveston the fifteen affidavits obtained were considered sufficient by Davitt for one place, and, after the doctor had settled the hotel bill for three they went back again by steamer to the city of New Orleans.

On the following day the Sabine River was selected as the seat of operations, and they arrived there in the midst of flood-threatening torrents very early in the morning. Here the lawyer found himself in a garden of the Hesperides with glorious phantasies and a clover-field of affidavits *galore*. There was scarcely a house in the district but what the doctor had at some time or other attended in cases of sickness or in the superintendence of the birth of the new generation. One and all, planter and vigneron, lady and domestic servant—especially Martha Wax, who burst again into a gust of indignation at Marvel's discovery of the heterogeneous collection in the bag—rich and poor gladly acquiesced in the contents of the cut-and-dried affidavits, and signed them boldly without a demur. The trade of the commissioner had received a most prodigious impetus, but his practice under the circumjacent circumstances was a hard one to work. The houses lay at some considerable distance from one another, some of them scarcely within rifle-shot of the little town and as there were only four beer-fountains in the district, all huddled close together, it gave Silas P. little time and few opportunities to quench his thirst for swipes. He was snubbed by Davitt for urging that in such a drouhty country as the Sabine district three dollars a dozen were too little. Consequently he announced his immovable intention of calling himself out on strike at twelve o'clock every night.

A telegram was received by Anthony Davitt from his chief, summoning him back to the city before the clover on the Sabine River was consumed. Handing over a supply of the blue sheets to the doctor, he informed him that he could draw the affidavits himself just as well as any lawyer and arranged to return to the city in the hopes that there was more money in the prospective case than, good as it was, there lay in the case of Whitworth *versus* the bird of Paradise. Thus the doctor was left to work out his own salvation with Silas P. Grinder alone for company. This new arrangement met with the unqualified approval of the commissioner. Silas P. had come to the conclusion that Davitt was a hard task-master and a slave-driver, who had no compassion on a poor working man with his pot of beer and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth that dry he could scarcely spit.

One old friend of the doctor residing about ten miles out of the township in the homestead of a cotton-plantation was a lady of some pretensions and reputation, from whom he was particularly anxious to obtain a good affidavit. Accordingly a pair of half-starved horses and a buggy were engaged at the local livery stable, and a start was made late at night for the savannahs of Kincumboo demesne, where the lady resided.

The aldermanic, globular-stomached commissioner seated himself in the buggy beside Eugene, and expatiated disjointedly and at immeasurable length upon the wonderful manner in which the weather was behaving itself, the beauty of the starlit sky, the paucity of hotel accommodation and the grandeur of the trees in the night as black as Erebus. Silas P. in nautical phraseology was three or rather thirty-three sheets in the wind. Having during his lax undress conversation dropped the remark that he had taken a solemn oath to make it his practice in future never to take an affidavit for Anthony Davitt or any other man as long as he lived for the period of twenty-four hours, counting from twelve o'clock on Saturday night, Eugene shook up the lagging livery horses and scuttled through the darkness and the splashing slush to increase the speed of the atrocious funereal mokes, as they passed the little hamlet of Grassmere and approached a grim black avenue formed by the interlocking arms of ash, maple and pine trees. In the avenue through the forest, black as a well at midnight, he knew from former excursions with Frederick there were always lying on the ground logs of fallen pine trees, and protruding many an ungrubbed stump. Still he rattled along over logs and ruts, skidding the wheels of the buggy against scores of bumping stumps, while all he heard, smothering all other sounds, were the creakings and joltings of the buggy, the rhythmical thuds of the padding hoofs, the vituperative anathemas and the groans of Silas P. It was a quarter past eleven as they passed through the wild avenue and the homestead cottage of Kincumboo demesne was now in sight, its lights still burning dimly in the front rooms. Reaching the rustic slip-panelled entrance, the commissioner of the holy book swore at the rocky roads, the trouble of getting out to take down the slip-rails, and the reckless driving of the doctor as if instead of his avocation he were an Arcadian Aristophanes in command of a team and a vast vernacular of full-blooded maledictions. He registered a mighty oath, feeling in his pocket for the bible, that he would never set foot in that buggy again, that he would walk the rest of the way to the house and foot it back to the "Hark up to Nudger" hotel, if he had to live on bread and water all the way.

The indispensable book he could not find, as carefully as he searched in the deeps of his coat, the inaccessible fob of his trousers, his waistcoat pockets or his hat. He surmised that he had left it at the "Hark up to Nudger" in the township. The impatient doctor remarked that Mrs. Houldsworth would be certain to have a bible—a big Doré Bible if he liked, as they were very devout and church-going people, and that if he would follow behind he could administer the oath in the house to himself, about not going back in the buggy; further, that if he hurried they could get the affidavit sworn before midnight, and he could walk back immediately afterwards, so as to lose no time on the field in the morning. He graciously consented to walk behind the buggy to the house without further badinage, and when they arrived they were shown by one of the sons into the diningroom, where the clock said it was twenty-six minutes to twelve.

Explaining as quickly as he could the cause of their unannounced visit, Eugene drew out a lengthy affidavit for Mrs. Houldsworth to sign. This the lady with an air of much *bien-venu* readily and courteously did, and when the doctor asked her to accommodate the commissioner with a bible he was frowned at by the affidavit man himself, who said that although he had left one behind in the private room of his office at the "Hark up to Nudger," he always carried two and had the second ready for the lady to kiss and swear her oath upon, in the orthodox manner. No other bible would answer the purpose and that one had been blessed by the judges. Producing the holy bible from the lining of his vest through a hole which he cut with a penknife, he mumbled out the oath, as if it was one long polysyllable, and laying the emergency bible upon the table he took up the pen to affix his own signature, knocked over the ink on the table cover, and dribbled a little beer on the paper, but after a great exordium

A beginning. [OED Online](#).

he licked it up with his tongue and smudged it away with one sweep of his sleeve. The signature of Silas P. Grinder appeared at the bottom of a map-shaped puddle of eructated

Vomited. [OED Online](#).

bile and beer.

Struck by the small size of the bible that had done duty in the case of other affidavits, the doctor was thunderstruck by the sight of the miniature volume that now took up the running in the case of the country lady. It was bound in green cloth, the green at the edges turning, he thought, through years of lascivious life, into a whitey-green and on the middle of the surface to gold. Wondering how small the print of the holy scriptures would be in such an infinitesimal book, the doctor picked it up when the commissioner was not looking. It was "*The Art of Ventriloquism!*" The name of the landlord of the "Hark up to Nudger" was written in pencil on the cover of the title page. It was quite a dolly little book. Pearly could have read it through in five minutes. It was about the size of four dominoes stacked together. Its adopted habitude was the commissioner's waistcoat pocket, or the fold of the leather inside the old chimney-pot hat.

After sitting for a while in the diningroom, the hideous grimaces and the awful utterances of the Louisiana commissioner—who had been hospitably entertained with several glasses of whisky as a refectio to the inundation of beer which his enlarged stomach contained, and the plish-plash succussion of which in his inside produced borboryghms

Borborygm; a rumbling in the bowels. [OED Online](#).

and sounds suggestive of frogs living and croaking therein — became a source of much hilarity to the eldest son and the stern disapproval of his mother. Noticing this, Silas P. Grinder, who had by this time replaced the "art of ventriloquism" in his waistcoat pocket, withdrew to the outside of the front door. Although he was asked several times by the lady and importuned by her son to go to bed in a spare bedroom, he surlily rejected their offers, and persisted in sitting all night in the fresh air on the step of the door. Once, however, with murder in his eye, he returned to the room, ran three times around the long dining-table frantically declaring three Bengal tigers were in pursuit of him, fixed his glaring eye-ball and swept it backwards and forwards, pointing to the son, the lady and the doctor in turns, like a Nordenfeldt

A Swedish machine gun having between one and twelve barrels fixed in a rectangular frame, and operated by a lever at the right-hand side. [OED Online](#).

gun sweeping the enemy's lines, although in appearance that night it was more like the red end of a little barrel of beer stuck into the head of a Cyclops.

Soon after this freak he subsided into an oblivious narcotism on the door-step, drunk as David's sow, under the melanite canopy of the skies, greatly to the relief of the hostess, who had been informed by the doctor that the commissioner was the man who had stabbed the Mexican president. All night long without intermission came snore upon snore, roar upon roar, like wave upon wave. He had been all day floating in beer and whisky; next morning he rose somewhat later than the lark but gay and blithe as he and as fresh as the early dew on the daisies after a corpse-reviver of a draught of whisky and milk. It is a melancholy fact that he discarded the oath which he had taken the previous night, and after a large breakfast the old chawbacon

A yokel. [Partridge 1972](#).

condescended to be driven in the buggy back to the "Hark up to Nudger" Hotel. Most of his leisure time he spent there or at "The Four Ashes" and the "Old Number One." He was afraid of Daniel Carter.

The third day of their sojourn in the neighbourhood of the Sabine River was employed, as the others had been, in the drafting, engrossing, making and taking of affidavits, and the blood-thirsty beer-barrel automaton when on duty followed the doctor into every house he visited. Meeting an old friend—the manager of the Bank of New York—a suggestion was offered to Eugene by the said manager for a scheme of making money by tying a rope around the neck of Silas P. Grinder, and leading him around the country as a long-bearded gorilla, while the reverend pillar of the Primitive Methodist Church thought it would be much simpler and cheaper to apply for a warrant *de lunatico inquirendo* for the arrest of the bird of Paradise and her committal to an asylum for the insane.

With forty-one affidavits bagged, Eugene and the gorilla returned to New Orleans, and with the assistance of a lumbering van they duly lodged the impedimenta in the little den of the junior partner in the office on the third floor flat. Davitt thought it as well to accept them as they stood, and facetiously offered to take the drawer into the employ of the firm as an affidavit clerk; while Costall reminded him that they would all be charged for, in order to establish their legal validity, When they were folded together he branded the outside page of each with the *imprimatur* of Warne, Costall and Davitt, with the object of giving them tone. After an hour had been fixed for the meeting and circuit of the city on the following day, Eugene left the office and bent his steps in the direction of his consulting-rooms in Fifth Avenue.

Passing the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare in the same avenue, he espied, sitting in a cab outside their front door, his mother-in-law, his wife's relative, Sukey Bibtitt, the knock-kneed congener henchman Simon, and the bird of Paradise herself. The fatigued old cab horse held his head down; he could hold it up no longer, and blew steam in misty clouds out of his nostrils at the rate of about a thousand respirations per minute, while his loins were puckered and rapidly drawn and withdrawn into and out of the barrel of his ribs, giving him on

the whole the appearance of an enormous greyhound that had just won a Plumpton

An English racecourse, established in 1884.

cup after forty heats. It was plain the enemy had not been letting the grass grow under their feet. They had been as busy as dredges that day scraping up all the mud they could in the city amongst those who once had a conscience, now seared away with hot irons; those who had it but were not in the habit of wearing it always: those who could at a moment's notice sing it a lullaby to sleep; those who ignored the existence of such a monstrosity; those who all their lives had been doggedly callous to the qualms; and those who had never heard of such a thing at all. They were all jesters at scars who never felt a wound. Marvel saw him as he was passing under the gas-lamps, and when he turned his head and looked back after walking to the intersection of the streets, he caught the star-like gleam of her bright black eyes staring after him still.

He waited for an hour in the city surgery, but not a patient came to see him, so he went home by the omnibus to Summer Hill. When he drew near his picturesque home, the culinary music-halls were all lighted and an *impromptu* concert in full swing, with the addition of a new artist, who had been found in Frederick. Approaching the front door he stood and listened to the vociferous applause bestowed upon Frederick and the uproarious rendering of the chorus of "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave (*lento*): John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave" They had all, they said, been having "rorty" times, the groom especially, who had nothing to do but feed the mare; while the warbling Lollie also had nothing to do but dance and sing and dance and sing, and send away the patients.

Some had gone there from his consulting-rooms in the city. His medical practice after a long cycle of incubation was now in the invasion period of a wasting, corroding disease; but his hand was to the plough, and once on it he never looked back. Till the small hours of the morning in the city he would sit alone where a year before the works of pornographic fiction and intrigues with Marvel were carried out by his treacherous partner, drafting affidavits which he intended to submit to the perusal of the lawyer and the supporters of his cause the following day. Some time too was occupied in the suburban home, drafting the statements of the groom and the girls. Both Lillie and Lollie had such bundles of charges and strings of peccadilloes to recite against their exiguous mistress that he felt almost ashamed to present them to Davitt, who, however, declared that her little domestic idiosyncracies were the most invaluable evidences of all. They gave most diffuse accounts, pregnant with suspicion, insinuation and illogical inferences: how that when the doctor was out she had brought into the house strange men, to be handy, she said, in case the house caught fire, and how she had clandestinely secreted herself in the surgery with Dr. Jonas Peck, hatching the conspiracies of her desertion and his dissolution of the partnership.

Next morning he joined the gorilla and Anthony Davitt, who relegated Silas P. to a four-wheeled cab and ordered the driver to bring the animal along behind a hansom, into which he stepped with the doctor. They called upon some of the priests who had been so well acquainted with the marriage relations of Eugene and Marvel at Bendemeer. They all spoke in glowing terms of the treatment of Marvel by her husband, and offered to mediate between the hospitable doctor and the paradisaical bird themselves; but Davitt, on recalling the history of the case from first to last, strongly discountenanced and rejected their kindly proposal. He had nailed his colours to the mast and there they would hang until the cry of victory was heard. It would have been a miracle if Marvel had acquiesced in the proposal herself. A further difficulty arose in connection with Silas P. Grinder. They one and all knew him, and Davitt chewed the cud of regret when he reflected that the Mexican president, although he was not of the Roman creed, had been a patron and a strong supporter of St. Augustine's orphanage. Anthony Davitt himself was open to grave suspicion, as he was an Orangeman of the Purple Arch, and his father, who was a member of the legislature, had written articles defamatory of their religious doctrines and the fiats and encyclicals from the Vatican of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. He arranged with the priests for the attendance after vespers of a special commissioner in the presbytery, while Grinder got drunk in the opposite bar of the Rock and Heifer, and the cabman gave him up for the day and the deuce altogether.

The little millinery establishment of Eugene's old friend, Mrs. Downward, where she had ever since eked out a scanty subsistence, the treasury, the crown lands' offices, the education department, the schools of science and the military head-quarters in the barracks, were all visited during the next few days, and a large assortment of affidavits obtained—enough, macrophonically speaking, to sink an argosy. Madame Pompadour composed gratuitously a most elaborate effusion and sent it by post, but Davitt discarded it as ungrammatical, irrelevant and informal; while Jules Léroche sent a letter stating that "Madame zee dogdair vaz no bedder as a *vipere*."

The spoil was carried to the office on the third floor flat above the bazaar, and the gorilla, docked half-a-dollar a dozen by Davitt for loss of time and getting drunk, was paid the sum of fifteen dollars for his thirteen days' work, while all the other travelling expenses were defrayed by the doctor. The proud commissioner with all the pomp of an archdeacon and his archidiaconal functions, you know, gathered up the windfall of coins, and gratefully though beerfully accepted them as payment in full.

Each affidavit requiring to be set out in two copies, and the original filed in the office of the prothonotary

of the law courts, ten supernumerary caligraphic artists were detailed for the former duties, and the urchin who cleaned out the offices was despatched on the errand of such paramount importance—the filing of the affidavits in the office of the prothonotary, their filing necessitating the disbursement of a half-dollar each for duty-stamps. The doctor returned to the music-hall at Summer Hill, while the lawyer manœuvred about the main streets of the city, in compliance with his appointment to meet a young lady on the trail of her husband, he said, for desertion, and all the engrossing clerks stayed up all night on the third floor flat, struggling with the heart-breaking perplexities of Davitt's conundrums in hand-writing.

The morning for the return of the summons came with the triumphant march of the garish sun over the hydra-mouthed Mississippi, and in all its halcyon glory over the haunts of the "busy hums of men" in the city, as Eugene slowly walked up to the law courts, where the red columns of the pines, the aloes and palms took him back in old memories to the thrice - blessed days in the purlieus of the palm-fringed quadrangle of the old university. Arrangements had been made amongst the judges to hear the case of Whitworth versus Whitworth in chambers. "In chambers" signified a semi-private court. It was supposed to be more sacred to the legal fraternity and more exempt from the intrusion of disinterested strangers than the open public courts. "In chambers" was a large court in the architectural skies, as it was on the topmost floor of the enormous building—four flights of stairs requiring ascension before "in chambers" could be reached. Four white fluted Tuscan pilasters

A square or rectangular column or pillar projecting from a wall or on either side of a doorway, usually with a base and capital. [OED Online](#).

and a deep heavy cornice

A horizontal moulded projection which crowns or finishes a building or some part of a building. [OED Online](#).

, over whose magnificence the eye of an architect would have loved to linger, supported the white scrolled ceiling, while luxurious furniture lay on a crimson-flowered carpet that covered the dais and all but the tessellated borders of the floor.

There sat the barristers whom Davitt had entrusted with the case for the doctor awaiting the pleasure of the judge. The one a middle-aged, tall, sapient-looking, highly intellectual man, who had read and had well stored in the strong chambers of his brain all the lore and law points from cartloads of law books and journals; the other on his left looked up to as his senior counsel. The junior counsel, a highly-polished, progressive young barrister, who had defended the action for damages after the collision at Sabinnia, sat bewigged and begowned with a pile of books before him as high as the monument on the old coal-king, and with a slip of paper inserted between the leaves of each for expeditious reference to a case in point.

In the same line and on the same leather-upholstered form leaning over the barrister's table, sat one of the most eminent lawyers of the time, who all his life had consistently refused promotion to the dignity of the judicial throne. Acting as his junior counsel was a younger brother of Brassy. Behind the counsel for Marvel sat the dolorous, lathy, silver-bearded sheik with an elongated expression, the wool-merchant *ex officio* as executor—the man who had adorned his elocution in the delivery of the great man's will with the Greek chorus refrain, the dirge 'aboo—I can't—ahoo.'

Flaming red-ochered hair was the produce of the younger Brassy's fat head, and on his pig-shaped face, with a brickdust complexion, it was hacked out in the style of Lord Dundreary, while his whole heart and soul and his watery-blue eyes as he sat with the others waiting for the presence of the judge, were rivetted on the lunette-shaped rims of his finger-nails and the glistening sheen of his shirt-cuffs, polished at the Chinese laundry.

Eugene seated on a back form had a bird's-eye-view of the whole court. He surveyed every face in the building, but could not see his little children anywhere, nor catch the eye of Marvel as beneath the great panoply of a hat slanted over on her ear she sat surrounded by her officious relatives – her mother, her aunt, Sukey Bibtitt with the baubles in her ears, Simon Bibtitt and Augustus Hornblower with an ivory rooster-headed walking-stick as long as himself.

"Silence," cried the crier of the court, and the judge came upon the dais from his private chamber, through a private door leading to the judicial throne. He bowed to the standing court, who bowed again in return, and took his seat on a massive and richly upholstered in crimson mahogany chair. In a long falling wig and a flowing black gown, he sat with a pallor on his smooth-shaved face and a pensive, classical cast of countenance—the *beau idéal* of a lawyer and a judge. His associate was his second son, and this official announced the case Whitworth *versus* Whitworth. The eminent barrister for Marvel who looked down upon his colleague as a British lion might be expected to look down on some ill-bred mongrel from the slums, and who, judging by the expression on his powerful face, felt uneasy at holding his brief for the defence, was the first to rise.

"May it please your Honour," he said, "I appear for the defence. I would ask your Honour, considering the short space of time I have had to peruse the mass of affidavits before me, of which I have not been able to read

one quarter, that your Honour would grant an adjournment. I have been informed that it is my client's intention to put still more before the court; if your Honour will grant an adjournment, I pray your Honour to appoint the hearing for this day fortnight."

"May it please your Honour," said the senior counsel for Eugene, "I appear for the plaintiff. The summons with the accompanying affidavit was served the day after it was issued by the prothonotary, and my client has only seen part of the affidavits which my learned friend intends to use. The defence have had more time than we have, as they have been collecting affidavits from the date of the serving of the summons; whereas we have only had the time from the serving upon us of the affidavits for the defence: If your Honour does grant an adjournment I would like your Honour to make it only till this day week for the serving of the affidavits for the defence, so that we shall have time to serve answering affidavits, and I would pray your Honour to appoint the hearing for a few days after that. I would further direct your Honour's attention to the fact that by *Habeas Corpus* proceedings the summons called upon the defence to produce the *bodies* of the children before your Honour this morning, and I am informed by my client that they are nowhere to be seen in Court."

Leaning over the desk upon the writing-table in front of his chair, his Honour animadverted on the fact that it was tantamount to contempt of Court on the part of the defendant to ignore the order that she should bring the children there.

The doctor thought it was nothing to be at all surprised at, as she had shown gross contempt of him and his letters ever since her father had died; but he complaisantly listened to the ruling of the judge that the affidavits should be served upon the day suggested by the counsel for the plaintiff, and the answering affidavits on the day preceding the hearing; and further, that the application for an adjournment for a fortnight by the counsel for the defence should be granted.

The Court rose, and Eugene, disappointed at not seeing his dear little Pearly and Valentine, went sorrowfully home.

At the expiration of the first week, the congeries of affidavits which Hallam, Brassy and Hoare served upon Warne, Costall and Davitt at three minutes to four, or three minutes before the expenditure of the time allotted, showed that Marvel, her mother, her aunt, her cousin, the keeneyed relative and Augustus had not been at all idle. Private detectives, *mouchards*, squirming and wriggling pimps, all the ragamuffins of the various places in which the doctor had lived during his seven years of wedlock, the melancholial wife of the Methodist parson, the Mexican woman whose hand was stained with the blood of her husband's side, and last of all the unscrupulous partner who had by that time bought four thoroughbred racehorses and a racing stable with the money which he had abstracted from Eugene and had given up his profession for the pretty little pastime of horse-racing, appearing in half mufti, half military trappings on the turf, all swore to the charge with which Marvel had started off in her original affidavit—incurable and irreclaimable drunkenness. The charges of brutality and cruelty she was left to substantiate with the furnace of her own concocting imagination, although the medical general-of-division was sorely importuned to stretch a point and assist.

The energies of Davitt were now put to test-strength. The affidavit war waged furiously and savagely. It aroused the belligerent junior partner's ire and vengeance, while the indignant blood boiled at the insults in Eugene's veins. Categorically each item of the charge-sheets was confuted in an answering affidavit by the doctor: all point-blank contradicted and characterised as deliberate lies and the outcome of corruption. Further affidavits were similarly treated, clause by clause, until the answering affidavit of Eugene comprised eighty-five pages and contained three hundred and thirty-seven long paragraphs. Legion after legion of sponsors as to his moral character, his social standing, his great professional skill and his high repute as a man, stood shoulder to shoulder in the cause of Eugene and his children. The passive treatment which his wife had received at his hands was contrasted with her rebellious and violent treatment of him by every one of the thirty-three servants who had served in his various homes. Men of the highest professional and social rank, together with women of marked public esteem and respect, testified to his great abilities as an operative surgeon and his gentlemanly deportment in their own homes. The answering affidavits obtained during the next six days, copies of which were duly lodged in the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, formed a hollow square with a *cheveaux de frise*

Defensive appliances of war (singular *cheval de frise*) [OED Online](#).

which no foe could break through—a phalanx that none of the enemy's chargers could pierce.

The fourteenth day arrived, and, although it chanced to be an anniversary day, the judge condescended to forego a holiday which he had contemplated in the country, while the same barristers and interested parties assembled again in the court on the fourth floor of the law courts building. The learned judge was announced, and bowing before the bowed heads of the erect exponents of the law, he once more resumed his seat on the august mahogany throne on the bench.

No sign of Pearly and Valentine as their father seated next to his counsel cast his eyes, looking back around the room—none of his own kith and kin but the break-a-way Marvel basking in the ever-present circle of her

satellites. Her little *coterie* by this time, and especially on this auspicious occasion, had been augmented by the addition of the wool-merchant who had sung over the will the dirge of "ahoos," and who now deserted the barristers' table for the radiant presence of the bird.

"Where are the children?" asked his Honour Judge Fosterleigh.

"May it please your Honour," said the counsel for the defence, "they are not in Court; but if your Honour wishes I can produce them at a minute's notice."

"Where are they?" demanded the counsel for Eugene.

"In the Oxford Hotel," replied the counsel for the defence.

This understanding appeared to find favour with the judge if not with the plaintiff, the doctor, who was in hopes of seeing little Pearly run up to him in the Court calling out in a silvery treble—"Pearly come back, puppa: Pearly b'ing Vallie." He contented himself, however, with the thought that their mother was afraid to let them see him, from fear of their imbuing the mind of the Court with the feeling of affection which he felt certain they were constrained by their mother from showing.

After the junior counsel for the plaintiff had requested the judge to order that the senior counsel for the defence should read over the whole of the affidavits antagonistic and favourable to his client after his learned senior had stated the case for the plaintiff, his request was granted, the judge remarking that such was the established, invariable method of procedure; whereupon the counsel resumed his seat in front of Eugene.

Pulling the collar of his gown over his shoulders and straightening his wig, up rose the dignified, scholarly and commanding senior counsel for the plaintiff before the judge. A huge pile of affidavits lay before him, and on the top of the pile a spacious and many-leaved brief; while on his left stood a stack of books comprising Coke, Lyttleton and Blackstone's commentaries—books galore for speedy reference by his colleague.

"May it please your Honour," he quietly began: "I have been up nearly all night reading through the affidavits and the answering affidavits in this unhappy cause between Doctor Whitworth and his wife. I may say, to begin, that I have had a long personal knowledge of Dr. Whitworth during my career at the university, where he was universally respected and esteemed and was one of the most distinguished and ripest scholars within its walls. From there he proceeded to the medical schools of Great Britain and the Continent, where he obtained some of the highest honours of the College of Surgeons and of the universities in the queen of all the professions. He was married to the defendant as a portionless girl when her father was heavily involved in big and risky speculations, and on his own saying was only a poor man. He has worked for her, has done everything a man could do to make his wife happy and agreeable with her husband. He has suffered in silence the ingratitude and the scorn of a yoke-mate who should have been the first to stand by his side in trouble. Instead of helping him, she has left no stone unturned to ruin him. She has insulted and driven away his patients. Behind his back she has sought false sympathisers with her obloquy and petty fault-finding ways, and has traduced his good name without a pang of compunction, but with a constant crescendo of bitterness wherever she found a willing recipient of her venomous malice and treachery. She has absented herself from the first-class homes which he has provided for her from time to time, and she has verged upon the ground of impropriety with his child in her arms. She has consorted with a giddy throng of pleasure-seeking and duty-ignoring nonentities, with the object of harassing and breaking the heart of the man who would have fallen to save her. How, your Honour, does the case stand now? No sooner has she suddenly become possessed of a large fortune than she proclaims to the world the fact that she will have no more to do with her lawful husband, because he has, as the best of us have sometimes done, taken more wine than was good for him. His children, for whom no father could show greater affection, she has endeavoured to steal from him and to play like cards against him in her contemptible game. She has lost no opportunity of embittering their minds and poisoning their innocent natures with a hatred and a repugnance of their father in a manner that would put an Iago to shame. She has fleered and sneered at his relations, who have always strived to place themselves at her service, and she has slammed the door in the face of his mother when she carried all the way from Galveston to Edenhall—an establishment which is more like a concert-hall than a dwelling house—some presents for his children. She despises him now that she is independent and defies him. Her's has been a fair-weather love, and there is no more fidelity in a woman like that throughout the serrations of life than there are strawberries and cream in an iceberg. She defies even the law by omitting to bring the children before your Honour. Plumed in the gaudy feathers of her vanity and conceit, she flippantly tosses her disdainful head and flouts the man who in his academical days was called an ornament of the university. I will draw your Honour's attention ('get me *Gascoigne v. Gascoigne* Queen's Bench Division ch. XXXI—to the junior counsel) to the following cases, where even the greatest profligates the world has ever known have been considered the rightful owners of their children, and even as against the mother with the infant at her breast. To other cases ('get me *Rain versus Rain*: Law Reports ch. XVI') where moral turpitude of the worse type has been no bar to the rights of the father: to another ('get me *Gemmel v. Gemmell Q.B.D.* ch. XXIX') where Lord Coleridge ordered that the children be restored to the father in the face of evidence showing dissipation, rank blasphemy, fornication and atheism. A

long list of cases I might quote to your Honour if your Honour deem it necessary, but in the meanwhile I will refer your Honour, to the following fifteen cases beginning with *Rose v. Rose* Q.B.D. vol. II ('get them all ready,' and the junior handed them up to the associate). The home of the family is the foundation of society: the father is the head of the home. The history of the world has shown that it is the strong arm of the father that surrounds in lasting love the children that are his own—their champion and life-long protector, who nobly stands his ground when the fragile woman shows herself a coward and a deserter. It is the father in the hour of danger that takes the helm and saves the day, when the woman is grovelling in the throes of adversity. The captain that sticks to the last plank of the breaking-up deck, the father alone has the true courage of despair—the mother is a weakling and a broken reed. Here your Honour is a man without a merited stain on his character—one of the most promising surgeons of the day, who had at one time given way to a slight extent to the temptations of the card-room and the hotel, but who, on the evidence of the highest men in the land, for years has lived a life of moral rectitude. Where is the man amongst us without his faults? Even the mighty St. Paul acknowledged to his own shortcomings. His wife accuses him of cruelty. How is it that this false assertion is consistently and vehemently contradicted by every servant-girl and groom and every visitor that ever set foot in his house? There is no such asseveration in any one of that pile of affidavits which my learned friend will shortly have the pleasure of reading before your Honour, with the one solitary exception of his own wife's declaration. On the other hand, we have evidences of sharp and spiteful temper and pitiless acerbity on her part, and evidence of acts of violence, which my client and friend had overlooked and forgiven. The worry of this case has jeopardised his ease of mind; the scandal and loss of time which he has suffered have precluded his chances of success in the city. To take away the children from a man of good moral character and such educational attainments, to my mind would amount to nothing less than a positive subversion of justice. I will ask your Honour to make an order that his children be restored to him, and I am further requested to mention that my client is ready and willing to welcome his wife to her own home at the same time. I will now ask my learned friend to read aloud the affidavits for the defence, and afterwards those in support of the plaintiff's meritorious cause."

The senior counsel for the defence, when his adversary had resumed his seat, rose in an uneasy, impatient and troublous frame of mind and, without prefacing his elocution with any remarks to the judge, he began to read through the affidavits one by one, while the two counsels for the plaintiff followed him, checking and tallying off every word in their own copies. He had not gone through one-tenth of the pile when the Court adjourned for lunch. During the interval for lunch, on every side among the on-lookers were made short comments, that Whitworth did not appear to be the sort of man he was painted by his wife, and that her vicious passions and jealousy revealed themselves in the gnashing of her teeth and her flashing black eyes.

After lunch the reading was resumed. So wearisome had the task of listening become that it seemed as if his Honour had made up his mind and gone to sleep on the straight-backed throne. Not he: every few minutes he would open his eyelids and look down upon the labouring barristers, jot down in the book before him salient points in the affidavits and the name of the sponsors for Whitworth, and close his eyes again in thought. The reading of the affidavits occupied nearly six hours, during which time the power of mental concentration and the maudlin gravity of the vacant-visaged junior counsel for the defence and brother of Brassy would, in fits and starts, display itself in loud guffaws of laughter when nobody else laughed and there was nothing to laugh at; or by knocking off the table a few of the chimney-stacks of books in front of his senior, to make the court resound again with his clumsiness and hollow inane cacchination

Correctly 'cachinnation' – loud or immoderate laughter. [OED Online](#).

The reading of the documents being concluded, every hole in the slushy morass having been in proper form waded through, and every stagnant stench well stirred up by the senior counsel for the pure paradisaical Marvel, he entered in a half-hearted sort of way upon the duty of his address to the judge and his Phillippic oration against the doctor.

"This white rose," he said, with a first prize satirical smile upon his upper lip, "this white rose." as if the doctor were a black rose, "comes before your Honour with the plea that it is his love for the children which induces him to enter the Court with his claim for their custody. In my opinion, your Honour, it is no more than a roundabout way of compelling his wife to live with him again a life of misery. She is in possession of a comfortable, independent and paradisaical home; her children are well provided for with everything that money can buy."

"It won't buy them a good name," put in the junior counsel for the plaintiff: an awful guffaw put in the junior counsel for the defence.

"With everything—I say everything," repeated the orator, waxing hot, "everything that money can buy, and what can it not buy short of the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Buy more affidavits," put in the junior counsel, who was evidently trying to ridicule the

sardonically-smiling Cicero.

"I may refer your Honour," continued the senior counsel, "to the case of Shelley, the poet, whose children were taken away from him at law, and what comparison have we between 'this white rose' and the pure soul of Shelley who turned against the name of Christianity as against the badge of tyranny and torture. Without seeing its eventual good he looked upon the evil wrought in the name of the Cross. He sickened at the thought of the blood of the martyrs spilt in the name of Christ, Buddha, Mahomet and Brahma. Compare the picture of the melancholy fate of poor Shelley with the picture before us to-day. Shelley was not an irreligious man, but he shrunk from the deeds of merciless bigotry perpetrated under the light and glimmer of that gory side and that upturned face on the Cross. Atheism is a ground for interfering with the father's legal rights, in defiance of the cases quoted by my learned friend to the contrary, Let me quote the case of (get me *Ruskin v Ruskin*);" but the guffawing counsel did not know where *Ruskin v Ruskin* was to be found, and floundering through the book-fort before him, he tumbled the stack in trepidation on the floor. While the artist picked up the volumes and the paper-marks which had fallen out of them, the Court roared at Lord Dundreary and the counsel continued—"I might recite the case of Colenso, Goodenough, and many others before your Honour, to show the mistake of entrusting 'this white rose' one solitary hour with the custody of his innocent children, and I wish to inform the Court that these children in years to come, if they live, will be entitled to a large sum of money. He only wants their money to convert it into drink, horse-racing, and card-playing."

After many variegated complimentary epithets, the stock-in-trade of mud and tar of the senior counsel came to an end. He sat down with the air of one who had performed a disagreeable task and would not go through it again for double the temptation.

Sitting upright on the mahogany throne, Judge Fosterleigh in calm and quiet tones, such as gave his hearers the impression that he was talking to himself, summed up the evidence, saying—"I am afraid I am against you," to the senior counsel for Marvel: "I can find no reliable evidence of any but venial faults in Dr. Whitworth; if he has at times taken too much wine to drink, it is only what most of us at some time in our lives have done more or less. It is not a case of a woman running away from her husband on account of his cruelty, but a case of a wife who embraces the opportunity of being away from her husband with the children at a time when she suddenly comes into possession of a large sum of money and stopping away in order to gratify some petty spite against her husband. I have been referred to the case of Shelley, the poet, but Shelley deserted his wife for another, and that desertion led to his wife's suicide. If Mrs. Whitworth takes my advice—and I have had a long experience of these cases—she will quietly return to her proper home; she will give up the misguided notion that she can buy over the principle of right with her money; she will refrain from damaging and blackening the good name of her husband, and from taking the unwholesome counsel of her ill-advising relatives and friends. I will not make an order for the immediate delivery of the children. That might be inconvenient and I daresay some arrangement might be made between the parties. Shall I say a month?"

"A month will do, your Honour," replied the senior counsel for the children's father, "on the condition that Mrs. Whitworth enter into her bond for twenty thousand dollars not to remove the children from the State. My learned friend cannot mount guard over them, and nobody can tell what their mother, 'the wrathful dove,'"

From Shakespeare's *Henry IV*: 'Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse'.
III.ii.

who has gone to such extremes already, may do in her wrath to come."

"Order," affirmed the judge, "that the children, Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth and Valentine Gordon Whitworth be delivered into the custody and control of their father Eugene Percival Whitworth of New Orleans and Summer Hill, doctor of medicine, on the rising of the court this day. I further order that providing the defendant, their mother, enter into her bond not to remove the children from the jurisdiction of the Court in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, such order shall stay until the expiration of thirty-one days from date."

"This honourable Court stands adjourned," then shouted at the top of his voice the crier: "till the morning of the day afther termorrer in the year of our Lord wan thousand eight hundred and fifty-wan at the hour of haff-pash tin: God save the Republic!" All the parties left together, Marvel looking as if she thought and saying that she had never seen such a fool of a judge in all her born days, and the great portcullis was drawn for the day.

The feverish agitation of Eugene's brain, the nervous, careworn and worried expression now changed into a warm, mingled feeling of triumph and exultation—triumph over the gall and wormwood of his wife, joy and exultation at the thick-coming fancies of his little blossom, his pearl of a girl Pearly, and his sturdy mercurial little boy returning to romp and revel in the new summer-house of the garden with the old St. Bernard again in the coming halcyon days at Summer Hill, and at night to lie down in the same little cots by his side in the fairy-land of their bright and flowery dreams.

Chapter V. The Son That Was Lost and Is Found. "Welcome Home Pearly." The Summer Hill Seminary.

"STILL in their ashes glow their wonted fires!" The line of Gray's Elegy, said to have no meaning, applied in all its force to the defeated Marvel. She had suddenly grown to regard scenes in law-courts with the same complacency in which a modern lady goes to see a football match or a bicycle race or any other triumph of modernity. Her dogged determination and anger smouldered amid the ruin of her fallen hopes, and burst out again into a rally for another though smaller campaign. Pearly had, it was maintained by Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, scarlet fever at the time the judge's order for her restitution was made and signed by his Honour. This Marvel endeavoured to temporize into a loop-hole of escape from the observance of the order of the court. She had an affidavit drawn up and supported by accompanying affidavits from her relations and friends to the effect that her daughter was suffering from scarlatina, and that she could not possibly be shifted with safety. In the face of the above assertion, if it were true, it seemed strange that Marvel should be such a long distance away from Pearly when in danger of her life from such a serious disease. The heart-broken Guinevere had sat in her night-watches a fortnight over the diphtheria-stricken Cyril, but the bird of Paradise was flying about the law-courts and apparently basking herself in the excitement of the affidavit mania. No opposition was offered by the doctor to the postponement of Pearly's restoration, on the condition that he was to be allowed to examine into his little daughter's illness himself, the learned judge remarking that it was highly improbable that a man who had shown so marked an attachment to his children would insist upon her removal if she were sick.

Within a month after the dethronement of Marvel, Eugene might have been seen furbishing with toys the little play-room and preparing for his little boy, Valentine, who, according to information received by Warne, Costall and Davitt from Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, was intended to be delivered up to his father that day—being a week earlier than had been ordered by the court—to counterbalance Marvel's demurs against signing the bond.

Instead of going to the city to attend to his practice, he waited at home the whole morning, when about mid-day the front door bell rang in somer-saults a loud jangle, and simultaneously was heard a loud rapping at the French window on the other side of the house. When he opened the front door to the ringing of the bell, the playful bellringer had gone; but as he walked to the window, the source of the rapping, he saw through the shutters the junior counsel who had so signally distinguished himself in the chambers, ready at any moment to precipitate himself into his hollow, clownish cacchinnations, and on his left the second husband of the gravelled auntie, like two patrols on each side of the important little truant. When he had thrown open the glass portcullis at the villa of Summer Hill, in marched the lawyer and Augustas in severe state on either side of the little boy, as if the judge had ordered how many and what length their footsteps should be in performing the sad ceremony of restoration. As the prodigal son returned and saw his father, he fell of course upon his father's neck as he received him on bended knee, and kissed him. There was no elder brother to be angry.

Referring to the parable of the prodigal son in the Gospel of Luke, 15:11-32.

. Right-about-face turned the patrol guard and quick-marched through the door—it not being the custom for soldiers to take off their hats in a private house: right wheel at the door and quick-march through the gate—it not being the custom for soldiers on the march to shut doors and gates through which they pass: right wheel at the gate, quick-march to the railway station and embark for the acropolis—it not being the custom for soldiers to speak to one another when on parade. Thus-wise away they went to the city to report the surrender of the hostage. A fine open-faced and open-hearted boy with waving Saxon flaxen hair and laughing eyes of the brightest blue—into his new home came the little red-cross

An allusion to the Knights Templar.

knight. God help the wife who had acted in those chivalrous days as Marvel had done—a short shrift and a bloody shroud would have been the climax of such black treachery as Marvel had shown! The big St. Bernard, who had heard all about the state entry into Summer Hill by the little wanderer under escort, having read the account of the lawsuit haply in the face of Eugene and feeling sorry that he had not been asked to swear an affidavit in the matter himself, came into the drawingroom triumphant to greet his little master and bid him welcome home. Prince jumped and pirouetted, danced and barked, whined and yawned, wriggled and squirmed, as soon as he saw the little hero of the hour. He lay down with his front paws outstretched on the carpet to submit a few questions about Pearly, his mouth wide open, his tongue lolling out, his big heart palpitating, and his eloquent eyes beaming with delight on the boy, who was glad to get home again.

Valentine *redivivus*

Restored to life. [Jones 1963](#):104.

was the adored, silver-headed boy of that triumphant day of days. It was halcyon joy to his father to see him come home. He was the centre of attraction of all the servants. They examined his glengarry cap with the warlike feather; his Highland suit, out of which he had grown, his stockings, his boots, and the two cents in his pocket, with a hole in one: they made a note of the fact that he had no hankie or gloves; while Frederick brought the old mare to the back door and put the knight-errant where he used to sit for hours in the stable on the back of the dear old mare.

Children are always content if their immediate surroundings are pleasing to them. In the busy little world—the true Paradise where they alone dwell—they have no time for reflection over what is going on in the great world outside. Little Valentine no more knew what all the fuss and commotion was over than the old St. Bernard that tried every dodge he knew to get him away from the monopoly of the girls. In innocence he carried the toys to little Percy: in innocence he wondered at the cause of the great reception. His father's home at Summer Hill that day was from sunrise till dark *en fête*. The victory was won and the standard was planted. The union-jack on the flagstaff over the summer-house spread itself out flapping and clapping its jubilation at the light kissing breezes from the sea, and every service that could contribute to the pleasure and happiness of Valentine the whole house rendered him in envious emulation. His only misgiving was the detention of Pearly, who had avowed so sweetly to her father that she would bring Vallie home.

Every few minutes he required to be reassured by his father that Pearly would rejoin him very soon—that she would have come with him only that she was so sick. This reason, however, for her delay he seemed to treat as utterly invalid, illogical and altogether untrustworthy. He coolly informed them all that Pearly was not sick at all—that she was out on the Sabine River playing with the nurse-girl and carrying out her duties as governess over the mumpy, scabby-eared, sore-eyed pugwuggies—the property of Simon and Sukey Bibtitt. "Puppa," he said, "Pearly tole me she's come iv me but mumma won't let her come iv me. You know dem illie chinnen up in de unnie pace; d'ere mumma tole me to kiss 'em but I din't kiss 'em, puppa, and Pearly din't kiss 'em neiver. Pearly tole 'em A B C and C. A. T. cat iv a stick and she smacks d'ere bottoms evvie day but I can fight 'em all togevver iv dat illie finger, and when d'ere mumma din't see me I knock 'em all over t'enty times, and I can hole up the babies in th' air iv one hand, just like dat. Haven't dey dot the die-lot, puppa? Pearly says it on'y the 'kurvy and she says she's goin' to get a lot o' money for sayin' A B C and smackin' d'ere bottoms, but she won't, will she, puppa?"

His father armed with the news about Pearly, instinctively entertained the idea of drawing up an affidavit and getting little Vallie to swear it before Silas P. Grinder. He deferred the business, however, until he had seen Davitt, when in the afternoon he intended to take his little boy on a visit to the office on the third floor flat. Upon arriving at the office of Warne, Costall and Davitt to pay his due respects *in propriâ personâ*, Valentine stoutly adhered to the statement that Pearly was not sick at all, but that she was conducting a school at the house of the Bibtitts at Sabinnia. The head of the firm nevertheless did not attach sufficient importance to the declaration of little Vallie to command Davitt to have them drafted in legal language, engrossed, copied, filed in the office of the prothonotary of the law courts and delivered at the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare; chiefly because he well knew that no fee was recoverable at law on the strength of an affidavit from such a juvenile. Thus the law courts were robbed of another slice of truth. Instead of Costall making money out of him, he cleverly scored a trifle off Costall, who opened his heart and gave the nice little boy a quarter-dollar piece, which, with the object of getting another, the nice little boy pretended he had lost under Costall's chair. Costall crawled about all-fours on the floor searching for the lost money, but the gastric pains rebelled against the unusual position; he hadn't another, or a half-dollar, so he forked out a dollar in lieu thereof. Thereupon Vallie produced the quarter-dollar piece out of his mouth. Glue-pot Ike could not have managed the little *leger-de-mouche*

Uncertain; possibly 'leger de main', light-of-hand, is intended.

better. If that episode did not qualify him for the law, what could? He had out-heroded Herod: little Daniel in the lion's den made game of the lion: he had outwitted even the renowned Costall himself, and withdrew. He walked off with the money and his father away out the office, down the marble steps with an importunacy of action undeniably indicating, although he had no idea that he had been implicated in law, that he thought his father had had enough of Costall, and that in future it would be better for him to keep away from the third floor flat. His first performance on reseating himself in the buggy was to snatch off the groom's cockaded hat and throw it into the middle of the road. It was quickly returned by a policeman, when, as the restive little *espiégle*

Rogue. [OED Online](#).

sat in the buggy between his father and the groom, driving from one place to another and finally to his father's consulting rooms, Valentine was the cynosure of neighbouring eyes. People stared and looked around at the wonder of wonders. Whenever he alighted at any shop the attendants were as obsequious as if he were the

lordly son of some English prince. Declaring that he had grown out of the suit which he wore, they dinned into his father's ears all manner of fashions in suits in vogue for boys. American blouse suits, Royal navy serge suits, Royal navy velvet suits, white flannel outfits, Norfolk suits, covert coats, Rugby suits, Suffolk suits, Windsor suits, Jack-tar suits, Reefer jackets, Buckingham suits, kilt tartan suits, Highland costumes, kilt tweed suits—all the large assortment, wrapped in a brown paper parcel, they put under the seat of the buggy, on approbation; inquired the number of pairs of boots he had and felt anxious as to when he would call again. In the confectionery shops he was loaded with armfuls of packets of sweets with pictures and love-sick verses on them: while at the fair he smashed a swinging glass-ball with a saloon rifle and got a bagful of nuts for the fluke. He wanted to stay there the rest of the day.

The immediate surroundings filled his joyously bounding heart with rapture unspeakable, and he quickly assimilated himself in the new home with his father. No sooner had the firm on the third flat floor learned that Pearly was not at all sick, but that it was only a case of metastatic

As 'metastasis' refers to movement from one location to another, the wordplay here is obscure; Dutton is possibly referring to evasive manoeuvres performed by Marvel; alternately, this could refer to a medical sense of metastasis, whereby either disease or function shifts its location within the body. [OED Online](#).

malingerer on the part of the mother, than a communication was made by means of the office page with Hallam, Brassy and Hoare. Word was sent them to the effect that Pearly's father intended visiting her on the following day, to inquire for his own satisfaction into the nature of her illness. Within a very short space of time a reply was delivered by messenger to the office of Warne, Costall and Davitt, saying that the delivery of Miss Pearly Imogen Whitworth into the charge of her father might be expected on the following afternoon, as the young lady had sufficiently recovered from her *serious* illness to enable her to be removed from Edenhall to the city; but that nevertheless in doing so her mother and the solicitors acting for her mother intended to wash their hands of the vexed question as to the advisability of her removal from the time she left Edenhall. They further requested a remittance by the returning messenger of the sum of four dollars, to defray the expenses of her railway journey to the city and her cab fare to Summer Hill.

The dollars were sent, and Pearly's father prepared at the villa in Summer Hill a welcome befitting his superb little girl. All the auxiliary forces in the establishment were called out to the front, and the return of the little red-riding-hood announced to all to whom it should come greeting, by the hoisting of the big silk Union-jack, which fairly fluttered with the excitement of the benign day. The day-god had provided a sun to smile upon the grand occasion, and the horticultural show-flowers, which were intertwined into the words of '*Welcome home, Pearly,*' were grafted into festoons and suspended from the ceiling with white and primrose ribbons. The canaries and the skylarks in the big round aviary under the summer-house sang and shrieked out their joyous melodies, while the lordly St. Bernard, let into the secret by Valentine, leaped, rolled on the grass and barked in exultation, anon whining, as if bemoaning his hard lot that he could not sing a song of welcome too. The rattling of the French window, responsive to the knocks of the patrols, was the sweetest music to the soul of Eugene, as behind it could be heard the muffled tones of his little darling's voice—'Pearly come back puppa: Pearly not f'rightened geegees: Pearly come back.'

Impatiently ran Valentine to the door and, as he opened it, in marched on each side of the little stray lamb the two escorts—the ugly Augustus again, with a walking-stick disproportionately large, and like the staff of a drum-major, together with the man of guffaws. "Quick-march" said the guffaw-man, and they quick-marched in due form into the middle of the room: halt; right-about face; quick-march, and the patrols manœuvred out through the room and the gate without a single hitch in the observance of their instructions, and finally embarked in the train for headquarters and further despatches.

There stood Pearly in the middle of the room like a little princess come into a fairy-tale. Overcome with excitement and emotion as the dewdrops fell from her bright violet eyes and caught in her lashes, she rubbed them in with her chubby little fist and said between the sobs—"Puppa, Pearly send Vallie first: naughty mumma eh puppa! she wo—on't let me come iv Vallie and they didn't give me nuffin for teachin' dem scabby chinnen. Pearly wo—on't do somethin' ivout nuffin any more." Amidst the pouncing and barking of Prince, as he subsided on his back on the carpet wriggling himself into all sorts of attitudes, the critical examination of her costume by the servants and the tearful joys of Pearly, her father dried away her tears and elicited the confirmation of the report of her little brother—that she had not been sick at all. Instead of scarlatina dragging her through the portals of death, she had since the hearing of the lawsuit been engaged as special *fräulein* to the infant school of the slit-eyed Simon Bubbitt. After getting the pupils into good working order, when the brusque recalcitrant Vallie had been hustled out of the way of the skittle-alley, she had discovered to her intense mortification that the appointment which she held was wholly and solely an honorary one without any *honorarium*. Neither the mother nor the wet-nurse of the picaninnies had paid her salary by cheque when she was asked to resign; they had not even given her as much as would buy a biscuit.

"Well I never," said the elder girl of the servants: "She is wuss than Vallie was: just look at them there

petticoats and drawers, all worn out, and look at that there dress. She ain't got no ankercher, but she's got a 'ole in her stockins as big as yer 'and wants darnin', and my mother can get 'ats like that a dollar a dozen. She had good cloze did Pearly, when she went away didn't yer, Pearly?" to which Pearly assented by a quick nod of her head and a rubbing of her hand, rolled up into the corner of her eye: "So had Vallie: what have *she* done with your cloze Pearly? My word if my mother seen that, she'd come 'ere and buy better cloze for Pearly herself, and she ain't got nothink. Take off that there 'at Pearly (snatched off, elastic around her chin carried away); come and see the pretty birds and the nice flowers and the summer'ouse: you won't go away no more will yer Pearly?" to which Pearly agreed by a shake of her head and a removal of the fist from her orbit.

After the tears had ceased to flow, her glinting violet eyes beamed like lode-stars of delight, and she quickly assimilated herself to the arrangements in the new house. The afternoon was spent in madcap merriment and jollification in the garden, with the big St. Bernard rushing at them as if he were making a terrible onslaught and stopping to sit and watch them as he mumbled before them with his big hanging jowl, mealy and velvety-mouthed, while their father joined in their frolics or sat watching his little winning pets at play. For him, as his long-lost treasures gambolled in joyance around the summer-house, each little violet opened its petals and exhaled into his nostrils its choicest perfume; every patch of waving aspen became a golden-topped corn-field teeming with sweet promises and ready for the scythe; every gold-fish within the pond, nimbly gliding under the spray of the fountain, was a harbinger of transcendent bliss, and the summer-house itself a temple of fame. "Never to part," he thought: "pray God nevermore." To him their return was a foretaste of Heaven. He had but one poignant regret—the regret over the treachery of Marvel. From Pearly's name the name "Gould" was expunged and he called her instead "Guinevere."

When the sun had withdrawn his crimson shield from the heavens, he sat with them in the little parlour and joined in their games of puzzles with little square painted bricks—each brick being as big as the "art of ventriloquism"—making pictures with the bricks as he sat puzzled himself at the skill which they had acquired in placing them in their correct positions, and especially at the synthetic genius of Vallie, who could easily solve the puzzle with his eyes apparently closed, until he discovered that all the time he was squinting through the corners. It was late when they tired of the little games, and stacked their playthings in the recesses of the bedroom, as near as possible to the heads of their cots. Taking off their clothes, he put on their new *toilettes de nuit* and lifted them into their little beds, when all of a sudden one of the cherubims exclaimed—"Puppa, you tell me and Vallie what we used to say—you know: Pearly forgets, and Vallie dunno; mumma dunno too." They had actually forgotten their evening prayers!

The brilliant assembly at the feet of the chatelaine of Edenhall had absorbed all their mother's attention, and the orisons of the children had been left to a common and ignorant nurse-girl, one of the proletariat, who was practically heathen. They repeated them, after a fashion, to their father's dictation. The elocution and articulation of the two together might have charmed the savage beast and made the Graces smile. The solemn and grave expression and great intensity of devotion on the part of Pearly most amusingly contrasted with the screwed up face of Vallie, who looked as if he was chewing green gooseberries, or just as if Bell's facial paralysis had flattened out one side of his face and contracted into corrugations the other. All the time he was only squinting out of one corner of his eye. He was very proud of his cleverness in seeing people with his eyes shut. He could hold his head down and see you if you were looking through the roof—a pernicious habit in children, as it produces by long continuation organic squint. The exquisite hymn well-known among children was, as far as articulation could utter it, rendered in the form of a grotesque parody, which no language could properly describe:—

*"Dendle Dejus, mick an' mile,
Rook upon a illie chile:
Pittie my somepiece T.
Suffer me to come to E.
Vain I would to E be boat;
Gaseous Gord forbid it nott.*

*(Strong emphasis on 'nott,' as half-finished.)
In the kind'om of I guess,
Give a illie chile a pace:
O stupye my evvie wong,*

*An' feed the lung and tenner pung;
Day an' night my keeper bee,
Evvie momen' wash wownd me.
Haymenn." (Like a shot out of a gun).*

There are several versions of this hymn, credited to Charles Wesley; the version the children are reciting appears to be, 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild/ Look upon a little child./ Pity my simplicity,/ Suffer me to come to thee./ Fain I would to thee be brought;/ Gracious God, forbid it not./ In the kingdom of your grace/ Give this little child a place;/ Oh supply my every want/ Feed this young and tender plant./ Day and night my keeper be; Every moment, watch round me.'

Occasionally, if a mistake were made by their father in relaxing the gravity which he struggled hard to preserve, and he was suspected of any giggling in the middle of the beautiful prayer, the half-open eye of Vallie would fix him dead. Down would drop his uplifted hands, down would pop his head into the middle of the bed, and quickly he could be felt, rolled up into a ball under the bed-clothes, to be followed in an instant by Pearly. Nothing further could be heard after such an event as an interruption had occurred than a few muffled sounds of a conspiracy under the blankets, and the little angels were soon fast asleep. When they had gone to sleep he would return to their cots, lift them up, smooth down their pillows, cover them and sit watching their slumbers for hours, while in the middle of the night he would get up to listen to them breathing, cover them up again with the clothes which they had kicked off, and smooth down their pillows again. His mordant anxieties had disappeared like the genii of the Arabian Nights and he lay half-awake in joy at the thought of his sweet little treasures returned. Shortly after daybreak they would spring out, pull the clothes off him and hop back again, to intone the duet *poco piu lento*—"I mon to be deshed—I mon to be deshed—I mon to be deshed." One bar and one key. No changes or cadences were introduced into the matutinal refrain—it would proceed in the same barrel-organ way till in about half-an-hour the second part would be produced in the form of a solo from Valentine—"Pearly's deshed and I'm not—Pearly's deshed and I'm not—Pearly's deshed and I'm not," when the doctor, who turned the handle of the metaphorical barrel-organ by telling them to stop singing the duets and solos, might hear the handle of the door creak to the solo of—"Pearly's deshed and I'm not." The enterprising Pearly would appear, stealthily opening the bedroom door to get out, with one stocking in her hand, one stocking half-way on her foot, one arm through the sleeve of her petticoat, but holding two boots in her armpit and running with one last furtive look at her father as she imagined him to be asleep, down the passage to the kitchen with a bundle of clothes to get the girls to tie the tapes at the back.

During the first month since their return they paid a visit to their grandmother, by sailing the ultra-marine seas to Galveston in the steamer, their father's attention all the voyage being occupied in stopping them from falling overboard and climbing up the rigging to unfurl the shrouds. They returned so loaded with toys and promiscuous paraphernalia that an additional charge was made by the Mississippi Steam Navigation Company for the storage of the awkward-looking package on the deck.

From that toy-shop *répertoire* emanated the bugle call, the cornet *réveille* and the kettle-drum call-to-arms. Assisted by the music-box, the triangle and the tambourine, they all "a soul of music shed"

From The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls, Thomas Moore.

through those Summer Hill halls from early dawn till nine o'clock every night. A new nurse-girl was engaged to watch the children when at play and to attend to their clothes in the house. Her predecessor, Lollie, thinking the time had come when she might be expected to make her *début* and sing her airy solos before the footlights—although she attended to the children with all the care of a little mother, and loved them as if they belonged to her alone—showed a strong desire to throw off the cares of vicarious motherhood. Making an excuse that her own mother was ill and there was nobody to look after the little cottage at home, she drew her wages from the doctor and left, ostensibly for her mother's house, but in good time she emerged on the *proscenium* of the stage.

The visit to Miriam was productive of a further development in the management of the children, for meeting Guinevere again at her house, the doctor suggested that she should apply for the vacant position of governess at the Kindergarten School in Summer Hill. It might effect a beneficial change in her husband, he told her, if she was able to earn a little more money and keep him from the life of starvation he was living. He gave her a most excellent testimonial and urged her to send it with an application for the vacant position. He farther promised to call upon the proprietress of the school and offer her the tutelage of his children on the understanding that Guinevere was to be given the appointment. There was no necessity for this whatever, for no sooner had the time for the applications advertised closed than the Semiramis

A legendary Assyrian queen.

, Madame Pennethorne, wrote a letter to Guinevere requesting her to call, and told the doctor that after she had seen Guinevere she would gladly have taken her without any reference at all.

It was a Heaven-sent blessing to the distracted Guinevere. Her connection with Pearly and Valentine, whom she had charge of at the school, made quite a little romance in her dull and monotonous life. It seemed also to have a good effect upon Marmaduke. He put his shoulder to the wheel and helped to shift their few sticks of furniture, which might verily have all gone into a hand-cart or under the shed of glue-pot Ike. They rented a little cottage with two dwelling-rooms in the suburb of Summer Hill, and as she started off with Cyril, who was a further acquisition to the seminary, Guinevere felt a glow of pride and happiness in the possession of the modest home which she had obtained, and lingered on in hope and patience, praying for the ultimate redemption of her husband.

Eugene took Pearly and Valentine himself on their first day to the Kindergarten establishment and interviewed the schoolmistress with them in her private drawingroom. His first inquiry was what subjects the lady taught in her priory.

"For girls above ten," said the Semiramis of the school, sitting in a basket-chair quite *de rigueur* and with an air of *haut ton* and distinction: "English history, grammaire de grammaires and conversation in French, Latin; euclid, geometry, algebra, mathematics, upper, lower and mixed; philosophy, physiology and biology; hygiene; sociology and plutology. For girls over ten, thirty dollars a quarter including their dinner; music, drawing and dancing, four dollars per quarter extra."

The doctor remarking that he had no girls over ten: that his little ones were only four and six, respectively: that they had scarcely ever seen the inside of a school in their lives, and that they did not know much more than the alphabet, the lady again expatiated upon the excellence of the system which she had in force at "The Summer Hill Priory," and glibly enumerated the collection of subjects for children under ten.

"For children under ten but over four, whether girls or boys," said the lady, "twenty-one dollars for spelling, reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography, poetry, syntax and prosody, French rudiments, parsing, composition, history; and for girls, needlework, knitting and crewel-work; music, drawing, painting, and dancing four dollars extra—no dinner. For children under seven, calisthenics and position, backboard and deportment, rudiments of English, discipline and obedience, twelve dollars per quarter—*no dinner*; reduction of half-a-dollar for two; copy-books, stationery, pens, inks, pencils, slates, one dollar per quarter extra. One quarter's notice or half-a-quarter's fee before the removal of a pupil."

The lady had all the abstruse, the recondite, and the primary subjects on the tip of her tongue; she could rattle them off as readily as Pearly and Valentine could rattle off the duets and solos in the early morn in the bedroom, or Brosie the points of a thoroughbred terrier; but the doctor remarked that he thought his children required, for a beginning, a simple and plain knowledge of English reading, writing, arithmetic, and an insight into geography; that they might fairly dispense with the music in the case of the little boy, inasmuch as, amongst the long procession of his fellow-students at the several universities, he had never known one to succeed in anything else if he devoted his time to music; furthermore, that Valentine had shown a great predilection for the raucous music of the bugle, the triangle and the drum, and that he presumed the lady did not impart tuition on these instruments, which he had in abundance at home. As far as the dinner was concerned, he would much prefer that they came home.

The lady further expressed her astonishment when Eugene inquired if Mrs. Payne was expected soon, that she had already taken the subaltern position of fifth assistant in the school, as she had observed from her testimonials that Guinevere had been for two years a matriculated student of the University of Philadelphia and had taken an exhibition in the School of Natural History and Science.

The arrangement was entered into, and the doctor, after paying the lady a quarter's fee in advance, left his little Pearly and Vallie to the tender care of the strange lady. They eagerly ran after her into the schoolroom.

Very soon after their inception, they came running home so excited that they scarcely waited a moment, when Pearly with joyous *empressement*

An animated display of cordiality. [OED Online](#).

began—"Puppa, puppa, listen! listen! I'm up to 'sheep' and Vallie can't spell a mouse. Such a nice lady d'ere, d'ere, puppa, and she kissed me three times, but Vallie woon't let her kiss him, so she cried; wasn't he naughty, puppa? and she's got a illie boy, such a nice illie boy, puppa, and Vallie says he can fight him with his illie finger. We have to march round the school with our hands on the top of our heads, but Vallie was such a naughty boy, puppa, he woon't do it and so the lady stood him in the corner, but he woon't stand on one leg in the corner so he ran outside and I ran after him jess now to b'ing him back. A illie girl, such a nice illie girl, puppa, her name's Effie, tole me we've got to cally boards on our heads around the room this afternoon, so you make Vallie come back and do it eh! puppa? Dunce, Dunce, double D, can't spell his A B C!"

"Shut up," retorted Vallie, "I can; I can spell more'n you and I can cally more boards'n you; see! She can't spell nuffin, puppa."

"Yes I can," said Pearly, "I'm up to sheep and I can spell a mouse easy, more'n you can—m-o-s-e mouse; there, see!"—and off she ran, dragging her little brother along by the hand as fast as her legs could carry her. The new attraction soon ingratiated itself into the hearts of the little fresh scholars. They marched merrily away on their diurnal attendance with their shining morning faces, and at last, after six weeks of drum, bugle and triangle, the villa at Summer Hill was during the school hours, from nine till twelve in the morning and from two till four in the afternoon, as it was before; but oh! the difference to that St. Bernard, Prince! The desperate little-finger battle between Vallie and Guinevere's little boy, Cyril, was never known to take place, and the three little friends clung to one another at school and at play, hallowed by the teachings and the graces of the paramount, peerless and ineffable Guinevere, whose heroic self-sacrifice over-topped her other manifold charms.

The departure of Mademoiselle Lollie Delaine for her mother's home, but presumably for the music-halls of the city, proved a sad loss to Pearly and Valentine. The new nursery-governess was of a harsh and cold-blooded disposition. She carried out her duties in a perfunctory sort of way, most of her time being expended in killing cockroaches in her bedroom, but so many complaints from the children came to their father's ears about the cruel Emma smacking and pinching them that he was obliged to remonstrate with her time after time; but acting upon the principle of not discharging a servant unless on some good grounds, she was still for a time retained in his employ. Mademoiselle Emma, too, had a notion that her voice was well worth the listening to; she would occasionally with some little discrimination set up a song in opposition to the more consistent warbler, Lillie. It was nearly always a song of a different *timbre* and invariably contained a *soupçon* of sentiment. The time chosen for her vocalisms mostly synchronized with the time chosen by the bird of Paradise for her visits to the children.

Marvel had applied to the court for an order for access to the children, but her husband had thrown no obstacle in the way of her coming and going whenever she felt inclined. She also now and then was allowed by the doctor to take them out for strolls among the public gardens, and to entertain them in little *fêtes* with fruit and cakes there.

Some time after the trial had ended and the peremptory order by the judge for the handing over of the children to her husband was made, the bird of Paradise took up her abode in the suburb of Summer Hill, living in one of the principal hostelries, whose manageress was the very woman who had been her closest companion in Bendemeer—the Mexican lady who had practically divorced herself from her husband irrespectively of the law courts. In the caravanserai where she paid ten dollars a week for board and entertainment amongst the *viveurs*

Those who live fashionable and social lives. [OED Online](#).

of the city, Marvel consorted with the dame d'hotel and the wool-merchant's clerk from Cocklebrook, still hankering after the bird of Paradise. He lived in lodgings, still unmarried, as he could not afford to keep up a house of his own. His principal possessions were a twisted amber cigar-holder and a beautifully embossed manatee cigar-case. He wore pink coral buttons on his waistcoat and he was everlastingly redolent of perfume and cigars, and chewing the nib of a tooth-pick. Her hotel was two miles distant from where her husband lived. From there she could drive in a hansom once a week or whenever she had an hour to spare from the local archery club's ground; open the front door of her husband's house and sit for a while with the children in the ante-room set apart in the day-time for her accommodation; strutting in and driving haughtily away again after filling the stomachs of the children with rich currant cakes—geological cakes they were sometimes—and unripe or over-ripe bananas. The children were often ill, and no wonder. The doctor sent messages to her by Pearly to say that the gorges were making them ill; but instead of desisting from the practice she commanded the children to tease him with little mockeries and *persiflage*

Mockery; a contemptuous manner. [OED Online](#).

and to gather up the skins of the bananas, carry them out of the room and throw them at their father's head. In this manner, although they forgot her considerate orders when they left the room, the patronage of the paradisaical bird to the Summer Hill home lasted for a few months. Her complexion for the occasion of her visits always suggested that she had lived all her life in a greenhouse.

The loud slamming of the door as she entered was a sort of signal that the concert befitting the occasion of the visit of the celestial Marvel was about to commence. "Up to yer neck in Irish blood, up to yer neck in slarter," by Miss Lillie Delaine; followed by "She whispered good-bye to her children so dear," by Miss Emma Powell, although both songs were sometimes rendered simultaneously, reminded the hypersensitive Marvel of the consternation, terror and disruption in her Edenhall palatial music-hall, when the judge's order was made; while "The jury winked at the counsel" by Miss Lillie Delaine, assisted by Frederick in an *obligato* chorus of "Glory, Glory, Alleluiah!" brought the scene of the Court "in Chambers" vividly before her mind; after which "Yes I will take you back, Kathleen," sung with great pathos by Miss E. Powell, reminded Marvel of the fact that she still had a forgiving husband and she could return whenever she chose.

Regularly after the visits of Marvel, the children would appear at the end of the passage like large wax-dolls in the face, with a beautiful rosanaline cheek fading into a lovely mother-o'-pearl nimbus, and Pearly's flowing tresses done up into lofty and intricate spiral towers, *à la mode de cockatoo*, with his crest erected. Upon close examination, however, it was found that the beautiful tints arose from the application of a corrosive chemical cosmetic called cammeline claiming the motto "My face is my fortune, Sir, she said." Sometimes *crème de violet* was used or pearl-cream; sometimes powders called 'bloom of Ninon,' and *veloutine* or Bate's sulphur salt; while a lotion used was called 'Fay's arsicall face lotion' and another 'the always young and pretty lotion.'

Several of the preparations here are either invented or unusually obscure; but pearl, violet, and bloom of Ninon creams or powders can be found in several advertisements contemporary to the author, such as the [Evening Post September 1890](#).

Once they came out wearing things like racehorse muzzles, called toilet-masks or face-gloves, for bleaching and preserving the complexion. The doctor put them in the fire. Pearly's pretty hair was changed into a golden bronze with *aerine* and yellow with *aureoline*. The everlasting curl fringe was produced with a greasy application called *frizetta*, and it was done up something like an *ondulée bandeau coiffure*

Somewhat spurious Romance terms; Dutton appears to be parodying French or Italian fashion jargon.

. The story recounted by the beauteous Pearly and Valentine of the way in which the paradisal Marvel, out of a little bottle which she carried always with her in her dress pocket, painted their faces with a camel-hair brush, and wound up by giving a few complacent touches before the mirror to her own, brought the genuine blush to the cheeks of Lillie, and confirmed the truth of Guinevere's description of the habits of the '*paradisea rubra*' from New Guinea. So artistically was the paint applied and so tenacious was the injurious compound to the healthy nut-brown and roseate complexions of the children that it took the nurse-girl quite half-an-hour rubbing and scraping it off, as directed by the doctor. He sent in little reproofs by the children to their mother against the practice, but she disdained to take any notice of such objections from him, and although it was ruining the natural blossoms and the roses on their faces, Marvel treated all his remonstrances with acrimonious contempt and vitriolic rebuffs.

Chapter VI. The will O' The Wisp and the Old Red Pump. Brosie's Leisure Hours.

THE final stages of the reprobate days of the American dentist and doctor of dental surgery of Apricot Street College, Chicago, U.S.A.—the stages of a partial regeneration from the condition into which he had lapsed after the downfall and decay of the emporium of Batty Tuke and Whitworth—were spent at Summer Hill, in full view of the open country around the Sabine River, at the residence of his brother.

He had temporarily retired from the mechanico-scientific profession, and showed no inclination whatever during a prolonged exile for the practice of the art of extracting stumps and fitting out the mouths of his friends with new teeth at a nominal charge. Most of his days were spent in studying the habits and customs of the flies on the ceiling of the drawingroom and in sampling the various brews of city beer. Most of the barmaids from whom he had received orders had never called for the teeth, which were never ready to hand over. They had been dismissed from the service of their masters and mistresses for over-confidence in the jaunty, seraphic and jovial young gentleman, exhibited by the unlimited credit they had one and all given him at the bar.

Brosie for the most part now spurned dental business in connection with bars and barmaids. Brosie preferred to have a quiet glass at home in comfort in the house at Summer Hill, which as far as his own feelings were concerned was just as good to all intents and purposes as if it were his own. He gave orders for the supply of cases of German Lager beer by the dozen from a New Orleans wine and spirit store. When the supply of "soft tack"

Australian slang; a 'soft' drink, as opposed to hard liquor. [Green 2005](#).

had run out, putting on all the *incognito* he could by fastening his shiny seedy coat collar well around his neck with his red cravat, pulling his old black slouch hat well down over his eyes, and holding an oily black clay cutty pipe — which was almost a permanent fixture in his mouth—with nothing in the bowl upside down. Brosie did not disdain to enter any strange bar—few as there were in the suburb unknown to Brosie after his first week—and call for six cents' worth of what he called amber in a dead-marine quart Mitchell's whisky-bottle. The cents were generally a loan by Lillie Delaine, although he was now and then financially assisted by the Flying Dutchman, who always acted according to the notion that an empty pocket is better than a full pocket at any time. This became at Summer Hill a regular practice, about half-past six a.m. as a *corpse-reviver* or pick-me-up, again about half-past eight every morning as a substitute for breakfast, again

about one o'clock in the day as a substitute for lunch; again about six o'clock in the evening as a substitute for dinner; while an occasional sandwich, with a perpetual sucking away at the oily empty pipe, filled up the corners of his inside and completely satiated his indifferent appetite. Brosie had touched bottom at last, and for a long time he was held there with his head as if in a vyce.

After an ordinary day expended in this manner had been followed by a repetition of the process three times during the night, Brosie would subside into a narcotic phase of mind, with his clothes on upon the outside of the counterpane of his bed until the following morning. There was no agony of anticipation in waiting for consecutive snores; they came with the undulations of waves and all the tones of all the instruments in the Anglo-Hungarian band. Brosie's nose contained a gamut of minstrelsy ranging from the metallic *timbre* of a tiny tenor-viol to a double-bass doleful din of deep diapason

The interval of an octave. [OED Online](#).

. Early next morning, the doctor himself would be aroused by a new matin-song which the children composed themselves. They would sit up all eyes and ears in their cots, listen for a while to the regiment of bugles in full operation—a band in a nutshell—in the nasal organ of Brosie on the outside of the bed in the adjoining room, and then barrel-organ away themselves at their wakeful father— "Boatie's dot my t'umpet—no it's mine: Boatie's dot my t'umpet—no it's mine: Boatie's dot my t'umpet—no it's mine." Like the billing and cooing of two doves on a magnified scale in the morning ere yet it is day, Valentine would bill away with the first bar of the *serenata*, and Pearly would coo in with the second. Their father did not know at the time he was supposed to pay two thousand dollars for those songs; but even if he had known, he would have considered himself amply rewarded by the mellifluous rhythmical *cantos* of those innocent cherubs of his own — *his very own*.

Most of Brosie's quart bottles of beer were obtained by the raising of the wind from the servants and the groom, but if ever he borrowed a cent from the money-box of the children he honourably paid it into their credit again in the dolly little bank, with fifty per cent, interest added. Easy-going, good-natured, and fond of the children, he treated little Pearly and

Vallie as if they were the flower of creation—amusing them infinitely better than the hired nursery governess, and whiling away hours in their company alone. On the piano he would play 'The British Grenadiers,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'The Minstrel Boy,' 'Marching through Georgia,' and other military airs, keeping time to the drumming of Valentine on a band-box fastened with a rope around his shoulder, and marching them both in rank and file with saltatory gyrations in the drawingroom to the spirit-stirring sounds of the revolutionary *Marseillaise*. Brosie turning round to follow them with his eyes in the romp and the dance, they would climb upon his knee, their bright eyes glancing into his own, anon to resume their rollicking abandon in a *soirée dansante*, marching merrily off with a rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub in front form and Indian file round about and round about the room.

This new pastime drove the picture-books and brick puzzles out of their minds altogether, and afforded them not a moment to learn their home-lessons for school. So enamoured did they become with the music of the band that they appeared to have come to the conclusion that their education after three months and a-half at school was completed, as did the ambitious Brosie himself in the case of his apprenticeship with Foster Wax and Co. at Galveston. In a deputation, of which Pearly was spokesman, they apprised their father of the arrangement they had made between themselves not to go to school any more because they knew all about the backboard and Vallie was out of the first book and Pearly was into the second.

Chicago Brosie never let the children see the quart bottle—he kept it in a good safe secret and inaccessible place in the stable, knowing that Frederick was more of a man for lemonade and raspberry. If ever the children noticed him wiping his mouth with the back of his hand or his sleeve as he returned to the parlour pastimes after a pull at the bottle, he would forestall their queries by avowing that he had just had a drink out of the tap in the yard. It was a high old time for Brosie at Summer Hill in the house of his brother; it was also a lofty time for his children; but the mischief was working its insidious way, and the drinking of the beer was contemporaneous with the brewing of another legal storm.

In appearance the *nonchalant* Brosie was the very image of his brother. Again and again the strong similarity was remarked to the doctor by his friends, and they had often been mistaken one for the other anear and afar. They were both inclined to be tall, with waving Saxon hair and full eyelids drooping over deep blue eyes. Brosie was two years older than Eugene, but they looked to be about the same age. Coming home one night from his surgery in the city, Eugene was accosted by a fellow-passenger in the omnibus—a medium-sized, assertive, actorial-looking man, dressed up to the nines, as if he had come out of a band-box, everything brand-new.

"What about your insolence to me last night in 'The Corner Pin' Hotel?" savagely said the stranger: "I'm the man whom you had the audacity to style a common low actor, you dog; I have played at the Haymarket and Her Majesty's theatres in London, and I have at the Lyceum taken the *rôle* of Iago. Romeo and Henry V. No man

dare, unless he were beastly drunk, as you were, offer me the insults which you did in that bar: where are your dirty low insults now?" raising his stick during a long theatrical declamation; while Eugene stood up on his feet and stared at what he thought was a maniac.

"Excuse me," said the chief commissioner of police; "this is Dr. Whitworth."

"I know it is: I know it is too well—too well: I know the blackguard; that is the name he called himself in the bar of 'The Corner Pin,'" proclaimed the actor with an incisive scowl on his face.

"But he has a brother that calls himself Dr. Whitworth too—a doctor of dentistry," said the commissioner pulling him back by the arm.

"No matter," yelled the actor; "has his brother the same smooth-shaved face, the same eyes, the same hair, the same voice? does his brother wear the same trousers?" as he lunged with the walking-stick at Eugene, who, grasping it, wrenched it from him and struck the actor a blow that sent him staggering back on the seat.

"Pardon me," said the entrepreneur on rising: "I humbly apologise: I can see the difference from hyar; the man I mean had a slight sign of a moustache—this man has none at all. Doct — ar, humbly I beg your pardon. I shall write out an apology and post it to-night," changing his facial expression with admirable skill. He offered his hand, which Eugene took and informed him that he had never seen the inside of "The Corner Pin" Hotel in his life. Next morning came to his residence a letter with a most abject apology. The doctor showed it to Brosie, who declared he knew not the man. It was the long-since mourned Henry Falconer of "Black Eyed Susan" fame

Black-Eyed Susan was a successful English play opening in 1829; the actor's name is unknown, but Dutton may be alluding to actor and playwright Edmund Falconer.

Round the town, up and down, if ever in his pocket there was a 'brown,' the callous Brosie would hawk that whisky bottle. Round and round the room, from the closing of the school till the time for their evening prayers, when Pearly would say Little Bo-Peep and Vallie "The Minstrel Boy" instead as they tired away into sleep would tramp those singularly winsome little children to the march of "The Cameron men," or the rhythmical tones of the *Marseillaise*. It soon became undeniably patent to Eugene that Brosie was going too far; but he never liked to cavil at him or remonstrate with him, as he took so intense an interest in and showed so great a love for the amusement of his little children. When he had them not in the drawingroom marching to the martial music he trumpeted out to them oboe-calls in the early dawn, snoring through the pores among the papillomata, roar after roar at the orderly Orient sun with his sonorous organ as the morn came o'er the sea and he lay in disorder, with his mouth wide open, asleep, boots and all, on the outside of the bed in the adjoining room.

One Saturday afternoon the musical Brosie proposed to take the children in the buggy for a drive towards Houston. The doctor acquiesced in the proposal, and they all went together with Rosie, the old bay mare. The birds chirruped merrily among the trees and the loud clarion notes of the magpies resounded through the woods as they drove along the Mississippi road. Quietly along they drove, while the blue-jay called out his melodious tones from the towering cedars, and flights of green parroquets crossed over their heads, till they could hear the roar of the billows and the plashing sound of the salt sea foam on the sand-girt shores where lay Moss Rose. In the absence of the unconnubial Marvel, there as years before along the foreshore the children played and romped in the sand with the St. Bernard, and gathered cowrie shells and seaweed for a couple of hours; while the old military mare browsed about cropping the short salt-grass. It was in the vicinity of the grave of Moss Rose, and with the children they walked over to the grave on the lonely unfrequented shore. Close to the mound they found the skeleton of a man lying among the bracken and the heather without a grave, "unhonoured and unsung." It was the remains of the faithful Patrick Flynn. How did they know it was the remains of Patrick Flynn? They found a faded green sarcenet

A fine, soft silk material. [OED Online](#).

cap entangled in the trailing sweet-briar.

Just as the mingling colours of the sunset-sky with its billowing mists were glowing in the western horizon, they betook themselves into the buggy, to find there was no candle in the lamps. The groom had not been told to put them there, and had expected them home before dark. Anxious to get back early on account of the children, their father covered them well over with rugs, while his brother took charge of the reins, and in their eagerness to reach home as quickly as possible, they decided on keeping a sharp look-out and driving after they left the bushy country along the middle of the road, as they did not expect to meet any heavy traffic.

Night's mantle changed into an all-pervading pitch-darkness. Not a star could be seen in the sky; not a light on the land or the sea. There is no breeching on American harness, and the brake broke. The country was enveloped in fog and the old mare seemed to be increasing her pace, but they soon reached home in safety. Next morning the police gathered the remains of the groom in a bag and at the magisterial inquiry the verdict returned was that "Patrick Flynn had died by the visitation of God."

In a few days a summons was brought by a policeman charging the doctor with driving without lights. When the charge was heard before the city police court, Brosie explained that he was the driver, so that if any

fine were inflicted it should be imposed upon him. The magistrates accepted his version of the accident, mulcting Brosie in a fine of three dollars and five dollars costs, in default—*distress*.

There was not the slightest perturbation in the mind of the seraphic Brosie. Brosie would have remained perfectly tranquil and unconcerned even if the fine had been a thousand. He had nothing excepting the clothes which he carried about with him, and the old quart bottle which he also carried about with him. The police department might take the bottle. Brosie knew where there was a square-faced dead-marine. The clothes they dare not touch, so the fine remained unpaid, unpaid for evermore. His brother gave him the money to discharge the debt to the police office. The dollars never got so far as that. They stopped short at the "Will o' the Wisp." They were the wherewithal for amber, and when they were all gone he found a bundle belonging to the nurse-girl and pawned it for half-a-dollar. It contained the nurse-girl's drawers and chemisettes and a magenta linsey-woolsey petticoat; he also "ran in" the flat-irons and the corkscrew.

Returning from the police court that eventful morning in the becoming style of a hansom cab, which he had been flashing around the whole forenoon, the driver left the cab at the kerb and stood dunning him at the glass door of the house for the payment of the fare of a dollar and a-half. Brosie had not been, as he took some trouble in driving into the hackman's head, to his bank in the city that morning, but in lieu of the dollar and a-half he offered the man an I.O.U. of his own for three dollars. Nevertheless the disputations jehu waited, nodding his head at the people passing by, winking his eye at the little crowd collecting at the gate, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the open door, signifying that he had ran a "dead 'un" to earth. He seemed to have established a blockade of the place; while Brosie, who had prevailed upon the maid-of-all-work to impress upon the hackman the fact that the fare would be forthcoming when the doctor himself came home, slipped away through the back gate with the square-face dead-marine. Brosie chuckled at the mournful looks of the departing driver as he quietly watched him through the two round glass eyes of the green-baize door from the bar of the "Will o' the Wisp" driving away to the city. He returned to the house with a quart of entangling swipes.

"Lillie, my gal," he said with an imitation Chicago smile and the usual break-down affectations of American idioms and mannerisms: "that cab concern has I calc'late left before I thought it would. I ken't say as I am over sorry it has depaorted. The man was a reg'lar chunk: he don't know a gen'leman when he sees one. What he wanted was a slight elevation. I tried with every manner of means in my power to persuade that obstinate young man to desist from his everlasting botheration about the dollar and a haff; but finally I was driven to introdoce that fetching smile of yours into the cause and get you to bring it to bear upon that wall-eyed charioteer. I guess I was not far out in opinionating it would meet the case. Nothwithstanding, failing that I have carried a further gun into the field in order to make some capital out of the human natur' of the young man, in the shape of a full six of ambrosial tangle, which had it not been for that disgustin' partick'lar young man I calc'late I should have made a four."

"Wot's a four, Mr. Brosie?" said the maid-of-all-work, peeling potatoes and apostrophising the cat with "Get down there cat orf the table lickin' the butter: who d'yer think's goan to get croupy after you?"

"A four, my dear Lillie," said Chicago: "Pshaw! wa'al I never! I guess upon my soul and honour your education has been sadly neglected. I am fairly surprised at such ignorance. I opinionate you are not posted up in the Amurican decimal system of coinage as you have not been here long; but to propound the scale—Two pumps, no froth, air a four; one pump and a haff, head and neck froth air a three; four pumps, chock-a-block to the cork, air a six. I guess I hear a pull at the bell; if so be it's that wooden blockhead wall-eyed charioteer bummin' around again, you know where I am—gone to the ranche in the city for the stuff. I calc'late you air a bit brainy, so invent some dodge of making him back off, and if he jest says he'll come back tell him I've got a way of carrying a tarnation smart little squirt in this pocket."

Bringing in a telegram, without a thought that it was for herself, she handed it over to Brosie, who shook hands with her, as they always do in Chicago on the slightest pretext.

"Ha! for me? No, for you; shall I open it?" said Brosie after he had already opened the message, which stated that the doctor had been suddenly called away and asked the girl to take care of the children as he did not expect to be back till late.

"Ha! ha!" continued Brosie, "my dear Lillie, I must offer you my humble apology for opening your telegram, as a gen'leman, which I always am. Am I or am I not? It belongs with you. The doctor has been called away I opine to the Sabine River on some case that will detain him late to-night. In his absence I may state right here you air aware I must do the honours of this ranche as a gen'leman, which I am—am I or am I not? Pass me over a mug for the amber—the *ambrosial* amber. That gal at the bar is a right down dependable gal; she never pumped me a flat lot yet; moreover, she is a right down brainy gal, that gal at the "Will o' the Wisp." You won't partake yourself of any, a fact of which I am fully aware. Now, my gal, you have, I have no doubt, heard my musical entertainment for the elevation of the children, the darling little akeribats. I have heard the tone of your warbling throat with the utmost enjoyment during my sojourn within these ancestral halls; sanctified by its

tremors and the sound of the mouth-organ, the trumpet, the triangle and the soul-stirring band-box. As a gen'leman—am I or am I not?—I propose to invite you to grub: I am a lover of human natur' and it is my natur' to entertain good company. My natur' will not be denied. Fetch your friends with you; fetch Frederick and fetch Emma. When the reg'lar repast is over I will take the *baton* or I should rayther say the Aeolian wand in my own hands, so as to direct the singing and the movements of the akeribatic angels, as I make a little George Washington and Joan of Arc out of them on the drawingroom carpet. As a gen'leman—am I or am I not?—I uphold, respect and treat right-down liberally my retinue of domestic dependants. Make yourself and your friends rightdown welcome this evening in my humble cabouche and sanctuary; no backing off mind, and don't allow your collaborators to back off this evening. To-night after grub, at seven sharp, the performance will be started off with. I opinionate you will make the spread as savoursome as you can. Meanwhile if you can advance me a loan of as much as will obtain a screw of tobacco and a loan of a six, or a four, or even the ridiculously small amount of a three—as you will observe the amber from the "Will o' the Wisp" is shocking evanescent — I will elevate my hat, perched on that peg in the hall. I guess the bottle will do without another wash at the tap. Touching on that little fine, he was a rotten bad beak and I guess I shall be leader'd in the papers. Thanks, I'm sorry you don't take a drop of the amber yourself: don't 'forget your music this evening: no shilly-shallying and backing off—that's your ticket. I'll be back in two shakes. I will refund the four on the return of my brother the sawbones, then you'll allow I *am* a gen'leman and everything I say is the straight griffin."

True to his word he made an entry of the loan on the cleanest square inch of his shirt-cuff with the pen and ink, a pencil mark not standing out at all conspicuously thereon. Frowning at the cuff as much as to say "I calc'late there's no backing-off from that," and with the slouch hat—daubed here and there with ink to hide the stains—drawn well over his eyes, the cork and the neck of the bottle sticking out through the collar of his short sac coat and poking him every stride he took under the jaw, running the gauntlet of a ferocious mastiff he entered the "Will o' the Wisp" by the back way.

Emerging from the hotel and entering the kitchen, he accosted the girl again— "That's the last time I plank a four in *her* way; just look, she pumped it only up to *there*!" drawing with his finger the girl's attention to the low gauge amber-mark on the bottle; after he had clumsily knocked over the bottle and some of the beer had escaped as a libation to an imaginary Roman Bacchus riding along the table on a goat— "the rest is, you observe all froth. At the 'Old Red Pump' they take it out of the barrel with a tap. I prefer the wood and the tap. The 'Old Red Pump' fills it up that deep for a three. Dead loss of a brown! Lillie my gal I have recorded your generosity in my diary; don't pray have any botheration in your head about the four. I am good, I guess, for a six from the doctor. I can say I want it for a stamp, or for a telegram, or for a new toy, or for the fare to the city in quest of an appointment as gold-filler to Dent and Dragg—anything but what I do want it for I can say. I do not want a stamp; a telegram can be paid t'other end; I do not want a toy; I shall not go by that train—there is no such appointment vacant. If there was, I should not apply, nor accept if it were offered. I shall fetch back the four to you. I can raise a one from the bank on the mantelpiece to make a three for up to *there* on that bottle at the 'Old Red Pump.' You may opinionate that it's rayther queer, but my natur', my dear gal, is to rule over others, not to accept subordinate jack-leg appointments, and my natur' will not be denied. A gen'leman dislikes filling appointments of a re-trograde character, and I am a gen'leman by profession—am I or am I not? I ken't be indooced to scatter broadcast away the fruits of seven years toil and study under the greatest dentists in creation upon an inferior masster. It curdles my blood cold to think of the base uses to which an Amurican doctor of dental science might lapse in these parts. Independence is my motto, and if that's not the straight griffin all square and serene ride me on a rail and say I'm a trimmer. Pass me over a mug and the scissors. That rascal gal has jambed down the cork, and I *tombstoned* the screw at the golden balls for a three. Thanks. (Pop: guggle-guggle-guggle.) I looks towards yer, my gal (guzzle-guzzle-guzzle): leave the cork out. Can you get me one of my brother's bugle-wipers? I haven't had a clean bugle-wiper for six weeks, and this tarnation wipe is getting greasy, shiney, glue-sized and beer-stained. I'll take the bottle and the mug into the drawingroom. My little akeribats will soon be back out of school. While I am there I shall jest run over a few little sing-songs which I intend to prodooce this evening for you all as my guests. Thanks: a-dieu jest now. Don't back off of the drawing-room this evening, or my natur' will be completely flabbergasted."

During most of the above effusion the servant was busily employed in flushing the floor of the kitchen with buckets of water, warring with the cat, and filling the air with comic songs. After the laborious scrubbing — in which no doubt she had been well drilled at "A777½" by Marvel — when she stood up to get the *mouchoir* the front of her dress was saturated with dirty water, in a pattern of the map of Europe, from the knees downward. After the departure of the ambrosial Brosie—not for the piano, but for a quiet *dolce far niente*

'The pleasure of idleness'; a rest. [Jones 1963](#):190.

on the sofa after nearly finishing the four—Miss Lillie Delaine essayed a few impromptues, declaring that Timothy Toddle was fond of his bottle; that Henry was on the wine, and others like songs of an *improvisatore*,

as good practice for the musical evening, from which she would not have backed off for anything.

Shortly afterwards the children came running home with Cyril from school. Guinevere would walk part of the way home with them, and, leaving them at the corner a short distance from the house, she would watch Pearly and Valentine enter their own gate, taking Cyril away to the two-roomed cottage—the precious paradise of Guinevere.

"Come on, Boatie!" shouted the versatile, volatile Vallie; "where's my ban'-box djum—where's it, Pearly? Come on, Boatie, come on, Pearly—sodgers, Pearly! I say, Boatie, give us a d'ink o' dat."

Caught red-handed, or amber-handed, Brosie, always ready with a mouthful of subterfuges and never lost for a quick excuse with a verisimilitude of truth, called out to the servant to take out the bottle of dirty medicine poison, spitting on the floor to make little Vallie think it was castor oil. It was only for sick men, he said, and was awful, horrible nasty stuff. He further diverted the thoughts of the exuberant Valentine with the information that they were all going to have a grand game after dinner: that Lillie and Frederick and Emma were coming; that he was going (whispered in great confidence) to charge a six each for the tickets to the concert and give some to Pearly, some to Vallie, and the rest to a nice man that sold the medicine around the corner to make him better.

The dinner was announced by the fashionable gong, a great flourish of trumpets and the playing of the Old Hundredth on the piano—"All people that on earth do dwell come ye before *him* and rejoice"—and the singing, *papillomatoso*, of the anthem "How pants the hart for cooling streams." All the dependants walked bashfully and hesitatingly into the drawingroom, which served the double purpose of eating - room and drill - room. In customary Chicago fashion, each was received with a cordial hand-shake and they were individually marshalled to their seats in style befitting the occasion by host Brosie, who so impressed their minds with the dignity of the banquet that they all talked to one another and the children as if they had never seen one another in their lives before. Lillie had picked up a few wrinkles from Marvel and, although it was in the middle of winter, the table was decorated—decorated with stalks of geraniums and cactus leaves. There was no prayer, but enough on the table to do a labourer's family for a week. The dinner, however, was consumed with rather less decorum than Madame Pompadour would have found in accordance with her library on etiquette. The prudish, sly, saucy, bumble-footed, little nurse-girl with a chlorotic

Afflicted by chlorosis; particularly, green of face. [OED Online](#). See 'chlorosis'.

face and signs of a coming ginger moustache,—the enemy of blowflies and cockroaches, —contrasted strongly with the gaucherie of the open and deferential nature of her fellow-employées; they shoved their knives half - way down their open countenances, and carefully placed them in the form of a criss-cross when after the second repetition of the plenteous dollops no more was left of their platefuls. Brosie was on the alert. His strict observance of the gentlemanly code, in which he had such good practice at Apricot Street, kept him exceedingly attentive to the approaching emptiness of their plates. In grand flourishes of the American language, sometimes bursting forth into whole verses of the poetry of Longfellow—who was *in rapport* as Professor of Belles Lettres at the Harvard University at the time

Longfellow taught at Harvard between 1836 and 1854.

—he would delicately press upon them a little more turkey, another floury potato, pass them the mustard, pass them the salt, ring the bell for the waitress by knocking his knife against the tumbler, and apologise for the mistake by explaining that he had been accustomed to do so at Lily cottage.

What an apparition that Sally Lund

Correctly 'Sally Lunn', a type of round bun; there is a story about the bun's inventor, Sally Lunn, that she cried until a musician/baker bought her wares. [Green 2005](#).

repat for the binary stars of The Constellation, surpassing all the horrors Tam o'Shanter ever saw when he had the delirium tremens! what an apparition for the flashing eyes of the refined, sweet-tempered bird of Paradise and the Sun! what a match to the paradisal powder-barrel, especially if she had seen the jovial Brosie sitting as king of the feast and director of the drinking in good old Roman style!

After picking at a bit of the *blanc mange* and sipping in painfully small quantities all the medicine left in the bottle, Brosie waited for Miss Delaine to rise as the hostess and oldest servant in the place; Miss Delaine waited for the prim and priggish Miss E. Powell: the prim and priggish Miss E. Powell waited for the bashful Frederick, and they all waited, with the exception of the children who ran away for the bugles and drums, until the Chicago-polished Brosie made a move himself. Rising, the host threw his *serviette* down on the table in the newest and most approved American style; the prim, fastidious Miss E. Powell folded her's up in a particular and painstaking manner, and tucked it under the rim of her plate; Miss Delaine watched how Brosie managed it and artlessly did as Chicago did; while, absent-mindedly, Frederick blew his nose upon the one set before him, and stuck it in his pocket with the starched peak sticking up straight.

"Ladies and gen'lemen," said Brosie jauntily and brandishing an empty tumbler in the air: "Here's to the British lion and the Amurican eagle and the decoration of the union-jack of old England with the stars and

stripes of the greatest country in creation! So mote it be! I have the most extreme felicity of your val'able company this evening to grub on my birthday, as I missed it, I guess, last summer. In order to make you feel you air quite at home and at ease in your minds, I must asseverate that my brother, the great doctor, will not be here till rayther late. In the meanwhile, I must presume that it belongs with me to do the honours within his hallowed walls as his lootenant and as a gen'leman. I will not press you with the enquerri whether I am or whether I am not. In order that I may duly carry out a promise to my little akeribats, Pearly and Valentine, such promise now standing three months, I shall propose that Miss Lillie Delaine do give the company a little sing-song. I uphold to the principle of every individual doing his best to entertain and elevate his brother-man and sister-woman. Now, Miss Lillie, *if you please*; no backing off; I shall accompany the song and turn over the leaves myself; Vallie, you keep quiet like a good boy and *you'll see*." The finish was whispered in strict confidence in Vallie's ear.

Miss Lillie Delaine thereupon produced the American and London song-book and handed it over with a crimson blush to the speaker. She knew all about the wake of Finnigan off by heart; she could dispense with the book herself, but she did not say whether Brosie was to check her off with it or put it on the music frame. However, as it contained no quavers, semi-quavers, or crotchets, or sharps, or flats, and would not keep open itself he was ungentlemanly enough to hand it back, when the young lady sweetly warbled in mezzo-soprano with noticeable nervousness, but *con amore* and with much pathos thrown into the sensational parts, the old thing about the man of Water Street. There was a patent want of a functionary like the Roman actor to direct the audience and compel them to applaud.

If anybody said thank-you, as they should have done, nobody could have heard it for the clamorous demands of Pearly and Valentine for the "Mogitt and the sodgers;" when, to silence the din. Brosie struck up the national anthem of his adopted country. The children, fully equipped with all the musical toys in the house and the band-box with the rope, marched up and down portentously like two little marionettes: round and round the room, stamping time to the air of "Marching thro' Georgia," with loud variations of "The British Grenadiers" and the bagpipe skirl of "The Campbells are coming." Nobody said thank-you for that, although it threw Tim Finnigan into the shade altogether—it was so operatic. Nevertheless, by way of an encore demanded by themselves. Pearly sang a little ditty which her father had said was pretty, about a little kitty that ran away from school, with uncommon sweetness of expression, and Valentine recited with most fetching articulation the tale of the Inchcape Rock quite as well as any blue-jacketed sailor.

Nobody said thank-you for that, when, after a pause, the host called upon the groom for a sing-song, and bashful Freddy stepped forward boldly up to the candle-illuminated Mignon. After wiping his nose for the fortieth time on the improvised *mouchoir*, clearing his throat and hawking it out on the brass fender to make it rusty without missing the fire-irons, he sang a song something like that about the log of wood which was burning brightly on a night such as would banish all sin and when the bells were ringing the old year out and the—new—year—in, with a great swell on the last bar and a regular knock-out blow when he came to the finishing round.

Nobody said thank you to that, but nevertheless he sang the last verse for an 'ankor.' Once started he found it difficult to stop; singing another with twenty-three verses and a quaver at the end of every line; bolting away into another 'ankor' by singing nine verses of 'The Wild Arkansas Boy' over and over again and all the company joining in the chorus of 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave; John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on,' and the little flaneurs danced round and round on their light fantastic toes, Vallie in jack-tar costume and Pearly in pink accordeon pleats, merrily round and round and up and down and round and round the room.

Still no chorus of "thank you," and to fill the gap again in the concert the cymbal, the clarion and the Aeolian wand possessed themselves of the programme again. The umbrageous expression on Miss E. Powell's face dispersed before the light of her ophidian

Snake-like. [OED Online](#).

grin; when the master of ceremonies by way of a salve for the general inattention shown towards the young lady called upon the nursery governess for a solo. He had her chimnies and drawers in pawn at the time and would not ignore her in case she suspected him afterwards. Without getting up from the chair in the far off corner of the room the young lady screeched 'Kathleen Mavourneen cushla machree.'

Screwed—not metaphysically—mechanically screwed half-way round on the piano-stool and spanning out his hands on his knees, Brosie stared in awe at the rasping production; the young lady hostess stared; the wild

Arkansas boy stared; Pearly said the exasperating warbler was 'a nasty thing,' and Valentine told her to shut up and threw the drum at her. Nobody said thank you.

The children stood up together singing 'By cool Siloam's shady rill how sweet the lily stands' and Brosie tried to pappilomatise 'Sweet spirit hear my prayer.' It was lovely.

Ultimately, taking advantage of the clamorous din of the children and opinionating that he had waited quite

long enough, Brosie suggested that if anyone had a contribution of a one or a two, they might give it to the children to keep them quiet, inviting them, after the manner of the Salvation Army, "to plank down the spondulix on the table."

Miss Lillie Delaine, who had another song up her sleeve if required, sported a lot equal to a six, and jingled them on the table. Miss E. Powell broke her heart with a lot of three, and the groom planked down what sounded like a dollar—but no; it was only a cent.

Brosie pulled off the table-cover, spun the coins on their rims following one another around the table. Boomerang-like they all spun round till they fell on their heads or tails opposite to himself—he did it so cleverly. Grabbing the six, the one and the three he put the separate lots in his pocket and promised to give them to Pearly and Vallie in the morning if they kept quiet, while Miss Lillie Delaine sang about somebody standing at the corner of the street winking and blinking at every girl he could meet. It was creditably rendered, but there was no applause.

With the little capital of the six the one and the three, Chicago Brosie then tried very, very hard to get up a game of sing-tai-loo with cogged dice which he took out of the inaccessible fob under his waistcoat, but the guests knew nothing about the game and laconically refused to be taught, so that after making a note of his obligation to the children on his shirt-cuff he remembered that he had a letter to post; he left the corrobborree, assumed his hat, pulled down the rim that was hanging loose, stretched the coat around the bottle till the buttons were turned inside out, stuck the clay cutty in his mouth upside down, and, saying "so long," left the guests to entertain themselves, while he went to see the chemist of the wood and the tap. He entered the "Old Red Pump" by the back way.

During his absence, which was somewhat prolonged, as he had a lot of lost time to make up in the bar, each of the guests played a few fantasias, and Miss E. Powell, who fancied herself a bit, got hold of a piece of violin music, as abstruse as the *légende* by Stojowski or Scarlatti's Gigue in G: which she made the others believe she was playing on the Mignon, but it was more like a bad bagpipe skirl. Notwithstanding, the duet, supposed to be "Twinkle, twinkle little star," played by the children thundering on the piano was vouchsafed by the small crowd standing outside the fence—among which was the doctor himself—a piece of marvellous composition by Mendelssohn, far and a way superior to the efforts of the others. In the middle of another dance by the children to the click of the castanets by Frederick, about ten o'clock the doctor himself entered the house with a latch-key and found the servants apparently amusing the children, who ran up to him as he stood at the drawingroom door, Pearly calling out—"Puppa, oh! puppa, Vallie can stand on his head and I can play 'Nellie Bly' on the trangle."

"Come on, Pearly and Vallie." said their father, and all the servants left the room.

Soon the sweet prayer to the gentle Jesus, the sufferer of little children, of whom was the Kingdom of Heaven as they played at His feet, was heard on their pretty lips, and dreaming of marches, bugles, drums, and triangles, the two little angels were soon in the sylvan fairyland of sleep, while Brosie stole into his room through the side window and bestowed himself on the counterpane for the night. Ashamed of the fermented turgidity and redness of his face, his whole internal economy rebellious at the thoughts of food or any dietetic treatment of the alcoholic disease, and with a general diminution of his vital powers, he would slink away from other company into the presence of the children, with whom alone his mind was at ease. Tossing this way and that way on the outside of a sweating and uneasy bed, in pain with the cravings of a thirst which nothing but beer would slake; his thoughts rambling with no consentience over a wilderness of woeful circumstance,—over shoreless seas of incertitude, over arid wastes and burning deserts of sand, peopled only by the muttering furies and the horrible forebodings of a delirium, without one cheering sight or sound or resting-place, but nothing but a dull tormenting incubus and a vain changing of posture—he would straggle with this phantasm and that ever-threatening terror and that grim obstacle to sleep throughout the slow long night, till as if held down by demons he would throw up his arms with a sigh of despair and subside for a few hours into a slumber disturbed with unquiet dreams. Nothing left but the violent oscillations and witch-wanderings of a mind persecuted by the diabolical harpies of the fiery thirst; all gone, every blessing of rest and peace sunburnt and scorched by the incendiary fiends of the fiery thirst; dragging him in whirling nightmares to unassailable pinnacles of hope and tumbling him down, with his temples whirring and throbbing like engines, down, hurtling down in sweating, sickening, headlong revolutions into the *in-ferno* of despair; spinning him around and a thousand times around with the temptation of appeasing the jeering demons of the fiery thirst—a false temptation of appeasing the jeering demons of the fiery thirst; preying upon his vitals and goading him through the fiery mists of unrest with the impossible hopes of placating the clinging demons of the fiery thirst; stealing away his brains and leaving him nothing but mist and fire and thirst: everything else—energy, hope, ambition, peace of mind and the refreshing power of sleep—driven out of his existence by the wretches of the fiery thirst. All mist! all fire! all thirst! Still he felt happy and indifferent in his fool's paradise, and he would wake in the repentant morning with the fever of the previous night's potations to begin his round of imprudence through the humdrum day and

the fierce battle with the hideous night again.

*"Awake my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice"*

— *With the bottle at the "Old Red Pump."*

Chapter VII. The Colorado Races. Rosie runs for the Maiden. The Regeneration of Brosie.

THE Kindergarten school and ladies' college of Madame Pennethorne at Summer Hill was held in high repute all over Louisiana. Next to the principal college for ladies in New Orleans, entrance into its charmed circle was in great demand. Beginning with the simple lessons of teaching children how to walk properly (not that either Pearly or Valentine wanted that, for they were nobby little walkers), how to observe discipline by submitting to an ordeal of holding their hands together on the crowns of their heads, and to say little nursery rhymes after the dictation of the governess, it rose through the various grades of education to the highest branches, exclusive of those inculcated at the university, whither, when its pupils had reached the highest rung of the Minervan ladder at the ladies' college, many of the more ambitious of the scholars were sent to enter upon a university course: as Guinevere herself had been from the metropolitan seminary at Rosemary Point. It was further a bounteous means of support to the richly-deserving Guinevere, with her delicate little Cyril and her profligate husband. Marmaduke during the first few weeks of the change underwent a complete transformation, only unfortunately to revert to his old irresistible habits again. During the term of Brosie's stay in Summer Hill, the two bacchanalians came frequently into contact; but as money was a scarce commodity, they had few opportunities of paying proper devotion at the shrine of the wine-god. They were too much afraid of each other to do so together, and the quantity pumped out for a four or a six was little enough for Brosie himself.

One morning early, very early, Marmaduke, who had probably been out all night dossing in a boiler on the Mississippi Quay or on the banks of the Red River, happened to catch the early bird oozing out through the back way of the "Old Red Pump" past the ferocious mastiff, with whom, however, his old doggy instincts had succeeded in placing him on friendly terms. It was the only hotel where the amber was served out to him at wholesale prices. The "Old Red Pump" he steadily supported to the exclusion of all others, after the maid forgot the extra pull for the four at the "Will o' the Wisp."

"What have you got, Brosie?" said the sinking-stomached Payne.

"Only a three," said Brosie, jauntily walking away.

"I'll toss you who scoffs it, right away with this button," said Marmaduke.

"What a bit of rot!" returned Brosie: "I calc'late I've got it and you guess you ain't got it. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's amber. Here's luck, old chap: it's partic'lar woody this morning." Down went the lot without so much as a wink or any further parley after his favorite toast given with great *naiveté*; but it was only a three.

The progress made by Pearly and Valentine under the guidance and scholarly care of Guinevere showed itself to be increasing by leaps and bounds every day. Their bright and vivid perceptive powers and their tenacious memories formed a rich virgin soil for her labours. Their father also taught them at home—he helped them every night with their home-lessons. From him they learned a large number of nursery rhymes, and they could rattle off the tale of the Nancy Gray, the poetry of the little cottage girl, Llewellyn and his dog, The Inchcape Rock, and the burial of Sir John Moore to perfection. They knew all about the wonders of the Arabian Nights, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, and Eliza in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and they could sing pretty duets and solos. Pearly could sing some laudable idylls, lyrics, and sacred songs, while most of Valentine's vocal tuition was received at the academy of Miss Lillie Delaine, who was always a favourite with the children, and who scattered deeds of kindness upon them in every way that she could. On the band-box under the noble conductorship of Brosie they could beat time to the martial music as well and accurately as any bandmaster, and they could both do a pretty *pas seul* to the clicking of Frederick's castanets. Their mother was a genius in music and harmony. The children inherited the strain.

For six months the life of the soaring Brosie was spent chiefly in the house at Summer Hill with the

children, or in the wainscotted bars of the "Will o' the Wisp" and the "Old Red Pump." After this trifle of time wasted to himself, an advertisement appeared for an assistant mechanical dentist in the city. He decked himself out in his brother's surtout, black silk hat and gloves. In these he cut a great dash, as a sort of preamble to his making application for the appointment in person.

"Lillie, my gal," he said, as he came out of his room fully dressed for the presentment in the city: "the day is mighty big with fear. The short holiday is passt. Brother-man wants but little here below, and I feel that I must settle down to graft for a while for the sake of a change. The doctor said a change would certainly be good for me. A brainy man like a doctor of dental surgery of Chicago badly wants a change, and although I have never gone into medical subjects further than the month, the face and the cranium, down to the neck and chest, a full inch past the shoulders, on self-enquery I opinionate likewise myself. It is only a small appointment, but I must get it; after I get it, I'll be full pardner in a week. It's a rotten-bad base use of myself, as a gen'leman—which you will acknowledge I am. It is throwing broadcast pearls before swine; but (drawing on a glove) paupers ken't be choosers. Oh! dear me; no back off now: heigho. I shall fetch back to you your ten cents when I receive my salary at the end of the week—on that my rec'lection's as sure as a steam-derrick. You need have no botheration on that score. I have raised sufficient wind, I calc'late, from my brother to pay my fere into town, which, however, I guess I can back off by smiling and cordially shaking hands with the conductor of the cair. He will guess p'raps I have a reg'lar periodical permit and will set me for the doctor; for, as you may take stock, I have got on all his outfit but the pants. Notwithstanding, it's as well to have the dollars handy. Under these circumstances and conditions, my gal, may I presume that it would not be leaning rayther too heavily on your good natur' to ask you, as soon as that grandiloquent song is consummated, to advance me a six or a four by way of a loan, and I'll vamoose right-away slick to the 'Old Red Pump.'"

Finding a three and a one, she handed them over, wrinkled her brow and said —"Y'ain't agoin' in them there boots, are yer? Y'ain't scraped the dirt off for three months—throw 'em down there and I'll rub 'em."

"Rub 'em while they're on, if it's not too close quarters," said Brosie, and when she knocked off the cakes of mud with the scrubbing-brush, he removed one glove and black-leaded them over by accidentally taking the blacklead brush, but he calc'lated they would do well enough. The mistake was not very noticeable, so shaking hands with and raising his hat to the servants he took his departure, an old boot being heaved after his heels for luck, while Lillie apostrophized him in mezzo-soprano with the songs "Get yer 'air cut: get yer 'air cut," and "He's—bound—to take—the cake—wherever—he—may go-oh."

Passing through the railway platform barrier as gracefully as only he and Brick Bore could do, Brosie nimbly turned on his blackleaded heels and discoursed with the porter the favourite for the Corinthian Cup, advising the man to put his money, as he himself had done to the tune of a thousand, on what from first to last proved to be an outsider before and also after the race. Seizing a favourable opportunity when a small party of others were entering the car, Brosie portentously seated himself in the train and was whisked away to the city.

There he first entered the bar of the "The Fifteen Hooks," and called for a two of two ales; but his hand was so shaky and he was so unaccustomed to silver-plated tankards that the half of it spilled upon the marble-topped table. Supported and sanguine, he proceeded to the rooms of the New York Cosmopolitan Odontological Institute—an emporium where teeth, aching or not aching, were lugged out as readily as shelling peas and where artificial teeth were supplied for the million at, uppers and lowers, three dollars a set. For a while he stood staring at the glass showcase hung up on a nail outside. It contained not only a reflection of himself in the glass, bat a small exhibition of their workmanship, in the shape of an automatic opening and closing mouth full of such pretty teeth on a wax figure of a face. The specimens were guaranteed to have been made on the premises by their own workmen, but, according to Brosie, were imported from the dental college in Apricot Street, Chicago. He left the picturesque scene after adjusting his necktie and entered a stationery establishment next door to the drug and jewelry shop of his old partner. Batty Tuke, and asked to be shown some *cartes de visite*, out of one of the packets of which he slily extricated two, and handing the balance back to the stationer said he would call again. Meeting, when he was clear of the stationer, a travelling printing press, dealing out cards at fifty for half a dollar, printed while he waited, he requested the performer on the treadle printing machine, with whom he paved his way with a few wrinkles on the play of the heel and toe, to give him a specimen of his printing on the card which he produced, with the object of praising the handiwork to his brother, the great and well-known doctor. With this request, thinking it might lead to something, the performing greenhorn readily complied, and before Brosie could spell out his name a second time he was handed the card, thrown out on the tray and stamped as large as life and twice as natural—Doctor Ambrose Vernon Whitworth, R.D.S., D.D.S., U.S.A., Chic., Ill., American Surgical Dentist—running in two bold parallel lines across the diameter of the card, the ear of which the wonderful machine turned down.

Armed with the all-important ticket, and one more "two" at a tavern round the corner, he ascended the steps of the New York Cosmopolitan Odontological Institute of Broad Street, where no sooner had he taken a seat upstairs than a lout rushed him with a pair of dental tongs and asked *which one it was*; but Brosie said—"Damn

your impudence; take this caird to the head of the consarn—quick, lively, ken't wait." Looking here and there about the benches in the work-room, he saw specimens of dental manufacture which he could have made before he left the pigeon-home of Foster Wax and Co.—double sets that would allow only the two big opposite canine teeth to meet; plates with molars in the place of incisors; bicuspiders in the spaces for wisdoms; every tooth being very doggy in conformation, and one he could swear was the tusk of a shark. He critically examined all the vulcanite plates, made on the principle that the anatomy of the human mouth was universally the same, and what stood good for one stood good for all: bull-dog forceps for both "gnawers and grinders," old-fashioned keys, punches used by carpenters, levers and screws for dragging and grubbing them out and getting well at them from below: a pair of carpenter's callipers, serving the twofold purpose of picking and wrenching them out: dozens of pampa bludgeons with tobacco clinging to the blades, for disinfecting cavities and scraping tartar away: things like little crowbars, with plenty of purchase-power and tack hammers for knocking them out and driving the amalgam well home. His first thoughts were to draw the attention of the firm to the clumsy and obsolete caboodles and tools used by the workmen, with the view of airing his recondite knowledge and skill, and showing the proprietor what model Chicago workmanship was like. He wavered and banished the notion.

"Good morning, sir," said the head of the firm advancing towards him.

"Good morning, boss," said Brosie: "at your service, boss" said Brosie with the usual Western drawl, touching his brother's silk hat with the glove and reaching out his hand for the habitual hand-shake.

"You have, I presume, called about the vacancy," said the head of the firm, taking full stock of the new applicant. "I suppose you have been in the city some time, as I have heard your name before and have seen it in the newspapers."

Certain of no recollection of ever having been run in for being drunk, he replied with as much American twang as he could bring to bear on the head of the firm, who was a Londoner—"No sir, I reckon you are off the bull's-eye plumb centre there, boss: I guess you are thinking of my brother, the doctor of medicine. I am his brother, I calc'late: you've got the rights of it now: I have only left Chicago, Lake Michigan, United States of America, some three months about, and as it is scarcely my natur' to take understrappers' job-work, unless perforce, I have never offered my services anywhere else before. I obtained, I calc'late, three gold medals at Chicago, Lake Michigan, for my gold-filling. I obtained eleven bronze medals, I guess, for crown-and-bridge work. I outstripped forty-nine Japanese odontological artists. I have shifted from the human jaw eight million teeth. I am well posted up in all surgical operations on the mouth, face, head and neck, down to the chest and shoulders. I have never backed off a job in any of those nat'ral regions—on that I'll stake *my* hat. In Chicago we leave the rest to the surgeons pure and simple. I am a strong advocate of tee-totallism, as you will nat'rally observe by the piece of white ribbon which I have carried through all the States of Amurica. I opinionate I may nat'rally make the enquiry what salary would you offer for a right-down, slap-up, A I operator, an out-an'-out real stunner, hailing from Chicago, Lake Michigan—the greatest city for dentistry in creation."

Bewildered by the asseverations and bombast of Brosie, the head of the firm hardly knew what to say; but after recovering his breath and equilibrium he offered a sprat to catch a whale and said—"Ten dollars a week for the first three years; twelve and a-half for the next three consecutive years; fifteen dollars a week, including holidays, after the term of six years has expired."

Brosie put the bone-handle of the walking-stick to his lips, whistling out dolefully along low expiration of great astonishment, and replied to the head of the firm, who prayed in his inmost soul he would not refuse—"Great Halifax! the brand alone, the mere smell of the stars and stripes, the living abstract of the name of Doctor of Dental Surgery of the United States of Amurica, partic'larly Apricot Street, Chicago, Lake Michigan, is worth ten dollars a minute. I could lift that salary for reg'lating the mouths of the family of a wooden-headed tobacco-planter in Ohio, but notwithstanding I'll take it far the sake of introdoocing my non-such model system of crown-and-bridge work into these pairts. Yon can reckon on me for Monday morn' boss and no backing off. Shake, sir, I reckon you and me will soon get to be pardners,"

Triumphant he left, and reckoned up on the remaining card that ten dollars a week was equivalent to nearly fourteen sixes a-day, or three hundred and eighty-four pumpings a week—a good and liberal allowance. Besides it was a regular thing, he thought to himself; there would be no other personal outlay, and that altogether it suited him down to his toenails, which at the time were nearly on the ground.

He went regularly every morning for a week. The Saturday night came and he was paid the ten dollars. The Monday morning came and he refused to return to such an antiquated jumbled up and rough emporium ever again in his life.

"Lillie, my gal," he said when the Saturday night brought him home to Summer Hill, "behold your six and your three and your one. It's a doggone certainty you've got it at lasst. I have transmogrified the sum of my screw into quarter-dollars and cents—sixes, fours and threes. I will plank down a handful of them for my little akeribats' bank on the mantelshelf: I calc late I'll quit that cabooche: I never saw such a fit-up in my life. I have slaved at that rotten bad debasing job-work from haff-passt eight in the morn till haff-passt eight at night for six

nights. I'll slave no mores: I've kinder come to the end of my tiddlee-winkin' dooty; I'll graft there no more. I'll back off that consarned ranche anyhow. I guess I'll vamoose for a few screws of tobacco. Where is my own hat and my own coat? I'll jest plant away this toggery and dodge round slick to the 'Old Red Pump.' Lillie, my gal, wash out the marine—what a surprise to my stomach it will be to be sure! I shall stow myself in that room again with my little akeribats and be as happy as a coon in the hollow of an old beech tree. I guess I'll lay low for a few months, and keep my weather eye lifting, so jest shake for look once more I may state right here don't you make no mistake my gal, this child will come out on top yet, and if he don't you can jest ride him on a rail and call him a rotten-bad varmint."

As far as the children were concerned, they hailed Brosie's virtuous resolution with most inexpressible delight. There was a heavy load of *ennui* on their little hearts from want of the sport with the music and the marching to the beat of the band-box. Abounding and overflowing with spirit, their paradise was to be with Brosie. After an unusually long delay at the "Old Red Pump" he returned rather transmogrified himself. "Liddie, m' gal" he sputtered out "I'm not a-sprung: I'm a-right; wo'ss th' time? I sh'd guess my little akeribats ll soon be—eer; p'raps quicker'n we know: don't too disgustin particklar and len's a four.

I'm sorter dry but I'm noddruunk: I'm a—right; wo'ss th' time?" The little "akeribats," however, were fast asleep and very soon Brosie was narcotised on the sofa with a square-faced bottle of gin encircled in his arm.

The old mare Rosie, good and faithful servant as she had been to the doctor for eight years, although with care and kindness she was fit to work away for twice as long again, he decided on giving, buggy and all, to his father, who had a great liking for horses and the sweet little mare in particular. Any long distance he had to go he could drive in a hansom cab, by hailing one as Brosie had done years before from the rank outside his city quarters and, as it was, the groom was only kept idling and loitering about the house in Summer Hill all day or practising the business of upper-cuts, back-handers and under-cuts, right-handed feints, left-handed feints, and visitations of his right and his left upon the hind-quarters of the old mare in the stable or upon a bag of bran tied with a rope round the middle and stuck up in the manger to represent Donald Hoolihan. He had scored heavily off Donald, planting him several tunes on the jugular, and had it all his own way, whereas all Donald could do to return the compliment was to tear out some of his hair. Accordingly Eugene sent Frederick to Galveston with the whole turn-out, mare, harness, ceespring, buggy and riding-saddle, and the children began to feel how "friend after friend departs."

There a new system was instituted for feeding and grooming her. His father, who had been pensioned off from the position of surveyor in the crown-lands' office by the government of England, had loads of time on his hands to devote to Rosie. The old stable, for a long time inhabited by cocks and hens, was knocked sky-high by Dolly. Glue-pot Ike, the next door neighbour, and a sort of jack-leg carpenter built a new stable with hay-loft and buggy shed, which was quite an acquisition to Lily Cottage. Ike sneaked the nails from the timber-yard where he was employed, but charged for them all the same. Christopher made the energetic Marco Polo groom under his own supervision, but Dolly found it no child's play to perform the duties with satisfaction to his employer. With a new kind of dandy-brush, for which he had swopped a parrot with a green eye and a yellow eye to glue-pot Ike—the said dandy-brush being an old spoke-brush and charred on its side the timber-yard brand—Dolly hissed and brushed because he had seen a real groom hissing and brushing at the livery stable, while old Christopher sat superintending the work and smoking away like a lime-kiln or a factory chimney with a shiny brown meerschaum

A clay-like mineral: orthorhombic hydrated magnesium trisilicate. Often used for pipe bowls. [OED Online](#). pipe never out of his mouth on an old kerosene-box. The sorely tried and heavy laden old man who for Brosie's sake had toiled and planned and plotted and sweated in the *stürm und drang*

Storm and stress. [Jones 1963](#):381.

of his ardour, and who had for Brosie borne the heat and burden of the day, wearing out his heart for years for Brosie, resigning himself now to what he thought was the inevitable, contented himself with the pipe and the old chestnut mare—"the world forgetting and the world forgot." Rosie was the gratification of the old man's fancy, and it was his pride to watch the progress of the meerschaum and to show now and then to an admiring circle how its white gave place to a creamy yellow, its yellow to a delicate chocolate, and its delicate chocolate to a rich deep brown. A wheelbarrow, large and weighty—one that would have sufficed to shift all Guinevere's furniture—was built specially for the use of the stable, while old Adam Quain took the contract for the supply of what he called greenstuff, or overgrown hay at ten cents a bundle. The buggy was varnished, new bolts put into the undercarriage, and the harness rubbed over with what was left of Frederick's ink-powder and black-oil. Swathed in bandages to keep off the dust, it was suspended on racks and brackets in the stable. The openings in the hay-rack were wide enough to permit of the mare pulling the sheaves of well-saved oaten hay through one at a tune and scattering it over the groove-and-tongue board floor in order to make a bed for herself. Two extra kittens were imported to grow into Tom and Mary-ann cats as companions for Rosie, multiply in geometrical progression and defend the oats, the bran and the greenstuff from the raids of the rats.

The little chestnut had really luxurious times in the stable at Lily Cottage, where she could wander at will in the garden, eat down the fruit trees, and roll on the flower-beds as much as she pleased. The only return expected of Rosie was to chew the greenstuff in as dainty and circumspect a manner as she could before the day-long gaze of old Christopher Whitworth mooning about the stable or smoking the pipe on the kerosene-box, and to carry the Christy minstrel once a week around the town, to the admiration by the people going to church of his horsemanship. With the sleeves of his coat too short, and his trousers half-mast high, the *quondam* midshipman could ride with his toes cocked up and sticking well out and his long spurs, from which old Christopher had filed away the rowels, buckled on a pair of shoes, as recklessly and boldly as any Dick Turpin that ever was known in a circus. He never missed an opportunity of bringing the little mare home all over reeking with sweat, which he explained to his father, who had given strict orders that she should only be walked all the way, was the result of a bath in the sea. By way of variety in the ordinary dietary scale for the stable, a further *menu* found its way there from the kitchen, chiefly after her Sabbath exertions, such as cabbage-stalks not wanted for their own dinner, potato-peelings, the remains of a dish of mashed potatoes or any boiled vegetables, together with crusts of pies—with the one exception of beef-steak pies—all of which were taken up smoking hot to the stable, where, after sniffing at them and satisfying her own mind that the delicacies were not emetics or poison, Rosie would devour them as voraciously as any Berkshire sow. An offer had been made that she should be made use of for the purpose of taking Miriam in the buggy on her visits to the family tomb, but this noble offer was refused. Miriam, from force of habit, preferred to walk every day to the favourite spot in solitude.

Under the lightness of her duties and the inadequacy of her exercise, Rosie soon grew as fat as butter, and soon could give a pretty good guess as to who was sitting behind her on the right side of the buggy seat. When harnessed and ready to start, she would not bolt away like other horses. Rosie would politely wait till the driver was seated, when she would coolly turn around her head to see if it was the kindly old gentleman with the pipe or the harum-skarum flying Dutchman. If the two, as was commonly the case, Rosie would go to a good deal of trouble to observe which of the two sat on the right side and took command of the ribbons. Jogging along and jogging along in a go-day come-day way on the humdrum Sunday, slowly placing one foot forward and then the other, and then the other, and so on, when she saw it would suit whatever way it was, if ever she came to an unlevel crossing, she would stop and sigh an equine heigho and feel her way over it by a method invented by herself for her own convenience so as not to touch the dirty water, which might splash over her legs. If old Christopher shook the reins Rosie would shake her head; if he coaxed her to the foot of a hill, she would also shake her head and turn it round for home without any disagreement on the part of the driver, who would piteously declare it was a sign that the poor little thing had had enough for the day. If a bit of hay had fallen off a load on the side of the road, Rosie would stop and dawdle over to eat it, first turning her head around towards the buggy to ask the driver to be good enough to remove the bit; after which, old fumigating Christopher would embrace the opportunity of another light up and a few draws of the meerschaum. If he would attempt to take her by a long way home, he wasn't going to play any of his hanky-panky tricks on the resentful Rosie. Rosie would decidedly object, as she knew the proper way home and all the short cuts a long way better than old Christopher. Occasionally when she refused to saunter up a street where a sweetheart of Dolly's resided, the Christy minstrel would call upon her to move herself and get along; but Rosie well knew the reprimand would come from kindly old Christopher to leave her alone as the poor thing was doing very well. From the time she left the stable of the doctor and all the time she swallowed potatoes, pies and greenstuff at Lily Cottage, she was never known to turn a corner without slowing down to an idle walk. It saved the wheels and the bolts of the buggy, which Frederick in his efforts to artistically graze the wheels of other vehicles had rattled into the factories for repairs every few weeks.

Thoroughly convinced that she was at every point a first-class mare, they acquired by the agency of glue-pot Ike an American stud-book, where they found her breeding was Kirkconnell—Alice Hawthorn

Alice Hawthorn was an English racehorse, 1838-1861, raced in the 1840s. For Kirkconnell see note to Book 1, Chapter 13. The match is impossible.

. No sooner was the great discovery made than they dreamt of a fortune for each on the turf. Rosie was a very nice mover and she had the gift of going. The *menu* of pies, potatoes and greenstuff was cut off suddenly. The services of Brosie, who had been much attached to the mare, and as a gentleman had an ardent love for the sport, were engaged and an understanding come to that he was to leave Summer Hill and the children to show his form as a trainer.

How sad it is to say farewell! Pearly and Valentine felt it more than tongue can tell. The rising sun glinted on the magnifying glasses of turf prophets and touts concealed here and there among the bushes and watching Brosie *à cheval* in a trial with some old selling-plater

A horse which will be sold after a race. [OED Online](#). *vbl. n.*, sense c.

. His weight was thirteen stone ten; but it did not prevent Brosie from riding the poor little mare at full

gallop every morning for a couple of miles, and afterwards giving her swimming exercise in the sea, drenching her inside well with pure salt-water. In a short space of time Brosie by this system succeeded in reducing her corporeal weight almost to an equality with his own; whereat she was pronounced by the whole family as in excellent condition for racing, and incomparably fit for the Maiden at a small country race-meeting on the downs of the Colorado River.

In the Maiden the impost which the handicapper allotted the little dark chestnut was eight stone ten for a mile. The rest of the field, younger and heavier horses with lighter weights, brought the number of candidates up to sixteen for the Maiden. The first prize was twenty dollars sterling; second prize a meershaum pipe. The ten cent bets and halfdollar wagers on the little country race-course standing at the odds of eight to one against Rosie, while Stormlight, the favorite, stood at threes, the race was begun at a short distance from where old Christopher, the owner and nominator, located himself opposite the winning-post. Old Christopher always took all things seriously and pleasures especially *moult tristement*

Uncertain (*tristement*, French, is 'sadly').

, and with the expression of a true-born English sportsman shooting a barn-door fowl. There were no c'reckcards, but chalked up on a blackboard, as No. 9, Mr. C. W. Whitworth's dk. ch. mare Rosie, aged, by Kirkconnell—Alice Hawthorn, appeared, carrying the old colours of Moss Rose. Passing Christopher, whose heart bounded at the rattle and the clink of the flying hoofs, she was fourth, going remarkably strong and well held by the boy, with trousers on his legs and his cap blown off his head. Not being accustomed to the arrangements on race-courses, and greatly excited among the other horses, with the blood of her mustang sire boiling in her veins, she bolted off the hyperbolic curve in a headlong gallop at the first boundary flag, and allowed the rest of the field a start of twenty lengths, when, wondering where they had gone to, she saw them sailing round the track. Rosie started in hot pursuit. Shade of the game Moss Rose! she had them like pie in the twinkling of an eye. Again she swept through the ruck and lay fourth in the encircling field, level with Stormlight in the chocolate and blue, but only to meet with another mishap, as old Christopher Whitworth had girthed up the saddle himself, and was afraid of hurting her by buckling it too tight. The saddle swerved; the jockey swerved; number nine, the dark chestnut, swerved. The saddle slipped under her belly with the cantle downwards, and the jockey fell prone upon her, with his arms around Rosie's neck and bellowing out in her ear to "Woa-up." Still the blood kept boiling, and she thought she still could win. Perhaps she could have won if it had not been for the awkward and cumbersome position of the jockey-boy, who finally had to roll off her neck and hold her in with the reins and bridle. Still she tried to drag him along. She was very fond of old Christopher and felt anxious to please him by winning at least the pipe. The boy came back with her quite safe, but the corners of his big square mouth were down like the horns of the moon. Tommy Tittle-mouse won the twenty dollars, and the pipe went to a descendant of the Duke of Wellington's famous charger, Copenhagen, with the boy in the shirt and the corduroys.

The exhaustive system of horse-training adopted and practised by the Chicago dentist had told a sad tale on the plucky and kind little mare. After the race, showing symptoms of foundering under the terrible strain, Rosie was patted and caressed as if the maiden were hers by rights, and warmed up with a liberal allowance of bran-mash and steamed oats specially prepared by her fatherly old adorer. It took weeks on greenstuff, cabbage-stalks, pies and potato-skins to put on her corny condition again, but not even the Queen of England, the bird of Paradise and Heaven, nor the Archangel Gabriel could have persuaded that devoted old man into racing his pet Rosie again.

One thing certain, the exertions required and put forth by the combined trainer and jockey in strict accordance with the *manège*

The art of horsemanship. [Jones 1963:296](#).

of which Brosie was a propagandist—necessitating as it did his early rising every morning, his close attention and wasting down of his superabundant weight, contributed largely to the cessation of his tours around the bars of the town with the quart bottle under his coat. Instead of bottles of amber, the sixes now went for packets of Epsom salts

As well as being used for many human ailments, Epsom salt was applied in several ways to animals. See for example [The Queenslander May 1885](#).

. They pulled down his weight and destroyed all the lethargy and taint of alcohol in his system at the same time. He would sniff at a glass of beer as indignantly as Rosie herself. The loss of the race did not at all prejudice his ameliorated habits. Brosie had tasted blood, and like the Bengal tiger it whetted his appetite for more. He had nearly—very nearly—trained the winner of the Colorado Maiden, and he hoped to do better with a horse of his own, when he could put his foot down on any interference with the system, feeling as he did fully convinced in his own mind that old Christopher had been slily feeding the race-horse on pies before the race. The quarter-dollars, as many as came in his way, he put carefully away for greenstuff. His mind at last at perfect ease, he slept the sleep of the righteous: sweetly dreaming of the halcyon sunny days when he could put

the winner of the Corinthian Cup on the field, and die happy when the classical race had been won. Combined with the gently-dropping encouragement of Miriam and the effective influences of the trouble-wrought face and the shower of silver sound in the sweet voice of Guinevere, the sedulous attention which he bestowed on that little mare had a most marvellous and salutary effect upon the ambrosial Brosie. "No more wild oats for me," he would say to himself, as he tried to learn off by heart the stud-book in bed with a candle: "No more threes and fours for amber, "as he blew out the light and turned on his side to sleep as peacefully as little Pearly and Valentine themselves. Not a drum was heard at eve, not a bugle-call at morn, as he ruminated over the golden opportunities which he had lost, wasted, or thrown away while he had bowed his knee to the Moloch

A cruel idol of the Old Testament; also Molech. [OED Online](#).

of drink desiccating the life-blood of his veins. He resolved with an inflexible will to waste the days of his youth no more. Stage of improvement followed upon stage of improvement in his bodily health. Cycle of moral amelioration followed upon cycle of moral amelioration, all treading towards one of the greatest blessings which mankind can enjoy—*mens sana in corpore sano et mens conscia recti*.

A sound mind in a sound body and a mind conscious of uprightness. [Jones 1963:70](#).

Brosie was not, however, transformed all at once; the change came by a process of "pegging" and shuttlecocking. It is not in man to perfect all the multifarious resolutions and achievements germane to any mammoth change in his life without feeling recalcitrant impulses to temporarily recoil, to pause in the uphill struggle and in most cases to fall back into the precarious territory of pusillanimity and doubt. Intoxicated with the presentiments of a better life, all his old cravings and the briars and thorns of his existence began to slowly disappear like morning mists, and by degrees his re-modelled principles crystallized into the shape of coherent custom.

*"Men may rise on stepping-stones
From their dead selves to higher things."*

In Memoriam A. H. H. Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Within six months from the date of the maiden plate Brosie was as engaging and handsoms a young gentleman as ever opened an office as a surgical dentist—the stamp of a man that gave everybody the impression that unaided he could cut his way through the world as if it were made of green cheese. Circumspect in every action, unalloyed in every thought, honourable and high-minded, he was a pattern of the noblest work of the Creator—in form and moving how express and admirable!

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II.ii.

Forsaking the sirens behind the bars, he chose for his associations the noble, the ambitious and the good. His most constant companions were gentlemen of his own and other professions, and he was universally respected and esteemed by all with whom he came in contact.

In a short space of time he was enabled to re-establish himself in his avocation, and he quickly brought together under his professional attentions a goodly number of clients. He engaged rooms for dental purposes in Broad Street, New Orleans. Not many months had elapsed before he was considered superior by far to most of the leading dentists in the city. Thriving and prosperous, he looked with the qualms of remorse back on the days when he covered his theretofore untarnished character with shame and ignominy. Like smelted gold from the furnace he emerged into what his inborn *penchant* always seemed to cherish—a young gentleman who knew how to conduct himself and his business with honourable dealing and skill. The oft-reiterated orisons at the tomb of his brother, speaking as if by spiritual telepathy to him from the grave, and the earnest outpouring of the heart of Miriam to Heaven, assisted by the loving-kindness of Guinevere, were at last accorded a well-deserved answer.

Dating his beloved son's reform from the day he took the dark chestnut in hand as a trainer, his old father, whose head was now hoary with care and anxiety as he withered into the sear the yellow leaf, abstractedly patted and praised that dear old mare for the indirect good she had done. She was then not worth more than a hundred dollars, but it is a question if he would have parted with her for a thousand. Rosie was a ray of sunshine, shining like a dancing sunbeam over the ebb-tide and through the vistas of his dull declining days, while avarice, to Christopher William Whitworth, was a thing altogether unknown.

Chapter VIII.

*"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where the cowslip and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with the lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and the eglantine:
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin
Weeds wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes
And make her full of hateful phantasies."*

"Myamyn," at Mobile.

LYING in the cool of a sea-borne summer breeze, or tossed in tempests and whirlwinds of white sand, its lights winking at night afar across the somnolent waters of the harbour, or dimmed by the howling hurricanes of winter, on the periphery of a ten-mile reach of lily-white coast where in the season holiday-makers sat musing over the sound of the plashing wave upon the shore of that halcyon sea, or the mad turmoil of the boiling surge, the little township of Mobile

Presumably Mobile, Alabama.

lay some fifty miles from the city. Two banks, a post and telegraph office, two hotels, two little churches, a blacksmith's forge, and eight hundred private dwellings made one of the most favourite health resorts within its range from the city. The streets were not aligned, or culverted, or macadamised. Mobile owed most of its support to the holiday people from the city on Sundays, or the seaside residence of the families of professional men, commercial men, and the wealthy classes.

In a perfect amphitheatre of sand-box trees, which thickly fringed the entire border of the sandy beach, it afforded excellent shelter for the numerous skiffs, yachts and fishing-smacks which abounded in the bay, the water of which was deep enough close to the shore to afford sufficient draught to any ocean-palace in the world. Ship-loads of excursionists were landed every Sunday afternoon in the summer season to inhale the ozone from the wide expanse of ocean and pic-nic here and there amongst the nooks and crannies in the dense growth of sand-box trees, azalea, and pink-flowering hibiscus. The inhabitants of the flourishing village were for the most part fishermen all the year round, and the city aristocracy in the spring time and the summer. The Anglo-Hungarian band which had played at the ball in the State of Georgia was for a long time located there, and it was as fine and complete a band as any band in the metropolis, having for its bandmaster one of Eugene's old comrades, an accomplished cornetplayer, who carried suspended on a pink ribbon and pinned on his breast a silver medal, won by valorous service in the Afghan war as a grenadier of the British yeomanry. Tradition tells of his having been one of the rescue party from Cabul at the battle of Charasiab

This battle occurred on October 6, 1879.

, at the head of the Logar valley, and how his life had been saved by Eugene, who cut down three of the enemy surrounding his colour-sergeant and carried him off amidst a shower of musket-balls to the rear. With thirty-two performers, the grand music of the band attracted on Sunday afternoons every man, woman and child of that little village down to the water's edge, where, year in year out large sums of money were subscribed towards the support of the city hospitals and various other charitable institutions by the eager crowds who flocked around the spacious marquée.

Some time after the order of the Supreme Court that Eugene's children should be restored by their mother to him was made and signed by his Honour Judge Fosterleigh, the little bill for the legal services of Warne, Costall and Davitt, including all the expenses which he had paid or incurred in travelling and hotel bills for himself, the junior partner, and the groggy commissioner, was little short of two thousand dollars. Not having sufficient loose cash to pay the bill of costs in full, the head of the firm accepted his offer of fifteen hundred dollars of his own money, and the privilege of applying to the court for the complete carrying out to the letter of the terms of their grandfather the coal-king's will, so far as it related to the children. At the time the will was read it was clearly pointed out to Whitworth by the keen-eye-to-business Bubbitt that an allowance was set apart for the children, insomuch it bequeathed to their mother the sum of two hundred thousand dollars on trust, to be invested by the sole executor, the woolmerchant, and the interest thereof paid by quarterly installments to Marvel, subject to the obligation of maintaining and educating the children. Obtaining a copy of the voluminous document from the titles' office at the law courts, Costall himself interpreted to the doctor the intrinsic meaning of the term "obligation" at law, and he persuaded him to consent to their making an

application to the Supreme Court for its opinion and judgment on the question. Eugene had waited six months for his wife's return subsequent to the enacting of the order, and he felt that he had waited long enough for Marvel to change her mind by coming home to live with and look after the children. Instead of doing so, moreover, or even showing a proper motherly instinct towards them, she was continually gallivanting about the city, loitering and frolicking about archery grounds, and almost every night was to be seen at the theatre, opera, or some town-hall concert. He decided on waiting no longer, and consented to the application being made by Warne, Costall and Davitt.

The very day before he expressed his approval of their undertaking, he had been sitting with his children at the mullioned

Divided with vertical bars. [OED Online](#). See 'mullion'.

-window facing the bay and, although she knew that Valentine had been ill for a few days and she had not seen him for two, they saw her archly flounce past the very window, in operatic costume, with some new and strange coxcomb where he and the children sat. Notwithstanding that little Pearly rapped at the window-pane she disdained to take any notice, apparently preferring to engross herself with the attentions of her exquisite friend.

Feeling that nothing in the wide world could change the adamant nature of his gay and giddy wife, and fearing that if she did return it would be for evil instead of good, he coincided with Warne, Costall and Davitt in the idea of their issuing a summons for the deduction from her income of a sum such as the Supreme Court might judge adequate for the maintenance and education of Pearly and Valentine.

Accordingly, an originating summons was taken out by his solicitors at the office of the prothonotary and served upon Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, who were still acting as solicitors for Marvel and accepted service on her behalf. It recited in an opening affidavit the precise terms of the great man's will; it laid particular stress upon the meaning of the word "obligation" at law, and left it to the judge himself to decide what amount should be paid for the purpose. In a few days answering affidavits were forwarded by Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, sworn to by Marvel, chief among which was one stating that the children were outrageously neglected, and that one of them had been ill, because they had not been fed with proper, sufficient, and suitable food. Had this been true, it was a most ridiculous objection on the part of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare. Logic is rare! it provoked the reprisal of a retaliating affidavit from the doctor, pointing out the untruth and absurdity of the illogical proposition as an objection to the allowance being granted. It further narrated that her husband was still perfectly willing to welcome her home to attend to her motherly duties.

About a fortnight after the serving of the originating summons, the application was arranged by the parties to be heard by a judge other than the judge who had gone before into the details of the disruption between the doctor and his wife when the application by *Habeas Corpus* was made for custody. The brief drawn out by Davitt for the plaintiffs, who were Pearly and Valentine themselves by the next friend, their father, as it was put in the terminology of the law, was entrusted to a different barrister, who had for years also been a fellow-student with Eugene at the university when the doctor was a student for the degree of Master of Arte.

Supported by volumes of legal authorities on the maintenance and education of children, he pointed out to the judge the exact meaning of the clause in the will of their maternal grandfather. He dwelt upon the one word "obligation" as binding on the executor and compelling him, as he was, all through, hostile to the doctor, to leave it to the court to say what equivalent in money should be ordered to be deducted from the income of the children's mother, to render his duties in relation to the will valid and consonant with the law. He also showed the court that in spite of the laudable advice which the judge had given to Mrs. Whitworth on the former occasion, she was still absenting herself from the home of the children; that she was consorting with all sorts of strangers instead; that she refused to contribute a single cent to their support, and that the medical practice of the doctor had fallen off owing to the neglect of it through enforced litigation. He also dwelt on the enormous debt Eugene had incurred in his efforts to bring his children home; how he had done his best in the face of grievous difficulties thrown in his way by his wife to keep them as they should be kept, and had nursed and tended them ever since the day of their restitution.

The Irish-setter headed Lord Dundreary who had been entrusted by Hallam, Brassy and Hoare with the opposition to the grant for the children, might just as well have attempted to stem the tide of the Gulf Stream; for after a few feeble and blundering attempts at confounding the clinching arguments of his learned friend, he relinquished the effort with a loud, inane guffaw, without making the slightest impression upon the court. His pygmy rhetorical sortie was analogous to that of a mongrel barking at the heels of a galloping horse and failing to make any impression upon him: it was so *outré* that it was not worth the listening, and was hailed with derision by his adversary. His Honour, as soon as the address for the defence, such as it was, had been concluded, asked the counsel for the children what amount he intended to propose for their benefit conjointly. His Honour further suggested that the assessment of the fund might fairly be left to the discretion of the high-sheriff of the law courts, upon the data that their mother's income was, approximately, less than eight

thousand a year by eight hundred dollars, as portion of her legacy had been invested at over five percent in the City of New York Bank and under five in consolidated annuities.

The counsel for the defence rose with an unseemly interruption of his Honour's remarks, and stated that he had been informed by his client, the mother of the children, who was the best judge in these matters, that an allowance of two hundred dollars a year would be sufficient. The counsel for the plaintiffs, whom nobody seemed clearly to identify as Warne, Costall and Davitt, or Pearly and Valentine, or the doctor himself, said he felt perfectly satisfied in leaving the whole matter in his Honour's hands.

The next morning the judge's address to the parties occupied fully an hour, in which he animadverted upon the shameful neglect which Marvel had shown towards her infant children and the ill-advice she was following in still endeavouring to blacken her husband's character and rain his prospects in his profession. His Honour ridiculed the mean proposition advanced by her through her counsel, that two hundred dollars a year was enough for the children in order that she might keep all the rest for herself, and after a long tirade of reproaches upon the position which she had taken up, he ordered as a punitive measure that the sum of one thousand dollars per annum be deducted from the income of Mrs. Marvel Whitworth and paid every three months for expenditure on their requirements into the office of their solicitors, Messrs. Warne, Costall and Davitt. Furthermore, it was ordered that their creditors should file in the office of the prothonotary an affidavit showing the approximate expenditure incurred upon the children as every quarterly payment became due.

Present in the court amongst the interested parties sat Pearly and Valentine beside their father and the lawyers; while Marvel, her mother, Sukey Bubiit, the gimlet-eyed Simon, Augustus, and the chronic bronchoasthmatical auntie sat, all in a heap, on one of the back seats—Simon Ernest especially in a state of petrification. When the judgment had been read by his Honour, the disgusted black looks on the face of the paradisal bird could only be compared to those on the face of the square-mouthed boy who had lost the Maiden on the old chestnut mare. Still, in spite of the curving downwards of the corners of her pretty mouth and the droop of her facial expression, out of those vindictive black eyes flashed flint and steel and red-hot fire. The doubly-defeated section bundled itself miserably out of the court and adjourned to the nearest and most stylish hotel in the neighbourhood to condole with the sad misfortune of the bird of the sun in being docked of so large a slice of her income—a worse calamity, they one and all agreed, than such a comparative trifle as the loss of the custody of the children. Marvel was cut to the quick.

The doctor went away home with his children to Mobile in the steamer; Pearly labouring under the impression that she had been to a sort of church, as she thought the lawyers were all ministers of the gospel, while Vallie maintained that it was a circus and that they were all silly-billies and clowns. Opening the door as he rang the bell at the Summer Hill home, Emma, the nurse-girl, smiled all over her face and reiterated her gladness at the success with which they had met: further remarking that it served "that bad woman" right; while Pearly reiterated her dislike of the nurse-girl, and Vallie reiterated his dissatisfaction at not having seen a menagerie or any horses at the circus upstairs at all.

The usual routine of the children's lives continued for three months. The first payment of their little income became due. After some attempts on the part of their mother, the wool-merchant and all her relations to disobey the order of the judge, the firm of Warne, Costall and Davitt took out writs of attachment of the bodies of the erring parties and threatened to have them arrested and committed to jail, without the knowledge of the doctor, who certainly did not aspire to the custody of Marvel. However, instead of subjecting themselves to such an indignity as incarceration for debt, they paid over the money to Warne, Costall and Davitt. Costall kept it: execrable Costall!

The payment made not a particle of difference to the children, insomuch the lawyers paid the cheque into their own banking account, and steadfastly refused to advance a single dollar for the benefit of Pearly and Valentine. As far as Eugene and the children were concerned it might have been better if the order for maintenance had never been made at all. It only served to add rancour, hatred, malice and all sorts of uncharitableness to the venomous heart of Marvel, as she took the loss of those thousand dollars to heart far more than the loss of her children. Her first defeat may have been for a time a source of much annoyance, but the subtraction of the allowance for the children from her income was a blow she could not forgive, and a blow which she took every opportunity that came in her way to return. The visits of the paradisal bird became after that like the visits of the angels of Heaven themselves, and for months she neither brought them an apple nor a toy, in seeming revenge for the wrong which they had done their mother.

It was a sad disappointment to the doctor to find that his lawyers had got the best of him and the children. He had imagined they would be contented with the costs which they had been awarded from the other side. Now they had appropriated the childrens' money; but he prayed for the day when he would be able to wash his hands of their money-grubbing office, as indeed his little boy's action on his visit to it himself had seemed to indicate to his father. Moreover, when the order was made for maintenance, he fully expected to be able to pay Warne, Costall and Davitt himself with some long-expected payments of old patients' debts at Sabinnia. Instead

of this, owing to continual litigation which obliged him to neglect his practice, and the scandal attaching to his name through the publication in the daily papers of the city and over the whole of the adjoining States of the damnatory affidavits of his wife, he found his income slowly dwindling away, until now he was left with a practice of fifteen hundred dollars a year, while the expenses of his city offices and the villa at Summer Hill amounted to fully two thousand.

Feeling that his mind would be more at ease if unencumbered by so large a domestic outlay, and that he could provide better for the children if he had a smaller house and one in which he could conduct his professional practice, remaining more with the children at home and vacating his rooms in the city, he interviewed the German agent of the medical bureau and was recommended the purchase on terms of a smaller practice at the mouth of the Alabama River. The same day he bought the goodwill of the seaside practice from the then medical practitioner, and after having lived in the spacious and expensive villa at Summer Hill for two years, he removed all his goods and chattels to Mobile, and drove his children, the servants and the nurse-girl there the following day, while the sagacious friend of the children ran alongside of the newly-bought horse all the way.

Everything was expeditiously arranged in the new house, and the work of transferring the seaside practice to Whitworth begun and ended within a week. "Myamyn," the name by which the new villa was known, was a weatherboard villa-ornee within a stone's-throw of the water's edge. In the choice garden the purple bloom of the veronicas and the pink of pale tearoses gleamed among the large masses of syringas, arching ailanthus, flaming dahlias and poppies; while emerald mosses, cool green ferns and vermilion fungi added colour to the sides. There the lily reared her waxen, golden chalice with its furfuraceous

Scaly; resembling bran. [OED Online](#).

stamens till in its giddy height it trembled on her stem as after a shower she filled with perfume the air around the deodaras, the crimson-berried arbutus, the laurels, the junipers and the Irish yews; while, whispering through its frail foliage the song of the mermaidens or the susurrus of a dreaming child, the Chinese cypripedium shaded long beds flecked with hyacinths, smilax and godetias from the burning sand-drifts and the summer sun. The yellow jasmin in full bloom on the wigwam-summerhouse converted the prairie-grass thatch into a roof of gold, while sulphur-coloured butterflies, bumble bees and metallic-tinted insects flitted from flower to flower with the yellow dusty pollen of promiscuous petals powdering their wings. Everywhere the scent of summer flowers the song of birds, the hum of bees. Here and there among the mosaic parterres bordering the green plush lawn the meek little blue-bell held out her tiny cup for the dews of the evening, and the narcissus opened her heart to the rays of the morning. Liquid diamonds fell from the fountains playing their prismatic colours in the glinting limelight of the sun, and coming through an avenue of leafy pines and plane-trees bordered by the polypodium and the osmunda regalis, or flowering fern, the sudden daylight dazzled the eyes, and softened to a very paradise of cavern and grotto and shining waters and tender greenery. The viridarium

A pleasure-garden of a Roman villa or palace. [OED Online](#).

might have been the home of Flora

A Roman goddess of flowers and spring. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

herself, and the perfume of the wild thyme blew over all with messages from the violet and the rose and all the sweet promises of Spring. Myriads of glow-worms lit up the flower-beds and transformed Myamyn into a veritable fairyland at night and a composite microcosm of the garden of Eden.

The children, delighted with the new abode—anything new, bright and changing being always a pleasure to them—revelled in the exquisite garden and in the summer-house, where the honeysuckle, the yellow jessamine and pink, white and blue convolvuli entwined their tendrils of affection around the lattice-work: making poppy-shows from the fallen blossoms and among the long waving grass on the sides of the floral paradise, little russet robin-redbreasts might often have come in the deepening garish day to cover them with leaves, as tired after their rampage about the garden they lay down to sleep and to dream of the advent of their little mate, Cyril, with Vallie's head downwards like a spider.

Located not more than a fortnight in the holiday-makers' town by the sea, the doctor was visited in mingled feelings of pleasure and surprise at Myamyn by Marmaduke Payne, of whom Guinevere had not heard for months. He had obtained a position as night-porter at one of the hotels.

Eugene wrote at once to his old friend and the erstwhile teacher of his children about the interesting development their histories were taking, urging her to come to Mobile and take charge of his children as a visiting governess, promising to see some of the families on her behalf, so that she might be able to establish a little seminary or kindergarten of her own. Soon a reply came through her husband saying that she intended to leave the priory at Summer Hill; that she only went there as governess on account of her love for Pearly and Valentine, whom she would rather superintend in their little studies than any others she ever knew: that Cyril was enthusiastic at the prospects of playing with Pearly and Vallie again, and as soon as her salary was paid at the termination of the school quarter she would rejoin them at Mobile. She was a woman of sublime constancy

and great depth of affection, to which estrangement was alien and incongruous. Her whole heart warmed at the thought of a reunion with her husband, and at the re-installation of her tutelage of Pearly and the little *espiégle* Valentine; while Eugene rejoiced to hear that his little children were again to be in the care of the classical, the graceful and beneficent Guinevere, to be imbued with the sweetness of her manner and the ineffable *clanc timbre* of her tone.

Not forgetful of the oft-repeated complaints about the harsh treatment of the children by Emma, he sat on the Cingalese lounge

Lounge as in 'lounge chair' or 'easy chair'; it is uncertain what distinguishes a Cingalese [or Sinhalese] variety.

of the verandah one evening, just returned from parade, as the village bells rang out their vesper tolls across the moonlit sea, and the children appeared at the front gate with the old servant, who had gone out for a walk by herself.

"Look 'ere, doctor," she said opening the gate hurriedly: "that there Hemma ain't no good: I saw her a-sitting with a bloke in the scrub, and the children away down the pier by theirselves. I says to meself says I that there ain't no place for them there children, so I goes down the w'arf and finds me noble 'ere a-hangin' over the side fence a-doin' gymnasters on the rail right over the hedge. That there bay is full of sharks and it's a mercy, to be sure, he didn't fall in and get drowned, where he was a-swingin' over twenty foot deep. He's the boldest boy I've hever been acquainted: I runs up to him and catches him just before a man was runnin' up to him and I brings him 'ome—the scamp. My word, if my mother was 'ere that Hemma would catch it to be sure."

The acrobatic and hazardous Valentine, who had been doing a little of circus trapeze work and Blondin Tight-rope-walking; a (slightly anachronistic) reference to the funambulist Charles Blondin.

combined on the rail of the pier barrier, stood looking demurely at his father, as if all the crimes of the world were being laid at his door; while the coy little Pearly, with the corner of her fist in her eye, never letting a chance of a cut at the contumacious Miss E. Powell—to whom Pearly was an implacable foe—slip, said enticingly, "Send her away, puppa, will yer? send naughty Emma away: she's a nasty thing: she smacked me two times this mornin' for nuffin'," when the culprit strutted in from the street.

"Is this true what I hear," he said to her, "about you smacking Pearly again and letting Vallie run into danger while you play the fool in that scrub? but the old servant took up the running and recounted the charge to her face, whereupon an angry altercation between the two girls ensued, calling each other liars and so on, and the nurse-girl said it would only have given him a good ducking if he had fallen into the sea. The look on Vallie, quite *en pénitence* and in a pre-occupied frame of mind, was quite enough to show his father that the nurse was to blame, and considering her a dangerous attendant upon the children, he paid her her wages there and then, telling her to go away in the morning.

It opened up further avenues for the entrance of Guinevere into Myamyn. It afforded his old companion under the orange and pomegranate trees of the university the opportunity of becoming a second mother to his children, whose young and impressionable minds he fervently hoped would become endowed with her graces and the beauties of her soul, the richest treasures which they through life could enjoy. Morning after morning she came with Cyril and walked home to her lunch in a little cottage with Marmaduke. In the afternoons, after a few months she opened a small school of music and painting for girls, and, counting Pearly and Valentine, she collected altogether over a dozen pupils, with the youngest of whom, after the teaching had ceased for the day, she would stroll along the shore of the open sand-girt sea.

The sweetness, the supernal bliss of Eugene's chequered life he experienced on Sunday mornings in his regular walks from Myamyn to the silvery foreshore of the estuary with only Pearly and Valentine, brown as berries, for companions. Leaving the villa after breakfast, they would trippingly accompany him along a meandering path, through a labyrinth of yellow-tipped gorse and rich prairie grasses, over a natural stone bridge crossing a tiny brooklet, gathering in little baskets its maiden-hair ferns, chattering together merrily in harmony with its prattling music, and exultant over the bath they loved in the crisping crystal waves. During the six months they had trodden that winding mazy path every Sunday morning together, they never met a living soul: sage Solitude had its charms for the little dismembered family: the rippling music of the voices of the children were like silver bells to the soul of Eugene. It was a narrow tortuous track through the salt-grasses, over logs and bridges formed of fallen sand-box trees and loose stones spanning the little stream showing beneath its eddy zig-zag current a shining bed of pebbles and emitting tinkling music to the footsteps of the children. Here and there among its sinuosities and windings lay little dells draped with silvery lichens and clothed with ferns and coral growths and cushions of exquisite mosses of gold and emerald velvet. In happiness that seemed unreal from its very completeness away they wandered together to the beach as the church bells rang out their morning peals and the cattle-bells clanked in the bush. Always in the same cosy and sequestered corner on the shore, in a little round copse cut out by nature from the hibiscus and sand-box fringe, and surrounded by bubbling springs, the children would take off their clothes with the assistance of their father; both of them eager

and impatient to plunge into the plashing waves, up to their plump little waists they would stand, ducking their heads under the curling breakers, splashing like two playful little dolphins, while their father stood by with his boots and socks off and his trousers tucked up to his knees. Once there, it was a puzzle to induce them to come out: for if he carried one back to the dry sandy shore the other would venture too far out to sea, and would glory in taking his breath away by creating false alarms that they were being carried away by the undertow. In the fairy alabaster baths below the scarped sandstone cliffs, among the rocks filled with translucent crystal and fit for Phryne

A Greek hetæra in the 4th century BC; famously beautiful, it is reputed that she once acted as a model for a sculpture of Aphrodite.

or Aphrodite

The Greek goddess of love, who was born from the sea. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#). herself, they loved to let the confluent murmuring waves lap their feet.

Fully an hour every Sunday morning he watched his little triton and mermaiden, sportive with delirious enjoyment on the plashing confines of the sand-patting waves or imbedding their racing footprints in embroidery of the smooth, wet, brown border of the shore—the marginal *tabula rasa* of the seas: drying their little bodies, perfect in symmetry, dressing them in the elf-cave copse and revelling in the blissful day-dream that he had them all to himself—all to himself. The poisoning sea-gulls screeched from aloft, or skimmed gracefully along the surface of the water, parting it in fantastic curves with the white tips of their wings; while the buoyant purling tide strewn along the shore the upborne shells, and the puffing breezes sprinkled them with its silvery grains; while they were garnered into the baskets by the children, or were held close to their ears, harking to the mermaids' songs. All the world was young. It was full and complete recompense to their father for all the money he had spent to find in the love of his ransomed little angels the solace for the loss of Marvel, over whom he had grieved for years. He watched them grow with a proud and jealous solicitude. Through the long vistas of their lives to come he saw visions in long reveries of his little pearl of a girl grown into a fair woman like Guinevere, and his valorous little son a stalwart, noble, brave man, still at his side constant, loyal, united and true, ere yet on the *tabula rasa* of their lives the trials and emotions of the world had written their autographs.

If ever a call came for him on the Sunday and they were not at school, they would follow him wherever he had to go. They would chase after him into every house. If a baby happened to be there, it was the precious privilege of Pearly to nurse it and sing a lullaby refrain, while Vallie would recall the watch, the trumpet and the toys which he had given to little Percy in his far-away grave. Scenes of death and ghastly scenes too they looked upon in company with their father. They followed him once to a case of suicide, when a banker, suspected of embezzlement, had fired a ball into the region of his heart. Telling them to stay at home resulted in a duet of painful lachrymation in the quick humours of childhood, and they ran out of the house after him crying down the street. He was detained for a minute or so on the way and, as he turned the corner of the street, he caught them peeping around the corner of the bye-way where the prostrate suicide lay. They hid themselves for a while, but eventually found their way into the house and the bedroom. They were known by all. Wherever they went they were encouraged and made welcome.

Prone on the floor and dying lay the young manager of the bank. They helped to turn him over and unfasten his clothes. No sooner had their father removed the silver probe which he had inserted into the bullet-wound in the chest than the nervine little Valentine poked in after it his finger, trying to pull out the ball, while over the dying man knelt his frenzied young wife, reading verses from their big family bible, with little Pearly kneeling down by her side, imitating with her childish accents the words of the woman, and her little hands uplifted in prayer.

The kinetic spirit, the *vis vitæ*, the stamp of originality and force of character in those little ones, who scarcely knew how to spell the easiest words, their father thought presaged for them a brilliant and triumphant future. Fervently he prayed that none of the scandal of his own hard life would ever weigh down their flights into eminence or pollute the crystal springs of their innocent lives. To keep them pure and unspotted from the world was his constant aim and his perfervid ambition; for what had he but them to love and cherish now?—now that his once-adored Marvel had shamefully turned traitress and had disgraced her husband, herself, her home and her children. The brilliant intellect which they both possessed was to him a harbinger of honours that uncounted gold could not obtain—a grain of mustard seed to ripen and bring forth a hundred-fold; a shield and buckler in the fight and a swelling flood-tide of fortune; a treasure-trove beyond all dreams of treasures; a legacy outshining in power and magnificence all other legacies; the mighty engine that moved the great world; the richest gift under heaven that no thief could steal; the birthright among whose harvests the tares of the enemy would choke and wither: the acme and the paragon of inborn blessings, without which they would be poor indeed.

Chapter IX. The Missing Friends' Column of the "New York Herald." Marvel at "Myamyn."

IN the missing friends' column of the "New York Herald," within two years from the date of the great coal-king's death, appeared an advertisement inserted by Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, as proctors for Susannah Bubbitt, calling the attention of one Laban Jarves (if alive) to anxious inquiries by his daughter as to his whereabouts, or (if dead) for information as to the date and circumstances of his demise. It further announced that the person concerning whom the advertisement was published was last heard of by letter bearing the post-mark of the Colorado Ranges post-office. It described him as being a man, at the time the advertisement appeared, if alive, approaching sixty years of age, tall in stature, with very dark hair, and by occupation a farm labourer. The notice happened to meet the eye of Miriam. It fastened itself upon her mind with such a weird and peculiar force that she mentioned it incidentally to Dolly one morning after his return from night duty on the steam-boats.

"It seems strange," said Dolly; "old Adam always gloating over the revenge he had on a man named Labby. I think next Sunday I had better ride Rosie out to his cabouche and get out of him all the bearings about the Labby he seems to have in his old cocoanut. I'll acquaint Hallam, Brassy and Hoare myself if I get anything out of the old chap, and give him some of the reward."

The Sunday morning came. Dolly led the old mare saddled and bridled out of the stable, and assisted by her solicitous guardian to mount, he started off for the house where old Adam lived, taking a junk of beef sandwiched between two rounds of bread in his pocket, and expecting to be back shortly after dark.

The distance was thirty-five miles: but he reached the ranche in a little over three hours and a-half, when, hanging the reins over the shakey, lopsided old gate-post, he walked to the back door of the bark-hut. The bought-and-sold old woman of Adam let him into the little kitchen where the old man had sung so many songs for the nascent surgeon. Finding that Adam was not at home, but in the sly-grog shop, he bent his steps thither, and having been apprised by Adam's mate of the secret knocks of the sly-grog shop, he was admitted to the august presence of the patriarchal carpenter and joiner, blacksmith and wheelwright, painter and paperhanger, glazier, undertaker, and general repairer.

"Halloa! my boy, come a-seein' on me," shouted Adam in great astonishment.

"Yes, I rode all the way from Galveston to see you," returned the Flying Dutchman: "but I want to see you about something private: come outside half-an-hour down the paddock."

The covert, felonious purveyor of the smuggled spirit, who was also the proprietress of an illicit still and displayed as a blind in the window a few bits of tape, reels of cotton, strings of dried apples and a dirty card announcing "Summer drinks" to the wayfarer, had begun to poke the fire as the stranger entered, in customary preparation for a call for drinks, and pricked up her ears at the word "private"—an expression of which she always had an uncanny dread. Not having any room in which the private conversation could be conducted, excepting her bedroom, which was more like a cellar—afraid as she was to leave the room where the fire was in case old Adam would make a raid on the bottles—the toothless old beldame contented herself with allowing them to walk out together and watching their movements down the paddock through a peep-hole in the wall. She had, she thought, some recollection of having seen the strange young man before. His face was quite familiar to her, but his name she could not recall.

Stealthily through the little auger-hole, through which those guilty and criminal old foxey eyes had nervously peeped for forty years, she watched the stranger take out a newspaper from his pocket and read out something, which brought the old man to a stand-still with his hair on end. Her uneasy conscience at once, with the perspicuity of a woman, made a coward of her and convinced her that the private conversation had some reference to herself. She hastily removed all the grog from the little shanty into a large box, which she let down a well.

Walking a few paces and stopping now and then, "That *was* the infernal blackguard's name I do believe," said the old man. "Me and my ole 'ooman always called him Labby: it wouldn't be a morsel bit 'o trouble to my ole 'ooman to tell up all about him: it mide goa into one ear and out at t'other wi' zome, but not wi' my ole 'ooman: she've got a main-top to hold on by, my boy. It's so long sin', but he would be nigh sixty now; at that time he was nobbut a gowk, a bedoited and black-headed scoundrel, very tall and broad-showldered, and about thirty. He used to coome here a-fossickin round and a-seein' up beer or anything. He wrought on my farm ploughin' and scufflin' taters, and allers a-wearin' a smock-frock, for a twelve month abouts, and I heerd him tell as how he was from somewhere about the north of Kansas. I always thought he was a bad 'un; many a clip at lug I possed him. He always a-seemed to me like a bit daft and maffled-like. I hope there's no harm coomes

out on it. This old widow-'ooman 'ud talk a hoss's hind leg off, but she've never spoke about it, not as I ever a-heerd tell: my ole 'ooman ain't never telt nobody; she will keep it dark and so black as a crow, my boy; though I'm downright pleased I had my pinchers on the villyun, and if he was down there again I'd roust him out of that hole to-night, so help my God: roust him out of that hole to-night, so help my God I would, if I had to pass all the stokin' and roastin' devils in hell. I never seed such a villyun in all my creepin' up."

On returning to the grog-shanty, the old man was first admitted alone, but in a few seconds he came out and piloted through the door the Flying Dutchman, whose name old Mag had insisted upon having before supplying any grog to the old resurrectionist again. When they re-entered the little private bar, Dolly paid for a glass of wine for himself and two quarts of beer in quick succession for Adam. The widow proceeded to engage him in conversation, but could not get any satisfaction as to what the nature of the private business had been.

"I ain't seen a newspaper for three munce," said the artful old unlicensed purveyoress: "would you be kind enough to leave that one sticking out of your pocket: you don't want it and you can get plenty in the town, to be sure you can."

His suspicions aroused, he said there was nothing in it worth reading, and demurred at lending it to her; but the giddy old girl tried on a little old-fashioned flirtation and snatched it out of his pocket, promising that she would give it back in a few minutes. Saying that he was going away very soon and wanted particularly to take the newspaper away with him, he sat down again with Adam, talking about the doctor's children and loads of box and birch.

The old beldame fossicked about the little private bar for her spectacles and began spelling out the words to herself as fast as her educational lights would enable her. Two crosses in ink, marking the spot where the notice appeared, attracted her attention as she turned over the second page. Soon Dolly rose from the old broken candle-box on which he was sitting and prepared to leave. The old woman handed him the paper back with profuse and antiquated politeness. She didn't want to keep it, she said—only to glance at it, but the marks and the advertisement had been engrossing her attention all the time she had it in her hands.

Dolly Whitworth walked back with the old man to the gate where the mare was anchored, and admonishing Adam to say nothing about the notice to anybody, he was leaving with the satisfied feeling of having made a thrilling and important discovery.

"It's a bit dubersome about this year old Mag: there's no tellin' how she'll fettle oop, but my ole 'ooman'll see til her if she lets anything lose," said Adam as Dolly prepared to leave. "She be alters routin' an' groutin' and maunderin' here an' daunderin' there an' whisperin' an' haverin' an' hidin' away in neuks an' corners. Look-I-zay, my boy, you can't tell what's under the widow-'ooman's bonnet, and mark'ee she've a-bin a great scholard and can pitch real langwidge too: I thoct she'd give thee a buss I did. The way she carried on it's maist as if she nobbut knew all about it. I never heerd tell o' siccan a thing afore and it like dinges me over, but no body'll get nowt off of my ole 'ooman; my ole 'ooman is no siccan a fuil till she be fairly bet; but she'll mebbe greet when she hears tell o' the pollisman; so I'll just go'ome and sit me down at fire with my ole 'ooman, for she be right bad with her jaw;" and the Flying Dutchman cantered away.

Reaching home and submitting to the reproaches of his father for getting the mare into such a lather of a sweat, he unfolded to the household the tale that old Adam had related. It came like a revelation of some occult *Nemesis* on old Christopher Whitworth. He vehemently reproved Dolly for his precipitation in consigning the bones to the waves under the prow of the "Baltimore" instead of letting him replace them in the sequestered and rifled grave.

"There's no money in it at all events for us," said Dolly: "that is all I went after: we can't very well give any clue to Hallam, Brassy and Hoare when it might lead to the dragging of the bay, and get the old man into trouble. You had better go by the steamer in the morning and let Eugene know about it as soon as you can."

"Not a bit of fear," returned old Christopher. "*He* didn't dig up the man's bones. He didn't know what the old villain was after, and he thought they were only the bones of a Red Indian. I'm not going to leave that mare to be starved and ridden to death, as the saying is, for any nonsense of that sort, so there's an end to the business as far as I am concerned." Lighting the meerscham he got up from the sofa and walked out to have a smoke and another look at the "little picture" encircled in a pink-webbed surcingle

A girth; especially a large girth passing over an object to keep it in place on an animal's back. [OED Online](#). in the stable.

Further pressure was then brought to bear upon him by Miriam; she gave him no peace on the subject and insisted on going herself by the first steamer; but as the boat left before the toy shops were open and she might, she thought, just as well stay at home as go without a goodly collection of drums, juvenile bassoons, hautboys and bugles, she procured a multifarious *répertoire* from St. John's church carnival that night and embarked on the next morning looking like a punch-and-judy show.

Arriving at Mobile, to the hearts' content of the children she made the presentation of musical prizes, and promised to stay with them till the end of the week, during which time and for weeks after, Myamyn was a

counterpart of the euphonius villa at Summer Hill.

After she had unburthened the inauspicious news that floated in a sickly glamour over the sinless soul of Miriam, she shuddered with apprehension when Eugene told her that Mrs. Hornblower's name before she was married to Augustus was Jarves: that Mrs. Hornblower had obtained a divorce from her first husband on the ground of lunacy, but that Sukey Bibtitt was always known after her mother's second marriage as Sukey Hornblower till she married Simon Ernest Bibtitt.

"It's not a very uncommon name though—Jarves," he said: "besides I don't think she would advertise for a missing acquaintance if he were a poor man, supposed to be labouring on a farm. I never heard of her or any of her kindred ever spending a cent on any charity. She would be more likely to ask for money than give it away. I never heard her speak of her father or any missing relatives. Once when Mrs. Hornblower was in the middle of an angry altercation with the old coal-king, he taunted her about some soft-brained relative. I thought that he said the relative was in an asylum for the insane. Many a time Gould told me himself that her name had been Jarves and that she was married in Kansas. The family, according to Gould, were very poor and common people. Sukey Bibtitt was born in the same place as her mother, a little village near Topeka, in the State of Kansas. The auntie was, he said, ten years older than Jarves. She can neither read nor write. The world of letters is caviar to auntie: her acquisitions are the glimmerings of such knowledge as long life alone teaches. The Jarves family must have been some of the proletariat too; and the rasping, nagging, harsh lingo and the long breaths aggravate her general repulsiveness."

Just then a patrolman came through the front gate and knocked at the door, while Miriam in great perturbation of mind looked out through the window. Breathless and trembling with nervous agitation, she sat overcome with fear as Eugene advanced to the door and opened it for the minion of the law, who merely called to ask the doctor if the vaccination returns were ready for the end of the quarter, and took them away with him.

"You mark my words," said Miriam kindling with excitement; "if that vindictive Marvel has the slightest inkling of the history of her cousin's father she will never rest till she proves that you had a sort of connection with the removal of the bones of the missing man. As it is, she would glory in seeing you carried out of that door in a six-feet box. I always thought she was a wicked, treacherous and dangerous wife for any man. She would do any mortal thing to gratify her spite and revenge herself upon you and the children. Money can do a great deal at law and she will find plenty about the city who will go into court for a trifle and swear a man's life away."

"On the honeymoon trip, I remember," he said: "when we were on the deck of the steamer, pointing out to Marvel the Colorado ranges and telling her that I used to go about there in the college vacations shooting wood pigeons over the fields, but I never told her I had anything to do with the resurrection of the bones. The place was pointed out to her in such a casual sort of way that it is a question if she recollects anything about what I said. In any case I can't see how they can get any clue as to the whereabouts of their missing relative, assuming the man was Sukey's father, as there is nobody living about the ranges but old Adam Quain at all likely to have any knowledge of the man Laban Jarves unless perhaps old Mag."

Miriam's pulses strengthened. Her palpitating heart subsided into steady and rhythmical action when the doctor showed such indifference over the matter, which had brooded over her pure and spotless soul like a horrible incubus ever since she had noticed the advertisement in the New York Herald and had shown it to Dolly. In a few days, to the great disappointment of Pearly and Valentine, she left Myamyn and returned by boat to her own quiet home; but the muffled beat of the drum—in which there was already a hole made by Vallie to let out more of the music—the early calls of the clarinet and the sound of the big bassoon rang for weeks in the ears of Eugene to keep him in memory of her visit.

The warmth of the summer air and the spinning whirlwinds of white sand in front of Myamyn brought to Eugene the reflection that he had been nearly a year in Mobile. During the year he had made excellent ground in his practice. His cup of joy was as full as those of the children themselves. All the year they had been healthy and strong—Pearly like a little dairy-maid and Vallie's face was as round and rosy as an apple. They had both benefited immeasurably by the tender care and the benign influences of Guinevere. Pearly had grown into a charming and self-possessed little girl, and Vallie was as intrepid and lusty as a young eagle. On his little wooden Grecian velocipede

A travelling machine operated by foot-peddalling; an early bicycle or tricycle; any swift vehicle. [OED Online](#).

he was the Ixion

A king of Greek mythology who was divinely punished by being chained to a fiery wheel eternally rolling across the sky. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

of the footpath: he could outpace boys twice his size on bigger machines. Level or unlevel crossings were all the same to Vallie. Time after time he bowled over with the velocipede on the top of him into the thick sand off the unaligned side-walk only to laugh and mount again. Bruises, cuts and scratches came quite naturally to

Vallie, rubbing the place with his chubby hand more comically than ruefully. The old servant Lillie Delaine still remained and exercised a general supervision over the children and the house in general. If Miss E. Powell, affected as she was with prudery and priggishness, disdained to enter the bedroom in the mornings for the children's clothes while the doctor was still in bed, no harm could be seen in so doing by the more sensible, devoted and faithful old servant. To Lillie the children would run when in trouble or to explain their little requirements. Their former experience of the cruel Emma, the dismissed nurse-girl and the unreconcilable enemy of Pearly, made them suspicious of any newcomer. A new girl came on trial for a week, but she failed to suit the children. What failed in her to find favour with them was that the new girl was of a very religious turn of mind. Vallie had on her first day offended her supernatural soul by holding up a white kitten with its arms spread out flat on the passage wall and calling her attention to the little Jesus nailed up on the cross. Guinevere came every morning with Cyril. The children attended her little school in the afternoons and walked with her when school was over, along the silvery sand of the hibiscus, azalea and sandbox fringed shore.

It was near Easter-tide when a short letter came for Eugene, covered in a dark blue envelope of quite a fanciful pattern and written on ribbed dark green paper. It was from no less a personage than the heavenly bird, who all the time had been living in the same hostelry with the other binary star—the Italo-Mexican woman—and visited her children once a month. Opening the letter he read to himself—

"Summer Hill, Constellation Hotel, 21st December, 1852.

"Dear Dr. Whitworth,—

"As my lawyers think I should return to your house and live with the children, I propose doing so sometime after Easter. I must, however, insist on your dismissing the servants who have been in your employ during the past three years, or as many of them as still remain. I shall certainly insist on your not keeping race-horses.—Yours, &c.,

"Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth."

The prefix "Paradise" had been written down and crossed out again. His first thoughts were to send her the *recherché* epistle back and refuse to take her home again. With the children alone he had been contented and happy. He reflected on the number of letters he had written to her, without receiving any reply; on the years he had waited for her return: the ruination which she had brought about in his practice and the large amount of money it had cost him to redeem his children at law. Perhaps again, he thought, she would be a sadder and a wiser woman after her two defeats and the homilies which she had received from both the judges, and that it might be to the interests of the children themselves if their mother lived under the same roof to study their welfare. When he looked forward to the stain that would pigment the vistas of their fair and innocent lives as the histories of their mother's actions were hurled at them like arrows of scorn, he sat down in his surgery and wrote an answer to the letter. He was willing that she should return, but that it seemed from the wording of the epistle she intended to come back solely for her own sake and the childrens' and not in any contrite way as his wife at all—not from any love she had for the children or her husband, but because her lawyers had said she should do so; just as any other lawyer might have advised her to act. He reminded her of the large sums of money he had spent to recover his children; of the facility with which she obtained her supplies compared to the drawbacks and difficulties which he had in making his comparatively small income; that the quarterly payments of the childrens' money had all been impounded by Warne, Costall and Davitt, and that all the money spent on the maintenance and education of his children in contravention of the will had been provided by him. In conclusion, he asked her if she would contribute something towards the support of the house and the children providing he agreed to her proposal that she should return as the mother of the children, and he gave expression to the opinion that it would be a mean act of injustice on his part to summarily dismiss a good and faithful servant who had for nearly three years spent all her energies in attending to the house and in her ministrations to the needs of Pearly and Valentine whom she had so long refused to look after at home, although there was no reason why she should not have returned long before. He was a man of warm affections and of a constancy of mind and inclinations, to whom forgetfulness of old ties or indifference to old associations were impossible traits of character, and he would no more think of discharging a good servant, unless he had really good cause, than he would think of cutting off his hand.

In a few days after the posting of the letter, as he sat on the rustic loggia of Myamyn on the Easter eve, he smoked a cigar and looked back upon the reminiscences of his past married life, after the children had gone into

their little blue bizarre boudoir—musing over the chequering blight under which theretofore he had suffered and the paths of briars and thorns over which he had trodden—paths which he ardently hoped would, on the return of his changed wife, end in paths of roses for the children as well as himself. The evening sky shone like an opal dome, and through the air, misty as a soft spun veil, the little grey gnats flew around and around the cap of the gate-post in narrowing and expanding circles, tiny stragglers from the ring flitting lazily before him and all suddenly vanishing into their marshy homes. The fragrant dusk of the garden was beginning to melt into trembling light, and the last flush of sunset had long since faded beyond the hills. Full rose the yellow moon from far across the peaceful ocean, dispersing night's clouds, and her pall thrown over the town, lighting up the whole road in front of Myamyn and sending her mellow beams in silver tracery over the sea and into the openings of the sand-box and azalea fringe. The quiet moonlight streamed full upon his face as, gazing in the direction of the scrub through the avenue of escalonia hedges—what figure was that motioning as if to him and beckoning to him to come?

He sat and watched and smoked, but the motioning of the arms and the beckoning still continued. He noticed the figure move, as if coming towards the road; it was plain to him that it was the form and figure of a woman. "Can it be Marvel?" he whispered to himself: "it's about the same size as Marvel, but it appears to be dressed in deep black; whereas since the death of her father Marvel had not donned much sackcloth and ashes, but had worn *favours* only three months, and now she always affected bright colours again. "Still it must be Marvel," he thought: "what on earth is she doing there? she wants me to go over there."

Rising from the Cingalese lounge on the verandah, he walked in wonder towards the arm-waving figure, which suddenly, as he moved, ceased to beckon towards him. Bareheaded, across the road he walked, and saw the figure debouching

To come out into open ground, or a wider space. [OED Online](#).

among the trees. He stepped upon the footpath and drew near to the boundary of the sand-box fringes, following the retreating woman, who stopped and said—"Don't you know me, Eugene?"

"No," he replied: "who are you—Marvel?"

Beckoning again to him to enter the forest, away from the light of the moonbeams, she drew him nearer and nearer into the shade of some copper beeches. It was the voice—it was the form of his mother.

"I wouldn't go to the house," she said, "as I heard Marvel had gone home. Old Adam came in great excitement a few days ago and told me that a lawyer had been catechising him about Laban Jarves' remains; that the lawyer belonged to Brassy's office. He told the lawyer that he knew nothing about the man, except that he had worked for a few weeks on the same farm, and that Jarves had gone out of his recollection ever since. Detectives called upon Adam the next day. They took him to the grave and taxed him with knowing all about the mystery. He would not acknowledge anything, and the detectives went away. He says that the old woman who keeps the little store went away to New Orleans the day after Dolly was there. She must have seen the advertisement in the newspaper and apprised the lawyers of the fate of the missing man, whom she knew as well as old Adam did himself. It was that old woman who gave the information to the police before, you remember. She has been up to mischief again, with the hopes of getting the reward."

"Better come into the house," said Eugene: "Marvel is not there, and it's not certain if she ever will be there. I never know what she means, or whether she intends to come back or stay away."

"No," rejoined Miriam, "I won't go inside; the servants may see me and wonder. I am afraid that detectives will come here in a day or so and if they find that I have been before them they will suspect you all the more. If that sly Sukey Bibtitt or Marvel imagines you had anything to do with the disturbing of their relative's grave, they will prosecute you to the bitter end, as only they can do, for the sake of a legal revenge. Probably as it is she is thinking of coming back for a while to worm the secret out of you on her cousin's behalf. Then again, if you keep it hidden from her, in the event of her return, it may be the means of crippling her cousin's spite when she discovers you were there. Better let Marvel return than suffer their malicious vengeance, for she would never be satisfied till she sees you in your own grave. I will go back to the city to-night and leave for home by the steamer to-morrow. No one at home knows where I am excepting Dolly."

She walked away alone, forbidding Eugene to accompany her away from the trees; while Eugene walked home with a complex addition to the conflicting emotions in his mind and another web in the tangled woof of his reflections. To throw any obstacle in the way of his wife's return would be to heap coals of fire on his own head; to have her home might take the sting out of the vindictive persecution of her cousin. Paramount above all, it would be best for the sake of the children. Their interests domineered over every other consideration, and fixed him in his determination to welcome his wife to the flowered-clothed Myamyn.

A few days afterwards he received a second epistle from her to say that she intended to return home after she had made a transpacific winding excursion to Fiji, New Guinea and the South Sea Islands—the summer isles of Eden — in one of the Mississippi United Steam Navigation Company's excursion steamers, which majestic ocean-palace was also to carry some of the upper ten thousand of the city; that she expected to be back

in two months, by which time she hoped that he would have discharged the servants, in order that she might bring with her servants of her own. There was nothing further in the reply than this; although in other little notes which she sent—very much like repetitions of what she had said before—there was as much fencing, finessing and *fin de siècle* diplomacy as would have sufficed to avert the war between China and Japan, before the fugacious Marvel had fully made up her mind to return.

He had steadfastly refused to agree to her dismissal of his servants until she had shown that she was honest in her intention to return by coming and settling herself down for good in his house. Irrespective of this objection, she took it upon herself to write to the servant who had been so long in the doctor's employ from the saloon of the excursion steamer "Tarshish," informing her that as the girl had once said she would not work for her, and as she had once signed her name to an affidavit detrimental to her interests, she intended engaging other servants of her own on her return from her excursion, by which time the old servant would be good enough to make herself ready to leave. During the trip to the summer isles of Eden the bird of Paradise spent most of her time in her cabin, where she lay in a state of collapse, as miserable as a bandicoot and well nigh sick unto death, calling out night and day "stew—ard—ess, ste—ward—ess, I shall die before I get back home, I shall die, I shall—die."

When the "Tarshish" sailed into her berth on the Mississippi Quay the travel-stained bird of Paradise, whose itineraries comprised visits to her namesakes and prototypes in New Guinea, followed by all the high-flight of the metropolis, disembarked, Marvel and her close companion, the Italo-Mexican dame d'hotel, driving in a carriage which a polite young gentleman—an admirable Crichton of the archery ground, who was running Cocklebrook very close for paradisaal favours—had thoughtfully provided to carry them from the quay to the Constellation caravanserai at Summer Hill. It was, however, another month before she showed in sight of Myamyn, and Eugene felt grateful that he had not discharged the old servant, as Marvel had so peremptorily demanded.

Thus an amnesty—a false armistice—was proclaimed, and about three months after Easter, or four months after her first expressed intention of returning, one smiling afternoon she came bowling along in a chariot to Myamyn in stupendous state. Alighting from the chariot drawn by a pair of high-stepping carriage horses, and walking with vacillating steps to the front door she manifested every sign of her recent arrival from the home of her patron bird. She appeared in the eternal gorgeousness which ornamented her nearly all through her life. Brighter than the colours of the picture-book, the hues of the Tyrian dye, the glories of Solomon, or the wardrobe of the Queen of Sheba, were the fal-de-lals of the bird of Paradise—quackeries of colour appealing to the tastes of the vulgar with a pragmatistical affectation of refinement. She wore a frock that would have been an ideal for the Melbourne Cup. It was made of shining ivory *glacé* silk with blue convolvuli upon the surface; the bodice of this simulated three little coats, each one outlined with cardinal *paillettes*

A small piece of shiny material of some kind used to decorate a garment. [OED Online](#).

and buttoned with jewelled blue buttons, fully displaying a front of pale turquoise-green chiffon

A diaphanous plain-woven fabric of fine hard-twisted yarn. [OED Online](#), sense 2.

draped with Alençon lace. She wore a handsome diadem of large opals and beryls and diamonds at her throat. In her brown, coquettish Panama hat, trimmed in complementary colours, quaint and curious was fixed a tom-cat, with its humped back in the very act of fighting, made from oxydised silver, set in diamonds, and she was accompanied by a French *bonne* to marshall her luggage and look after her straps and wraps and carriage comforts. As she sailed through the straits of the escalonia hedges the old servant with a bundle under her arm and a carpet bag in her hand disappeared through the back door, and Eugene, who was busy dressing in his military uniform for the Wednesday afternoon parade—in fighting costume too with all the warpaint—received the celestial Marvel, who entered with mincing steps and an air of frigid familiarity, in a becoming military style. After bidding her welcome to his home, he set out on the weekly cavalry parade with the new black horse, which he had brought from Summer Hill.

In the evening, as he returned after the military parade was over, he found that Marvel had re-disposed the drawingroom into a sitting-room and boudoir for herself and the children. Shortly after her arrival two men had come with a beautiful basket-chair and a choice and costly Chippendale boudoir-suite, and on her instructions had fitted it together in the drawingroom, where she had arranged that the children should leave the little bowers in which they had slept so long beside their father, and pass their nights with her in the newly-constituted bedroom. He simply noticed what had been done, but said nothing, although he suspected that the return of his paradisaal wife had been instigated by Hallam, Brassy and Hoare from *some* occult sinister motives. He discovered afterwards that they had verily inspired and drafted the letters, which she had copied and forwarded to him during the lengthy negotiations for a peaceful re-union at Myamyn, some time before Easter-tide. He made up his mind to repress the inward and silent contempt which he felt for his meretricious wife, and to let bye-gone be bye-gones as well as he could. Though nothing could make him forget the outrageous charges which she had made against him so recklessly, he refrained from any reference to the

bye-gone litigation, and strived with all his might and main to make himself agreeable with Marvel.

The day after her arrival he took an advertisement for her to the city newspapers and posted one to every registry office calling for applications for the positions of general servant and nurse-girl. The following day about fifty ambitious proponents came. Marvel made a selection of two, recommended to her by her old companion at the Constellation Hotel, fancying they would suit her purposes, although they had never been similarly employed before. They looked more like two gaslight butterflies than domestic assistants. She took the trouble to inform her husband that her contribution to the support of the house would consist in her discharging the debts of the wages of the servants, the expenditure upon whom would amount, she said, to more than she had been paying for her own board and residence at the Constellation, one servant receiving seven dollars a week and the other five dollars. The two neophytes were more like *femmes de chambre* than menials of the nursery and kitchen, and always appeared gaily decked out in mousseline-de-laine

A fine dress material printed with varied patterns, originally made entirely of wool, but later chiefly of wool and cotton. [OED Online](#).

and red ribbons and farthingales and pectinate

Resembling a comb; having narrow projections or divisions. [OED Online](#).adj. 2.

furlowes

Pleats or puckers on a gown or petticoat; a flounce. [OED Online](#).

. They both had aureoline hair and tinctorial rouge thick on their lips and their faces. When he asked them each in turn if they would blacken his boots they both replied "Wot are yer givin' us?" and wanted to know if he was not going to shout, and they talked about supplementing their wages at Myamyn by "going out to business" in the evenings.

Marvel further expended some few dollars on picture-books and hessian boots and shoes of a flimsy and dapper pattern for the children. Although the ones they had were quite good she threw them away over the fence. She had Pearly and Vallie within an incredibly short space of time decked out like two little harlequins in all the gaudy colours of the rainbow, with all the gew-gaws she could pick up in the fancy fairs in the dry, where she took them one afternoon in order to show them off to her friends and Brassy, with whom she had grown to be on very intimate terms. As they came home from the city with them all on Marvel was something gleaming and flashing in the sun, while the children looked like two gorgeous bright-hued insects of the lepidopterous

Of the order including butterflies and moths. [OED Online](#). See 'Lepidoptera'.

tribe from Africa. Pearly appeared in a white silk blouse powdered with coloured flowers and ornamented with large epaulettes of poppy-red velvet. Two black and white wings of a *peau de soie*

A soft heavy silk with a dull satin face. [OED Online](#).

pelisse

A child's long outer cloak, for outdoor wear. [OED Online](#), sense 3b.

, fluttering on the breeze and spreading themselves out as if Pearly were going to take flight, had been fixed on her shoulders. Imprisoned in a whale-bone pillory and a crinoline-petticoat she displayed a silver cincture wrought in arabesque designs around her waist and her wrists were manacled with rubies and gold. For the first time in his life Vallie discarded his Royal-navy suits for the latest fashion in Windsor costume, looking an absolute guy in dark blue trousers shot with red. For head-gear he had a hat of a nondescript shape ornamented with a serpent-green cassowary feather coiling round his shoulder into his arm-pit, and for additional ornate external decoration he carried a massive gold cable chain. Wonders will never cease. No garish colour according to the notions of the returned paradisaical bird was too wonderful or too *voyante*.

The children, gratified in their innocent little hearts at the bright colours in which they were arrayed, looked up to their mother as the bountiful donor of the finery. They moreover received quotidian lessons from Marvel as to the correct manner of showing their contempt for their father, because he had not bought them such gorgeous things before—pursing their lips and putting out their tongues at him and giving him sullen sidelooks whenever he drew near, besides other signs of insurrection. A sort of divided authority reigned in the house. Myamyn was a house divided against itself. Such a house must fall. Marvel lost no time in currying favour with the children, while the old love for their father waged a constant emotional warfare in their flexible and impressionable minds with the principle of hatred and aversion which she did her best to instil.

It was a sad loss to the doctor, and a sadder loss to the children, when Guinevere entered the gate on the Monday morning pale, piteous and timid as a fawn and she was sharply informed by Marvel that her services in connection with the education of the children would not be required any longer. Indignant, sorrowful and colouring in confusion at the chilling reception, she walked away and the empyreal genius of their invaluable governess ceased to shine over the paths of those children's lives for a season.

Eugene had never dreamt of these cardinal changes in the circumstances of his children. He felt displeased with himself for having made his wife welcome to Myamyn when he saw that instead of coming in a spirit of

reconciliation, she came from some deep and disguised motive to embitter the minds of his little darlings and to turn them from him and estrange their natural loves. Along the lonely sand-box track where they had gone for their Sunday morning lavations and little water-picnics all to themselves in the copse on the sandy beach, he would walk alone, to listen to the whispering waves saying the loves of his cherubs were gone. There for hours when no business kept him at the house he would sit pondering over his disappointments and remorse. He never stayed at Myamyn unless compelled by the exigencies of his work. Distressed at the demeanour of his captions and cantankerous wife after her return; saddened by the insults which his little children were taught by their mother to throw at him, he wandered away from the flowery Myamyn, and sometimes neglected his practice for days.

He took up with Marmaduke Payne! He supplied him with money to release him from his position at the "Old House at Home" hotel, and filled up his time by drinking with Marmaduke at the little cottage of Guinevere, while she was away at school. At the bars of the hotels the two became regular attendants. It had the effect of throwing oil on the fire within which blazed in indignation at the effrontery of his children and the rancorous vituperation of his secretive, passionate, and acrimonious wife. Marvel's caustic nastiness was worse than vitriol. For days he ate nothing in the house. She snatched the food away from him. She threatened to run out for the police if he returned her galling taunts, and without any provocation she several times threw up the lower sash of the window, crying out 'Police, police.' Never an act of violence or harshness, never a threat he ever offered in return, while the vexation, the insulting and aggravating demeanour of his skittish and prodigal wife were more than a saint could bear.

One evening he came home with two weighty antique Berlin-porcelaine figures of horses, intended as presents for Pearly and Vallie, Placing them on the table in the dining-room, he proceeded to present them to the children, when in burst, in a red-hot rage, the disapproving Marvel. As he stood leaning against the mantelpiece, pleased at the delight with which the children received the presents, in a boiling passion she picked both of them up and hurled them with all her force through the window. Snatching up a bowie-knife that lay on the mantelpiece, she struck him savagely across the face, and suddenly she turned as white as a sheet, *La belle sauvage!*

Wounded and bleeding, he staunched the flowing blood with his handkerchief and walked, without a word and with great equanimity under great provocation, out of the front door and lay down in the summer-house with a buzzing in his ears from loss of blood, returning to the house when the conspirators had gone to sleep.

Next morning he fancied he saw a look of regret on Marvel's face. Probably there was, as the little episode suggested itself as a mistake from a legal point of view. He asked her if she would pick out some of the little spicules of rust from the wound, which was three inches long, extending from his eye across his face and splitting the coating of the bone of his cheek, where some of the fragments of the rusty steel had become impacted. "Go to Gehenna," said the bird of Paradise, or words to that effect: "I wish to God I had cut your eyes out," replied the divine bird. "Next time you will know better and keep your presents to yourself!"

That day he was obliged to go to the city, where one of his former colleagues in Fifth Avenue sewed the wound together with silver wire, and inquired if he had been in a railway smash or if his wife had inflicted the conspicuous damage to his countenance. Her husband screened her and said that it was an accident during military exercises with a sword. For a month he was thus incapacitated from medical practice. He could not show his disfigured face before his patients. Wandering to a strange hotel in the vicinity, he spent his time in the perilous company of Marma-duke, while the toils of the pure and undefiled Guinevere continued in hope and unrelenting martyrdom at her little dismembered school, and the acrid, atrocious Marvel gloated over the satisfaction which she felt at the perpetrated deed, the mark of which Eugene wore on the battle-field, and over the diabolical letter which she wrote to her lawyers, detailing to them the little successes which their intrigues had so far attained.

Chapter X. The Conspiracy at "Myamyn." Adam Quain in the Stern of Charon's Ferry-Boat.

ON the departure of the *ci-devant*
Formerly. *Jones 1963:213.*

working housekeeper, the children's friend, Eugene provided her with a letter of introduction to his mother, urging her to employ Lillie Delaine as a general servant herself. She had been so long in charge of his house and his children that he felt unwilling to agree to her leaving. His nature rebelled against the idea of discharging

her before she had got another situation, but when his wife returned to Myamyn the servant herself practically left of her own accord as far as he was concerned. The kindly and good-natured Miriam promised to employ her as long as she liked to stay in Lily Cottage, and the proposal found great favour, influence and support in the regenerate Brosie, as a return for the accommodation which she had afforded him with sixes and fours at Summer Hill. His undying principle always asserted itself. A gentleman was not a gentleman unless he had servants to wait upon him, and at least one in the house where he resided. It further afforded more time to the hardworking Dolly to properly groom the mare, feed the mare, ride out and drive out the mare with a 'chap'—a fellow-servant on the steamboat. From the day the doctor's old servant entered the employ of Miriam the dandy-brush and the stable-broom were thrown out of the kitchen altogether and consigned to their appointed places in the stable.

During the time Eugene submitted to the querimony and acrimony and the premeditated insults and assaults of the volcanic Marvel at Myamyn, the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare was in constant communication with the agents whom they had appointed in Galveston. The local firm of solicitors were kept as busy as nailers, prolonging as long as they possibly could the work of investigation of the resurrection mystery. The detectives who had formerly called upon Eugene reported to the superintendent of the secret service police that no farther clue could be obtained and that it would not be judicious to waste the government money upon a futile continuation of the work; that they felt fully convinced that young Whitworth had nothing to do with the offence, and in the event of the superintendent of the secret service police deciding upon the prosecution of the search, he would find it necessary to look elsewhere for the culprit. On receipt of this report, the chief commissioner registered a determination not to throw any more of the office money away, or waste the time of his men in a wild-goose chase, which, even if successful, would have resulted in no real benefit to anybody collectively or individually.

Now, nearly fifteen years afterwards, the attorney's firm of Perkins, Hawkes and Penny, acting as agents for Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, took up the running at the point where the government detectives had abandoned the inquiry, well-supplied as they were with the liberal funds of a private enterprise. The services of old Adam himself and the jail-bird whose wife old Adam had bought were eagerly enlisted in the cause. They were employed to dig up the grave under the supervision of the private pimps.

The hoary old carpenter and joiner, painter, paperhanger, blacksmith, wheelwright, glazier, undertaker, and general repairer took the job with the greatest of *bonhomie*. Adam worked so laboriously and sweated so freely in his anxiety to find the bones that the astute detectives could notice no signs of acting on the old rascal's part. The notion that he had anything to do with the mystery was reported to the local solicitors as altogether untenable and absurd. After he had sunk four feet below the level of an ordinary grave and clambered up from the bottom of the shaft without unfortunately meeting with any success whatever, they all adjourned to the little private parlour of old Mag, who bad for the occasion of their visit removed all the grog, lowering it again in a box into the well. Adjourning to the shanty, the matter was thoroughly ventilated by the detectives in the presence of the felonious Margaret, who had been introduced to the officers as a downright honest and hard-working widow. Her theory that the body of Jarves had been removed by relatives twenty years before was scouted by the detectives, who indicated to the benighted widow that the only blood relation of the missing dead man in the country was the lady who offered the reward. Sukey's two sisters and brother were in England.

Sub-agents were employed to ferret about the houses in the outlying districts and insinuate themselves into the favours of the occupants, present and past, over a range of twenty years. Their progress was duly reported by the detectives themselves to Perkins, Hawkes and Penny. Weekly reports were also presented at the back door of Lily Cottage by the knowing old resurrectionist, who rested on the oars of his variegated and multifarious pursuits, and never lost an opportunity for the close pursuit of the informers, on the pretext of digging up another grave. Weekly reports of the progress of the inquiry were also forwarded to the wife of one of the private detectives. Every Saturday night the officer devoted to a lengthy epistle, which he posted to his wife regularly every Monday morning. Now it happened that she lived in one of the suburbs of the city of New Orleans, in a small cottage next door to that of the mother of the doctor's old servant. No sooner had Miriam ascertained the address of the private detective than she thought it prudent to take Lillie Delaine into her confidence and disclose to her the whole mystery, with the hopes that she might prove of some use in an indirect way through her mother.

Whatever link in the chain of progress reported by the detectives to Perkins, Hawkes and Penny, and retailed again at Miriam's back door by Adam, was wanting was within a week supplied by Lillie Delaine's mother, who had always shown a liking and a strong regard for the doctor, as he had been a good master to her daughter and a friend to herself and her children. With more brains than the detective possessed, she wheedled out of his wife every little detail and every fanciful suspicion which he entertained. Within half-an-hour of the receipt of the letter, she learned all about the doings of the spies after their week's collaboration with old Adam. Sworn into the cause of Whitworth, she communicated every item and atom of the news to the servant of

Miriam at Lily Cottage.

The irritation of Marvel had subsided for a few days as her husband seated himself again in the place of vigil where he had been in the habit of sitting—on the Cingalese lounge on the front verandah of Myamyn. The moonbeams glowed from afar in silver tracery across the shimmering sea and showered their iridescent light adown the escalonia avenue of the front garden and across the road over the face of the sand-box forest.

Again the form of a woman motioned and beckoned to him in the moonlight and retreated into the shades of the trees, as he quickly rose and strode across the road to the signals, identical, as they seemed to be, with those of his affrighted mother before Easter. Instead of Miriam it was the old servant, whom she had sent with the news.

"Your mother she ain't well," said the girl: "she thinks Mrs. Whitworth would open the letters if she wrote any, so she sent me this time to tell you what that there old man said to her, and I can let you know somethin' myself. My mother knows that there detective; he has lived next to her for five year and my mother's got friends as'll find out anythink. My mother says he ain't no good, that there detective, and that he will swear anythink for a few dollars. He told my mother the last time he come home that you showed the missis the very place and took her where that there myst'ry was after you was married to her, but he don't believe what she says. She says the hoffis in New Orleans wrote to the hoffis in Galveston that you was suspected by Mrs. Bubbitt of digging up the grave yerself.

I can find out more anyways when I get home to-night from my mother, and if there's any think like worth while I'll come back next week."

"I wish to goodness," said Eugene, "you had never left my place and my children. They insult me and revile and spurn me, all owing to the teachings and promptings of their mother."

"My word, so am I sorry," said Lillie: "I have to black up a row of fifteen pair of boots for Brosie—Dr. Brosie he is now—and wash those grimy hoveralls for your brother Dolly; but if Mrs. Whitworth like goes away ever again I hope you won't forget I am ready and willin' to come any time you let me know. Your mother told me not to——what noise is that? I thought I heard somethin' a-movin' just there—just behind that sand-box tree. I am going now, but look out for me or your mother, every night next week: good-bye."

He grasped the hand of the old servant, but had he looked behind that sand-box tree what would he have seen?—the keen black eyes of the cowering Marvel owl-like piercing the thickets as she crouched concealed in the underwood a few paces from where he stood, her high-strung, eaves-dropping auditory nerves straining to catch every word. Instead of going back to Myamyn, he wandered through further dangers of ambush and entered the cottage of the prodigalised Marmaduke Payne, to whom he unbended all his fears about the hidden undercurrent of persecution which his wife and her cousin were setting in circulation, and asked his opinion on the case as it stood.

"You want my bloomin' 'pinion," said Marmaduke, lying very drunk on the floor; "well, my o—pinion that is shее, my 'pinion but I wish I had th' blashted tombstones' those books' mine at th' gold—gollenballs; my cand' opinion is this shее—that's my opinion. It'sh like this shее: you've no c'nection with thataffairatall, not at Bri'sh law shее? qeshion is who took the blood' bones. I never shook the man's blood' bones, no, not me: no more'n you did shее? what we shook was a blood' red Injun and we took 'em for a blood' red Injun shее? 'At Bri'sh law same as 'mur'can law they can't schnapp ole Adam shее? you arss me why I 'spresh my opinion because 'twasn't a gov'm't shimmetry—any more'n fine him p'rapsh shее? I'sh a case for privat' action 'law that's my 'pinion Bri'sh law same as 'mur'can law shее? len's a quar'r-dollar and I'll shout a bosom-caresher an' damn th' blood' bones and S'hannah Bubblett in' th' bargain." After several struggles he raised himself from the floor, clapped his dirty old cap on his head and shambled away with Eugene to the "Old House at Home" Hotel, where they drowned the bone trouble temporarily with a glass of whisky. Upon leaving the hotel the refreshed but unsteady Marmaduke followed Eugene after the manner of a drunken loafer who gets in tow with a friend, and persisted in tracking him home. Nor could the doctor shake him off at the gate. He was compelled to let him into the surgery, where Eugene brought in a bottle of Tennent's bitter beer. The one-time level-headed and wide-awake barrister had no sooner swallowed a couple of glasses of the beer than he began to fall fast asleep on the chair.

"Don't sleep there, Marmaduke," said Eugene: "if you can't get home, lie down on the sofa. I don't think anybody knows you are here, and your wife is pretty well used to your staying out all night."

In five minutes the beer had a most extraordinary effect upon the prostituted lawyer. He lay on the sofa in a sort of narcotic muttering delirium. The doctor retired to his own bedroom, and was beginning to disrobe when he heard somebody leaving the drawingroom, walking down the passage and entering the surgery, where Marmaduke lay on the sofa. It was Marvel. With a poker out of the dining-room fender she belaboured the somnolent Marmaduke, and ran outside to the front gate, shouting—"Police! Murder! Police!" in the silent watches of the night.

By this time Eugene had entered the surgery and persuaded his friend to get up and go home. As they were

passing out of the door, an enormous patrolman blocked the way. The paradisaical Marvel kept clamouring into the watchman's ear—"He has brought a strange criminal-looking man here for some bad purpose; it may be murder—please take them both in charge."

The doctor explained the true state of affairs, and 'the foorce' made its exit, disgusted with the hysterical bird for rousing him out of the little bar parlour of the "Royal Mail," where, during his absence, the sergeant had gone nap and got through.

When Marmaduke met the doctor the next morning, he accused him of putting morphia in his beer; but he seemed to accept the assurance of Eugene that such base tricks were foreign to his nature. He told Marmaduke that for a month prior to the previous night he had been drinking himself nothing but Tennent's bitter beer and German Lager beer, and that he had noticed that it had a soporific effect upon himself. Nothing further transpired between them.

The experience of the night before brought back Eugene's recollection to an unusually affable dialogue between himself and Sukey Bubbitt shortly before he left Bendemeer. Sitting some time in the surgery there with him, she looked over all his instruments and paid particular attention to the uses of a small hypodermic syringe. Surprised at finding Sukey Bubbitt interested in any scientific subject, he explained at length to her the uses of the syringe. It was a light glass cylinder about two inches long, fitted with a fine canalicular

Minutely tubular; having a very small canal. [OED Online](#).

needle. He further explained at her request the physiological properties of the acetate of morphine. Handing down from the mantelpiece a wide-mouthed blue phial containing a colourless liquid, in an off-handed way he told her that it was a solution of the acetate of morphia and the sulphate of atropine, in the proportion of one quarter of a grain of the acetate to one hundred and fiftieth of a grain of the atropine in every ten drops of the liquid. He showed her how the syringe was used to administer the injection by piercing the skin of the arm with the point of the needle and throwing the liquid into the absorbent veins.

"Would all that phial poison anybody?" inquired Sukey Bubbitt.

"All that!" replied Eugene: "there is enough there to kill a score of men."

While she listened in deep interestedness with dark and fearful thoughts creeping into her head, he went on explaining that opium, from which the acetate of morphia was made, was largely grown in Smyrna, Constantinople, Persia and Egypt, and that the quantity of liquid used was a potent factor in differentiating the results in different individuals; that opium had been designated in old medical works on therapeutics as the 'gift of God' to man. In small doses and in the first degree of its operation it acted as a stimulant; the whole vascular system was somewhat excited and there was a marked sensation of fulness about the head. The mind was stimulated. The ideas flowed quickly. There was a capability of greater exertion than usual. "These early symptoms," he said, "are followed by a diminution in the muscular power and the susceptibility to the impression of external objects: a desire for repose is experienced, with a tendency to sleep. When the small doses are continued, the appetite is diminished and the thirst is increased. The symptoms of excitement soon pass away, and a state of torpor succeeds. The individual seems, to be indisposed to exertion and the ideas become confused. The stage of excitement is followed by a state of cerebral, moral and muscular depression, so that in course of time the opium-eater or the morphi-maniac becomes indifferent to his natural self-esteem. He sometimes wanders helplessly into scenes of confusion and moral turpitude, from which, until the habit is discontinued, he has no means of his own volition to escape."

"What about that other stuff you put with it?" said Sukey Bubbitt.

"That is put in to counteract some of its bad effects:" said the doctor. "The atropine sulphate is a neutralized alkaloid from the root of the *Atropa Belladonna* or deadly nightshade. The solution is made from the root with rectified spirit, sulphuric acid and distilled water. Some actresses use it to dilate the pupils of their eyes and make them sparkle on the stage. It causes when injected or swallowed, visual illusions, suffused eyes, confusion of the head, giddiness and delirium, which at times resemble alcoholic intoxication. This may be combined with or followed by stupor. The morphia will contract the pupils of the eyes to pinpoint sizes, while the atropia, which is an antidote for morphia poisoning, dilates them to the full. It produces phantasms, hallucinations and a lively delirium with a semi-unconsciousness of surrounding objects. The plant is indigenous in England, growing in waste ground near hedges and shady places. It is about four feet high. The leaves are broad and ovate-shaped. The flowers are drooping and campanulate or bell-shaped. The petals are purple and the fruit of a shining violet-black colour. The whole plant when bruised is foetid and of a dark and lurid aspect." "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done!" Nevertheless it seemed that at the time of Marmaduke's visit and during the time he was drinking the Tennent's bitter beer at Myamyn Eugene had dreamt of no connection between the exciting narcotic and intoxicating effects of the beer and the vivid interest which Sukey Bubbitt had displayed in the physiological effects of morphine and atropine. If he recalled the dialogue to his mind after the episode of the visit of the night-patrolman to Marmaduke at Myamyn, it was only a transitory and ephemeral idea.

Every night he sat during the following week smoking on the Cingalese lounge, but he had detected no sign of the messengers from Lily Cottage. He was beginning to congratulate himself on the conviction that the pursuit of the inquiry had been dropped by the detectives at the Colorado ranges. In order to satisfy himself on this point he visited the house of his old servant's mother in one of the suburbs, where he was reassured by the impecunious mother of Lillie that her daughter had not been away from Lily Cottage since she saw her the previous week. She herself had heard nothing from her neighbour. The detective had not written to his wife on the former Saturday night, and had not been home for a month. Satisfied thus that nothing new had been discovered by the detectives, he wended his way back to Myamyn, where he found his wife and children still living at home. Again he struggled hard within himself to repress the rebellious feelings of indignation at her slights and offences, and to regain, in spite of her evil machinations, the loves of his little pets.

One evening as the great see-saw of the universe, the sun and moon, remained for an hour seemingly stationary in the heavens, he sat in the surgery waiting for patients, when Guinevere came to the house with little Cyril and was shown by one of the new *domestiques* into the room where the doctor was sitting. She commenced to relate to him the circumstances of the arrest of her husband for drunkenness and disorderliness by the local sergeant of police; petitioning him to go with her to release Marmaduke on bail. So pitiful were her tones and so superfluously imploring her manner, that it excited the curiosity of Marvel to find out who the woman was, and on receiving a description of the visitor from the new employé, she jumped to the conclusion that it was Guinevere.

Rushing to the surgery door she opened it without knocking and addressing the timorous Guinevere, her teeth grinding in the intervals with rage, she stood in the attitude of a hissing gander and said—"You're not sick, and that brat there is not sick, I know well enough. I told you you were not wanted here any longer; so get out, and don't come back again."

Placid, dignified and superior, the violet eyes of Guinevere turned towards her rude aggressor. Without a murmur she walked out of the door, while Eugene arose in a leonine rage. "You she-devil," confronting Marvel he shouted, "You demon, disturbing the peace and quiet of my home; you unregenerate traitress that has flouted and cast to the dogs the fair name of my little children and has stolen in here like a thief in the dark to steal them away from their father: you teach them wickedness, treachery and open rebellion; you insulting upstart, that can't refrain from wounding that lady's feelings, you are not fit to associate with her: go back to your gaudy deceivers. Her noble and pure thoughts and deeds will shine like the stars of the firmament when your contemptible spirit is buried in glamour and gloom."

Out she swept from the surgery beside herself with rage, and flew down the passage to drag up the parasites behind her.

"Just look at him, Gloriana!" she hissed between her clenched, snapping teeth: "you can see, can't you, Gloriana? that he has been drinking: *take a note* of that, Gloriana: Gloriana, mind you take a note of that: you heard what he said before: hurry up, Esmeralda: come and look and take a note of him too, Esmeralda."

Eugene strode past them, banged the door behind him, affording Gloriana Bloobumper and Esmeralda Knight another opportunity of taking a set of notes, as he walked down the street to the rescue of Marmaduke Payne.

When he had been released on the doctor's bond, the latter bent his steps in the direction of the sand-box trees, to make sure the old servant had not been waiting for him during his absence at the police camp. After waiting for an hour about the place where he expected to meet her or Miriam, he gave up all hopes of them coming that night and returned to meet Marmaduke again at his little cottage. Every night in the week he waited for an hour or so on the border of the forest. Fearing lest she should come and fail to find him, he wrote a note to Miriam asking her to provide the girl, if she could not come herself, with a small bull's-eye lantern which now and then she could flash in the darkness among the trees.

The following week he went through his duties in a dilatory and lackadaisical sort of style, and sat smoking cigars on the Cingalese lounge of the verandah, watching for the flash of the bull's-eye. Still no signal met his gaze, though he waited for an hour in the early night, peering into the bush from Myamyn. During the period of his suspense, his life during the day and during the night was exasperated by the opprobrious monologues of Marvel, petty fault-finding, bickering and carping, fleering and sneering, insinuating and insulting, interspersed with the unkindest cut of all—the inspired ejaculation of anathemas by the children. Their demeanour he knew was not the outcome of any spontaneity of nature, but the result of their mother's malicious influence over their flexible and unformed minds.

He never reproved the children, because he never blamed them. He knew only too well that the mortifying epithets were put into his little pets' mouths out of the puddle of his wife's wormwood and gall, and that the innocent and innocuous little children could not help being made the emissaries of their mother's viperous tongue.

The high prices paid by Marvel for the services of the two new satellites whom she had engaged were part

and parcel of the scheme drawn up for her benefit by Hallam, Brassy and Hoare. Oblivious of their duties, especially if these ever verged on anything connected with *him*, they seemed to meet with all sorts of approval by Marvel, who had made designedly out of Gloriana Bloobumper and Esmeralda Knight unfailing way-laying man-traps and automatic registering machines, specially designed to catch and phonograph every word uttered by Eugene after he had been properly provoked and aggravated by his wife. Both of them, in particular Gloriana Bloobumper, seemed to be there for the sole purpose of taking notes. For all he knew at the time they might have been equipped each with a little detective camera hanging by one of the red ribbons and concealed in the folds of the mousseline for taking snap-shots at him in an opportune contingency.

"Take a note of this, Gloriana: Gloriana, take a note of that," was drummed into the ears of the impudent, brazen-faced, supposititious servant, as if Eugene were on his preliminary trial for some crime. Marvel also supplied the two jackals with diaries. Whenever her husband went out at night the satellites sat with her in the surgery, tallying and checking off their notes and comparing them with those in the big Lett's diary which Marvel kept under her pillow, for her memory was quite as impervious as the cylindrical pure-silk cullenders

Also 'colander'. A fine metal sieve. [OED Online](#).

among the rollers and the shoots of a flour-mill. Sitting every evening with Pearly and Valentine in the constituted boudoir, Marvel read out the notes as tales of fairy lore to the children, who were forgetting the ineffable prayer they had learned from their father, but were becoming highly proficient in mockery, *persiflage* and slang.

His own old faithful servant had been roughly hunted out of the house which she had tended so long by the woman who should have been there on sufferance herself, if justice to himself had ruled over her decision to leave when he acquiesced in his wife's intention to return. He had tried hard to keep her in spite of the despotic demands of his wife that she should leave. She would have been a good checkmate to the falsifications of Gloriana Bloobumper and Esmeralda Knight; but Marvel discerned the danger she would be to the infamous scheme of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare.

Marvel's attitude at Myamyn vibrated between deep secretiveness and cyclones of passion, each alternately gaining the upper hand. Coming home one night late after the annual review and encampment of the troops, he walked into the drawingroom, where the children lay asleep in the new bed, with the intention of giving them some confectionery called Ferguson's Rock

Unknown

, as he had often done before the return of their mother. He had bought it in the city on his way home. They were asleep and alone, their mother being engaged in a conspiracy with the domestic cankerworms. He pulled down the coverlet of the bed to put the sweets under their pillows, when the turbulent Marvel stormed into the room savagely shouting—"Leave my children alone; they don't want to have anything to do with you and your soldiering tomfoolery: no more do I, so get out of our room:" whereupon he walked to the door of the surgery.

Jeering with her head thrown back she stood at the drawingroom door opposite. In a vortex of passion he called out—"You despicable deserter, that abandoned their infant lives to the care of others and left them for scenes of gaiety and pleasure for years—you besmirched their innocent lives with shame. The cheetah cares for its young, she never deserts them in the lonely wilds to romp in the flowery meadows herself; you treacherous poisonous adder: *you the gorgeous bird of Paradise!—you!*"—he went on, as he unbuckled his sabre-tache and stood the sword in the corner of the surgery. It fell, and the sword slipped out of the scabbard.

"Gloriana! Esmeralda!" she bellowed out, and on came the jackals in full cry: "Take a note of this Gloriana, and you too, Esmeralda; be quick: don't you see that weapon lying bare on the floor? I came into the bedroom just in time to catch the wretch pulling the children out of their beds. He will murder us all yet."

"Get out of this, you black slimy snakes," he retorted, and walked into his own bedroom, as his wife prepared to pack off straightaway Mademoiselle Esmeralda Knight for the police.

As he was undressing, the patrolman came in with Marvel at his heels, calling out declarations on her oath that he had drawn his sword to *run her through*, and imploring the policeman to "for God's sake" send a special guard of picked men to watch the house every night. The patrolman sat with Eugene for a while on the side of the bed after she disappeared, saying that rather than be bothered with a wife like that he would have her committed to a lunatic asylum, and that ever since she had returned there had been scarcely a night without some disturbance or other at Myamyn.

During the first two months the education of the children was entirely neglected; any remonstrance by Eugene on this score being answered by Marvel declaring that she was teaching them herself. No doubt whatever she was, and cleverly too. What she did teach them was very manifest to their father in the natural precocity of children to learn anything bad with greater facility than their prayers.

Actually into the enemy's camp came the man who was at the helm of the affairs in which he took such an absorbing sinister interest—the ringleader of the conspiracy and the chief coryphee

The leader of a chorus.. [OED Online](#). See 'coryphæus'.

of the legal syndicate who had directed and prompted Marvel's actions in relation to her husband since her desertion—the brazen-faced Brassy himself. He sat far quite three hours whispering and giggling with Marvel in the dining-room. From the surgery, where the doctor was reclining on the operating table, as was his custom, he could divine that a conversation in an undertone was going on between them. He presumed that Brassy was comparing and engrossing the notes and adding a few in the abstract himself, but he left the house before the intrigue had ended to watch for the flashing bull's-eye.

No symbol of a message from Miriam that week. The torment of Eugene's life was wearing him down day after day. It was about three weeks since Lillie had appeared. He had been on the *qui vive* at the place of venue every night since. He had seen her mother, and she would have known if there was anything new. The advice which he had received from his old friend, the *déréglé* barrister, hummed in his ears, and he felt that there was no cause whatever for alarm. Dark wracks hurtled along the sky, while here and there a star peeped through the rift of the clouds.

He slowly raised his head after leaning over the front gate pondering. Flash went the bull's-eye in the thicket among the sand-box trees. Flash again, and he walked over to the dark side-walk. The gleaming light flared and flickered among the trees, though the form that bore it was almost invisible in the shadows and the glare, while upon the branches appeared wavering silhouettes like mimicries of great gaunt birds a perch. Flash again, and it showed him the spot where she stood—it was Lillie.

Questioning her what had kept her so long, she replied that his mother had no news about the bones from old Adam, and that the old warrior was very ill.

"I don't azackley know the rights of it; anyways on Wensdy he was took bad and he fell down in your mother's yard," she said, "as if he was struck dead by a sheet of lightnin': he sets to and breathes that 'ard; it was like a reg'lar snore: he's been a-snorin' ever since, and he don't know nobody. Then your brother Dolly he carries him into the little room at the back, you know, and he starts bitin' his thumb and pullin' his fingers the wrong way. So he just lies on a mattrass on a stretcher with his eyes 'arf-open-like, a-snorin' all night and a-snorin' all day. He won't take nothink to eat and nothink to drink, he's that stubborn-like. When Doctor Brosie come 'ome and shouted out in his ear and harkened through his coat with a telescope, trying to find out and arst him what was his name, he's that pig-'eaded like he won't tell Brosie. P'raps 'e dunno his name or where 'e are. Old Ripsom says he thinks the poor old feller will die. Your father said they orter send him to the horspittle, but your mother and Brosie wouldn't have him go to the horspittle. Doctor Brosie says he knows more'n Dolly; he says he knowed all about fits, and he learned more than the 'ead in Chicago. He says that he was goin' to shove two packets o' salts into him: he says if he don't take the two packets he'll die sure: so he's just lyin' there a-snorin' away for ever. My word, if my mother saw him she'd give him somethink'd do 'im good: she'd hot him up some gruel and put a mustard plarster on his 'ead or somethink. Some man come with that there detective feller and they said they was goin' to take old Adam's dyin' requests, but he's that stubborn-like he won't tell his dyin' requests; so I come to say your father he wants you to go down termorrer and write out a perscription or send a telegraff to the post-orfice what to do, but he sez he'd be more satisfieder if you was to come down yourself."

"It's as likely as not that he is dead now," said Eugene: "at anyrate he will answer none of their questions. I will start away to-night: you had better go home to your mother and come back to Galveston before I leave again."

Away he walked with the old servant to the buggy, which had been kept in waiting for her, and they drove away from the little hamlet together to the nearest railway-station.

Following every step he took since that light flashed in the thickets among the trees until they drove away in the buggy, mouched and squirmed three of his deadliest enemies. They watched him leave the gate and meet the old servant. With a disguise on her face, escorted by the lawyer and a cordon of corybantic

Frenzied, loud, dancing; relating to dances performed for the Corybantian worship of Cybele. [OED Online](#).

mouchards, Marvel had secreted herself again in the thicket and had stalked stealthily after them as they walked in deep conversation to the buggy, when the noble little army returned to Myamyn to compare notes again with Esmeralda Knight and Gloriana Bloobumper, who had been shadowing the man with the buggy.

A jealous woman is temporarily mad; a woman that convinces herself she has been outraged by her husband is hopelessly worse. She is a terror to him ever after and a tormenting ogre to herself.

Depositing the girl at her mother's house, he left the cab in which they had driven from the station and embarked on one of the colliers for Galveston. Arrived there, he entered the room where as a school-boy he had watched the life of his dying brother gliding away like a barque from the horizon over a quiet sea into the blessed realms of eternal peace. He met the rehabilitated Brosie, who conducted him to the truckle-bed in the outer room where the old man lay and where Dolly was busily employed pouring water on his head out of a caraffe. With creditable judgment Brosie had ordered that the old man should not be shifted from the improvised couch to the hospital.

His consciousness, explained Dr. Brosie, had just begun to return. He muttered oaths and imprecations on some unseen foe. He babbled of bones, detectives, and beer at the old shanty: ropes, tacklings, picks, spades, the dray and the old black prod; the moon, the cry of the wawa and the form by the fence of old Mag's grog-shop. Avowing that he would hunt out the soul of that scoundrel Laban Jarves in hell, follow its ways and torment it till the crack of doom and the end of eternity, he subsided into a profound torpor, while a priest kept holding a crucifix before the steadily-gazing, but unconscious eyes, and the froth and slaver on the old man's mouth. Leaving the valley of tears, he passed through the vale of the shadow of death clad in the cerements

Waxed wrappings for the dead; grave-clothes. [OED Online](#).

of the tomb and, sitting in the stern of old Charon's

A ferryman who conveyed the dead to the Underworld. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

ferry-boat, away he was rowed across the fatal Styx

The principal river of the classical Underworld, which flows around it seven times. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

into the unutterable gloom beyond all mortal ken, solving the mystic enigma of the grave. *Quien sabe?*

Who knows? [Jones 1963:509](#). See '*Quien no sabe...*'

One hundred and seven years had Adam Quain moved about the crust of the earth, dreaming and recanting the dream that he was to be the last man left on its surface. The inscrutable ways of the Conqueror had worn an opening into the wasted wall of a blood-vessel in the ancient jack-of-all-trades' brain. From that tiny aperture the blood stream of his life had suffused itself among the cerebral convolutions: it had clotted and pressed upon the medullary centres, where pressure was incompatible with life. His boy—as he was so fond of calling Eugene and describing as so handy with the pen—wrote upon the death-certificate the fetal word—apoplexy.

Two days afterwards the body of the old warrior lay as deep in the soil of the Colorado Ranges as had the bones of his hated enemy, while his soul departed on its awful voyage adown the fires of Phlegethon

A river of fire; one of the five rivers of the Underworld. [OED Online](#).

to seek out the seducer of his daughter.

Chapter XI. "Myamyn" Deserted, Murmurs of Divorce.

THE dying requests, as related in the terminology of the girl, on further information received by Eugene from Dr. Brosie turned out to be an attempt on the part of the private detectives to take the dying depositions of the antiquarian resurrectionist; but the effort proved as futile as the endeavours of the magistrate and the sergeant of police to extricate a final statement from the lips of the brutally murdered wife of Graves in the casualty ward of the Augusta hospital, in which case Marmaduke Payne's forensic abilities had covered him with so much glory. The detectives had taken with them to the old man's side a justice of the peace; they all roared out questions into the old man's ears. From the unconscious Adam there came no response but the vacant far-away stare and the incessant snoring arising from hardpressed respiration centres on the blood-logged palsied brain. He was now beyond the pale of any human wrath, private or departmental. The hopes of the elucidation of the mystery by the agents at Galveston were scattered to the four winds by the old miscreant's death and they began to regard the avulsion

Tearing away; forcible separation. [OED Online](#).

of the bones as one of the miracles of nature. Lingering inquiries, however, continued to be made by the detectives, who were just beginning to 'pinch upon' the old man before his sudden death. They relaxed their energies after it occurred, peradventure believing that the bones lay not in the earth but in the waters under the earth and that they would be found when the vasty deep gave up its dead.

On the evening of the following day Eugene left Lily Cottage to resume his professional duties in Mobile, where after a boisterous voyage he arrived late at night. Opening the front door of Myamyn with his latch-key, he first noticed on entering the house a telegram addressed to Mrs. Whitworth lying on the linoleum of the passage. It was a departure for the messenger of the telegraph department to slip messages under the door, but he had specially requested the local branch to break through the rule in his case, as, before his wife returned, the two girls were often out walking with the children, and as he was away from home a good deal himself there was not always somebody at Myamyn to receive them. Picking it up from the passage floor and laying it on the surgery table, he felt somewhat impressed by the silence and instinctive feeling of absenteeism in the tenantless house. Walking down the passage he noticed that all the side doors were wide open. Scrutinising every room he could not discover a soul in Myamyn. He stood aghast as he felt suddenly convinced that his wife had gone and taken the children away.

Opening the telegram in his confusion, he found it was from himself; one he had sent on the morning after old Adam's death, advising his wife of his probable return that night, on the off chance of her delivering the message to any patients who might call.

The boudoir suite had been dismantled and removed and the basket chair. Every door and drawer in the chippendale sideboard was thrown open, every relic of the wedding presents removed. The quasi-rustic table-centre ornament with all its fire-gilt brass framework and cut-glass flower-containers was ominously conspicuous by its absence from the *pompadour* table in the drawingroom, as well as the silver candelabra, the Persian screens, the Peshawur and cymbelline curtains

Peshawur refers to Peshawar in Pakistan; its connection with a type of curtains is uncertain. 'Cymbelline' may have been a particular colour, as seen in advertisements such as in [The Brisbane Courier March 1930](#). (admittedly anachronistic).

and the lyre decorations, the mauve orchid and scarlet anthurium decorations on the walls of Myamyn, which had all gone, he thought undoubtedly to enhance the charms of Edenhall.

Not a sound could be heard outside but the baying and the low, moaning, plaintive howls of the lonesome St. Bernard and the moaning of the wind through the trees like the droning of a child whose grief has got beyond words, or the moaning of a sick child asleep. Prince shambled towards him sinuously fawning upon him and in dumb alphabet telling him that Pearly and Valentine had been taken away. He was one of those men to whom children and horses and dogs attach themselves by a sort of mesmeric or instinctive confidence. Walking away from the disenchanted Myamyn with the sagacious St. Bernard, he entered some of the hotels, making inquiries of anyone he thought likely to know anything about the movements of his wife. He could ascertain nothing till he called at the little cottage of his university friend, where he learned that Guinevere had seen them all driving in a cab together on the evening after he had gone away with Lilly Delaine. Marvel had "skipped by the light of the moon."

Forsaken again! He walked sorrowfully home with Prince as his only companion. Prince lay on the bedroom floor, while his master tossed in mental anguish all night on the outside of the bed. In the morning he telegraphed to his old friend, the local doctor of Maconville, asking for information anent his wife and children. Shortly afterwards he received the reply that they had all been in Maconville for two days staying at Edenhall. Without waiting a moment he hurried back to the telegraph office and sent a peremptory message to his wife demanding that she should bring back the children at once. He paused for a reply—which never came.

Back again the following day, he rode to the office of Warne, Costall and Davitt, who advised him to write at once a formal letter requesting the return of the children, and explicitly stating that if they were not returned by the end of the week an application would be made to the sheriff for the enforcement of the judicial order. He wrote the letter there and then in Davitt's lair. Yet again he received no reply.

The firm of solicitors, by their junior partner, took out another summons by the procedure of *habeas corpus subjiciendum* from the prothonotary's office and arranged for its delivery upon Marvel the following day. Whereat she replied that they would be brought back at once. Esmeralda Knight came with them by water as far as the pier, where he had the buggy ready for his children. The satellite impudently refused to let them enter it, and incited the children to scream on the pier, whereupon the ship-captain came up sympathising with the female. She acted her part so cleverly that the man, who knew nothing about the case, was prevailed upon to believe that their father was some stranger and had no right to take the children. Supported by the ship's captain and the gathering crowd, which always takes the part of a woman who knows the full uses of tears and the art of mendacity with a verisimilitude of truth during an imbroglio, she again boarded the steamboat with the children.

The s.s. 'Auvergne' steamed away while two lawyers stood talking with Eugene advising him to let the law take its own legal course. Mademoiselle certainly deserved the handsome reward which she received for the *rôle* she played and the notes she took that morning.

The hearing of the second habeas application took place before another different judge. Although the doctor employed the same barrister as had been junior counsel for him in the originating proceedings, Marvel's solicitors had brought upon the field, in addition to Lord Dundreary, a new and an incomparably bigger gun than she had in the previous law-suit for maintenance, in the person of a barrister named Carrick. The new barrister, briefed by Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, urged upon the new judge the interpretation which he put upon the clause in the new custody act concerning the power of the court to order that the children remain in their mother's custody when they actually were in her custody. He further informed his Honour that the charges of cruelty and intemperance which had been arraigned against Eugene before and disproved were shortly to be augmented by a charge of adultery in a petition which his client intended to present before the Supreme Court sitting in divorce and matrimonial causes jurisdiction, in her application for a stereotyped dissolution of her marriage. He further laid great emphasis on the law relating to custody in questions of divorce, which in such cases invariably consigned the custody and control of the children to the petitioner if successful in obtaining a

decree.

The new judge sharply snapping up the counsel for the defence, testily replied that it was not his intention to assume any of these charges as true; that without hearing any further clap-trap he intended to uphold the decision of his brethren on the bench, as well as the power and prestige of the Supreme Court generally, and that he would decidedly order that the children be handed over to their father straightaway.

The little nest of the paradisaical bird, her relatives and her clique of satellites and parasites was torn to pieces and utterly broken down from its giddy height by the stern unhesitating judgment of his Honour. They waddled out of the chamber like a string of geese and left the precincts of the court in search of Pearly and Valentine, who, after the judgment, Davitt had arranged with Brassy before leaving the court should be delivered at the office on the third floor flat by three o'clock in the afternoon.

Three o'clock came and their father repaired to the office to meet and greet his little children, as proud and elated as he ever felt in his life. On the way to the office he felt as if he were treading on air. He was in the very zenith of his glory. There he found his wife sitting with them, very busily instructing them and coaching them as to how they were to behave in his presence, just as Esmeralda Knight had done on her behalf on the Mobile pier.

Davitt, entering the room where the children were located with their mother, informed the bird of Paradise that their father was in waiting to receive them, and asked her to hand them over to him in order that he might take them to their father in the adjoining room. The cunning Marvel, extremely anxious to make doubly sure of the scene which she had been drumming into the children's ears and to help in its creation as much as she could personally, insisted on their father coming for them himself.

Then the band began to play, for no sooner had she delivered them to him and begun to kiss them a theatrical good-bye, than the office of Warne, Costall and Davitt became the scene of a tragical tableau—a veritable bedlam; a pandemonium akin to that in the church which re-echoed with the wailings of the massacred innocents. Those fractious juveniles screamed, howled and yelled till their lungs were ready to burst, and loud enough to collect a conglomeration of people outside on the city side-walks who probably thought that Warne, Costall and Davitt's celebrated office had been turned into a kindergarten school, and that all the pupils were being unmercifully and simultaneously chastised. By a lightning histrionic change, no sooner had the bird flown than those little rogues stopped short in their lamentations and began to smile. Impulsively Eugene hurried down the colonnade and the marble staircase taking about six steps at a time. He was in the street almost as soon as if he had jumped out of the window of the third floor flat, bent on bringing back tempting packets of confectionery. When he left not a tear could be seen in their eyes. When he got back Pearly was playing the *rôle* of old mother Hubbard in the senior partner's cosy parlour, while Vallie, after trying a few tricks on Davitt, was prowling around among the clerks prospecting the offices generally to see if he could collect anything like half-a-dollar.

What a fortune those two little *espiègles* might have made on the stage about Christmas time! That varied afternoon the parts which they played on the third floor flat could not be surpassed by Sarah, the actress of a century and the greatest in the world.

Soon after the pantomime had concluded, as Pearly found that when she got there Costall's cupboard was bare, and Vallie was told that it took all the clerks' wages to feed them and keep them in cigarettes, they were taken away by their father in a yacht home to Myamyn. Thence he telegraphed to his old servant to go there from Lily Cottage to attend to their requirements, and the same day he re-engaged Guinevere to visit and teach them as she had done before, and to take them into a custody of love.

All at once, as soon as their mother was out of sight, their dispositions towards their father underwent a complete revolution. The weather-cock of their inclinations veered round completely. From the sullen side-looks and insolence which those two little rascals had offered him when their mother held sway in Myamyn, their chameleon demeanour recoiled to the old affection and regard as formerly experienced. The feminine Mephistopheles was gone, and they both said and seemed to feel delighted that she had not come back with them to their flower-crowned wigwam-summerhouse and their dear old Prince.

What man could blame their innocent little hearts, for the reign of terror which she had exercised over them when, in order to escape punishment with a whip, they carried out the second-hand insults of their mother? Who could help pitying and falling in love with the moistened violet eyes of that little roseate pearl of a girl, as she looked up at her father, with the blood mantling to her cheeks, ashamed to carry the vile messages from her mother in child-like self-accusing timidity and with the little tears trembling in her eyes appealing to her father like summer rain upon the heart? Who could help admiring the artful nature of that engaging little boy when, after his mother had first returned, he stole the whip-thong from its hiding-place and ran away with it for his father to burn?—that lash which had been the cause of so much commotion at Myamyn; for if the children did anything to ruffle the feathers of their mother she so cruelly beat them, slashing them across the naked legs, that often Eugene interfered for their protection: whereupon Marvel would summon the jackals to take notes of what

he said and would precipitate the children into a state of panic by throwing open the window and shouting "Police! Murder! Police!"

Two months saw the bird of Paradise come and stealthily migrate from the flower-bourgeoned Myamyn. If anything, she was now worse off than ever; for Eugene had at last made up his mind that there was no use in attempting to live a life of peace or reconciliation with her, no matter on what pretext she intended to make overtures. Hesitating, wavering and yielding on the subject before, he was now resolute and inexorable.

Reflecting on the speech of the last counsel for the defence and, in particular, on the rankling, haunting, black charge, "adultery," dwelt upon so emphatically by the barrister for his wife, he imagined that the lawyer had simply been playing the game of balderdash and fanfaronade

Arrogant language; boastful assertions. [OED Online](#).

in his attempts to take advantage of the clause in the amended divorce act. Again his memory was carried back to the scene in the surgery, when Guinevere had called upon him concerning her husband's arrest. He thought of the quick order of his wife to "take a note of that, Gloriana;" yet he dismissed the idea from his mind as unworthy, groundless and absurd. The noble, circumspect and pure Guinevere a wanton woman! a hawker of her virtue and a seller of her birthright! No man could venture to impinge on such a manufactured theme. No Court in the world would ever countenance gross and malicious charges against that spotless woman. Before her judges such lying accusations would redound upon the head of their instigator.

Of cruelty she had accused him before, but the trumpery charge had been dismissed. Her oaths had been discredited, and her statements disbelieved. He felt the inward voice of calm conscience whispering to him and to higher courts than those ordained by man for litigation, dissipating all anxiety and fears on that ground. True, he had of late now and then felt that he had been confused and careless and that he had jeopardised his self-esteem by associating and drinking at the hotels with Marmaduke. Still, he could think of nothing grievously reprehensible, and he inwardly defied his accusers to pick out any but venial faults in his character and obtain a divorce upon the foundation which they would afford.

His first thoughts were to apprise Guinevere of what he had heard from the lips of the barrister in the Supreme Court. His regard and esteem for her stood in his light, and he disdained to infringe upon the subject. She came and sat the whole forenoon with the children and, as before, they attended her rudimentary seminary, felling in with the others in the constitutional marches along the silver-sanded sea-shore.

Six months elapsed, during which Marvel visited the children at Myamyn once a month, in company on every occasion with some stranger to the doctor. The scheme of visiting them now assumed an irregular form. She would come through the compound near the house like a ship in full sail, never when she was expected, but invariably at most unseasonable hours, and always in company with some stranger to the house. He suspected that she was making these aliens tools and cats'-paws, and that they came in the guise of spies and common informers.

In consequence, he wrote several short notes to them individually. These notes were delivered by the children and admonished them about their visits to Pearly and Valentine in that sinuous capacity, with the request that they should not do so again. Marvel persuaded her companions to take no notice of her husband, and in spite of his warnings the pimps continued to come. They would catch Pearly with her dress covered with the stains of green mosses and the juices of wild berries, or hanging out her dolly's clothes on the dolly's washing-day upon a piece of tape, and with her pinafore saturated with dirty water. This afforded *matériel* for a macrophonic affidavit on the part of the spy. They would catch Vallie with a cut finger after whittling a bit of stick, or with his knickerbockers torn by the velocipede. This afforded good grounds for another. They would find a bottle of German Lager beer in the surgery. This, on the principle that every little helps, was counted with the other charges in the plea of habitual intemperance. They would notice Guinevere coming out of the schoolroom. This afforded them, as he suspected, a splendid *point d'appui*

Point of support; prop. [Jones 1963](#):316.

for another. If she happened to trip on the door-mat, it was a positive proof that Guinevere was on the wine.

After a time, when no notice was accorded to his little memos on slips of paper, he entered the room where his wife sat beside one of the pimps, and ordered the latter to leave the house. Her pimping ladyship refused to budge an inch, on the strength of the imperious promptings from the paradisaal bird to remain; whereupon the doctor proceeded to take out his children by the hand. On so doing, however, he received a blow on the head with a scent-bottle, which his wife had thrown when his back was turned. He whipped around quickly and picking it up from the floor, he threw it out into the garden, removing the battle-dreaded little children to the summerhouse and leaving the paradisaal bird and the spy to pimp away and spy into each other.

About six months of this harlequinade had been enacted, when, finding it impossible to obtain any more affidavits, and being assured by her lawyers that what she had was quite enough to overbalance and crush her husband, the visits of Marvel and the pimps came to an abrupt termination.

Brassy had discovered that Eugene was getting very short of money—the *sine qua non* for the war of

litigation, and so would not in all probability be able to stand up and fight his accusers in the Temple of Justice.

Soon afterwards came to the office of Warne, Costall and Davitt a summons commanding Eugene to attend the Court and show cause why the order for the deduction of the money from his wife's income to be expended on the maintenance and education of the children should not be varied by making the allowance for the children five hundred dollars instead of one thousand. In the event of a reduction not finding favour with the judge, it was sought to make all the debts incurred upon the children up to that original amount payable directly by Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, instead of indirectly through their own solicitors. Marvel also preferred a little request for the return of the children to her. Importunate Marvel!

It was all the same to Eugene, so far, whether the money got back into the hands of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare or remained in the coffers of Warne, Costall and Davitt; but as far as the children were concerned, it was better for them, as they would thus derive some benefit from their own money. Costall urgently pressed the doctor to persuade his father to hand over to him the title-deeds of any properties he might have, in order to guarantee their costs in the new development of the war. The doctor himself had no war material whatever, as the expenses of his house and the losses which he had theretofore sustained had seriously crippled his financial power. Nevertheless, he refused to consent to the lawyer's proposals. There and then, after sucking every cent they could out of him, they left him entirely in the lurch to fight for himself and his children the best way he could. He was drifting fast on the quicksands of the law, helplessly drifting, drifting. The masts of the barque were gone by the board; the binnacle-compass was broken; the rudder was lost; there was mutiny in the fo'c'sle, and she was adrift upon the bosom of a shoreless ocean ten thousand fathoms deep! *Most* lawyers are human vampires.

Without money, and plenty of it, a man is like a child crying for the moon if he wants justice. The psychological meaning of the word is totally at variance with the legally understood commodity. On the rostrum law and justice are synonymous terms; in the forum they are incongruous and reflexively hostile. The article bought at the rostrum with the standard coin of the realm, whether the article be genuine or counterfeit, to that must the forum submit and humiliate itself.

When he perused the armful of affidavits accompanying the summons—all emanating from the pimps, mouchards, and the gang of informers in the pay of his wife—publishing charges of neglect of his children and intemperance and accusing him of not expending upon them the full amount of their allowance; cat off as he found himself by the solicitors, he felt that he must make some stand for his own honour. He set to work to draft and engross, with his own hands, as many answering affidavits as he could glean from his friends; to file them in the office of the prothonotary himself, and protect his own and his children's interests *in propria personâ* at the Court.

The day fixed for the hearing soon arrived, but when the affidavits of the doctor appeared before the judge, his Honour took exception to the answering affidavits of the defendant, as not containing the indispensable imprimatur of some authorised solicitor empowered by the rostrum to prepare affidavits. It seemed as if the merits or the demerits of the case depended upon the drawing of the documents in proper legal terminology, together with the indispensable hall-mark of a solicitor acquainted with the judges. It was explained that from dire dearth of funds the doctor was obliged to do the work of drawing, engrossing and filing the affidavits himself. Upon this he was complimented by his Honour; but at the same time the judge strongly advised him to engage a reputable solicitor next time he confronted the rostrum (without handing him a cheque to defray the costs of the aforesaid reputable solicitor), and ruled that the affidavits were informal, in consequence of which the verdict must go by default. The allowance for the children could not, however, be reduced, he stated, to the estimate computed by their mother, and Marvel's apposite little application was ruled as *mal apropos*. He directed that the same amount should thereafter be deducted from their mother's income, but he varied the order by making the money payable to the creditors through Hallam, Brassy and Hoare. The skirmish was simply a conflict of legal interests.

Thereupon Eugene arose and informed the Court, amidst the titterings of the invertebrate Simon Bubbitt, the inane guffaws of Lord Dundreary, the scowls of the opposing lawyers, the open-mouthed expressions of the constable and the old crier and the frowning down of the judge, that he did not want any of their mother's filthy lucre to spend upon the children, whom he intended to provide for well by his own exertions. His foot was off his native heath. The judge paid no attention to the unqualified man without a bob-wig or the wedding garment, although he had as many university degrees as half-a-dozen of the barristers put together, including his Honour himself, when he had the arrogance to address the rostrum. The Court was cleared for the day, the children's case lasting only about ten minutes. Marvel had expected quite an hour's flirtation in the Court, and went away quite disappointed accordingly.

About a week after the order was varied a letter came for Eugene from Hallam, Brassy and Hoare. It enclosed another letter bearing the crest I of a sheep and the awe-striking signature of the dolorous wool-merchant as executor of the coal-king's will. There were no marks of tear-drops anywhere on the

note-paper! It politely requested the doctor to let Brassy know when the children would be ready to leave Myamyn, as they had provided a good and comfortable house for them in the same suburb as they lived in themselves, where both their houses adjoined each other. Whether Pearly and Valentine were to have the whole house in the suburb to themselves, or were simply to live there with Brassy and Grieve did not appear.

The outrageous epistle was duly answered by their father, who informed the presumptuous Brassy that if he came for the children to Myamyn, he would get Vallie to put the hose on him, and that the St. Bernard was not altogether willing to consent to the proposal. He added a postscript to the letter reminding the lachrymose wool-merchant of his earlier days with the words:—"Ahoo—ahoo—I can't—ahoo: I can't—ahoo—I can't." They were evidently under the impression that, as the money was to change hands, Eugene would surrender the children.

The variation in the judge's order made no appreciable difference to the daily life of the children. They were attended to by the old servant, who did the whole work of the house as well. Their esteemed governess came as usual for another six months, and their father struggled, in the face of growing scandal and adversity, to keep his medical practice at Mobile together. Guinevere knew the difficulties and the financial straits in which he was involved. Every morning she came, wearing a pretty picture hat trimmed with shot ribbon and shaded roses and dressed in black and white stripe cotton trimmed at the neck and wrists with black or coloured ribbon over which were turned little finely tucked muslin and lace points. Her simple morning robe only accentuated her dazzling beauty, but in her eyes were the mingled sorrow and tenderness of a face by Murillo

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, 1617-1682. A Spanish painter of predominantly spiritual subjects. [Catholic Encyclopedia 1913 \(2010\)](#).

. She would refuse to take any salary when he offered it, if he would allow her to forego it, and for months the old servant went without her wages. All seemed, from their father down to the girl, to devote all their energies to the welfare and advancement of Pearly and Vallie. Though their father was poor they were as happy at Myamyn as the day was long. Eugene lived on in hope and patience—hope and patience, but the ultimate legal proceedings were but the ground-swell that betokened the coming storm.

One winter morning, as the mercurial Vallie scampered up and down the footpath on his Grecian velocipede and Pearly sat on the verandah with her father or wheeled her dollies in the dainty dolly-carriage about the paths among the shrubs in the garden, there came the herald of the war with a black bag, opening which he disclosed before the astounded Eugene two papers lying among some others—two angues in herbâ Serpents in the grass. [Jones 1963:10](#). See 'anguis'.

in the form of a citation and petition for divorce, with a prayer for the custody of the children by his wife. There was no name of any co-respondent on the document, but the petition disclosed a number of grounds upon which the application was based. As he read through the categorical list of Marvel's foundations for a dissolution of her marriage with him, he saw what struck him like a thunderbolt from the clouds. It was the name of his old servant, *Lillie Delaine*! With her he was accused of adultery as related to his wife by the former nurse-girl, Miss E. Powell, whose dismissal for neglecting the children Lillie Delaine had instigated. It was necessary to bring another woman of course into the case, and so they risked the die on the servant's name as a sort of working hypothesis.

Without reflecting for a moment over the effect the news would have upon the innocent girl, he hurried into the house. Calling her from the kitchen floor into the surgery, his face white with astonishment he said—"Lillie, just look at this: this is a petition for a divorce, and they have made a charge of impropriety against you," holding it out at arm's length as if he had hold of a dead cat by the tail.

As if she were stabbed the girl stared with parted lips quite dumb-founded—she did not seem to understand what he said. In an extenuating way he explained to her what his wife had done.

"My mother's words always comes true," replied Lillie in agitation: "she told me not to bring any messages from Lily Cottage, as the missis was very cunnin' and would be sure to find me out, waitin' over there among the trees. P'r'aps she seen me herself. She's bad enough Gord knows to think anythink: she wouldn't care if she did ruin a poor girl. My word, if my mother gets a 'old of her she'll catch it. I ain't no bad girl, and never was, nor my sister Lollie neither: we're just as good as Mrs. Whitworth, and a long way better, if the truth was known." Then she burst into a flood of tears.

Spell-bound, he gazed again at the petition spread out on the table, with all its outrageous, atrocious statements swimming before his eyes, declaring aloud in an apotheosis of reason that his wife was a liar and a diabolical fiend incarnate. What *was* he to do? With no money, abandoned by Warne, Costall and Davitt, he had lost the trifling case before. Where was he to go for legal advice on that petition? Not a friend to whom he could appeal! Marmaduke Payne was constantly and helplessly drunk. He sat on the lounge and stared in the face the black prospect of fighting his unscrupulous wife, who had returned with the sole object of conspiring and accumulating false evidence against him, and whose vengeance for her merited defeats would pour into the office of the ablest firm of solicitors in the city gold upon gold of her own and her relatives until her rancorous

nature was satiated and surfeited.

The legal partnership of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, in conjunction with a new firm of solicitors, had like so many agents of Mephistopheles behind the tree been for months goading and pitchforking on the demons of which the paradisaical Marvel was possessed. They had bolstered her up with the hopes of obtaining a *decree nisi* for the dissolution of her marriage, with the ulterior object of being put by the court in legal possession of the custodianship of the children, which according to the law of England in most cases, and the law of America in all, upon the decree would hinge perforce. The corollary of a *decree nisi* at American law keeps in abeyance altogether the question as to the rights of the father when considered and debated on their intrinsic merits. It follows the decree not as a *post hoc propter hoc* sequence, but still as surely as the night follows the day. The issue to be tried was not as to the fitness of the doctor to retain the charge of his infants. The condition and circumstances of the children were not to be brought into the discussion at all. If they were provided for like the Queen's own grandchildren, it affected not the corollary of the decree. That corollary it was the indirect aim of Marvel to obtain. The divorce was the means to that end.

Fifty years before Whitworth had left Summer Hill for Mobile an act repealing the old matrimonial causes act, which had been copied from and was almost a fac-simile of the divorce act of the English constitution, was introduced into Congress by one of the senators for a commonplace suburb of the city. It had in the latter part of the eighteenth century been introduced by the senator for Westminster—Senator Green—into the State legislature of Massachusetts, and without opposition enacted by the State Government. Thirty years afterwards it was introduced into the House of Representatives, where it was enacted and subsequently ratified by the Senate and made the universal law of the United States of America by the seal of the President as head of the National Government. Just about that time, hundreds of cases had come under the public notice of men deserting their wives and families for years, and leaving them without any means of support, to swell the ranks of the unemployed and become disreputable, confirmed and irreclaimable drunkards, loitering about the alleys and dens of the city. The city and the suburbs of a low character reeked with domestic crime, assaults on wives, and various phases of atrocity. While thousands of starving women and children cried aloud for food and raiment, their bread-winners glutted the bars of the sordid and noisome tap-rooms, engendering further vices and abominations. To break down this threatening danger to society, the new act had been made law and the old Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act of Congress repealed.

Different judges took different views of the definition of the term habitual drunkenness. The prevailing opinion was that it meant that a man or woman must have consumed unceasingly such a quantity of liquor as to render him or her a public eye-sore, an object of social ostracism and an incurably depraved, abandoned and worthless member of society. The French word *dérégulé* expresses the condition of an habitual drunkard. One judge, however, maintained that if along the whole thread of a man or woman's life patches, garnished here and there, no matter how far apart they were, could be sewn together and construed to amount approximately to the full term allotted by the legislature, it was sufficient for a conviction on this specific charge.

The term "cruelty," with which the charge of intemperance was sometimes coupled, eliminated altogether acts of violence. It consisted, in the opinion of the law courts, if not in that of the legislature, in revolting language, vituperative abuse, or humiliating accusations made against a wife by her husband. It did not appear to make any difference whether the charges were true or untrue. If a man got drunk and said anything of the kind to his wife, he was just as liable to the pains and penalties of the arbitrary law as if he were perfectly sober at the time. It was extraordinary how wide was the range of uses to which the term "cruelty" might be legally applied. It was immeasurably more comprehensive than the applicability of the term "insulting behaviour" in relation to the police. It was not necessary in the eyes of the law for a man to knock his wife about, or in any way maltreat her. She could violently assault him as much as she liked. Even if he never in his life raised his hand against her, it was quite enough to establish the charge of cruelty if he accused her in any person's hearing, whether he knew anybody was listening or not, of fornication or of attempting illegitimate practices, independently of the truth or otherwise of his accusations.

The doctor purchased a copy of the orthodox text-book on divorce, and also a copy of the new Matrimonial Causes Act. With these, on his own account he settled down to work. He mastered every little detail. He spent whatever money he had on railway visits to friends whom he relied on as witnesses. He neglected his withering practice, leaving the children in the care of the ill-starred domestic servant and the guardian Guinevere.

How fawns upon and flatters the beautiful world a successful man in the sunny days of his prosperity! How scurvily its heroes button up their professed regards and walk away from him when a cloud hangs over his head! Such was the experience of Eugene when he wandered about the city in search of the good men who had theretofore paraded and advertised their esteem for the doctor; while watching every step he took, shadowed and mouched after him a squirming mouchard and all the well-paid, mercenary, sinuous ramifications of the colossal scheme of the paradisaical bird struck out every morning from the chambers of Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark, of Fourth Avenue, New Orleans, her new solicitors, on their ignoble and degraded errands.

The gold from the united phalanx of the Amalekites

A Biblical tribe who were the enemies of the Hebrews. See for example Exodus 17:8-13.

, the mighty Goulds, piled itself high in the strong-room of the new firm, whose members were like the ingredients of a black draught

A purgative medicine consisting of an infusion of senna with sulphate of magnesia and extract of liquorice. [OED Online](#), *n.*, sense 15b.

, and consisted of some of the shrewdest and most capable barristers, solicitors, proctors and attorneys of the day. It was to be a war between wealth and justice—to culminate in the arbitration of a human judge and a possibly corruptible jury of four good men and true; a battle between the serried ranks of British battalions in good strategical position with their Maxim guns, Mitford-Lee rifles, cordite, smokeless powder and mountain batteries, and an impoverished horde of rebels in the vales of Hindu Kush.

Chapter XII. The Transformation of Lillie Delaine.

"Here's fennel for you and columbines; there's rue for you and here's some for me: you must wear your rue with a difference: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays."

Shakespeare.

Hamlet. IV.v.

IN the interval between the serving upon the doctor of the petition and citation and the beginning of the quadra-mensal

Every four months. [OED Online](#). See 'mensal', *n.*1 and *adj.*2.

sittings of the court constituted to hear causes in divorce and matrimonial jurisdiction, the judicial bench of the State of Louisiana received one of the greatest blows to its prestige and magnificence since the day of its inauguration by the demise of the noble and good man who had adorned its lofty thrones for more than forty years—the man who had pitied and shown the mercy that becomes the sceptred monarch better than his throne, when he sentenced even the brutal and blood-thirsty Graves to death on the prosecution of Marmaduke Payne. Like a beacon light, in his eloquent pleadings at the bar and his unerring judgments on the dais, he shone over the entire legal hemisphere.

By his death the whole machinery of the law was for some time thrown out of gear. Angry discussions arose in the State legislature and at the law institute as to the nomination of his probable successor. Senatorial influences were kept rolling to foist upon the nation inferior and incapable men, but the voice of the people clamoured against these contrivances. The judge next in seniority to the late popular ornament of the bench was in every way well-fitted from length of service as a judge of the Supreme Court, long experience, remarkable ability, wonderful success at the bar, penetrative acumen and stately bearing on the seat of justice, to follow in the footsteps of the judge deceased. This superb lawyer for some inscrutable reason was passed over, and in his stead was appointed to the vacancy the judge next below him in seniority. At the time the judges were appointed by the government, but since then they have been appointed by the people. With widespread approbation this superlative judge, whose knowledge of the complex intricacies of the law was paramount and second to none in the world, was with all appropriate ceremony elevated by the seal and signature of the governor of the State to the appointment held so decorously by his predecessor.

It so happened that the quadra-mensal sittings of the divorce court came simultaneously with the elevation of Judge Winterbourne, and, in accordance with the scheme arranged for the administration of justice at the beginning of the year, it devolved upon the successor of the deceased judge to adjudicate in divorce and matrimonial causes in the country courts on circuit, while the judge who had heard the application for *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum* was appointed divorce judge in the Supreme Court of the city

Here Dutton is using Australian rather than American terminology for the legal infrastructure.

Thus the case of Whitworth *versus* Whitworth would come before a judge who had a previous insight into the case. His Honour, however, feeling that it would possibly be considered prejudicial to the hearing of the suit if he carried out his judicial functions is a case in which he had in its earlier stages been to a certain extent influenced, deferred the hearing of the case of Whitworth *versus* Whitworth until the April sittings of the following year. This change, which the doctor surmised had been effected by the strategic exertions of Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark in order to protract the case and afford them every opportunity of making all the money they could out of it, did not meet with the approval of Eugene himself, who felt anxious that the case should be heard and the suspense blotted out from his mind.

Settling down again in the interval to his medical practice at the seaside, he had as a companion for a month his brother, who had turned over a new leaf and had been so busy and prosperous in his renewed profession that he could afford to allow himself a few weeks' holiday. There was nothing in the house in the shape of alcohol but a few bottles of German Lager beer. Often before retiring to bed they together drank between them a bottle. They took nothing in the day-time at all. In these small quantities it had a soothing and soporific effect and acted as a stimulo-sedative. To the doctor it was conducive to more peaceful slumber than had been his portion before. On his brother it had a disturbing and confusing influence. He frequently complained of the drowsy conditions that accompanied its earlier symptoms. Still no suggestion was made by either of them as to the specific ingredient which had these unusual effects, and the somniphathic result was ascribed to some peculiar property in the hops which the beer contained.

Had one of those remnant bottles of German Lager beer been tested with toxicological reagents in time there would have possibly been revealed the causes for the breaking of the needle of that little hypodermic syringe which for long time he thought had been lost. Then it would have dawned upon his mind that in every bottle which had been stacked in that pantry at Myamyn was diffused in the beer enough poison to make a man excited, passionate and reckless in his expressions and deportment if he were of an active inclination of mind, and by continuous instillation of its poisonous adulterations enough to make him wander unwittingly into scenes of moral and social degradation.

Through every cork of the remaining bottles was afterwards found a hole drilled as if by some sharp and stout needle, through which might have found its way the fine needle of the hypodermic syringe, charged with the solution of atropine and morphine, while the ragged tinsel capsule had been cunningly replaced over the head of the cork.

There he would have found the reason why he had ventilated the sudden outburst upon his wife when Guinevere had been insulted by her in the surgery, and the causes of his associating himself at bars with his inferiors and his final contamination with the dyed hand of Marmaduke Payne. Then too, the dangers he had run of being seen at covert meetings with his old servant and the cause of that sword through clumsiness slipping out of its scabbard as he attempted to stand it up in the corner of the surgery, late though it might have been, would have been clearly and incontrovertibly revealed.

His brother subsequently suggested that both Gloriana Bloobumper and Esmeralda Knight might have been the culprits, but Eugene attributed the laceration of the capsules to the children and scorned the theory that malice had anything to do with the tampering with the bottles and the doctoring of the beer. He blamed himself for having injected the morphia into the bottles when distracted by loss of sleep. He had forgotten all about it afterwards, but Brosie stoutly maintained that it was either Knight or Bloobumper.

Prompted, probably by the new firm of solicitors as well as by Brassy, to incite the doctor into a quarrel, to have that quarrel witnessed and its version magnified and distorted by under-strappers paid for the express purpose, the malignant Marvel had strained every nerve in her frame. He refused to believe that she was so viperous as to be a husband-poisoner—such as could induce her cousin to learn from his own lips, under the rose of her amiability, the *modus operandi* of that little syringe at Bendemeer years before, and bring her knowledge, acquired by dissembling low cunning, to bear upon him in the hour of danger and in the climax of his life, in order to eke out her revenge to the bitter end. Marvel was no more guilty of such treachery than could have been Guinevere or Miriam.

Shortly after the arrival of Brosie in Myamyn came also the old mother of the servant, with the ostensible object of relieving her of some of the work, as she was showing signs of fatigue and worry. Her real object was to stay at Myamyn acting propriety in the wifeless home. During the first week of her sojourn Lillie's mother asked the doctor if he thought a glass of Lager beer would strengthen and fortify the girl, to which he replied that it probably would, and further that it might conduce to the sleep of the want of which her mother had said she complained. Eugene, moreover, suited the action to the word by offering her the freedom of the cellar where the bottles were kept. For some days the fretting girl drank a glass of the Lager beer every day, in order to restore her failing appetite and at night to conduce to the sleep which had deserted her for weeks.

It drove her mad—*stark staring mad!* For weeks that simple-minded and innocent girl was a raving and raging lunatic; yet nobody suspected the cause. Her mother remembered that she had suffered from hysterical fits when she was very young, but since that early epoch she had all her life been in good bodily and mental health. Her mother, naturally a lightheaded woman who had been for some time incapacitated from her domestic duties by a severe attack of Russian influenza, some weeks after her advent to Myamyn complained of giddiness and a sensation of fulness in her head. She was forced to go home just as the premonitory symptoms of acute mania in her daughter had somewhat temporarily abated. Accordingly, when the girl's insanity broke out in all its heinous fury there was nobody in the house to attend her but Eugene and Brosie.

Sitting together in the dining-room one Saturday evening, they saw her leave the house to do presumably the Saturday evening's shopping in accordance with her usual custom. Lillie returned in about an hour with a

London shilling-shocker

Cheap, short sensational novel. [Green 2005](#).

novelette. She had quite forgotten what provisions she had intended to order. She sat down without speaking at the fire, like one visibly *distracte* staring at the novelette till after the two brothers had gone to bed.

On arising next morning they found her bedroom door wide open. The girl was gone! Looking round about the premises Eugene noticed her coming down the road, still staring at the novelette and gesticulating with her arms in the public compound. No hat! her hair hanging down upon her shoulders! she had the general appearance of one who had been wandering about in a night-long feat of somnambulism. He withdrew to the diningroom as he saw her and sat down beside Brosie. She entered like Hamlet, staring at the words, words, words and tapping the novelette with a rose. Her reason was unstrung.

"There's the poison!" she suddenly glowered at them, and shouted at the top of her voice; "there it is:" as she pointed with the rose at some ink-stains on the sleeve of her dress; "the doctor up the street said it was poison. I am dead and poisoned: poisoned and dead. I am the virgin Mary! I have a letter from Jesus in my pocket 1 it says you must not scrub out the poison from my dress, because I am made of pure crystalline glass and might smash. I am the virgin Mary and the sister of all the angels in Heaven! I could lift fifty million tons and run all around the world in five minutes. I made the sun and the moon and all the stars in the sky! Brosie will I blacken your boots or lend you a three? I am poisoned and dead: I am the virgin Mary. Doctor will I sweep the chimney or will you buy some pigs for me to feed? Beautiful pigs! Oh 'Arry, 'Arry gimme yer answer do (falsetto): all murdered me: my mother poisoned me: the doctor poisoned me: Brosie poisoned me: Pearly! I'm the virgin Mary now, and the chick-a-leary bloke with my one two three."

Then she yelled out prolonged, inhuman moans, such as Eugene had heard on the night of his return to Myamyn from the St. Bernard. The moans lasted fully an hour. Lillie interspersed them with the reading aloud of a letter, purporting to have been sent to her from Heaven, which address she had written on the corner at the top and signed "Yours truly, God Almighty," and calling out with heart-rending cries, "My God! it's not true: it's a lie: my God! my God!" Then came flood upon flood of tears alternating with preternatural sobs.

Little Vallie ran in for his breakfast with the rocking-horse whip in his hand. With the whip he began to tickle up the servant, saying—"Puppa, ain't she silly? ain't she silly?"

Arranging with his brother to watch her, the doctor went away to the druggist's shop to secure some bromide of potassium. From the druggist he learned that Lillie had climbed up the verandah-post, throwing stones at his bedroom window to wake him up the night before, until she had smashed the glass; stood in the shop raving till he pushed her out; knocked over a large blue show-jar, which he had on the counter, to smithereens on the floor and, declaring she was poisoned, rushed frantically over to the fire-plug in the centre of the street, gave herself the signal to start, and did a mile up and down the road in the fastest time on record, a few seconds over that taken by Moss Rose, and vanished like a wraith about five o'clock in the morning.

Mixing the bromide of potassium in a tumbler, Eugene tried all manner of means to induce her to take it, but she would only agree to sip a few drops off the tip of the spoon and run away to the tap to wash it out of her mouth.

It was Sunday. All nature outside Myamyn was gay, and the little yellowhammer whistled from the eaves. There was no way whatever of telegraphing to her mother. All that could be done was to watch her and struggle to keep her inside the house. The doctor cooked some breakfast for the children and endeavoured to persuade the hapless girl to have some; but she clenched her jaws as tight as a vyce when he proffered it to her, every now and then screeching out the old exclamations and preaching sermons to the great amusement of the children, but the unspeakable dismay of Eugene. During the outbreak she spoke better English than usual. The sermons ranged from the heights of glorious eloquence and spiritual exaltation down to the depths of bathos and levity.

The children looked upon the agonised distraction of the maniacal girl as a grand bit of fun. They kept goading her on for more. In the house of one of the neighbours there was a little opposition, in the shape of a chronic and quieter lunatic, who at that time was enjoying a lucid interval, so that the neighbours of the doctor were used to it and not at all alarmed.

Following her in rotation every step she took in the house, the doctor and Brosie mounted guard over Lillie. They relieved each other by relays, while all the time she vehemently raged, clamouring to get oat into the street and bursting into passions of sobs and tears.

With the sublime cunning and dexterity of a lunatic, she managed to get hold of the key of the back door, which was locked. Quick as lightning she had it open and flew down the side avenue of the house out past the escalonia hedges; over the gate in a vaulting bound into the street, in and out through the open doors of the houses with Brosie at her heels in hot pursuit. The fugitive cleverly dodged him and secreted herself in a shed. If it had not been so sad, it was laughable. Non-plussed for a few minutes by the rampant girl, he looked here and there, like a harrier sniffing about on the trail of a rabbit, or a bloodhound in chase of a criminal. Marching

boldly into the open, strange houses, and out through the passage to the back, finally he found her sitting on a log of wood in an outhouse of the police-camp poring as before over the sensational pictures in the shilling shocker. From there by slow stages he persuaded her to walk along with him, and eventually inveigled her into following him home, Brosie looking as if he had done a great scientific stroke.

When she was in safe keeping in the house and all the keys were taken out of the locks, table-knives wedged in between the sashes and the window-frames and the latches of the windows fastened, Brosie suggested that if he played a little music it might have the desirable effect of relieving her mind. He sat down on the piano-stool and the children made instant a stampede for the band in the bedroom, returning with bugles, triangles and drums. The health-giving, mind-restoring, pleasant- Sunday-afternoon *matinée* performance was begun with the *obbligato* of the Benedictus—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel for He hath visited and redeemed His people and hath raised up a mighty salvation for us in the house of His servant David," while the children rang rings around the girl, and the doctor stood guarding the passage door, with his back against the door and his eye on the maniac. The effect on "the virgin Mary" for a little while was electrical. The whole thing was glorious. The potency of the balmy, soothing electricity from the pianoforte battery soon appeared to pall, and again the girl began her parade to and fro, like a captured cheetah in a prison. In an instant she seemed to see slantingly that the latch of the window was bent. In less time than it takes to say so she pulled out the knife-wedge, hoisted the bottom sash flush with the top sash, and like a pertinacious jack-in-a-box she leaped quicksticks through the window, rushed to the summer-house and sprang like a cat up the lattice-work. Brosie made after her; he dragged her off the summer-house to the ground, the lattice laths tearing and splintering her hands, and hauled her bodily into the house like a captive whale. By dint of coaxing, finessing and threatening, they succeeded in administering to her a large dose of the bromide of potassium. She lay down in respite on the floor. They carried her into her room and watched over her every hour of the night.

Running backwards and forwards, as children will do with the most recent information between their own and the neighbours' houses, Pearly and Vallie amused themselves as best they could, and in the evening they serenaded the girl with the raucous band.

It was remarkable what aptitude and smartness little Pearly showed during the emergency, in carrying out the duties of a miniature housewife. She could spread the table-cloth as well as old Hemlock, set the things in fantastic order on the table, clear them all away as well as old Jean Gould, and at washing up the dishes she was quite *au fait*; but when an attempt was made to wash Vallie's face, he sent the basin spinning down the passage. She could sweep the floor, make beds, dust and tidy up the rooms with a dexterity that would have defied the competition of the flying Dutchman. So "busied in her hussyskep" did the sturdy little housewife make herself, that her father thought he would never find her equal in the world. Still there was not a grain of old-fashionedness in Pearly. She was a perfect child of nature.

When the Monday morning came, Brosie went out to look for a suitable nurse for the girl, who was by this time apparently quieter than she was on the Sunday. When the doctor thought she was enjoying a lucid interval and had gone to sleep, he quietly stole down the passage to look into a disturbance between Pearly and Valentine. The disturbance consisted of a bombardment of the cupboard in the kitchen, in which fortification Pearly had ensconced herself for shelter from assaults with potatoes and loaves of bread by the recalcitrant Valentine. As he walked up the passage he saw the front door wide open and the frenzied girl partly standing, partly hanging over the front gate, dressed—or rather undressed in the apparel of her primeval mother, looking up and down the street and swaying her head backwards and forwards. She wore nothing but the habiliments of her *toilette de nuit*. It was about nine o'clock in the morning, and the people passing by gathered in little knots and gaped at the nocturnally habited Lillie.

Quietly approaching her from behind, he coaxed her back as far as the verandah, when in a sudden fury she threw her arms around the verandah post and yelled out—"Murder! murder! police: help, murder! the virgin Mary!" He seized "the virgin Mary" around the waist and with the help of his brother, who had just come back from the house of the nurse and the telegraph office, they carried her back to the bedroom. They laid her on the bed. Brosie dragged the piano into the bedroom and tried again the effect of "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."

In about half-an-hour the old nurse came and sat by her side. Shortly afterwards her mother came in response to a telegram which the doctor had sent by his brother. Her mother supplanted the nurse. She remained with her daughter all day, when her son came in the evening and assisted in the taking of his sister home.

Watching every maniacal peregrination and noting every wild, frantic, unearthly exclamation she uttered; gloating and chuckling over the sight of the ludicrous chase by Brosie among the houses on the Sunday, the forcible dragging of her down from the lattice-work of the summer-house, and the avulsion of her from the verandah-post on the Monday morning as the people were passing and she screamed out to them that she was being murdered, were two of the numerous squirming mouchers, employed by Hallam. Brassy and Hoare in conjunction with Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark, fomenting perjury and dogging the footsteps of their

unsuspecting victim.

Now that the working housekeeper was disabled by her mental breakdown, whose immediate causation was the poison of the deadly nightshade in the battles, the burthen of the domestic economy and the care and *espionnage* of the volatile Vallie devolved upon the fifteen-inches-broad shoulders of Eugene's pet little girl. Her skill and perfect acquaintance with whatever was required to be done were, for one of her tender years, incredible. There was no duty in that bouse in which she was not adept. No grown-up woman could have cleaned up a bedroom or dusted a mantelpiece or a piano, as she stood on a chair, better than that precocious little sunbeam of Myamyn. In the burlesque of custodian to her little brother, however, she signally failed. Where she did succeed, it was with all the more credit to herself; as with his *espiéglerie* he made himself as formidable an obstacle to her success as he could by pulling her clusters of golden hair, dragging the chair from under her and flicking her with the whip.

Within a few weeks Miriam came from Lily Cottage and took the children under her fostering care at Myamyn for a few weeks; after which they left with her for the benefit of a change in the Galveston cottage by the sea. Before leaving however, they were taken by their father and Brosie on a visit to the demented Lillie Delaine.

At first, instead of deriving any benefit from the change from Myamyn, she performed still greater freaks by ringing the bells of all the lawyers' houses in the suburb, marching into their rooms, calling them liars or stating she came to let them know she felt better and refusing to leave because she said she had come back to look after their children. All her relatives were at their wits' ends devising schemes for keeping her from bolting out of the house, taking the train to Houston on the supposition that it was going to Mobile, and getting out at the first station to be sent walking home by the porters, while her mother and all her kindred were scouring the town in search of her. She narrowly escaped several times from being arrested by the police. At the time of the visit of the children to her home Eugene was agreeably surprised to find that she was quieter and showed signs of a coming and permanent improvement.

There were still about two months to run before the divorce court for April would sit, and the doctor, who realised to what a further disadvantage he would be placed if his old servant would be unable to give evidence, entertained some sanguine hopes that the aberration would right itself and that she would be able to appear and answer questions in the witness-box before the two months passed away. About that time he was the sport of circumstance and catastrophe and the workings of an inimical invisible hand; everything seemed to be going against him. With the sword of Damocles hanging over his head, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

The Bible. Judges 5:20.

As the dark speck in the distant sky in its flight earthward gathers other scores, nay hundreds of moving omens, till in one compact united flight the vultures descend in a serried swoop and with their carnivorous maws rend the quarry in the desert, so misfortune follows upon misfortune till the victim of misfortune is overpowered and annihilated. The calamity which had befallen the girl was not without its influence over the medical practice at Myamyn. It was the last straw in the causation of its collapse—it crushed and crumbled it away to nothing. He had to swim through a river of bird-lime and tar to get the children, and now uncontrollable circumstances impeded his professional progress. The populace of the village and district shunned the house altogether as soon as the story of the servant's outbreak of insanity was fully enlarged in height, width and depth, and passed along from lip to lip by the scandalmongers who abound in every small community. Their sympathies ever after appeared to veer round from the doctor towards his wife, whereas theretofore they had pointed to Eugene, as true as compass needle to the north, ever since he had been embroiled in the law.

He soon found it was not worth his while to waste his energies and time in the quest of willing witnesses in the neighbourhood of Myamyn. Indeed, nearly all the people whom he approached on the subject in all the other places he found very shy and reluctant to appear in a divorce court, as most of them were very proper and strait-laced people; while, on the other hand, the witnesses whom Hallam, Brassy, Hoare, Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark were adding to their lists every day, were mostly hirelings from the "leisure classes," such as would accept payment to swear what was put into their mouths and to swear it well up to the mark. The market was glutted with seared consciences, professional scoundrels, and nefarious costermongers. He had no money to offer for the expenses of his witnesses. He had to trust to their firmness as friends and their generousities for evidence on his behalf.

No sooner had the report of the detectives who had witnessed the mad antics of Lillie Delaine been forwarded to the head office of Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark in the Fourth Avenue than an application was made by their coadjutors, Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, to the judge for permission to amend the petition by adding to it the charge that they had taken him alive in their trawls at last, insomuch he had assaulted his servant, chased her out of the house in the night and brutally dragged her back to the bedroom. The permission

prayed for was granted, and the additional gun was dragged on the field and levelled at the devoted head of Whitworth.

He was compelled to give up Myamyn from fear that it would be objected that the children were not under his personal supervision and under his own roof at the time of the trial for divorce. He took his departure from the little village in order to stay with them in the cottage by the sea.

Whatever remained of the seaside practice, for which he had paid eight hundred and fifty dollars, was usurped by an interloping doctor, who took every advantage of Eugene's distresses and the aversions of his patients since the magnified and distorted *canard* of the scene on the verandah had been bruited broadcast over the district. The new doctor, a Frenchman, had settled down in the "Old House at Home," lying low like a crouching fox watching until he would leave, and snapping up the whole of his business when he was gone.

Before leaving the city of New Orleans, where, unknown to him, every move he made was closely watched, he re-visited the cottage of the mother of the house-keeper to inquire into the condition of her mental faculties; what progress she was making towards recovery, and what prospects there were of her opportune rehabilitation to justify her presentment for examination and cross-examination by unmerciful barristers in the court. She had considerably improved, and was almost then able to resume her ordinary avocation. From want of house-room his mother's cottage was unable to afford its customary welcome as a resort for the old servant; though Miriam, whose heart was big enough for the whole parish, endeavoured to accommodate her there.

When he had finally departed from the city, he wrote to her mother from Lily Cottage, advising her of a light situation in Galveston suitable for the present circumstances of her daughter. It was advertised in the newspapers, and with the assistance of Miriam she procured the employment.

It was an advantage to Eugene to have her close at hand, in order that he might supervise the convalescence from her mental disorder; obtain from her the necessary statement which she intended to make in the court, and present it in proper form at the trial. Her mother quickly came to Galveston. She obtained the situation of nurse-girl for her daughter at a house near the pier where the steam-boat was berthed.

Upon Lillie's arrival at the seaside town late at night she was met by Brosie, who carried her little tin box of articles of clothing to the house where she was to be employed. Depositing it for her at the front gate, he stood talking to her for a little while, when their conversation was interrupted by the appearance on the scene of a strange *woman*, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds and who, it was subsequently discovered, was a mouchard in female disguise.

Refreshed by the change to his new abode and released from the imbibition of the poisonous Lager beer, the doctor renewed his labours as his own solicitor in spite of the premonitions of the judge. He obtained statements from the various witnesses whom he intended to call for the defence. Chief among these statements came the one of such paramount importance—a scrawled narration of her five years' experience by Lillie Delaine as housekeeper to the doctor.

Finding it, when received by post, in rather a confused and hieroglyphical form, he made it more readable and presentable by copying it out himself. His doing so himself was animadverted upon by the judge at the trial, although such is the work of a solicitor, who copies out or takes statements from witnesses proposed to be called. At the time he had no money to employ solicitors and had to do the whole of the work himself, being as it were his own lawyer. During the five weeks he stayed in Galveston he seldom had even a dollar in his pocket. He was in the anomalous state of a penniless man.

In pursuance of a suggestion in the maintenance order, he piloted the children one morning into the folds of an exceptionally choice and high class boarding school, presided over by the mother of an old collegiate fellow-student and friend of his, who was subsequently raised to the dignity of the assizes court bench just before the downfall of Brosie. At this little flowery beehive priory Pearly and Valentine were employed in congenial scholastic industries during the day. They lived in childish happiness; they slept in a region of quietude together under the benignant care of a counterpart of Guinevere. From Monday morning till Friday afternoon they were at school as weekly boarders; the rest of the time they stayed with Miriam and their father at Lily Cottage. They went for drives in the buggy with the old chestnut mare, and on piscatorial and shooting excursions with Brosie in the valleys of the Colorado River after trout, squirrels, wood-pigeons and herons.

Their father, when his law-office in the front room was closed for the day, would join in their games in the evenings, teaching them more nursery rhymes, in which they were very proficient, and sitting with them beside their little double cot, while they raised their lisping orisons to their Saviour and Father in Heaven. To part with them were to part with the world; to sit with them was to sit enthroned in an ideal holy of holies; every sound of their voices was an enchanting call for further exertion on his part in the impending war: to gaze in evening dreams upon their pure, sweet faces as they lay calm and asleep was to see the beacon that was guiding him to a new and a better life when he had proclaimed another victory over his persecutors and cut through the silken cord of bondage with their mother for ever.

What was the paradisaical bird to him that he should sigh for its shimmering sheen? What was Marvel to him

that he should weep for Marvel? She was a thorn in his side before her father had died: she was an arrant shrew and an implacable tormentor ever since. Like King Solomon he thought, "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

The Bible. Proverbs 21:9.

It was not that he dreaded being driven out of Paradise before his time, but in the loosening of that silken cord and the breaking of that golden bowl

The Bible. Ecclesiastes 12:6

lay like one excentric

Probably the mechanical sense: A circular disc fixed on a revolving shaft, some distance out of centre, working freely in a ring (the eccentric strap), which is attached to a rod called an eccentric rod, by means of which the rotating motion of the shaft is converted into a backward-and-forward motion.

working in unison and close juxta-position with another excentric

Probably the mechanical sense: A circular disc fixed on a revolving shaft, some distance out of centre, working freely in a ring (the eccentric strap), which is attached to a rod called an eccentric rod, by means of which the rotating motion of the shaft is converted into a backward-and-forward motion. [OED Online](#). See 'eccentric', *n.*, sense 2.

—that unalterable, irrevocable corollary that might wrench out of his tenacious grasp his two little angels in its impetuous whirl. Pearly and Vallie constituted the crux of the whole situation. Unaided, destitute, forsaken and desperate, every nerve in his oppressed frame strained with all its might and main to seek shelter from the blast that was setting free the avalanche and to stem the polluted and malodorous tide that was in readiness to burst through its barriers, overflow, and overwhelm him. From that powerful and united firm of lawyers, whose ability was levered along by the low cunning, the mean trickery and the false-swearing of the vampires—who tumbled over one another with their reports in its offices every day—to escape was for the hunted hare to escape the harriers.

To be disunited from the consort who had dragged him down and had all along been the bane of his life were a blessing from the gourds of Providence. To lose the treasures who were the apple of his eye and the talisman of his very soul, were to shut out all the sunshine of life itself and to precipitate him into never-ending gloom; and he knew only too well that the corollary worked with the decree like scissor-blade with scissor-blade; that the excentric corollary revolved, perforce, in synchronizing concomitance and harmony with the excentric decree, side by side, inseparable and immutable as the decrees of the Medes and Persians

See Daniel, chapter 6; the Bible.

. Thus the barque with the dragon of desertion at the prow and the demon of poverty at the helm must steer her course between Scylla and Charybdis

Two rocks in the Strait of Messina which were famously difficult to navigate; also associated with monsters. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

, or sink into the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean,"

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. Thomas Gray.

or lay her bones to be calcined—a stranded wreck on an inhospitable foreign shore.

Chapter XIII. Every Man his Own Lawyer. "Beds a Quarter-Dollar; Ten Cents Standin' Up."

CALM and intrinsically resourceful, Eugene began to draw together the skeins of the concatenation of circumstances in the entangled theme in one firm far reaching grasp; revolving scheme after scheme, oblivious of the fact that he was essaying the impracticable task of making bricks without straw. He had the spirit but he lacked the sinews of war. All day long in the little front parlour of Lily Cottage, where he had learned his lessons as a school-boy, and out of which he had carried in his arms his dying brother to his death-bed, the system of defence in the ensuing trial was devised with whatever resources he could find within his own grip of the law, in spite of the embargo laid upon him by the judge. All the old affidavits were compiled in categorical order, and in cases where appendices were feasible the additions to the former evidence were obtained by him during the evenings and engrossed in regular sequence accordingly.

The very fact of his doing his own legal work had, in the eyes of the rostrum, an incriminatory and prejudicial tendency. His poverty here became a crime. Some of his friends warned him that his method of taking statements from the witnesses with his own hand would tell against him at the time of the trial, but they

knew not the difficulties and the financial straits from which he suffered, and most of them were of that class ever ready to side with financially the strongest party. By dire necessity, which knows no laws, he was compelled to perform the irksome task himself, or else let the case go by default of opposition. He was simply acting as his own amanuensis and managing clerk.

On the evening on which his old servant had promised to write out a short compendium of her experiences in his house, he visited the private house of the woman who had employed her, near the shore of the bay. The following morning he transcribed the statement in a more perceptible form and sent the manuscript back for the girl's inspection and perusal. His mother, who had taken the message, brought it back saying that Lillie had no alterations to make and that it was quite correct.

The occupant of the dilapidated villa, he was informed by Brosie, had a most unenviable notoriety in Galveston. The establishment was considered by the police as shady in character. She had been mixed up in a trial for a wholesale tobacco robbery. Two young girls had been arrested in her domicile. She was instrumental in obtaining the conviction of a woman sentenced to two years' hard labour for obtaining money under false pretences. In appearance she was wicked, cold-blooded, and designing. She was prematurely grey and extraordinarily adipose. She picked up a kitten that night and knocked its brains out on the door-step. Her voice was a close imitation of the sounds produced by peacocks. Her little beadlike shifty eyes were always turned away from anyone she addressed, partly owing to a divergent lop-eyed squint. All the time she intoned her sweet voice she seemed to be addressing the wall or the people outside in the street from the window, through which she had an inveterate habit of casting her eyes slantindicularly.

When Eugene heard from his brother the reputed character of Margery Moon, to whom his old servant had become engaged, he wrote a note to her mother advising her to come to Galveston and take her daughter away home. In consequence of which her mother came in a few days and departed with Lillie, who had absent-mindedly and owlshly left her belongings behind in Galveston.

It was hard labour for the doctor to arrange the mass of materials before him—the manual labour of engrossing the documents absorbed all his time and energies for weeks. The private detectives interviewed him shortly before his labours were ended and revived the old inquiries about the missing skeleton. He told the detectives that Adam Quain at one time had exhumed what he thought were the remains of an Apache Indian, but that as they were of no anatomical use to him he had thrown them away years before; that he knew nothing of the missing bones of Laban Jarves; that the old man had never mentioned any name whatever to him, and that he had felt convinced himself that the bones removed that night were not the bones of an American subject. Apparently impressed with the disavowal by Eugene of any connection he might have been supposed to have with the mystery concerning the father of Sukey Bubbitt, they withdrew from Lily Cottage.

It indeed appeared at the time that they were acting in an unofficial capacity, as the funds for the furtherance of their researches were probably withdrawn from the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare and transferred to the more important works in the office of Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark. This busy firm thought it not worth their while to pursue an unprofitable inquiry—a wild-goose chase in a matter of no great consequence to anybody. They shepherded all their forces for the all-engrossing work of divorcing Marvel, and the custodianship of Pearly and Vallie.

The newspapers by this time had once or twice drawn the attention of the public to the prospective matrimonial war. Looking through the columns of the New York Herald, in the space devoted to its own correspondent at New Orleans he saw one morning as he sat in the little parlour the notice of a reported application made by Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark, to the judge in chambers of the Supreme Court, New Orleans, for permission to further amend the original petition which had been put into his hands at Myamyn, and to which the charge of assaulting his old servant had been duly annexed in legal appendix, by adding a further ground for divorce. This application was based upon an allegation made by the tenant of the villa where Lillie Delaine had been employed, and from whose house he had been instrumental in getting her removed. The application had been referred to the new judge sitting on circuit adjudication at Galveston, and Judge Winterbourne had, it appeared, felt himself bound to grant the request as a matter of form, but had remarked that it was an unfair proceeding to bring these fresh charges so late in the day, and dilated upon the mean treachery of stabbing a man in the dark. It was soon discovered that the questionable character of the villa in Galveston had been enlisted in the services and the pay of Hallam, Brassy, Hoare, Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark. This woman was frequently seen waddling about the town with Marvel, who, had she not some selfish motive in keeping her company, would just as soon have walked down the Fifth Avenue with a modern Jack Ketch

A hangman, an executioner; after a famous executioner of the 17th century. [Partridge 1972](#).

. The paradisaical bird also visited her house, and together with her mother—with whom she boarded at the Orion Hotel—they frisked around the town in a sprightly fly, in chase of some person with whom at some time in his life the doctor had been seen to take a drink.

The chronic broncho-asthmatical case, now as old as sin and through long illness very decrepid, proved a very hard case for Eugene. Since the paradisal wedding the abject and grovelling auntie had kept herself hermetically sealed from cold, maundering and pottering about the kitchen for the sake of a little gentle exercise to keep her old joints from becoming altogether rusty; but she now girded up her loins and carried the crutch about the town in the hopes that some clue might bob up serenely during the taking of a long breath. Turning on the hand she had licked and beslavered after smearing him all over with compliments as with a trowel, although she had hunted with the hounds, she was running now with the hare

Idiomatic; to serve two opposing sides.

. The hypocrite may alter her face, but the mask fails *in extremis*, and with Eugene she was now at daggers drawn. She had forgotten the sunny days when she had wooed him with her meretricious sophistries on behalf of Marvel, and was at this juncture one of his most implacable and deadliest enemies. Her field of operations was the purlieu of the hospital, near which she still resided in Sunnyside.

One of Marvel's informants was a negro—a black, jet-black, nigger from North Carolina. He, the jet-black nigger from North Carolina, opened oysters in Galveston. Notwithstanding the oysters, he put up the shutters one October morning in deference to an appointment which he had made with Marvel for a drive around the town during the busiest part of the day and through the principal streets of Galveston, sporting a brand-new calico suit shot with peacock-blue, and a great Prince of Wales' feather flower in his hat. The old buck nigger and the paradisal bird looked quite sweet upon the seat of the hansom cab built for two. Salamander Sam during the day's outing alighted with the paradisal bird from the hansom in the centre of the pier and introduced her to all his pals and the "wharf rats," each with a chaw of tobacco in his mouth, hiding here and there among the bales of wool. He revealed to them the piping-hot secret of his bosom, and declared that Marvel was a "dooth-ed fine bird of Paradithe;" that he was going to help her to get a "ditholution" and, when she got it, he wouldn't mind marrying her himself. Salamander Sam had seen Brosie carrying the girl's box, and thought it was the doctor; but he subsequently showed the white feather in the prosecution of his attentions to the bird of Paradise and wrote her the following letter:—"Deer Bird of Paradise—

"Doant kum to see me noa moar—not four a wile ennyway in case of haccidence. One of my pals come hear to nite and he sez I'd be lagged four purgee and he made me quiet skeered. The roase is red the voilets bloo and so r yu.—Ever thin S. S."

The legionary forces of the two legal firms which had coalesced and entered the lists together were as busy as bees collating evidence; not pressing their witnesses into the service at sweating prices but persuading them with sound and substantial metallic arguments. The activity of the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare, playing second-fiddle to the legionary office in the Fourth Avenue, in which seventeen clerks were kept busily and constantly employed copying and engrossing documents in connection with the great case of Whitworth *versus* Whitworth, was further augmented by a little private enterprise on the part of the synergist

Uncertain; possibly pharmaceutical, 'The combined activity of two drugs or other substances, when greater than the sum of the effects of each one present alone.' [OED Online](#); or a reference to the incident of the spiked beer.

Sukey and Simon. The chinchilla-billygoat-bearded midwife by a little favoritism in the head office, brought about by the member of the legislature, had been exonerated from his burdensome duties for a month so that he might throw his whole heart and soul into the prosecution of inquiries damaging to Eugene and join the gang in full cry after him. His pawky lumbering wife too—she with the freckled face and the oil-and-whitening nose—also helped, for every mortal thing helps in divorce cases, to weigh down the scale of justice. She left her brood of dusky pugwuggies in charge of the cook to hunt up all the evidence she could at Mobile, while Marvel, her mother and the old auntie kept their noser well on the trail at Galveston, Augusta, and the city of New Orleans, salving the consciences of the "leisure classes" at ten dollars a head and the hopes of distinction through being concerned in a *cause célèbre*.

When the doctor-lawyer had compiled and codified his work at Lily Cottage, flattering himself that his papers were all in chronological order, he sat in the little parlour surveying the mass of white paper on the table, when his father entered the room. Throwing down the pen, which had been in his hands sixteen hours out of the twenty-four for several weeks, he said—"I can't for the life of me see what possible chance Marvel has for a divorce. I believe after all this is only a work of supererogation."

"I don't know so much about that," said the old man with an eerie prescience of evil, after leisurely mooning over the litigation in the stable, "you see they have been cunning enough to ask for a jury, and to offer to pay the jury out of their own pockets. Any ordinary jurymen will, under any circumstances, sympathise more with a woman than he will with a man, as the saying is; he will believe her too when she shows a few maudlin tears, and it's my firm belief, as the saying is, although I never heard of her crying, she will feign to do so to gain a point. The money is what I am afraid of, and it is in the hands of a sharp firm of lawyers. That money can procure as much false evidence as they want. Why, bless my soul, since that tin-mine bubble burst there are

hundreds of men and women in this and the neighbouring States who before were well to do now going about starving, as the saying is, and plenty of them will swear a man's life away for a few dollars. I'm not afraid of anything but that and the jury. If it were not for that jury I should think there was no call for one-quarter of that heap of papers. My idea is that if you had a little money, *as the saying is*, to put it into the hands of a first-class lawyer nothing could stop you from winning the case and laughing at them, in a manner of speaking—that is if it's worth winning. For my part I would let her go; she never was anything but a millstone around your neck, as the saying is, and that she'll be as long as she lives."

He put on his hat and walked out with his father to the stable, where, for the first time since he had been living at Lily Cottage, he saw again the old chestnut mare, and there came back to his mind the halcyon day when she had carried the then paradisaical Marvel in ecstasy by his side to the home of the old coal-king, and all the subsequent changing scenes.

Only three days now were left before the trial. The words of his father fixed themselves like bolts in his brain, and he determined upon making some attempt at obtaining the services of a barrister to conduct his case in the court. The small sum which his father, in charge of the nominal commissariat, had been able to lend him was all required for travelling expenses. Brosie was doing well, but his money was all invested, and he found it hard to recover his debts: while the wages of Dolly were a mere bagatelle, and the interest charged by Glue-pot Ike, the next door neighbour, and one of those who "putteth out his money to usury," was too exorbitant without unimpeachable security. The utmost he could do was to call upon some of the men at the bar in the city who had been fellow-students with him at the university. One or two barristers whom he saw on his arrival for this purpose in the city, and even the junior counsel who had been handsomely rewarded for his professional services and successes in the original application for *habeas* and the custody of the children, in a very business-like way point-blank refused to take charge of the case unless it came first-hand from the office of a solicitor upon whose financial stability they could rely for their fees. They did not *know* the client directly, they said, although the doctor had often helped them out of their embarrassments at the university. They impressed upon him the rule that they were employed by the orthodox solicitor, and to him they looked for payment of their fees in advance if they had any doubts of his reliability.

Disappointed at his failures to find one of his old mates chivalrous and noble enough to stand by him in the hour of need, but on the other hand making all sorts of excuses and subterfuges to get rid of him, he made up his mind to run the risk of the disapproval of the interdicting rostrum and to fight the case out himself as best he could.

Feeling that he had wasted the whole day without finding one friend willing to lend a helping hand, he wandered dolefully down towards the fourth quay, when coming away from the railway station he encountered an old friend with whom he had been on particularly intimate terms at the University of Philadelphia. *He was a barrister!* Of moderate means when he first entered the cloisters of the great academy, by dint of great ability and sedulous application to his legal studies he had after five years' unrelaxing exertions attained to the uncommon degree of Master in the dry-as-dust learning of the law. The diploma was a rare and much higher qualification than the great majority of the barristers possessed. It was the usual custom for barristers to relinquish abruptly their university studies as soon as they had acquired the degree of bachelor of laws, which entitled them to admission to the rostrum as practising barristers, and to all the rights and privileges of the Supreme Court. Few had the devotional power and the mental capacity for sheer hard labour in the life of laborious days possessed in his younger days by George Wilmington. Amongst the whole mailed army of barristers practising at the courts at the time of the divorce case of Whitworth v Whitworth, many of whom were known to Eugene, there were only ten who could subscribe themselves Masters of the inner temple. The profundities and interstices of the law—"deep as plummet lies"

Possibly Shakespeare's 'Deeper than did ever plummet sound/ I'll drown my book.' The Tempest, V.i.

—were the home and the play-ground of the scholarship don and consistent honourman of the Philadelphia University. The activities of the law-courts and the usurious offices in Chancery Square were the habitudes of his contemporaries. In the one little section were scholars, in the other shrewd men of business. The brawling law-courts absorbed the preponderating division. The ardent devotees remained in the purliens of the law at the university among the venerable, worm-eaten journals.

When by chance he met Wilmington, the latter had just alighted from the train just arrived from an upcountry town where he had been conducting a case requiring for his client's success an abstruse, recondite and comprehensive knowledge of the perplexing and infinitely involved multiplicities of the law. George Wilmington was one of the finest general scholars in America. He was among the other lawyers a sort of book of reference, whose authoritative information was more accessible to them than the law journals in the library of the law-courts. Therein lay his *métier*. Ready and willing he always was to offer himself to their impositions whenever they found themselves in any difficulties or required the solution of a theorem demanding close and intricate study. Many a case which they reaped the kudos of winning was in reality won by Wilmington for

them. He had a heart as big as a bullock. Cases for arbitration were frequently put into his hands—banking law, questions as to the power of judges of the Supreme Court, advice as to the merits of a case proposed for appeal to the Grand Court of the United States, together with all the minute anatomy of the deliquescent

Hidden, concealed. [OED Online](#).

secrets of the higher departments of his profession. All were conscientiously worked out in his office in Chancery Square, and no client could ever say that he had been misled or dishonestly advised.

In the broiling law court, in cases really not concerned with law, the mass of his learned lumber seemed to weigh down and handicap the versatility of his practical abilities. In some cases of fact *versus* law with which in the court he had been entrusted by his admirers, his exposition of his case had not been clearly understood by the judges, whose master in learning he was, and his clients' cases were in consequence lost, although under ordinary circumstances they might have been won.

A quick and practical application of a parallel case was what was wanted in cases where questions of fact alone arose. In such-like cases he sometimes failed, but in cases requiring a sound exposition of the law his success was unsurpassed. His strength lay in a firm grasp of the very kernel of the law, but common-sense had greater weight in carrying away the intelligence of a thick-headed jury than did all the track-loads of legal works and law-journals that George Wilmington carried in his head.

His masterly eloquence was on a par with that of Abraham Lincoln. Although he had not been born in Scotland and had never been within a mile of Edinbro' town in his life, or tasted the real mountain-dew or a drop of Coogate whisky twenty-five per cent over proof, his accent was of the manner born. He hailed from a Scotch settlement at Charleston, where his father was one of the Supreme Court judges. He was a married man, but both his children had died. In appearance, his flowing hair was very dark brown, and his face smooth-shaved. His height was fully six feet, and his spectacled eyes told of many a prolonged watch over "the midnight oil," his strong physique of his power of endurance and concentration. His age was thirty. He had been a medical student with Eugene for three years, but had surrendered his studies in medicine for a life-long devotion to the fuller's-earth

Hydrous aluminium silicate, used in cleaning cloths; also slang for gin. [Green 2005](#). Uncertain in context.

of the law. His medical knowledge gave him a great advantage over all the other lawyers in cases of medical jurisprudence, and in this branch and intrinsic law he had a wide-spread fame. He wrote a standard digest of the law, and single-handed once he won a case of law with two witnesses, while the triplet of barristers on the other side had eighty-seven.

"My worthy old friend!" he said, shaking hands, "and how is Dr. Whitworth?"

Eugene replied that as far as bodily health was concerned he never felt better in his life, but he proceeded to draw a few verbal sketches of his critical social and financial position.

Taking Eugene by the arm, they walked together some few paces towards the city. The lawyer urged him so cordially to dine with him at his private rooms in the Colorado Hotel in one of the suburbs that Eugene began to fancy that he had not come from Galveston to New Orleans in vain. On the way to the hotel Eugene narrated to the learned lawyer the details of his domestic status as well as he could, explaining that his former solicitors, Warne, Costall and Davitt, had thrown him overboard when they had mopped up all his money. At dinner he introduced the doctor to his wife—a lady of a fine commanding presence, a classical face and an animated affability. She enjoyed some fame as a blue-stocking.

In the hotel Eugene met another old friend; he too was a barrister, with a very large retinue of legal retainers—so great that Eugene knew it was useless to approach him. He was of average height, with a magnificent figure, and dressed in the full uniform of a captain of artillery, ready as soon as the dinner was over to go out for his weekly night-drill in the garrison hall of the city. He had often been associated in court practice with Wilmington and, on hearing the outlines of Eugene's case, he condescended to relinquish the drill for that night. Sending word to a lieutenant of his altered determination, he sat with the solicitor in the study taking notes from Eugene; not Gloriana Bloobumper notes, but a plain, unvarnished tale.

Some two hours were expended after dinner in these preliminaries, when Wilmington, after carefully listening to the account of Whitworth and reading the written judgments of the judges who had adjudicated in the earlier stages in the matrimonial campaign, unhesitatingly and at once expressed his weighty opinion that the bird of Paradise had no chance whatever of gaining the day. With or without money he then and there offered to take up the cudgels on behalf of the persecuted Eugene.

"Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death betide me!
For Olaf the king is hunting me down

Through field and forest, through thorp and town!"

Tales of a Wayside Inn: Part 1. The Musician's Tale; The Saga of King Olaf III. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Thus cried Jarl Hakon to Thora the fairest of women, and thus felt Eugene as he entered the proffered refuge of his old friend's generosity. The military barrister was of opinion that the case was so strong in Eugene's favour that he fully expected that not only would Marvel be put to flight but that the court would order the whole of the costs to be paid by the petitioner.

After they had both wished good-night to the doctor, he took his departure by one of the night colliers bound for Galveston, where he recounted to the household in Lily Cottage his experiences of the day in the city.

"Oh! him!" said Brosie: "I guess I know him: when I was partner with Batty Tuke in Fifth Avenue, city, he often reckoned me up for you: they say he is about one of the finest lawyers in creation, but that the judges have a derry on him for practising as a solicitor and that he drops easy cases on that account, but if he only gets fair play he can lick the lot:" whereas old Christopher Whitworth thought that Eugene had done a grand stroke of work by securing the services of such a capital lawyer, and especially as he had offered to take up the case without the money down—a sure and certain sign, he said, that the millennium was near at hand.

The mass of affidavits and answering affidavits', summonses in ordinary and originating summonses, orders original and orders to review, orders for *habeas corpus* and orders for *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*, orders for maintenance and orders varying orders for maintenance; opinions of former barristers and judgments of the judges; bills of costs like autumn leaves, and all the correspondence between Whitworth and his wife, his lawyers and her lawyers; summonses and briefs in *habeas corpus*, summonses and briefs in *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*, and summonses and briefs in application for maintenance, together with all the rest of the legal paraphernalia lying on the little round table in the parlour of the cottage, were by the whole family parcelled together and, out of curiosity, weighed, or to re-assure themselves that they would not be found wanting. The little bundle of war baggage dragged down the arrow-headed indicator of the steel-yard scales in the kitchen till it pointed to the second last mark on the brass face, and showed its nett weight to be, avoirdupois, exactly forty-seven pounds without the clothes-line!

With the impedimenta of the war under his arm or over his shoulder, not having a quarter-dollar to spare for a cab, he trudged, as the mare was lame, to the steamboat, and shipped the baggage on board early the next morning. At New Orleans, he trudged with it again to the office of Wilmington in Chancery Square. Leaving it in charge of a message boy, he commenced instituting inquiries about the fourth-rate parts of the city for the whereabouts of a bedroom affording cheap accommodation to *single* men.

His brother Dolly had, during the first few months of his Christy minstrel performances, resided as a boarder in a street called Lynching Lane, not very far from the quay. Lynching Lane contained a very large number of working men's cottages, fishermen's homes, homes for fallen angels and wandering stars of the night, and an assortment of suites of apartments for stevedores, stokers, lumpers, coal-heavers, and many others of the submerged tenth. Wheresoever a vacancy occurred in one of the apartments, it was duly notified to the homeless swain as he passed along the narrow footpath of Lynching Lane by the suspension from the catch of the window of a concave sun-warped card, pimpled all over with fly-spots, which was reversed when the room was engaged; while on some of the windows the information was communicated to the wayfarer whoever he might be in badly-spelt, badly daubed figures of whitening and water, in some places to the effect that beds were a quarter-dollar and standing up all night ten cents.

To Lynching Lane, after fruitless peregrinations for suitable lodgings in other parts of the city at a low price, the doctor betook himself late in the evening. After threading a labyrinth of noisome lanes, it was quite dark when he reached the corner of Lynching Lane, but a patrolman divulged to him the number of a house where, he said, it was more than likely he would be accommodated with a single bed or a double one all to himself. Armed with this information and a box of safety matches, he entered upon the task of opening the front gates, when there was a front gate, striking the matches on the side of the box, watching them one after another blown out by the wind, and eventually illuminating the doors of the houses above the knockers, when there was a knocker, and looking for number 447X before ringing the bell, when there was a bell. The numbers were not alternative, but jumbled up all ways, so that after going straight up one side and coming in a zig-zag half-way back, just as he was beginning to fancy the patrolman had given him the number of his hat by mistake, he found in the middle of Lynching Lane the right number, but he couldn't find the x. It was heart-breaking. He decided upon risking it and pulling the bell. There was no handle to the bell. There was a slight protrusion of the steel shaft, from which the handle had been wrenched off by some Christy minstrel playfully out of the socket. He caught the protrusion between his finger and his thumb. He pulled. Every dog in the neighbourhood of

Lynching Lane barked vociferously all together; the seven sleepers awoke, and a woman from next door came out to have a look at him. The campanulation of that bell in the hollow-sounding house was enough to call out the fire-brigade. It was a bell fit for the belfry of St. John's. Presently he heard a clack clack-clack-clack down the bare wooden steps of the staircase and a wollop-wollop-wollop-wollop down the bare floor of the passage, while a tallow candle shone through the broken socket for the bell. Releasing the bar-chain of the door a few links, appeared one suety ear and a few corkscrew curls of a grizzly old party, who wanted to know if he was abroad.

"Can you let me have a room for a week or so?" said Eugene.

"Married or single?" said the suety-eared, grizzly old woman.

"Single," he replied, and was allowed to enter, to be scrutinized from head to foot by the grizzly old woman with the suety ear and the corkscrew curls, who thereupon proceeded to demonstrate the room—the one which they first came across. Its capacity was about two cubic yards.

"This yun," said the grizzly old woman with the corkscrew curls, the suety ear and the tallow candle, "is the best ben hoose; they yuns ben is owre sma'. Ye'll obsairve thae bags on the fluir is no belongit here: they save the cairpet and ye'll hae a clock and plenty of soap and watter. Yon ither bed I can tak' oot gin ye no want it yersel'. A'll chaarge ye twa dawlers a wick for twa; but ye can hae this yun for a dawler an' ten cents. I hae ither for heichteen cents a nicht."

The doctor, tired as he was, after his perambulations over the flagstones and hard gravelled pavements, noticing a little table, made out of a box stuck up on its end in the room, that might, he thought, perhaps prove useful if he had any writing to do there, accepted the offer of the old lady and paid her a week's rent in advance. Before the old party retired to the higher regions in the top flat, she gave the *persona grata* a lesson in opening the door himself from outside by pulling a string reeved through a hole in the panel of the door, and fastened through a staple inside to the latch of the draw-back lock.

Eugene looked complacently around the little sanctuary which he had got for one dollar ten cents for a week, and made a few notes at the box in the corner by kneeling on the floor from want of elbow-room on the improvised table, till it was getting very late, and he proceeded to wind up the silent and anachronistic clock. He wound up the silent and anachronistic clock, whereupon the strident and greatly alarmed clock flew into a most preposterous tantrum, and made up its mind not to lose a minute in letting the grizzly old party in the top-flat skies know what he had been up to since she went away. What right had he to wind it up? it would just unwind itself at once, and serve him right for his audacity in daring to wind it up; it would never stop unwinding its mainspring and whirring and rattling and jumping and jarring till he would be very glad to leave the room and go and wind up a clock somewhere else out of that. It was out on strike for some time, which any other fool might have known. He told it to shut up: it wouldn't shut up for him and no one like him—he could shut up himself more like: it would do like the bird of Paradise—it would alarm the police. He kept civil for a quarter of an hour. The clock took his civility into consideration and simply stared at him, when he taunted it with having heard that the Christy minstrels had broken bits off its hands for tooth-picks, pipe cleaners, finger-nail and toe-nail scrapers; whereupon the clock disdained to take any notice of his low remarks and treated them with silent contempt. He was a stranger to the clock, and it didn't want to have anything to do with him, so the best thing he could do was to go to bed and leave it alone.

Awaking early next morning he reconnoitred the lodgings in search of a bathroom. He found the bathroom, but as it appeared to have been converted into viler uses than lavation, he changed his mind. He calmed his troubled bosom with the prospect of plenty of good soap and water, mentioned by the landlady the night before, though judging by the pigmented condition of her skin she never used any herself. Ivy soap very likely there would be in the sanctuary; beautiful white milky soap floating on the surface of the water and with a fine creamy lather; terebene

A liquid obtained by the action of sulphuric acid on pinene, [OED Online](#); or see in contemporary advertisements: [Sydney Morning Herald August 1882](#).

soap, or even the fragrant old brown Windsor

A favourite English soap; its ubiquity can be seen in the various articles in which its use is suggested in a 'household hint'; for example [Launceston Examiner September 1894](#).

, abounding in Lily Cottage, would do instead of a shower. There wasn't even a bit of common yellow in the sanctuary! The washing-jug was full of a large bunch of withered aspen leaves, sticking through the broken bottom of the jug into a quantity of loose sandy loam in the basin, as if the old beldame had been trying to grow dead aspen, and was shading its withered stalks with the broken jug. The basin too had been broken, but stuck together again with soap and putty. One of his boots, which he had put outside the door, he found had been kicked down to the other end of the passage by some steam-boat wiper who had come home during the night. He went for it and found them both just as dirty as when he put them out, but he espied a bit of cracked soap sticking between the gratings of the sink under the tap. With it he performed over the sink his matutinal

ablutions.

Passing by the old woman, to whom he said good morning but received no answer in reply, he made his toilet by combing his hair with his fingers and prepared to leave the sanctum, when the old woman came in to make the bed. She was, he thought, the ugliest old woman he ever saw in his life. She was bent almost bipartite into the shape of an architectural compass. She wore a greasy, ragged, but squarish black-beaded net on her head. One of her eyes had the appearance of having been gouged out with the scissors; what was left of it looked like a spider's cocoon and chrysalis floating in a gelatinous juice, filling the cleft of her sagging eyelids. Her mouth was like the first cut in a leg of mutton—square and extensive, giving her face the appearance of a rat-trap. She had the overlooked jaw of the bull-dog. Her face was the colour of a seaman's oilskins, roughened, blistered and corrugated with age. Her hands were like two large crabs, and altogether she was a perfect old ogre.

"Good morning: fine morning," he said, but he was not accorded any answer: so taking his little black bag that contained a few collars, handkerchiefs, shirts, neckties and socks put into it by Miriam, he wended his way to the city for breakfast.

Meeting on the way an idiotic-looking old woman she offered to polish his boots. Holding first one foot upon the boot-block for the trituration

Reduction to fine particles or powder by friction; comminution, pulverization. (In context, 'polishing'?)
[OED Online](#).

of the boot-black, then holding likewise the other, the half-witted old party who was well-known in the city as 'Ariadne,' was encompassed, together with Eugene, by a very rude mob of street-arabs

Urchins. [Green 2005](#).

who all found it a pastime to irritate the poor old woman by floating her brushes, every one of which was worn away to the handle, adown the limpid stream of the street-channel sacred to 'Ariadne.' After paying 'Ariadne,' he walked on to the city. So did 'Ariadne,' and so did the arabs. They badgered the old feminine silly-billy so unmercifully that she was compelled to throw the boot-brushes, the boot-block and pieces of metal which they called 'rocks' at them to keep them from doing her some bodily injury, while the circumambient

Surrounding. [OED Online](#).

street-arabs picked them all up and threw them all back at the refulgescent

Correctly 'refulgent': shining, lustrous, used in this context to mean one who causes things to be shining or lustrous. [OED Online](#).

'Ariadne' all the way down the street to the city.

When the doctor took a seat in the eating-house at the eight o'clock ordinary, he had for a *compagnon de table* a chimney-sweep with milky eyes, and after a couple of india-rubber chops and a cup of dirty water he walked away to the office of the lawyer, whom he found sedulously canvassing legal literature, some of it printed on vellum, and cudgelling his brains buried in the pile of affidavits, orders, judgments, correspondence and other documents germane to the question, all of which Eugene had brought unto him from Galveston.

"Good morning," said the doctor as he met his champion.

"She has no chance," said the lawyer: "no chance in the wide world of getting a divorce," the very first words he spoke. "My clerk has been up to the law courts to look over the lists; he says your case is first on the list, and that it will come before Judge Grant. I don't like Grant: he never drinks anything stronger than cocoa, and will perhaps be prejudiced against a man if there is any smell of drink in the case; but he is better than Judge Laidlaw. Laidlaw is too sublime a doctrinaire and too full of cranks and crotchets. I am sure even Laidlaw would never grant a decree, although he never drank a glass of spirits in his life. Just take a seat over there and I will give you a specimen of the cross-examination which you will get in the box, so that you will not be so astonished when it comes. That man will use the lowest and most blackguardly talk ever used in a cross-examination; he will frown at you like this (awful scowl) and go ahead like this—'You filthy beast, you damnable drunkard, where did you hide the yataghan

A sword of Muslim countries, having a handle without a guard and often a double-curved blade. [OED Online](#).

and the tomahawk after you tried to murder your wife—answer me you criminal born to be hanged, you ugly drivelling scapegrace. How many drinks have gone down your dirty throat to-day already? how many floors of tap-rooms have you vomited over with slops of beer? how many dens of iniquity, you stinking disgrace and nuisance to society? Answer me before that intellectual jury of four gentlemen: answer me at once, if you can, you blackguard, before those noble gentlemen who are sacrificing their time and their professions to attend here in the patriotic cause of their country, to try you for attempted murder, profligacy and fornication, you drunken pig": while Eugene took a good hold of the chair and opened his mouth, and the clerk came in with a list of twelve names purporting to be the eligible jury. The petitioner had the right of striking out four, and the respondent had the right of striking out four afterwards. The lawyer remarked that in reference to the

matter of the jury they would be at a great disadvantage, for the very same reasons that old Christopher Whitworth had given, and the fact that they had no money to spend in circumnavigating each jurymen and finding out how he agreed with his wife: whether he was a rabid teetotaller or a moderate drinker; a temperance advocate or an habitual swiper; an old man married or a young man single; together with all the antecedent careers of all the twelve jurymen before making a selection of the four to challenge.

The other side he had discovered were busily employing agents to make these inquiries so as to insure their position by striking out all the names they could of those whom they imagined might be biassed unfavourably to the bird of Paradise.

The barrister and solicitor himself, avowing that they would be sure to strike out all the married men and that in return he would strike out all the bachelors, sat down again to the work of wading through all the documents which he declared should have been in his hands three months before. He sorely complained of the want of time to prepare himself for the case. He had only one day, whereas the combined firm of Hallam, the two Brassys, Hoare, Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark together with the supernumeraries inside and the spring-heeled-jacks with their masks and dominoes outside their offices had more than six months' preparation for the battle.

He suggested that he might be able to get a young briefless barrister to act with him as his junior for the sake of the *kudos* he would inherit from contact with the *cause célèbre*. The junior counsel would be useful in going through the papers and bearing in mind any points which the lawyer-in-chief had forgotten. He was doing nothing at the time, he said, and would be glad of the offer of speculative litigation or non-speculative litigation, or of a brief upon the same terms as Brosie had supplied the teeth to the barmaids. The idea of such a junior was welcomed by Eugene, and a short note was sent by the message-boy, asking for the attendance of the junior, who had just obtained his admission to the bar, in the national court next morning.

Chapter XIV. The National Court of Louisiana. Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Jurisdiction. The Empanelled Quartette.

THE bells of the town-hall tower chimed their *falsetto* quarters; the ponderous hammer struck out in measured and solemn chords the morning hour of nine, and the automatic machinery in the belfry played the air of "Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide," alternating with the melody of "Home sweet home," as slowly Eugene, the sanguine lawyer, and the message-boy paced along the flag-stones of Chancery Square on their first visit to the national court together to engage upon the long-pending matrimonial battle.

At intervals during the early morning rain had fallen, but on the whole the day, though cloudy at times, was fine—quite fine enough for a divorce case. Mobs of idle stragglers loitered around the outer doors and about the passages of the building. Around the court hovered the unmoving shadows of the broad palmate leaves of the aloe and the sombre darkgreen of Eastern palms, while an avenue of palms adorned the sides of the marble colonnade and the stairs. As the trio entered the great building by a more private and secluded entrance, Wilmington paved the way by parting the crowd inside like the bow of a steamer turning aside the waters, and they passed over the quadrangle, through seven sets of folding doors, and through the spacious corridors of the immense institution, to the national court, where the present sittings of the court constituted for the month of April jurisdiction in causes of a divorce and matrimonial character were to take place.

Entering by a side door they found the whole of the court space filled to overflowing. Every available seat on the ground floor was packed tight with barristers, solicitors, witnesses, and on-lookers. Many stood upon the flowered crimson carpet in the aisles, and still the fight went on between two stalwart policemen at the side door and the crowd surging outside for admission.

The glass doors in the rear of the court had been locked. Flattened against the panes could be seen a composite poppy-show of all the varieties of noses under the sun—*rétroussée*, aquiline, Roman, Græco-Roman, Wellington; one-storey, two-storey, three-storey; door-knocker, hawk'sbill, kinked, egg-shaped, flat, bell-shaped, boil-shaped, potato-shaped; waxy, suety, bottle-green, brandy-blossom, creamy, bronzed, navy-blue, crimson. Bottle-noses had the majority, while some of them were ornamented with nodosities and conical horns, and others smeared the glass with the exudation of cancerous ulcers.

The galleries, full to the brim, were put to the full test of their weight carrying powers, while "the gods" leaned over with their chins on their arms across the railing, or stretched their dirty necks for a view of the doctor and his bird of Paradise.

There she sat posing in severe state—the Bird of Paradise, Heaven, the Air and the Sun, among the

barristers and solicitors of the hydra-beaded firm, glorious as her prototype and resplendent in scintillating brocade lined with serpent-green satin, and trimmed with clusters of shaded roses over a gown of peacock blue, embroidered in cinnamon, gold and blue-green sequins; the bodice being arranged with a large vandyke-pointed yellow lace collar

A broad lace or linen collar or neckerchief with a deeply cut edge, in imitation of the style of collar freq. depicted in portraits by Van Dyck, forming an article of fashionable dress in the 18th century. [OED Online](#). See 'Vandyke', sense 2.

. In the front seats sat a cordon of exquisite bucks ogling the bird of Paradise. She looked full in the face the gaping crowd and smiled at them with sublime complaisance as if she were a heroine like Grace Darling and deserved the gratitude and admiration of the world. She played to great advantage her fire-flashing coal-black eyes, the opaline gleam of which was rarely forgotten by those on whom it had glinted either in love or in war. Stooping now and then to whisper something into the private ear of each of her foul-mouthed, rhetorical triplet, she would pat on her most impressive half-cynical smile and chortle a little chuckle as a sequel to some evil thought which she had just communicated to her lawyers, again reclining well back against the seat and staring at the open-mouthed crowd with an expression signifying—"Don't you all know me? I am the lustrous Bird of the Air—the famous Bird of Paradise, of the Sun, and of Heaven itself. My feathers are all of the purest ray serene, each one finer than all the others, and I mention this without any pride whatever: how d'ye do?"

After coiling its convolutions around her neck, a large tri-coloured fur boa lay in fantastic vermiculations on the table, and it occurred to her husband, as he followed his lawyer to the front seat below the desk of the judge's associate, that the boa constrictor was a perfectly appropriate emblem for Marvel.

Seated, he was introduced to the newly-fledged barrister by lawyer Wilmington. After being wished success by the newly-fledged barrister, who re-assured him that he had no doubt about easily winning the day, the bright blue eyes of the learned young gentleman seemed to Eugene to be an index of a powerful brain behind. He felt inexpressibly pleased that he should have been enabled to obtain the assistance of such an able-looking man. He was a mildly-mannered man, with a peculiar tint of chestnut hair, a long flowing light moustache, and a changing rich complexion; while on his face Nature had placed almost as kind an expression as that which adorned the face of the sweet and the fair Guinevere. His face had an exceedingly benign appearance, and contrasted to great advantage with the sour expressions on those whom the doctor had first interviewed in his embarrassment. He had evidently not read to his satisfaction the bundle of papers sent by his senior from the pile which Eugene had compiled and brought with him from Lily Cottage, for he straightway proceeded to dive into them and worry through as much as he could in the time, while the respondent fixed his attention on the tactics of the enemy and scanned the faces of the eligible jurymen.

There, before Marvel at the barristers' table sat three of the most unscrupulous-looking bullies he had ever seen covered in a wig and gown. Busiest among the three was a snarling, snapping, biting sort of bully of the Scotch-terrier stamp. He was an American of Scotch parentage and reared in the hot-bed of New York. His expression as he threw his restless steel-grey eyes about the table, as if he were in search of something to chew, would by force of old habits change quickly into a gamut of acid, cynical, sarcastic, and sardonic twitches of his upper lip, on which there flourished a hoary moustache, chopped squarely through like a clothes-brush. Every alternate tooth seemed to be missing — either denied him by Nature to preserve the canine breed, or haply removed at the dental emporium of the New York Odontological Institute. His prevailing expression that morning was that of a man who was, like Costall, a martyr to the belly-ache and the drastic exasperating influences of jalap

A purgative drug obtained from the tuberous roots of *Exogonium Purga* and some other convolvulaceous plants. [OED Online](#).

, bitter aloes, or, more likely, areca nut

Nuts of a south-east Asian tree, *Areca catechu*. [OED Online](#).

. *He* was Clack. Clack was an old friend of "the great and mighty." He had known Gould in Wales, where for some years Clack was a managing clerk.

Next to this agreeable and pleasant exponent of fee law sat a huge champion of the bully gang, with a black moustache, almost as bushy as the tail of the St. Bernard at Lily Cottage. His heavy tripe-like lips and his big ugly mouth, of which the moustache seemed to be ashamed, lay concealed and screened by the Highland sporran on his upper lip. Picking his nose with his finger and thumb, he leaned over a mound of papers ten times the size of the doctor's consignment, and he embellished his grimaces with giggles, sniggers and snorts.

Third in the tuneful choir sat Lord Dundreary, with the brick-dust complexion, the watery-blue eyes, and the Irish-setter or liver-red hair—the barrister who had appeared in the earlier stages of the celebrated intestine war, and was now a member of the firm of Hallam, Brassy Bros. and Hoare. Lord Dundreary was an Irishman—a product from Sligo—from the bogs of Sligo, and a compatriot of Patrick Flynn. The shirts he had worn before were not good enough for the climax of the war in which he was to play such an important part. In

order to do full justice to his princely person, he had put on a new one with shimmering milk-white cuffs and emerald solitaires as large as two Coromandel

Probably referring to the Coromandel Peninsula of New Zealand's North Island. oysters. They were a present from Marvel for his former defeats. If the wool-merchant cried *ahoo*, the jackanapes cried *ahaw*. Every silly, pygmy idea that he imagined from the perusal of the papers which his bile-shot eyes had traversed over and over again for three months, and every paltry incident that occurred in the court, evoked from this ornamental disciple of Lycurgus

Highly sarcastic; referring to the Lycurgus who was a lawgiver and the founder of the Spartan constitution. [OED Online](#). See 'Lycurgan', esp. etymology.

a great *guffaw-ahaw-ahaw* and a blowing of his boil-shaped nose in the most finished *fin de siècle* style; while the ubiquitous Brassy himself was busily employed like an "armourer accomplishing the knights."

Shakespeare. Henry V, IV. prologue.

The hands of the wooden polygonal clock pointed to the time of half past nine and the patriarchal crier silenced the hubbub of the court. The cedar door in the far corner of the rostrum had moved. His Honour Judge Justin Grant—otherwise styled Grant J.—was coming—the man who held in the hollow of his hand the fate of the impending melodrama in the lives of a man and a woman and two children.

In he walked as if with Chinese sandals over the Turkey-carpeted dais, which was swathed in wool to deaden the tread of his sacred footsteps. Curtseying before the amassed spectators and barristers as they all stood erect to receive him and acknowledge his oriental politeness by bobbing down their heads in return, stood before his throne for a few seconds his Honour Grant J. He sat, did Grant J., stolid as a sphinx—a mingling of august arbitrament and puissant authority, a mixture of modish bearing and awe and law. Grant J. was a man of transcendent ability and unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries in knowledge of the law. The present case, however, contained questions of fact rather than questions of law. His intellect was of a penetrative type. His rounded, dimpled, shaved and shining chin stood at a more forward position than the full oval cheeks on a face of a broad and massive mould, while every lank hair hung down as straight as a little plummet. There was a fortune for Brosie in his mouth if only he could advertise his trade-mark on the fronts of the mineral set worn by the beetle-browed old judge, and, assisting the sight of his weak eyes, he wore a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez tucked into the little folds on the sides of his nose. He was a hump-backed man over average height, though not half the weight of the champion bully. From the barristers' table, however, all that could be seen of the noble learned judge on a higher level than the desk at which he began to write was his amorous benevolent pitying face, a few locks of his tawny hair befringing the bob-wig, the beetle-brows and the pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez. He was considered one of the most brilliant pleaders, when at the bar, in the whole of America, was Grant J.

"Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Jurisdiction: Whitworth *versus* Whitworth," called out the associate, who was the son of solicitor Craig. He—the associate—also wore a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez, and shaved his chin in flattering imitation of the judge to whom he professionally belonged. He then called out in alphabetical order the names of the twelve jurymen, who were all sitting here and there about the court, each one praying to God to be one of the chosen few. Four of them sat ominously close to Marvel and the complex firm of lawyers. Eugene wondered if it could be possible that the little clique had been "squared" to side with Marvel and give a wide berth to himself or boycott him all through the piece.

The list was then bandied about from one bully or another to the belligerent Marvel, and four good names struck out by the counsel for the petitioner. Mutilated, it was then battledored by the bullies over to the counsel for the respondent and shuttlecocked back again after further amputation by Wilmington. The names of the remaining four apostles were then called out by the associate again, and as each apostle answered to his name they were drafted like a batch of sheep into the pound for the jury; while the separated goats looked quite chagrined. Three of the sheep were Marvel's erstwhile neighbours. All eyes were turned upon the chosen few who were about to sacrifice their valuable time, their bodies and their souls to the service of the court and their country, constituted as thus they were the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana in its divorce and matrimonial jurisdiction. When the weeded list again came under the notice of Eugene he read the names of those empanelled in the jurybox, namely:—Nathaniel Huggins, Obadiah Slocum, Ernest Cuddle, Jesse Pogson.

On full view and in profile the constituted Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana looked a motley set of dispensers of justice: a mixture of two old rascals and two amative types of Adonis and Lothario; two of them deaf as two beetles; one very short-sighted; one looking very bilious and generally unwell—all agog with the prospect of a good haul in their nets from the spoil of the home of the paradisaical Marvel, and the halo of glory for taking it in their adopted country's cause. After shaking hands with themselves for joy over the bonanza of so much found money, they held their heads knocking together for a few minutes—a *replica* of the conspiracy scene in "Giroflé Girofla,"

An opera bouffe, 1874.

and Obadiah Slocum portentously moved up to the right end of the form, as shown by the crier, to sit at his post as foreman. He was a colporteur—an itinerant banana merchant. For years he had peddled his huckstering rickshaw up and down Lynching Lane. He was one of those who afforded shelter to benighted single men if they were content to stand up all night for ten cents.

The constituted and empanelled beauties at first blush produced a feeling of grave disappointment in the minds of the spectators, who wanted to see some intelligence displayed by at least one of the chosen few put in charge of such an important question. There was not one man amongst them who came up to ordinary expectations. They were all denizens of the proletariat whose judgment could be easily warped. Stupid, illiterate, wooden-headed, obtuse men they looked as if they could be easily led by the nose, showing not a grain of force of character in their frontispieces, not a spark of spirit or backbone in their organizations. Three of them were ascetical Shakers of the angelic life, repudiating the earthly order of marriage, and propagandists of the doctrine of matrimonial separation. Bewildered, like fish out of water, they sat gaping at the old crier, whom they thought was the judge and the most august and important personage in the court, and at the judge, whom they thought was the *précis*-writer.

The associate then proclaimed that the members of the jury-list not empanelled were dismissed from their obligations to attend; that their fees had been left in the court by the solicitors of the party who had called them together, viz., Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark, and that they would be paid their wages for the day by calling at the office of the State sheriff. Whereat the discarded jurymen left the court *en masse*, making a great disturbance in spite of the fiat of the crier that they should all maintain silence, and the combatants well and truly laid down their guns on the barristers' table, which was literally littered with papers. After pocketing their fees for doing nothing they one and all returned, having each prearranged with the friend who sat next to him to keep his seat warm la the meanwhile. They sat the case out to the bitter end as sedulously as the ones who had been paid to sit in the jury-box.

The crier of the court then crossed over and stood in front of the jury box, ordering Obadiah Slocum to stand up with the holy bible in his hand and kiss it, after he had charged the jury in monotone as follows:—"Obadiah Slocum, you shall diligently inquire and true presentment make on behalf of the President of the American Republic into the issues pending between the parties in this cause and a true verdict give according to the evidence: so help you God." Then commanding the others to stand, he barrel-organed:—"Such oath as the foreman in this cause hath for his part taken, you and each of you shall well and truly observe and keep on your parts respectively, so help you God: kiss the book." They all did as they were told to do and nervously resumed their seats in sheepishness and vacancy, greatly impressed with the venerable, polished and brilliant head of the old crier.

Then stood up on his hind legs the Scotch terrier bully, Clack. Licking his lips with his tongue and sticking his hands into his pockets he smiled his sickly smile and began to strew the flowers of his professional rhetoric as follows:—

"May it please your Honour! Gentlemen of the jury: you have been called here to-day by our client to enter upon what I am afraid will prove to be a protracted and a wearisome task. I pray that you may have strength enough to withstand that protracted and wearisome task, in order that you may be enabled to pay close attention to the mass of evidence which I will bring before you; which mass of evidence, enough to hang any man, gentlemen of the jury, I have not had more than three months to peruse (*apish smile*); but still a mass of evidence, gentlemen, which will convince you that this desperate villain whom you see before you sitting there to-day smiling in all his jocund beauty now, this low worthless animal and besotted city loafer, is no more fit to have a wife than he is to even carry guts to a bear

Slang, apparently 17th century; to perform a distasteful and/or elementary task. Implying inadequacy. [Green 2005](#).

. This arrant, dastardly swallower of hog-wash from the tubs of filthy bars, who has solely for the sake of his beastly vices neglected the grave duties which nature called him to perform in a profession to which he is a disgrace, sits before you to-day, gentlemen of the jury, looking a perfect pattern of teetotallism. Brushed up this muck-rake has been by my learned friend and furbished by my learned friend's clerks for the purpose of deceiving you, gentlemen of the jury, constituted as you are the Supreme Court of this great State of Louisiana—to deceive you, I say, with the impression that he is not what I can prove up to the very hilt he is, and that is, a low beast of a drunkard fairly walking with the mullock

Collection of rubbish; particularly, mining refuse from which the gold has been extracted. [OED Online](#).
of unpardonable sins, gross derelictions, and misdemeanours of all sorts. This beautiful creature (*baboon grin*), who has the effrontery to sit there deceiving you gentlemen, has grovelled for the last ten years in the mire of utter disgrace. He would spend every dollar his poor wife possesses on drink and debauchery. For the last ten years he has lain in the pig-sty of his loathsome vices. It is not that he is merely encrusted with vice; he is a very amalgamation of a rake-hell and a sot, and he is thoroughly hide-bound in crime. Not satisfied with

breaking the heart and ruining irretrievably the health of his fair and charming young wife (*satyr-like leer at Marvel*) by his infamous and degraded habits he has—and, gentlemen of the jury, I say it with bated breath—he has tried to *murder* her by running her through, as she will tell you herself, with the sword of a cavalry corps, a great blood thirsty weapon like the yataghan of a Turk with a great thick blade like a butcher's cleaver. To that *corps d'armée* he has been ever since he was allowed to join it a nuisance and a disgrace. In his pocket too he carries a sort of snicker-snee and a thing shaped like a bill-hook, while at one time he wore a great knuckle-duster to knock her down. In his possession were crowbars and other sedatives, besides great bludgeons more terrible than those of the slaughterman in the shambles. His children he has left to starve and to run wild in the streets, while he filled his filthy stomach with intoxicating slops. Anear and afar his patients, wherever he had any, have all complained of the havoc which he has made in their families by his egregious blunders and his clumsy treatment. Further, gentlemen of the jury, he has enticed into his house, to associate with his children, two underlings, one of whom is a woman of ill repute and a notorious and wicked character. At one time in her career it will be seen that she made an attempt to escape from the brutal clutches of that criminal that ought to be flogged and sentenced to hard labour and penal servitude for the rest of his days. In broad daylight she ran from her bedroom out of the house, but he ran after her and criminally dragged her inside again (*great guffaw from Lord Dundreary*). Gentlemen, you have seen and no doubt enjoyed the high-class acting of a well-known figure—a gentleman who has enthralled vast audiences in this city for months together. This fearful scoundrel followed that unoffending gentleman one night into the bar of an hotel and gave utterance to such filthy and vituperative language as would make you blush to hear, until he was given in custody to the police for his uproarious drunkenness and violent behaviour. Gentlemen, look at that humble and pitiable picture (*leering at Marvel, who smiled sweetly at Ernest Cuddle and vice versâ*). This young lady is unfortunately that repulsive brute's wedded wife, chained by the bonds of holy (*guffaw from Lord Dundreary*) holy matrimony and condemned to live with the greatest blackguard that ever was born. Look at the scars of carking care and long-suffering upon that young and tender countenance; look at the haggard appearance on her pale face (*cammeline colour*). See what a grace is seated on her brow! what sweet resignation she has shown in the martyrdom of her wifely constancy and devotion to that scoundrel of a century, who is not fit to associate with the off-scourings and the scrapings of the streets; clinging too to her little children with the pertinacity of a lobster. For years in sorrow and anguish that fair young girl-wife has on her bended knees implored the mercy which it was not in that demon's nature to yield. She has wept in silence over his cowardly blows; she has borne in patience the stürm-bad

Uncertain; storm-?

of his foul-mouthed abuse; she has subjected herself to the worst humiliations which a man can visit upon his wife, and has time after time lain in agony at death's door, after his brutal assaults, in meekness and submission praying over her sick children that for his own sake he would reform. He has no desire to reform, gentlemen: it's a way he always had and always will have. On the very day when he was married to that young and innocent treasure sitting there, he was beastly drunk at the altar, and, though that was nine years ago, he has been drunk ever since. (*Lord Dundreary nearly choked, and 'Silence' roars the crier*). He is not, gentlemen, one of those who follow the multitude to do evil

The Bible. Exodus 23:2.

: the multitude may follow him, for he is a very prince of drunkards and evil-doers. If it had not been for the anxiety and worry about the treatment by that fiend of his daughter, the late Mr. Julian Jasper Gould would still be alive, for undoubtedly he was the sole cause of his untimely death. His gentle and loving mother-in-law has earnestly entreated and encouraged with money that fearful monster to abandon his fell purposes. She has endeavoured to make his home happy and peaceable, but in return she has been rewarded with opprobrium and the vengeance of a dog. Every one of his wife's relations, immediate and remote, including the wife of the distinguished manager of the savings' bank—I refer to a gentleman whom I shall call as a witness—have ingratiated themselves into the favour of this despicable hound in order that they might bring peace and plenty into his home. He has hurled at all their overtures the poisoned arrows and spears of his scorn. The kindnesses of his wife's relations have been returned with ingratitude: the love and lowly subjection of his paradisaical wife with kicks and curses and blows. (*'Clap on more sail,' from Lord Dundreary*). I have before me, gentlemen of the jury, a vast quantity of evidence which I shall in due course elicit from the innumerable and reputable witnesses whom I shall have the honour to call before you as to his drunken and depraved habits, from the time he left the university—and I have a witness who will also establish the charge that he was a hopeless drunkard even there as a student. I have on the evidence of his truthful, innocent, and God-fearing wife irrefutable proofs of recriminatory language used towards her, and proofs of blood-thirsty assaults which nobody can gainsay, and I have, on the evidence of a worthy and chaste lady, whose moral standing ranks with that of the wife of the President, irrefragable

Incontrovertible. [OED Online](#).

evidence of adultery enough to shame a man-of-war.

Possibly referring to an inhabitant of Fleet prison, London. [Green 2005](#).

"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind of Lord Dundreary put the finishing touch on the salvo, and the billingsgate

Scurrilous vituperation, violent abuse. [OED Online](#).

of the blatant Scotch terrier bully from Wales having become exhausted, he retired from the dog-fight for a while, when the Titanic bully, Carrick, arose in all his might, twirled his flowing moustache, chewing the few bristles which he had bitten off it, and gave orders to the crier to call Sebastian Cadwallader Tiptoe Littlejohn. Thereupon a ferret-like creature, a consequential but insignificant object, poking its head out like a turtle through an enormous encasing fustian overcoat, to which a billycock

A round low-crowned felt hat worn by (mainly) men. [OED Online](#).

hat was fastened with a bit of elastic—a canker-worm in the artichoke line—the greengrocer of Augusta with a potato flower in his coat—a prying pimp whom Patrick Flynn had bundled and cuffed out of the hospital stable, now one of the "leisure classes," ascended the witness-box.

"How long have you been acquainted with this drunkard?" said the bully.

"From the fourth of March, 1845, till the eleventh of July, 1845," murmured the insect, when the crier told him to raise his voice.

"How often have you seen him beastly dead drunk?"

"Three times—once on the fifth of March, once on the twenty-fourth of May, and once on the fourth of July: when I saw him rolling drunk was on the twenty-fourth of May. He was at the races and I was there, although I don't believe in hoss-racin'. He was shouting for drinks for a crowd of spongers at the public booth, and he would not pay for the drinks."

Cross-examined by lawyer Wilmington, the witness admitted that he had been refused admittance into the doctor's racing stable when Moss Rose was there, and that Dr. Whitworth had ordered him off the grounds of the hospital after he left the committee, and told him that he would not allow him to drink any of the hospital porter or take away the nurses' materials.

"Call detective Stalkingham," said the examining bully, when a clownish minion of the detective police appeared, and led off by treating the court to a sample of his deglutition

A round low-crowned felt hat worn by (mainly) men. [OED Online](#).

and grunting abilities as a sort of preamble: his heart maybe was in his mouth. He was for years a furious if not a ferocious teetotalter and a man with a non-rooted conscience.

"How many times has this scoundrel been found drunk in the gutter?" asked the bully.

"I don't know," said the magnanimous moucher in a way that implied that it was quite true that he had been found drunk in the gutter.

"How often have you seen him drunk?" asked the bully.

"I have often heard that he was," replied the one-sided man, "and one morning at daybreak I saw him walking about on the roof of his house. He must have been dead drunk then."

"How long have you known the beast?" asked the bully.

"Six years," replied the candid man, giving the jury the idea that he quite approved of the lawyer's epithets, and that the respondent was a beast and a drunkard for six years.

Cross-examined by lawyer Wilmington, the disingenuous witness agreed that he had been dismissed from the secret police force for fraudulent insolvency, and for that reason he was now working as a private spy: that he detested alcohol in every shape and form, and that though he had been inside the respondent's house he had never drunk anything. He was a staunch advocate of temperance principles. Alcohol disagreed with him, and for that reason he wore a white ribbon, which he believed was a valuable charm against public-houses.

Other spring-heeled-jacks

A naval torpedo. [Partridge 1972](#).

and scouts, thick as the bees of Hymettus

A mountain of Attica famous for honey. [OED Online](#). See 'Hymettian'.

, were then placed in the witness-box. They related how they had 'nabbed' the doctor by 'foxing' him, the methods by which they had succeeded in discovering him drinking whisky at different hotels by sometimes joining in a drink with him themselves. Two of them swore that they had seen him every night for four weeks—it might be five weeks—once when they were in company with Mr. Brassy and the masked petitioner, meet under the tell-tale moon among the copper beeches at Mobile a girl known as Lillie Delaine. Two more swore that he was seen by them one moonless night at the gate of a private house near the Galveston wharf in company with the same notorious woman. The mad scene on the verandah was also introduced by the mercenaries, who felt quite certain that the girl was drunk for two days at that time. They could smell it across the street.

When cross-examined, they described how they had jumped about the garden at Myamyn at night like so many grasshoppers; how they had when all in the house were asleep bored holes in the walls of Myamyn, and broken windows to spy into whatever was going on inside the night after when the gas was lit; and how they had spent hours at night with their big ears glued to the key-holes; but they admitted under extreme pressure that they saw or heard nothing incriminatory, and that their emolument was to be ten dollars a day under any circumstances. In the event of the bird of Paradise winning the case they were to get a *douceur* of a hundred dollars apiece.

The weird, prosaic and rancid old asthmatical auntie—the caryatid doddering on a brass-handled crutch—piled on the agony so thick with her long-drawn breaths and laggardly, dragging speech that her agonising disquisitions had the effect of a mental emetic on the judge, and owing to her outrageously overstating the case everything she said was disbelieved; it stuck even in the gizzard of Augustus.

The grim and saturnine Jean Gould, looking as if it cost her a considerable effort to look at all pleasant, but with a legally inspired good-natured inflection in her manner and peacock tone, without waiting for any allocution from the barristers apostrophized the court by thus addressing the old crier:— "Hoots mon! ma Birdie was unco fut for a laird, an' he's nae mair nor a fechless mon hissel'. It's maist as if I wad greet tae see this vara day, an' it's nae sae lang sin' she was a wee bit lassie wi' a glint in her e'e bonnier than a', an' loupin' and liltin' wi' the lassies o' the gowan by the byrne; an' I maun gang ahint her an' draggit her hame by the haun, saft as the doon o' the doo, an' skelpit her ben her faither's auld hoose for bein' tae fachious whiles. Ah! weel-a-weel she was aye rin-rinnin' aifter thae dochther an' nae speerin' aucht o' her auld milher ava. Weel what o't? Wha's richt an' wha's wrang the noo? A kent fine it wad be a hantle o' nonsense, but maisther hissel', wha's gane tae the land o' the leal, was owre muckle fond o' her hisban', for he was aye spaein' sae kin'ly an' bonnilie o' Birdie. A hae kent thae twa thegither sittin' and switherin' o' nichts an' aye sortin' and jawin' gills o' whusky doon their drouthy thrapples; an' they keepit the bottle till ae dram spunkit oot o't, for maisther hissel' was aye ta'en wi' a bit joke. Whiles thae dochther pickit her up, an' naethin'd dae her but she loupit an' quit her faither's hame tae getten merrit, wi' thae bells a-ringin' i' the kirk an' the hale toon in a bizz wi' pittin' up flags by the dizzen o' the lums, an' hingin' bits o' green claith an' flingin' barley pickles i' the kerritch frae the winnocks. The Lord be thankit she's owre weel aff the noo wi' a fine fu' stockin', as they ca' it, an' I needna tell ye she's hunners o' siller forbye. Weel-a-weel, the Lord be praised for His maircy on a' puir awheen hunger't souls an' weans wha canna getten nae mair na a cannikin o' brose an' a wee bit cookie bannock; but mony's the day I wrocht wi' the last drap o' bluid and scrapit in sair need yon time tae pit a bit braw frock on Birdie, wi' a hale siller saxpence and twa'three sweeties i' the pocket, forbye bein' tae saft-heyarted an' conthie an' kin' tae ma gndeman gangin' tae an' comin' frae his wark. Thae dochther chiel was aye unco daft o'er naggies an' thae puir dumb craturs, an' he thocht nae eneuch o' his guid wifey ava; forbye he fylit hee's poseetion wi' whusky like ilk ither puir bedoited crackit-heid gayan gaberlunzie fuil wha disna ken what he's daein', and hiz nae but a gleg e'e tae the guid o' hissel' an' disna conseeder hee's ways. That coves a': A'll no deny it isna ae clout or ae grup she's gotten ava, but A-seed her lik skart an' sittin' whiles wi' her een in a lowe an' croonin' o' the waeiful mirk o' the grave. It's nae muckle A ken but twa'three things sin' the first sax months they was merrit an' I canna in coanscience say for A'm nae owre taen wi' a braw glib-gabbit: forbye I winna spak' lees an' I telt hersel' I wadna spak' lees for onybidy. She can tell ye a' thing an' plainty hersel' for she was aye clash-carryin' an' fechtin' wi' an' glunchin' an' flytin' at her hisban'. Ah! weel-a-weel, gin she's gotten permeesion frae the jedge she'll mebbe bide wi' the childer, for ane's a wee bit bonnie lassie and t'ither's a blue-e'd birkie wha's baith gash an' guid, an' her hisban' 'll gang his wa; but it's a sair peety they wadna bide awhile a'thegither, for there's a saft sten or twa in his heyart ye ken, an' mebbe he'll sprachle up the brae."

Margery Moon, with the expression of a little wizened slant-eyed sorceress, related that she had found the doctor and the servant standing together at her front gate late at night, the doctor having come there at a time when the servant knew she would be out. Under cross-examination, she admitted that sometimes she took a glass herself; that her reward was to be fifty dollars if the petitioner succeeded. She acquiesced in the sundry aspersions on her character, and the lawyer ordered her to leave the box. Looking as hideous as old Sicorax

Caliban's mother in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. See III.ii.

herself, she was relegated to the place from whence she came, and soon after followed the manes of old Adam Quain to that place where the wicked cease from troubling.

The bumble-footed Miss E. Powell, being sworn, vouchsafed the information that she had heard the doctor address Lillie Delaine in very familiar terms, and once had heard him call her "my dear girl;" he said she was the girl for his money. She had also seen the old servant enter and leave the bedroom when he was lying asleep in the mornings, on the pretext of getting the children's clothes.

Cross-examined, she admitted that the doctor had discharged her on the strength of the report of her negligence by Lillie Delaine, and that she expected to be paid fifty dollars by one of the detectives for her testimony.

The architect Cosgrove, the old friend of Eugene, gave evidence of the card-playing at the Seven Stars, carefully explaining that Eugene had stayed away all night from his home, and other irrelevant information in favour of the petitioner. Et tu Brute!

Phineas Mustard, a man with a permanently green moustache, a green beard and green hair, caused by his work among the fine dust of copper oxide at a copper works, had seen the respondent and Lillie Delaine walking down the old Kent road at Galveston *hand in hand* together, and he expected twenty dollars for his evidence. Phineas was not a green horn, for he made the bird of Paradise pay through the nose for that bit of evidence; there was not any green in his eye.

Water-police Sergeant Duncan Tipwell had seen the respondent drinking at the "Old House at Home" in Mobile, and had once or twice seen him the worse for liquor. He recited the fact that for months his house known as "Myamyn" was under surveillance by the police at his wife's request, and that he had frequently heard the respondent quarrelling with his wife some time after she came to Mobile; he had not seen the petitioner drunk. In this respect Marvel Imogen seemed to be a striking contrast to the real birds of Paradise, which migrate from the isles around New Guinea to India and become so intoxicated with the scent of the spices in the nutmeg season that they fall dead drunk to the earth.

"Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood."

From *Lalla Rookh*, Thomas Moore, describing birds of Paradise.

"The evidence you shall give in this cause on behalf of the President of the American Republic shall be the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth: so help you God, "and the gorgeous bird of Paradise, the regions of Heaven, the Air and the Sun kissed the dirty old divorce court bible.

O ME MISERUM

Woe is me!

! Encircled in an aureole of pharisaic

Self-righteous, hypocritical. [OED Online](#).

paradisaal euphemisms and with a lump in her throat, she began to tell in grandiose periphrase and a mincing manner of accentuation her excruciatingly affecting and terrible legend of woe—a story so free from dissimulation, so sublime in its simplicity, its candour and vraisemblance that the whole court was imbued with the notion that if ever a shining saffron-winged angel from the invisible hosts of the highest heavens had alighted on this sublunary sphere, to meekly subject herself to brutalities and tortures in her ministrations to an emperor among cut-throats here below, that pure and empyreal being, that white-robed messenger, that sweet and immaculate martyr, that passive instrument in the hands of a demon, was present before them in the quintessence of her divine purity, present in the national court of the State of Louisiana sitting in the witness-box on a three-legged stool and piping her eye to fetch Obadiah Slocum. Herself rose-colour, dissolved in tears, she painted in deep black monochrome all the glaring vices of her husband and showed how, in return for showers of gentleness and kindnesses, soft as the breezes of Spring, he had formed odious attachments in order to alienate her affection for him; how she had silently suffered her griefs and carried her sorrows, and how piously she had borne everything—insults heaved at her like brick-bats

Fragments of brick. [OED Online](#).

, neglect, starvation, worries from his unfathomable duplicity and depravities, the direst tribulation and most merciless cruelty, and all for the sake of the creature she had loved with such a sea of constancy and devotion—the brute she had longed in vain to redeem. Ah me! the horrors of the cockatrice' den and the awful fate of Andromeda chained to a rock in the sea while a fearful approaching monster ever threatened to crunch her in his devouring jaws were as nothing, comparatively nothing, to the ungodly sufferings of the unsullied Bird of Paradise at the hands of that demoniacal monster without one redeeming quality or one saving grace. The torments of the rack or the fate of one of the Danaids condemned to the life-long task of pouring water into a jar with a hole in it

As punishment for murdering their husbands on their wedding nights. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

were mere pastime compared to the unceasing toils of the spotless bird of the Sun, whose patience had been pushed beyond the extreme of toleration, to instil principles of virtue into the heart of a satyr and to yield a mine of unflinching love to an incorrigible and infernal scoundrel with a devotion lasting till all was blue. Woeful dispensation of Providence! Diabolical blackguard!

"What is your name?" with a suave smile asked the bully in charge of the examination, while the other two

gave her each a beastly leer.

"Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth," sweetly smiled the bird.

"How long," inquired persuasively the bully, "has your husband been drinking?"

"Ever since I have known him," replied decisively the bird: "the very first time he met me he was *blind drunk*: when I was engaged to him he was *mad drunk*: when I was married to him he was that drunk that he didn't know what he was doing: all the time of the honeymoon trip and for two years after he was *rolling drunk*, and ever since, for nine years every night he has been *dead drunk*. I cannot recollect one single occasion when he was not *staggering drunk*" (great guffaw from Lord Dundreary and a wink from Brassy, as much as to say, "warm him up, my pippin.")

"Has your husband ever knocked you about? bird of Paradise!"

"Yes, he kicked me on the face once when he was sick and dead drunk in bed and I was trying to persuade him to take some black-currant julep and roseaniline jelly. He came home helplessly dead drunk and chased me out of the house at Galveston. I was obliged to go to my mother's house for a few weeks till he got sober. He came home mad drunk one Easter eve at Sabinnia, and drove us all out of the house; he picked up the baby when it was sick and threw it on the middle of the road in the dead of night; he brought about its death some months after by throwing it out that night. He set fire to the house in order to burn as all alive, and he tried to kill me and my daughter Pearly by driving recklessly in order to smash the buggy into a waggon at Sabinnia, and capsize us on the road. One New Year's eve he brought the whole of a band strolling the streets into the drawingroom and made it play in the middle of the night so that I could not sleep."

"Has he ever used any bad language to you? heavenly spirit!"

"Yes, once he called me a hyæna and a devil disguised as a woman and said that I had committed adultery; he also called me an incarnate fiend in the hearing of two of my domestic servants, Esmeralda Knight and Gloriana Bloobumper."

"Had your husband at any time a good medical practice at these different places? sing sweet bird."

"No! never! He is a perfect type of the quack nuisance and a very Mikado and great Mogul

Obsolete; the heads of the Japanese and Muslim imperial dynasties respectively. [OED Online](#).

of charlatans. My mother knows more about the theory and practice of medicine; he never made any money at all—he was always too dead drunk to attend to any patients; he doesn't know how to treat patients: he doesn't understand his business at all; some of his patients wherever he practised died after his butchery and while he was giving them physic. I felt bound to caution most that came to the house, from fear that he would poison them with his nostrums. I never annoyed him in any way; once when he was sick and nearly dead I made blackberry blanc mange and *croustades Marie Louise* and camphor julep for him with my own hands, but he kicked me on the face for bringing it to him."

The prize-fighting bully felt quite satisfied, and resigned his charge of the divine witness to lawyer Wilmington. Beginning in bland and subdued tones he would deftly bring her up with a round turn with questions trenchant though softly spoken; when every word would seem to strike and detonate with logic. Poetry, however, was the chief shaft in his quiver.

"Sweetest songster of the grove, bright messenger of Spring," said the poetically-discursive cross-examining counsel, "when you were at the ladies' college *did you fly away with a married man* named Butterfield and get married to him in New York and in a few days were you compelled by your father to get a divorce in Massachusetts?" A blank thunderstruck pause! There was no preface to the question, and Eugene thought his lawyer was going off at a tangent until he was told that Wilmington had discovered this fact at the matrimonial office in New Orleans. Marvel stubbornly refused to reply, and the cross-examiner continued.

"Did you ever acquaint your husband with that fact? bird of Paradise!" No answer: Marvel appeared to have received a staggering blow and stared as if she were moonstruck by the close question running on such a broad gauge. The judge laid down his pen and stared; the whole court waited and stared, but the only reply was a wincing sigh and a wistful look at the opposite wall as if she did not know what to do for an answer. "Pure bird of the forest, O beautiful thing with the bosom of brass and the motionless wing! when your father died and you were left a large sum of money, did you or did you not proclaim to the world the fact that you would have no more to do with Dr. Whitworth? Answer me 'Bright wanderer—fair coquette of Heaven.'"

Fragment: To the Moon. Percy Bysshe Shelley.

"She quavered. Still no answer. Marvel was acting her *role* extraordinarily well for a novice in the witness-box. We may call it 'snuff, or smelling-salts, or onions,' or crocodile tears, anything but the real tears, as she held down her shameless head, produced a delicate trifle of lace and cambric from among the folds of the shimmering brocade, concealed her counterfeit complexion with the pretty pocket-handkerchief and, shade of the great Sarah

Sarah Bernhardt, 1844-1923, celebrated actress (and also a noted liar). (Informal sources.)

! she uttered sounds something like convulsive sobs, and enacting quite a clever little stagey swoon in the

witness-box, she shrivelled up like a butterfly upon a hot wheel. It was all cut and dried beforehand. Red in the face. Lord Dundreary rushed to her rescue and like an old crusader he supported the fragile bird in his arms, laboriously wafting over her blanched cammeline face the perfume of old Virginia, and breathing into her quivering nostrils the refreshing odours of the quintessence of eructating brandy and soda in his stomach, while bully the second and bully the first carried the dead bird by the legs and shoulders out into the reviving air of the cool corridors.

With satirical smiles on their faces, Grant J., all the spectators and the lawyers disbanded to the proroguing barrel-organ song of the crier:—"This honorable coort stands adjourned till the morning of termorrer at the hour of haff-pash nine by the clock: God save the Republic: ye'ze 'ave to get out:" whereupon the crowd dispersed in noisy discussion of their day's amusement.

Extraordinary editions of the evening newspapers were disseminated through the city, the suburbs and the country districts that evening. As soon as the parties left the court they were surrounded and pestered by newsboys offering them full accounts of the proceedings in two cent rags that immortalised their frontispieces. It was soon seen that the reporters and sketch artists were only human and had shown themselves vulnerable to the shafts of the bird-crocodile.

It was elicited from Guinevere (who had never before heard that Marvel was married to the man with whom she had flirted at school) that such a monstrosity as a bird-reptile had verily existed among other giants that peopled the earth in the Wealden

The name of a formation or series of estuarine and freshwater deposits in the Weald in the Lower Cretaceous age. (Hence, the time at which these deposits were formed). [OED Online](#).

period, the epoch marked by relics of land just preceding the age of the Chalk. About one hundred years before, she said, the remains of a huge reptile had been discovered in the Hastings sandstone, which from the resemblance in its teeth to a vegetable eating lizard, known as the Iguana, had been given by scientists the name of Iguanodon. Since the first discovery of the fossil remains numerous bones had been found by conchological explorers in the Weald of Sussex, Maidstone in Kent, and the Isle of Wight. No complete skeleton has ever been found, but in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham a model of the birdreptile had been pieced together. Although it had four feet it only walked on two, as only a bi-pedal track could be discovered entombed in natural crevasses which at one time had been a flowing river inhabited by freshwater tortoises and enamelled fishes, while white crocodiles and bird-reptiles frequented its banks. Some of the bones resembled the bones of wingless birds, such as the emu and the dinornis, while its dimensions were fifteen feet in height and thirty feet in full length. The Iguanodon, said Guinevere, was a good example of a singular class of prehistoric reptiles of the palaeolithic period, from which it was believed our modern birds were derived, and that the name for the class alluded to was the Dinosauria. There were three toes to each hind foot and the same number of joints in the toes as in the genuine bird of Paradise or any other bird. The bird reptile had a very abortive lachrymal duct, so that the tears flowed at random over the surface of its ugly face.

The crocodile tears of the paradisal bird had evidently affected the jury also, and they one and all expended two cents on a copy of the "Apparatus," taking it home to read and discuss with their wives or sisters and daughters.

It really seemed as if the far-reaching gold of the great and mighty coal-king, who at the time lay long decomposed in his grave, had sufficed not only to influence the minds of the chosen quartette whose sympathies oscillated according to the solubility of Marvel but also the product of the editorial machinery of the entire staffs of the newspapers. One of Eugene's deadliest enemies was the venality of the press. It published whole paragraphs *en bloc* in the agony columns drawing attention to its garbled reports of the pitiable case of the bird of Paradise, and it devoted to him whole columns of denunciation, although as a general rule its utterances were confined to descriptions of the travail of cows, and its account of an attack of whooping-cough in somebody's child, and the farrowing by somebody else's old black sow of a litter of more or less than twenty-nine. In the "Apparatus" and the "Semaphore" great pains had been taken to present the petitioner in as pleasing and attractive a light as possible, by eliminating from the figment the *mutine* expression on her upper lip; while the cartoon of the respondent assigned him a guilty discomposure and made him look like some criminal condemned to be hanged, with the hopes of making the weathercock of public opinion veer round to the beauteous Marvel.

Chapter XV. "This Honourable Coort Stands Adjourned Till the Morning of Termorrer at the

Hour of Haff-Pash Nine by the Clock: God Save the Republic: Ye'ze 'Ave to Get Out."

RECONSTRUCTED every consecutive morning at half-past nine the sittings of the purgatorial court in divorce and matrimonial causes jurisdiction, the case of Whit worth *versus* Whitworth was resumed, dragging its ever lengthening quotidian tail along over a period of two calendar months, while every day the interested parties bore the stare of the promiscuous crowd on the floor of the national court and the galleries. All the ragamuffin world and his wife were there.

Upon the morning of the second day when Marvel re-appeared for cross-examination she had fortified herself with a mixture of chloride of ammonium or smelling salts in a filigree gold-mounted actinic green vinaigrette and two Russia leather diaries with silver-gilt spring locks. She made many blundering attempts at repartee, while her whole demeanour was that of pertness and animated defiance of the cross examining counsel. Without again taking the oath that she would speak the truth and nothing but the truth, the barrister impeached Marvel's devotion to her studies at the Ladies' College in preference to the practice of flirtation.

"I'll not leave thee thou lone one to pine on the stem."

The Last Rose of Summer. Thomas Moore.

Who wrote that line, Mrs. Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth?"

"Julian Cæsar," said Marvel without the vestige of a doubt.

"Wrong," said the barrister: "it was Tommy Moore; but no matter, you need not pine away standing, the crier will get the bird of Paradise a chair."

Marvel accepted the offer of the three-legged stool with consummate dignity, wearing a black bird of Paradise spray and a chiné silk dress with a cream ground conventionally patterned in greens and reds and browns, showing a tracery of black over them; the bodice made of chiffon and lace and jet. She wore the same headgear as she wore on the first day—a great fawn panoply much in favour with Georgiana Spencer, the Duchess of Devonshire, and trimmed with brown satin bows, pheasant wings and mixed coloured wings, mottled green and black, and shading the oxydised silver ornament set in diamonds—the humped black tom-cat in the very act of fighting.

"Bright plumassier

A person who works with or trades in ornamental feathers or plumes. [OED Online](#).

:" said the cross-examining counsel. "Fine and feathery artisan! Best of plumists if you can,—will you tell his Honour and the jury if you ever kissed a man named Clifford?"

"I never did," said Marvel: "he kissed me, and I'm not ashamed of it."

Interspersed with many specimens like these, the cross-examination of Marvel occupied three days, during which time she stoutly maintained that her husband was one of the worst types of humanity crawling about the surface of the earth; that she herself was perfect, immaculate, pure and serene as the richest carbuncle ever unearthed, and that, although she had struck her husband with a bowie-knife and had left her everlasting autograph on his face, she did not feel at all repentant.

The barrister, finding that Marvel was a very hard case in the witnessbox, concluded his cross-examination with another shot from "wee Tammy"—

*"When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind;
Oh! say wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?"*

When He Who Adores Thee. Thomas Moore.

Whereat, springing up with panther-like agility from the three-legged stool as if she were stung and in a state of great ebullition, "Indeed I will do nothing of the sort," retorted Marvel: "I shall rejoice in seeing him get into trouble as long as ever he lives," and she left the box apparently pleased with the poetry of her position in the divorce court and nestled herself again amongst the barristers.

She had spent her money on fiery-tailed whips and chaldrons of red-hot coals, and had come there to scourge him with the fiery-tailed whips and to heap the coals on his head in token of her eternal enmity. *Tout valid!* It was not spite—oh! dear no, not in the slightest degree; it was the chastening influence of adversity, and she certainly wanted commensurate value for her money. During one of her mimicries of outraged virtue

something dropped on the polished head of the old crier standing below. He felt for it with his hand and looked up at the bird. It was wet, but then it was a paradisaal tear from the safety-valve of a sorely-oppressed paradisaal heart.

An enormous female image in tawdry trappings with a tip-tilted nose next appeared in the person of Sukey Bubbitt, who electrified the court with the thrilling tale of the respondent's movements shortly after he was married. The productive Sukey tried to emulate the maudlin tears of the bird, but the water-works would not come into play, although Sukey was willing to swear that she was positively melting in tears. "I guess," declared Sukey Bubbitt, "I jest could fall down and do a faint dead-away right here, and I feel kinder rattled all over and my heart is going bumpity-bump. He jest didn't know I nabbed him quite a number of times, once upon a time when I drove after him with a hackman down Railway Street, and once when he sneaked away to the hitching up of Carrie Downtail; but it ain't not a bit of good taxing him with anything, for he won't own up to nothing. When he freezed on to the bird of Paradise he jest calc'lated her pater would strike a pocket and make a pile right-away, but when he like began to fancy the claims would peter out to nothing he sorter throwed up his hand and cleared, and left his missis to fish for herself any'ow without a bloomin' greenback in the house. It's something right down horrid what she got to buck up against from him, and her marriage has been an everlasting smash."

"Buck-up-against!" quoth the judge in astonishment. "Bear up against," explained one of the Philistines, and Sukey was told to 'clear' herself.

Amelia Field, the melancholical victim, then told the jury that the doctor had been very fond of Riesling wine. She had never known him to refuse a glass; although she had not seen him drunk, she imagined him to be intoxicated once or twice as he was going home at night. She had not a particle of jealousy concerning her husband.

Two strapping buxom damsels in magenta skirts and leg o' mutton sleeves, Gloriana Bloobumper and Esmeralda Knight, both a trifle balmy and wearing flash, lopsided Gainsborough hats with flaming red flamingo feathers, which Marvel called "poems" and "dreams," Esmeralda displaying a tortoise-shell shovel and Gloriana a great chignon; the jackals and the amanuenses whom Marvel had paid so handsomely for their duties at Myamyn, gave evidence to the effect that the doctor often quarrelled with his wife; that he seemed to be often stupefied by drink, although they admitted that they had not seen him drink anything but the Tennent's and the German Lager beer, of which there was a liberal supply in the cellar; further, that they had heard him wrangling with his wife and had seen an unsheathed sword lying on the floor of the surgery at the time. He had accused her of immorality.

The slit-eyed, chinchilla-bearded Simon Ernest Bubbitt with the sore thumb in a sling horrified the court by telling them that the respondent had once called him by an abusive 'enema,' but the only cross-examination consisted in asking the witness if he did not mean an abusive 'anathema:' also, how many children he had, to which he replied nine, ranging in age from one month to five years: the boat-shaped bottle was the simplest, the cleanest, the cheapest and the best: he had tried them all. Daffy's elixir was no good for the wind.

The case for the petitioner, after the appearance of forty-five witnesses, came to a close. Lawyer Wilmington, his face wreathed in smiles as if the trial were over and won, refrained from addressing the jury. He first asked Judge Grant if he would clearly define the dates embracing the exact time as required by the new act to substantiate a charge of habitual intemperance. The application was peremptorily refused, and Eugene began to wonder if favour could be shown even by the judge to Marvel's story. He next asked his Honour if he would strike out the charge of cruelty, as there was no evidence of bodily cruelty at all and scarcely any evidence of legal cruelty excepting such as had been described by the petitioner, which was merely abuse under strong provocation. This application was also refused pointblank and in a gruff tone of voice by Grant J.

The barrister for the respondent thereupon began to call his witnesses, the first of whom was one of the leading doctors of the city, Dr. Francis Grey, who stated that he had known Eugene for ten years and had been very intimate with him for five years; that he frequently had a few drinks with him; that he considered the charge of intemperance a gross and deliberate scandal; that he had a great regard and respect for Whitworth, both as a man and as a member of the medical profession, and that he had always found him to be an agreeable companion and a temperate member of society. The medical men who had enjoyed the scientific junketings at the paradisaal wedding and several other medical men corroborated the statements of the first witness for the defence. The chemists of the various places where the nomadic surgeon had practised were called and asked if they had ever noticed any mistake in the scientific composition of prescriptions written out by the respondent during the term of ten years. The question having been answered by them all in the negative, the witnesses further swore that his income at Augusta and Galveston had been, they would imagine, five thousand dollars a year; while the chemist at Sabinnia considered that his practice there must have amounted to close on fifteen thousand a year, and that in the estimation of the whole of the inhabitants of the Sabine River district he was by far the best medical practitioner who had ever lived amongst them.

The principal bank manager of the town gave evidence in accordance with the bankers' evidence act and produced the books of the bank showing deposits by Eugene in the bank of Louisiana at Sabinnia of an average of fifteen thousand five hundred per annum, and an item of three thousand dollars paid for a single case of surgical operation for tumour on the brain. The next witness filled the court with the odours of essences and pomatums. Naturally grey and for some years black, his hair was now straw-coloured. All he had to say was entirely in the some-time resident surgeon's favour, but his missus had said a great deal to him about the bird of Paradise and as this was only hearsay he would refer the judge to his missus, "the evening star."

"A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel"

Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, IV.i., also Biblical.

—Daniel Carter of the Hallelujah Hotel. He was mad drunk, and had to get out of the box and narrowly escaped being committed for contempt of court.

Martha Wax arrived in a great fluster, but she appeared to be suffering from such a snowstorm in her head that her evidence was waived by Wilmington.

Lady Kincaird stated that she had known the respondent for four years, and had been associated with him in works of charity and benevolence, but had never seen nor suspected that he was under the influence.

Barbara Houldsworth, who had been so incommoded by the intoxicated Silas P. Grinder at Kincumboo
Possibly a reference to Kincumber, New South Wales.

demesne, informed the court that she had seen him in her cotton plantation homestead every day for six months; that she had never seen him take anything more than what any other doctor might take to keep out the cold, that he had saved the life of herself and her daughter, and for that she was extremely grateful to Dr. Whit-worth.

Chevalier Jules Léroche came on his own account to state that "Madame zee Dogder vaz no bedder zann a *vipèrs*," but his evidence was immaterial. Many old cripples, whose lives the doctor had saved or whose limbs he had amputated, stumped into the witness-box to rally around the flag of Eugene; while two poor old women were dragged from the heart of the Rocky Mountains on wooden legs to mention to the crier of the court—whom like old Scotch lassie Jean they took to be the judge and before whom they frequently curtsied by dropping on the knee pad of the wooden leg—that he had cut their legs off, and that they were very much obliged to him for so doing.

Many of the leading city men, merchants, heads of government departments, bankers and professional men enthusiastically espoused the cause of the doctor; after which his Honour asked the senior counsel for the respondent if he had any good evidence to meet the accusation of adultery as concerning the girl, who was, he said, undefended by counsel and on whose behalf it was a matter of paramount importance to obtain specific evidence.

Lawyer Wilmington explained that he did not propose to ask any of the medical witnesses whom he had called that question, as they were all friends of Whitworth, and that they knew nothing about Lillie Delaine, but that he thought the girl would be willing to wait upon any medical gentlemen whom his Honour might appoint with that object in view. This proposition finding favour with the judge, three of the principal gynæcological clinicians, who were unknown to the respondent, were appointed to interview Lillie Delaine, so that their evidence might be taken at a subsequent epoch in the trial.

With a mien suggestive of "spice-laden gales soft from Ceylon's isle,"

Correctly, 'the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle'. From Greenland's Icy Mountains, Reginald Heber.

and with a do-or-die expression on his *cœur de lion* face, weather-beaten from India to the Pole, the thimble-rigging Brick Bore next appeared, and the Salomon Island prince of Wales at his heels. Soon after the bursting of the tin-mine bubble he had obtained a master mariner's certificate and had been filibustering

Filibuster - a member of any of those bands of adventurers who between 1850 and 1860 organized expeditions from the United States, in violation of international law, for the purpose of revolutionizing certain states in Central America and the Spanish West Indies; or more generally, one who engages in unauthorized and irregular warfare against foreign states. [OED Online](#). See 'filibuster', *n*.

en cachette

In hiding; secretly.

under a pseudonym as a pirate king of the "Summer Isles of Eden."

Locksley Hall. Alfred Lord Tennyson.

After a failure at hotel-keeping in the South of New Zealand, he had returned to his old happy hunting-grounds and was in command of a schooner called the White Hawk, then lying at her berth on the Mississippi Quay. After a dogmatic harangue in a bold and brassy voice replying to Wilmington, "What is your name again?" coaxingly inquired Carrick. "Captain Brick Bore," in tones of thunder, after which, punctuating his rhetoric by bringing his fist down at intervals upon the moulding of the witness-box with the force of an

aerolite or the patting paw of a lion, he began his répertoire of the old parlance:—"Holy smoke! by the holy poker and Saint Anastasius, he's the whitest man in creation— by the lord Harry, the whitest man on God's earth. I knew Julian Jasper Gould, and by thunder Julian Jasper Gould, God bless him, knew the bird of Paradise: she's the most mutineering woman you ever saw in yore life and you can take your bible oath on that. If I had her I'd spike her guns: strike me blind, I'd keelhaul her and I'd make her walk the plank for six months on bread and water with peas in her boots and a gully in her mouth. Some of the lovely dark-skinned maidens on the Pitcairn Islands would read her a lesson; by Jupiter, they would show her a book to take a leaf out of; by the Lord Harry they would, and you may lay to that. Belay there, Mister what's-your-name; just you look here, if you ask me a question I won't be gagged by you or any hog like you till I answer it, d'ye see? you just shut yore mouth, you old lubbering corn-cob, and by the holy poker I'll spike the guns of every mother's son who says that man is not the whitest man on God's earth. I know, by heavens I know, who should have been spliced to him: he should have been overhauled and boarded by a princess of the blood Royal— yes, by St. Peter, a princess of the blood Royal! Just you mark my words down there, I've seen me, my own self, scuttle a case of Languedoc wine by knocking the corner on the deck to smash the bottles and catch the stuff in a bucket and drink the lot besides a couple of demijohns of battle-axe brandy, but, by Saint Aloysius, he sat like 'tween decks all the watch and never once held out his pannikin. If that's what you call an habitual drunkard then, by the holy poker, the law's a crimson full-blooded harss."

"What were you doing at the Caroline Islands?" inquired Carrick, trying to get a word in side-ways.

"Missionary! in the name of all the"——

"That will do," quoth the judge, waking up after forty winks at his post, with a paternal look like that on the face of the Conscript fathers

The Roman Senate. [Brewer 1898 \(2010\)](#)

at Brick Bore: "you may leave the box," and he left with a mighty exordium, but the strident sound of his expletives could be heard as he strode in a rage through the long corridors.

Miriam was the next witness called and catechised by the counsel for the respondent, as to the night she had visited Edenhall with Noah's ark, the jumping-jacks, the doodle-'m-bucks and the jacks-in-the-box in company with Guinevere, when the snarling, growling bully, who had opened out the case for the petitioner, attempted to defy her to give the date of the described rebuttal. He failed. Miriam remembered it was on the eve of Whitsuntide, and that she had planted some white violets when she returned from Edenhall in an urn below the coping of little Percy's grave. She further proved the mistake made by two of the private detectives in suspecting that the respondent had been talking to Lillie Delaine near the gate of Margery Moon's domicile on the night when Brosie had carried her box from the steamboat. She clearly established an *alibi* by showing that the respondent was walking home with her late from St. Martin's cemetery at the time fixed for his covert interview with Lillie.

"Mrs. Guinevere Payne," called the barrister for the respondent. Pale and calm she ascended the box, and was requested by Grant J. to raise the misty veil from her lips. He asked her if she would like a seat, but the statuesque Guinevere preferred to stand. Every curve and outline of her matchless figure, her mystic and plastic quietism, the poise of her head and her graceful step prepossessed every man and woman in the court. She was a dream of gracefulness and a womanly woman; her quiet beauty depending not upon colouring or regularity in the lineaments of her face more than upon purity of soul. Heroic as Atalanta

A chaste huntress of Arcadia whose suitor was required to beat her in a race. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

, the spiritual calm and classic repose of her sweet sad eyes pourtrayed her as the very presentment of a courage and refinement which seemed to etherealise all her surroundings. In defiance of her emotional trials she looked as young, as fresh and as fair as she did on the morning of her visit to Eugene at the residence of the Augusta hospital. Her costume was salvage from the spoils of Marma-duke. She was a charming picture in white crepon, the skirt plain with large godets

A triangular piece of stuff inserted in a dress, glove, etc. [OED Online](#), sense 2.

; a blouse bodice with a wide pleat in front, and the yoke covered with sparkling steel bangles. Her bonnet was encircled with yellow and violet irises, and a large mauve iris stood out as an aigrette.

"How long have you known the respondent?" inquired the counsel.

"Fifteen years," replied Guinevere.

"Have you ever seen him intoxicated?"

"I have never seen him in such a condition. I never heard of him drinking till after the return of his wife to Myamyn. He has done all he could to correct my husband from drinking, and if it had not been for Eugene Whitworth my child would have been dead years ago and my husband and myself left to starve."

"Did the doctor's wife quarrel with the doctor over you?"

"Not that I am aware of, unless you refer to one evening when I called with my little boy at Myamyn to see

him in reference to my husband. Then she became very passionate and aggressive without any provocation that I could observe, and spoke to me very rudely."

"You were the children's preceptress, I believe," remarked the lawyer.

"Yes," replied Guinevere: "I guided them in their early education. I always loved the dear little children, and I tried to show them the paths of goodness and honour and virtue. They were remarkably bright and precocious children and they made rapid progress in their little studies I anticipate a brilliant future for both of them. They were always strong, healthy and spirited. Their father always seemed to me to be deeply attached to them, to humor them and indulge all their childish whims and fancies."

"Thank you, Mrs. Payne," said the examining counsel.

Scowling rose the pompous gladiatorial bully, hurling at her in a gruff stentorian voice the question:—"Was there any undue familiarity between you and the respondent?"

Safe behind the shield of Artemis

Huntress goddess of Greek mythology; a maiden and patron of chastity. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995.](#)

, but changing colour, the crimson blood mantled to her ivory cheeks chafing in indignation at the insulting question. The flame of her purity steady and brilliant, she had the faculty of modelling her graceful intellect to every circumstance which it encountered. Her answer came with the coruscating flash of lightning uttered with a subtlety of contradiction which a virtuous woman alone possesses. Insults struck a supremely sensitive chord in her heart, but undismayed she relieved the court of all misapprehension on that count by the brave manner and tone in which she replied in the ten-thousandth part of a second:—"Never, sir, never:" and the big bully sat down like a whipped cur under the charge of the withering scorn on the face of the girl where never before a frown had been seen. Her violet eyes alight with electric indignation were rivetted upon the barrister and instantaneously he dropped further questioning, while the old crier silenced the hissing among the huddle of the gods in the galleries and the mixed mob on the floor of the court. She had not shown the artificial smartness of Marvel, nor any of her theatrical studied side-play. Every word that she uttered had the ring, the impress, and the *clonc timbre* of truth and virtue.

"Lillie Delaine," said the counsel for the respondent. "Lillie Delaine," cried louder the crier: "lillie Delaine!" roared out the guard at the side door; "Lillie Delaine, Lillie Delaine!" re-echoed the reverberating corridors: "Lillie Delaine, Lillie Delaine, Lillie Delaine!" amidst the shuffling of feet in the galleries.

In she sailed in a sailor hat in fawn Dunstable-straw with a bell crown and trimmed with velvet bows, while her sky-blue dress was decorated with a bouquet of cowslips and violets.

"Have you ever seen the respondent intoxicated?"

"Which one?" replied the witness, and the counsel for the respondent said he alluded to the doctor, her master.

"I seen Brosie," she volunteered.

"Oh never mind Brosie," said the counsel, "have you ever seen the doctor himself?"

"Only a few times in four years," said the witness: "I seen him drink a bottle of beer, and I think there was poison in the bottles and it flew to his 'ead."

"Did he abuse his wife and children?" asked the counsel.

"Wot a lie!" said the witness: "I been in his 'ouse four year and I never see him abusin' any pusson in his life; he was always very good to Pearly and Vallie and give them lots of money. I often heard the missis kickin' up rows with him, and the missis have told me that when she got her father's money like when he died, she was going to clear out of the 'ouse."

"Was he ever intimate with you?" asked the barrister.

"Wot's that?" was the rejoinder, and it was explained what he meant.

"No he wasn't," said the witness: "my word! if my mother heard tell or knowed that anybody did me any 'arm they'd catch it! then there'd be murder."

The Scotch terrier bully then attacked the girl and asked her if she had ever been drunk at Myamyn.

"Wot a bare-faced lie!" said the witness. "I never took anythink, any wines or beers or spirits, never till I took sick and my mother gives me some of the bottled beer. I only drank a 'arf a glass in a day;." if the doctor had ever called her 'my dear girl,' as stated by the nurse-girl; to which she replied with a loud derisive laugh at which the whole court laughed, when she said it was ridick'lous; if she had not been seen talking to the respondent at the gate of the Galveston house; to which she vouchsafed the reply:—"My word! if my mother 'ad a 'old of that there hawful bad woman she'd ha-caught it; she hain't no good, and that there Hemma Powell wants drowndin' bad;" if the respondent had not carried her box from the wharf, to which she replied that it was a lie, because it was Doctor Brosie; if she had heard the policeman and two detectives swear that she was drunk at Myamyn one Sunday; to which she replied that her mother had since told her that she was out of her mind at the time, and as for her own recollection her mind in the matter was an absolute blank.

Then whispered amongst themselves the defending party about the advisability of calling the next witness; would they call the young gentleman then or would they not? would they leave him till afterwards or would they not? As the respondent considered that it did not matter when they called him they would find him perfectly serene and seraphic, the name of the variant Brosie was in everybody's mouth in two seconds, and vibrating on the waves of sound through the hollow-resounding colonnades.

In he came, the glass of fashion and the mould of form; brown kid gloves and hessian boots with long tassels: a knuckle-duster diamond nearly as large as a Koh-i-nor

Also 'Koh-i-noor'; an Indian diamond, famous for its size and history, which became one of the British Crown jewels on the annexation of the Punjab in 1849. [OED Online](#).

: an extra superfine double-milled black surtout with coat-tails lined with satin; a button-hole of snow-drops and white phlox, and a black silk hat in his hand.

Everybody from Grant J. on the throne to the envious throng who flattened their noses against the glass doors at the back was amazed at the striking resemblance between the two brothers, when Brosie jauntily beamed forth and filled the box. When asked to speak the truth and kiss the book he did so in proper Chicago style, and replied to the old crier that he guessed and calculated he naturally would. When he was asked by the senior counsel for his brother if he had often been mistaken for the respondent he guessed the lawyer was "fair on the bull's-eye plumb centre;" asked if he was ever intoxicated, he replied that "in Chicago, Lake Michigan, it would not be called intoxicated, it was only under the influence of liquor," and explained what a Chicago gin-sling, a Chicago cobbler, a fairy kiss, a flip - flap, a dog's - nose and a Lake Michigan cock-tail was; he alluded to the bird of Paradise as a 'cock-tail.' Asked if he ever carried the box for the girl he replied that "he was by natur' a gen'leman and nat'rally helped the gal to elevate the box, when he calc'lated there was no other way for its locomotion;" if he ever offended one of the theatrical artists, to which he replied that he had a set-to with a gen'leman, who was not a patch on the play-actors of the city of Chicago, and that "he opinionated he was justified in planting him on the jug'lar."

When the examination had been finished, he faced half left with the greatest *sang-froid* to see the bull-dogs. In his youthful days he had been, he reflected, possessed of a peculiar charm in the placating of dogs of all breeds. He was well posted up in all the proper markings and points of a pure bred terrier. From the vantage ground of his elevated situation in the witness-box, scrutinising the cynological show in the corner he came to the conclusion that they were all too coarse and shaggy, and should have had their ears clipped.

"Now then, Doctor Brosie," snarled the big bully, "where did you get that hat?"

"That hat," said Brosie, holding it up and looking it all over: "in reply to that enquiry I guess I *made* that hat."

"What is the difference between a three and a six. Doctor Brosie?"

"Three and a six what?" said Brosie in great astonishment, until he was compelled to reply—"One right-down pull and a haff-pull at the beerengine I calc'late, no froth, I had you there, boss: advance me another slick."

"Were the dinners you gave in Apricot Street as magnificent as that you gave in honour of the servants and the groom?"

"Wa'al," returned Brosie quite unnerved: "if there air any differences I guess the Chicago spreads were the better. I don't worship the golden caff. I am by natur' a cosmopolitan gen'leman, and I like to see my brother-man enjoy himself. My occ'pation nat'rally accustoms me to all sarts and conditions of mouths. What is the use of a doctor of dental surgery of Apricot Street, Chicago, Lake Michigan, if he is too disgustin' partick'lar."

"How many sixes have you carried under your other coat?"

"In reply to that rayther large order, I calc'late four twos in one line."

"Was your princely income the sole source of the beer supply?"

"In reply to that enquiry, I had, I guess, some few bills, I.O.U. tickets and kites bearing on the business, and sometimes I worked it on the cross: I had a good contract with a Chinaman for the purchase of the dead lager marines, and I once raised a trifle on the flat-irons and other things at the golden-balls."

"Do you play sing-tai-loo now?"

"I do not," said Brosie: "but I shall be gratified to enlighten you on that subject of spec'lation if you air going to prodooce the bones."

Lawyer Carrick gave him up, and Wilmington re-examined him, asking him if he ever went for sixes *now*, to which he finally replied—"No sir: I do not sir: not for a year and a haff sir: I have elevated my position and I guess and calc'late my takings, to give a spec'lative guess, at three thousand dollars per annum: I have an improving business in mineral teeth, and in the city, I opinionate, I make the science and art of dentistry fairly locomotive."

He left the witness-box in a most cavalierly style, told the crier that if that wer'n't true he could ride him on

a rail, and nestled himself among the body of the audience, buttoning up the breast of his coat and drawing on his gloves as he retired from the canine show.

Fair in his wake under a full head of steam and rolling with the yaw and the swell of the seas, next sailed into the court the brusque, coarsegrained and good-humoured Christy-minstrel—the maritime Marco Polo—but he had to "take off that hat," which, however, happened to be a cap ornamented with the badge of the Mississippi Steam Navigation Company. He testified to the truth of Brosie's statements and the "damned infernal lies" of Marvel, when he was snapped at by the Scotch terrier without even the warning of a snarling circumlocution.

"Do you get drunk too, Mr. Roderick?"

"That be hanged for a yarn: I never was so drunk in my life but that I could stand on my head if I liked and walk the plank blindfolded" winding up with a great sigh, looking up at the chaps in the galleries and stuffing his thumbs into his waistcoat armpits.

"How do you account for the petitioner running out of the house on Easter eve, and for her statements about abusive language?"

"She must have had the blues or the shakes, and noises in her head," said the realistic Dolly.

"What a funny man you are, Mr. Roderick!"

"Don't see anything funny in the thing," returned Dolly: "I think it's a lot of rot: the fact is she always lay too many points off the wind and you can lay to that."

Clack sniggled and told him that would do, while the guffawing Lord Dundreary knocked over a book, the flying Dutchman said "Right," and without swinging around steamed astern out of the shoals of the witness-box.

Last but not least among the doctor's relations appeared the sturdy well-built form of his father, looking as if with his big brawny arms he could strangle the champion in one act. Both of the barristers elicited the same story: "You may put any questions you please to me my christian friend; I shall answer them fairly within the compass, as the saying is, and well on the square. I am the right worshipful grand master of the Orange Lodge. I have never seen my son intoxicated in my life. I am well acquainted with his wife and children, especially with his children. I have heard that she was called, as the saying is, the bird of Paradise: I should say she was, as the saying is, the serpent of the garden of Eden. I spent three days away from my home at Lily Cottage shortly after she was married to my son, as the saying is, and I assisted her father in conciliating her, as the saying is, in some ridiculous jealousy which she entertained towards a respectable female in Augusta. I have noticed her nonsensical ways, as the saying is, her frivolities, her vanities and her expensive frocks: I consider she is, as the saying is, empty-headed. Her father often told me that she was very obstinate and he said he laid all the blame, as the saying is, on her mother. When I have spoken to her about her foolish ways, she has answered me with a sort of a dance, as the saying is, like a spinning tee-totum before my very eyes, and she has treated all my family, as the saying is, in a haughty and scornful manner. My firm belief is that any woman is not right in her head, as the saying is, when she gets into such tantrums as that woman sitting there. It's awful to think, as the saying is, of what fools and idiots there are in the world. What she wants, in my opinion, is a good wholesome shower-bath of common sense, as the saying is, and it's my firm belief that what she has to say is all moonshine, in a manner of speaking."

The big champion bully muzzled him and asked him if he got drunk too; but the old man, then in the fading twilight of his long life, replied that he had never taken a glass too much at any time.

The ever-vigilant, predatory cormorant and money-monger, Jonathan Scatter, who was a senior wrangler in parsimony, and had stopped his wife's credit at the drapers' shops, had taken his *congé* from the timber-yard, as the last thing he could take, and was now running a marine store on strictly cash principles. Holding the book in his hand all the time he stood in the box he corroborated the *alibi* about the respondent being seen with Lillie Delaine at the gate of Margery Moon. He also declared that the bird of Paradise had once treated him and his wife a "bit uppish like," that she wore faddy dresses, and that all she had to say was "all his eye and Betty Martin."

Nonsense. [Partridge 1972](#).

He importuned the judge to guarantee his expenses for attendance, and quietly left the court apparently quite uninterested, and as unconcerned in the case as he was in the revolutions of the moons of Jupiter.

On the thirty-fifth day of the ever-lengthening trial the daily welcome adjournment was made by the court for lunch. In the usual barrel-organ way came the habitual peroration of the crier—"Ye'ze 'ave to get out." When the hour for lunch had been expended and the hands of the big polygonal clock pointed to ten minutes past two, the senior counsel for the respondent requested the entrance into the witness-box of Eugene Percival Whitworth. He walked up the steps. *The book was gone!* The crier had to get another, but he couldn't make it out at all; 'twas strange—'twas passing strange. The smooth face of Eugene, as placid and clear, his eyes as bright as on the happier day when he had stepped into the carriage from the verandah of the hospital residence

to be taken to the altar of All Saints at Maconville and submit to the consecrated blending of his life with that of his beloved Marvel; not a tremor as an index of alcoholism to be noticed in his frame; not a vestige of tipping changes to be discovered anywhere upon him; not the sort of man to be suspected of ill-treating a woman or even a dumb animal; not a libertine and certainly not an adulterer, he appeared in the box with imperturbable composure and paused for the questions of his intermediary friend and his adversaries.

During the examination-in-chief he detailed every entry for ten years in his account books, and explained that they were posted up every night by himself when the work was finished for the day. He made exhibits of the books to the court and produced his bank-books, showing at Augusta receipts of four thousand dollars a year; at Galveston four thousand, and at Sabinnia the princely income from his medical practice of fifteen thousand five hundred dollars per annum. In New Orleans was defigured the arithmetical retrogression of his practice, and a further diminution in his receipts when he lived and practised at Myamyn, which short-comings he attributed to enforced neglect through litigation, and the wide-spread scandal generated by the attitude of his wife.

"I married her for love," he said, "and I have loved her to adoration, with a love which has borne the test of the touchstone of neglect and desertion. At the time her father was on his own showing a comparatively poor man engaged in precarious speculations, and my union with Marvel was purely a love-match. I espoused her in honour, and I wedded her in devotion. I cared for her and cherished her with my whole heart and soul as long as she remained in my home, and I was ever thoughtful of her while she was away. I never knew she was married before until my counsel elicited the information. She has been a flighty, fickle and capricious woman, and time after time for months together she deserted me in Galveston. Sabinnia and New Orleans for the fresh fields and pastures new of an establishment which she expected to be given to her by her father. I provided her with all ordinary requirements for her comfort and happiness: in return she has spurned me and slandered me, and ruined my practice by her depreciatory moiling and bespattering of my good name. I have been all my life in the habit of drinking very little until lately: at Galveston, Sabinnia and Summer Hill, for years I was approximately a total abstainer and seldom took any more than a glass or two of wine, after some unusual exertion in my out-door labours, or on returning home late at night from my professional duties. At Mobile I took to heart the demeanour and the effrontery of my returned wife. The unkindest cut of all was the sudden revulsion of my children's affections, and on that account I may have tried to drown my sorrows. However, I took very little else but Tennent's ale and German lager beer, of which now and then, when I drank more than the usual amount, I noticed during the last few months of my residence at Myamyn that it had the effect of confusing my mind and bringing on a phase of stupor resembling alcoholic intoxication. I might have put morphia in it myself as I was a martyr for months to insomnia. Nevertheless, like the sower of old, I thought that an enemy had done this: I do not think that my wife is capable of such treachery. I have never uttered one whisper of disparagement against her, and I do not intend to do so unduly now or ever to traduce her moral character in my life; on the other hand I have sounded her praises abroad and have screened her delinquencies wherever I have heard her name. I have coloured her good qualities, I have extenuated her faults, and if there be any *mésalliance*

Mis-match; specifically, marriage between persons of different rank. [Jones 1963:298](#).

it is owing to the conflict of two fiery tempers and her unreasonable jealousy, together with the fact that I was not, before I was married to her, accustomed to the whimsical ways of women. I have never in my life entered a house of questionable character for improper purposes, although I have been in such places in pursuance of my professional duties. I defy the world to prove my words untrue. I have never committed adultery with Lillie Delaine: I have never committed adultery with any woman in my life. Lillie Delaine was simply the hired working housekeeper of my home and one of the truest friends the children ever had—a trusted and faithful servant whose moral character is pure and undefiled, although it is now unjustly impeached and at stake owing to the machinations of mercenary pimps and informers, and the rabid yearning for vengeance on the part of my wife. Ever since she has been married to me she has shown a jealous, vitriolic and revengeful nature. As to the charge of cruelty, it lies altogether in the magic mirror of her distorted imagination—I have never ill-treated her in the slightest degree: I might have on one occasion, when she grossly and wantonly insulted my old friend Mrs. Payne, said some hard words, but I have never called her, as far as I can remember, by any abominable epithets. Her statements to this effect are deliberate twistings of the truth. My meetings with the servant were pre-arranged by my mother, and were connected with an inquiry into the whereabouts of a missing skeleton which had been routed from the grave. I was compelled to meet the girl in a covert way at Mobile. I went openly to the house in Galveston to get her statement as a witness, because I had lost all my money and I was unable to pay a solicitor to do the work of preparing the defence: I have never been at the front gate of the Galveston house talking to Lillie Delaine under the circumstances insinuated, nor to any other woman in my life. I applied for the custody of my children, after appealing to their mother in vain to come home, when I could bear their abstention no longer, and I applied for them solely from motives of natural

affection. They are the pride and the sunbeams of my existence—my love for them is unsurpassable: they are my all in all. The statement of my wife that I have neglected and ill-treated them is a base and concocted malversation of the truth. The adversarial evidence is a tissue of brazen-faced exaggerations and falsehoods from beginning to end. I have done all in my power for Marvel: in return, she has busied herself in the ruination of my home and my medical practice. My only motive for fighting this suit is my profound attachment to the children, and in the previous litigation over them she had virtually thrown down the glove herself."

Here the petitioner, who was sitting at his feet below the witness-box, hemmed in by lawyers on every side and with the mouchoir tucked into her waist so as to be handy when occasion required, enacted the ruse of the crocodile again. Her lachrymal duct was now in a chronic

Involving a profuse discharge from nose and eyes.
catarrhal

Involving a profuse discharge from nose and eyes. [OED Online](#). See 'catarrh'.

condition. Dissembling grief, she burst into sobs, exclamations, snufflings and convulsive hysterical swoons, but she met with a good Samaritan from Sligo in Lord Dundreary, who revived her with his alcoholic regurgitating perfume again and helped the ambulance party to take her out of the court.

The celebrated divorce case of *Whitworth v. Whitworth* had at this stage extended itself over a period of six weeks, during which time Marvel had cajoled the jury by cleverly swooning more than a dozen times. The examination and cross-examination of the respondent had occupied seven days. All this time he stood in the witness-box day after day responding amidst the tempests of cross-examination and vivisection whirling and eddying around him to every incriminatory charge levelled at his devoted head by the three barristers for Marvel, to the immense satisfaction of the man who alone lifted up his voice on Eugene's behalf.

After his evidence was concluded, he sat again with his counsel at the barristers' table. Leaning back he looked up through the sky-light of the white dome-shaped ceiling, whereon the beams of weltering sunlight skipped and danced fantastically over the centre-flower, feeling relieved as the weight was slowly coming off his mind. Nevertheless, although the voice of conscience whispered to him that the case had so far progressed well for himself, the echoing eerie voice of his father again and again intoned in his ears the terrible danger of the corruptibility of the jury. Night after night, they had been reading the garbled reports in the newspapers, and once or twice he had been told by his friends that after the court rose for the day some of them had followed Marvel into the Oxford hotel on the invitation of the contriving Simon Bubbitt, ostensibly for refreshments.

As he sat for the remaining hour after his cross-examination, he heard the distant bells chiming "Lead kindly light amidst the encircling gloom, lead thou me on! The night is dark and I am far from home: lead thou me on,"

The Pillar of the Cloud. John Henry Newman.

and the court-messenger brought him a letter. He opened it, and there came tears into his eyes; it was from Pearly—"Dear puppa, I have got a little squirrel: it is alive: when are you coming home? me and Vallie wants to know." In that crucial time no other light came through the gloom.

Every morning while the divorce court had been sitting the solicitors for Marvel had paid into the office of the state-sheriff at the law courts a sum of fifty dollars for jury fees after the first three days, during which three days they had contributed for the same purpose a sum of one hundred altogether. Now on the forty-second day the jury fees amounted to nearly two thousand dollars.

Her barristers lost no opportunity of drumming into the heads of the jury the fact that all the money which they were to receive was the product of Marvel's purse, and the fact that her husband had not a dollar to jingle on a tombstone. This, together with the universal sympathy which the stronger sex naturally feels for the weaker, even apart from considerations of auxiliary tearful aids to the awakening of their emotions, troubled sorely the mind of Eugene. Evening after evening as he sat down to dinner with his old friend his counsel, who kept constantly repeating his cock-sure prognostications that Marvel could not by any possible chance obtain a decree, he heard the haunting sound of his sensible father's voice, warning him of the dangers of the pervertibility of the jury. The judge too, he thought, had shown emotional feelings towards the woman, theatrically "like Niobe—all tears." He had snubbed his counsel and given the doctor the impression that he looked with disfavour upon those intermediaries who practised all the scales on the litigation keyboard, and favoured the uncontaminated and lofty academicians of the Temple of Justice such as Carrick and Clark and Lord Dundreary.

After a few days had been bridged over by the law's delay and the insolence of the office of the paradisaal solicitors, and several reputable tradespeople spoke of the respectability of Lillie Delaine, whom they had known from a child, her mother in the box expressed her perfect complacency at leaving her daughter alone with the doctor and his children when his wife was away.

On the morning of the forty-fourth day, as soon as the court was reconstructed, the senior counsel for the respondent addressed himself to Judge Grant and said that the girl Lillie Delaine, whose name had been

associated so much with that of the respondent, had unreservedly professed herself willing to acquiesce in the suggestion which his Honour had made—that she had been taken to the surgeries of four of the principal gynæcologists unknown to the respondent in the city, and that by them she had undergone a special examination. He then directed the judge to the probable nature of the expert medical evidence, and by the order of the latter all ladies were requested to disappear from the court. It was no wonder that the paradisaical bird wanted to stay, and there was a *soupeçon* of excuse for all the others, rampant as they were with curiosity and desire. Their glowering and retroverted faces reluctantly vanished from the interior of the building, to leave the very spice, the *pièce de résistance*, the *crème de la crème*, the *pot bouillant* of the melodrama to the men; just at the very time when it was piping-hot too. Proh Pudor

For shame! [Jones 1963:96](#).

! They had many of them, if not all of them, survived forty-four days, sitting day after day like Lazarus, living on the crumbs of the nice and naughty innuendoes from the paradisaical barristers' table and eating the blue-mouldy bread of the paradisaical troubles and the ignominy of the mouchards, to be tantalized like Tantalus of old by the snatching away of the chalice containing the nectarine juice of the banquet from their lips by that nasty old judge and his horrid old yellow-pated crier with his ignorant brogue of — "*Ye'ze 'ave to get out.*" It was cruel—very, very, very cruel.

The only words since Eugene had been introduced to him on the opening day he heard, as all the ladies flounced out of the court, from the junior counsel who appeared on his behalf. They contained a suggestion that all the women should be put into omnibuses and taken to the coming gynæcological scientific experts for individual and special examination before they were again allowed to enter the holy of holies in the Temple.

The first medical expert witness called by the senior counsel for the respondent was a gentleman about forty-five years of age; tall in stature, wearing a dark moustache and spectacles. He explained to the court that he was one of the honorary surgeons of the gynæcological and children's hospital, and he was also demonstrator of anatomy at the medical schools of New Orleans. He had been in constant and active practice in the city for twenty years and was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and a Bachelor of Medicine and Surgery of the University of Edinburgh.

He, Dr. Norman Dawn, had seen the girl on the night of her wandering out of Myamyn, and had also since treated her for acute mania with delusions. He had made a special examination two days before.

"What say you as to the virginity of the young woman?" asked his Honour.

"I am decidedly of the opinion that she is," replied the medical expert, "*a virgo intacta*. I cannot imagine any medical man entertaining the slightest doubt of her virtue, which in her case is particularly well marked.

If that girl is not a virgin then the science of anatomy is altogether at fault."

The witness stepped down from the box and made room for the next medical expert called by the senior counsel for the respondent. It was Dr. Lionel Garland. In reply to the senior counsel he stated that he had been for twenty-five years in practice in West Broadway, New York; he was an honorary surgeon of the city of New Orleans hospital, and professor of surgery and surgical anatomy in the medical college of New Orleans. An average sized man with a magnificent bearing and physique, his fair hair fell in clusters over his expansive brow, and he had a countenance like Apollo.

"What say you as to the virginity of the girl?" queried his Honour.

"Your Honour," he declared in clarion tones, "there is not a shadow of doubt in my mind that the girl is a pure and perfect virgin. There is not the remotest trace of any disturbance of her virginal condition: it would be impossible for me to make a mistake on the subject. In her case there are particularly strong grounds for my opinion, which is that that girl is as pure and unblemished as she was on the day she was born."

Next appeared the third medical witness, Dr. Gabriel Marchbank, a tall, highly-polished gentleman in a black frock-coat. His hair was grey, his face smooth-shaved. In manner and tone he was quiet and reserved. He had made the subject of gynæcology a special study all his life since he entered the university and St. Thomas' Hospital of London. He was a Master of Surgery of the University of Edinburgh, a Doctor of Medicine of the University of London, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. For twenty-four years he had been the honorary physician at the maternity hospital of the city, and for fifteen years he had been the professor of gynæcology and diseases of women and children in the University of Harvard.

"Have you made a special examination of the young woman?" inquired the judge, to which Dr. Gabriel Marchbank replied in the affirmative.

"What say you as to her virginity?" inquired the judge, to which he returned— "I have made a special digital examination and an endoscopic examination by the aid of mirrors and the electric light. I find that her anatomy in every minute detail is that of an immaculate virgin. The charge against her is to my mind a gross slander, and I consider it extremely improbable that I should make a mistake."

Another highly distinguished medical practitioner, Dr. Godfrey Meredith, was then called. He unhesitatingly corroborated every scientific opinion which the others had given, and the crier again silenced the

hubbub among the audience.

The senior counsel for Eugene, addressing Judge Grant, then said that that was his case: that he observed it was then only fifteen minutes to five. If his Honour preferred he would commence his address to the jury at once, although he was not quite ready and had not expected to begin before the following day. He asked his junior for the papers, as if preparing for his address to the jury. Grant J. looked up at the clock and down with a wink at the crier, who called out as he had done at every quotidian adjournment for lunch and at the termination of every day's proceedings since the great divorce case began—

"This honourable court stands adjourned till the morning of the twenty-first of May at the hour of haff-pash nine by the clock: God save the Republic: *ye'ze 'ave to get out!*"

Chapter XVI.

*"So Grand the Toga-Sweep of his great style,
So vast the theme on which his song was fed."*

Le Gallienne.

Alfred Tennyson. Richard Le Gallienne.

*"Now, listen to the plaintiff's case,
Observe the features of her face—
Little Woman!
Condole with her distress of mind;
From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried."*

AFTER Eugene left the court he spent an hour in the office of Chancery Square, consulting with his legal champion concerning the *rationale* of his address for the following eventful day. They emerged about sunset from the office, when together they noticed an inky bar over the setting sun—the index of coming torrential rain. Through the evening the wind blew with the sweep of a tornado. Through the night came shimmering lightning, reverberating thunder and driving, rattling hail, and on the following morning uncertain weather accompanied by the monotonous drip, drip, drip of the rain, and the stale formalities of the national court ushering in the panegyric of the senior counsel for Eugene and the attack upon the philippic of Clack, abounding as it was in bad inductive logic, fallacious syllogisms and irrational assumptions, and in other parts in threadbare themes, tautology, and hackneyed hyperbolism; bringing them all down, tumbling down piecemeal one after another in great comminuted avalanches.

"May it please your Honour!" said the prodigious reclusive scholar.— Suddenly turning to the intellectual quartette, the belted knights sitting in defence of their country's honour, and assuming his most orthodox jury-droop and most charming smile upon the constituted Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana, he began with the poetical exhortation—

*"Hear the other side of the story
That sullies a brother's fame;
Oft a robe of innocent whiteness
Lies under a garb of shame."*

Possibly a reference to The Infanticide, Frederick Schiller; or obscure, or original.

"Gentlemen of the jury, constituted as you are in your country's cause the Supreme Court of this immortal State of Louisiana, it is now my duty to solicit your attention to a brief outline of the character of my client, and the false charges which his treacherous wife has brought before you against him, and to give you a brief outline of the paradisaal home in which he has lived ever since he has been married to this flouting, taunting, flaunting, unwomanly woman, who in her youthful days adopted for herself the name of the bird of Paradise, although some say it was given her by an old scare-crow of an aunt. As the immortal bard of the green isle says—

'Farewell! ye vanishing flowers, that shone

*In my fairy wreath so bright and brief;
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree spring by the Paradise throne?'
Lalla Rookh. Thomas Moore.*

I had the pleasure, gentlemen of the jury, of being most intimately acquainted with him when we were fellow-students at the university, and I have known him well for nearly twenty years. At the University of Philadelphia he was an ornament in the school of arts and one of the most distinguished science scholars of one of the affiliated colleges. He won numerous medals, exhibitions and prizes. He was the winner with first-class honours of the two final scholarships, with all their rich emoluments, in the school of language and logic and the school of natural science. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was the first in the first-class honour-lists at the same time; after which he proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts of the far-famed University of Philadelphia, winning the gold medal for natural science. In the universities of Great Britain he carried away many distinctions. He obtained the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Master of Surgery at the great university of London, as well as the diplomas of Member of the Royal Irish Academy of Surgeons and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He has spent years in the study of his profession at the great medical schools and hospitals of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. He was lieutenant and surgeon to the Imperial military forces during the late war in Afghanistan, and he was awarded a silver clasp for distinguished services at the battle of Charasiab. Subsequently he attained to the high distinctions of Doctor of Medicine of the University of Philadelphia and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London. For ten years in the State of Louisiana he has been in active practice and carrying out the duties of medical officer of health for the national government, while all the time he has been an active and prominent member of the council of the Philadelphia University, the State branch of the National Medical Association, and a popular lieutenant of the Louisiana cavalry. His prominence in his profession should be a sufficient answer to these charges—a profession which if it does not conduce to the amassing of wealth, as Sir James Paget said, 'belongs to the nobler ambition of being counted among the learned and the good who strive by combining science with public utility and charity to make the future better and nobler than the past.'

Sir James Paget. Opening address to the International Medical Congress, [Boston 1881](#).

His career since he vacated the universities and medical colleges has been equally brilliant. His successes in the Augusta hospital and the large quantity of evidence adduced as to the capital operations which he has performed—some of his original methods having been the subjects of long dissertations by the various medical societies, and now described in standard works on surgery—stamp him as a man of most excellent ability. If he has been a brusque and freespoken man unversed in the alphabet of love, and if he has not been a plaything for the little vanities of women, he is a man of a great depth of devotion—a tower of strength whatever betide built upon the solid bedrock of natural goodness and unswerving faith in those he loved, and a pillar of protection from the missiles and the shafts of the world for those in whom his heart was placed. Can you, gentlemen, listen to the evidence of the large number of grateful patients who have attended the court to sound his praises and then turn away and declare that the man is a drunkard? His persecutors have concocted charges and suborned perjured hirelings to swear to them. How can a man attend to a medical practice such as his was at Sabinnia, with an income of fifteen thousand five hundred dollars a year, and yet be a drunkard? The idea is preposterous. His wife has had the audacity to come before you bedecked in all her gorgeous colours—

*'Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated pass
Dazzling and rich, as through love's burning-glass.'
Lalla Rookh. Thomas Moore. Correctly, 'Dazzling and warm'.*

Bitten with the pernicious itch for notoriety, this *soi-disant* bird of Paradise has the effrontery, I say, to come before you with her multiplying eyes and swear on her solemn oath that her husband was drunk unremittingly for nine years—*Great Bacchus riding on a goat! drunk for nine years!* That old crier there, gentlemen, might as well have said—'The evidence, bird of Paradise, which you shall give before the court and jury sworn shall be lies, all lies and nothing but lies, because you are not expected in the national court of the State of Louisiana to tell the truth.' Now, gentlemen, when a woman can come here and swear to such an outrageous statement as that, you need not be surprised at her other oaths on the subject of cruelty. In the celebrated cases of surgical operations with which he has been credited, a steady hand, a bold nerve, and a cool, collected head are the main factors that work for success. Every one of these numerous and unexceptional cases

has been a signal victory over disease. His hand is steady, his brain is clear, and observe—his eye is a bright blue. No traces of tippling blotches on his smooth complexion! no sign of alcohol in any shape or form! You heard his clear and explicit evidence in the witness-box, his circumspect and well-chosen replies, as in the warmth of his indignation he outwitted the aspersions of my learned friends, and established incontrovertible proofs of his absolute innocence of these accusations. How can a man do all these things and yet be a drunkard for nine years? It is an abominable lie on the part of his wife, who has bribed with the money she should have spent on her home and on her children crawling, squirming, sneaking, unprincipled pimps, lying mouchards, common informers, and what not, to make the law courts, contaminated as they are, rotten again with perjury. For months, like a pack of hounds in full cry, they have laid traps for him, spreading their trawls for him all over the country, and have lain in wait for him to 'nab' him, as they call it, in the dark. She has brought midnight marauders into his house in order to turn the scene created by herself to her own advantage after-wards in the court. They have imagined he was doing evil when he was doing good, in order to present falsified evidence against him, and enhance their reward from his vindictive and nefarious persecutors. For fifty years this tainted stream of rottenness and corruption has flowed in silently upon us, and settling in the lower levels of society it has been washed by the waves of fortune into places of wealthy alliance, high station and unmerited power; the efforts of our judges to stem its onward progress are as futile as an attempt to stop the Gulf Stream. In coming to the second charge of cruelty, the legal interpretation of which will be explained to you by his Honour when he summarises the evidence, I will draw your attention to this account-book, in order to show you the nature of the man. There, at the end of the last month of summer, you will see the work of the day neglected, and a cross to mark his baby's death, as well as a week's practice neglected while he sat by its suffering side. This is the man whose wife says that he threw the child out on the middle of the road—the very man whose work makes him the first and the last friend of humanity. Gentlemen, I blush for her! she can't blush for herself. Further, I will draw your attention to the tender incident at the grave, where he gathered buttercups from the mound over his lost little child and preserved them in order to send them to his absent wife, in one of those genuinely pathetic letters. He is a man impulsive and warm-blooded—perhaps leonine in temper, but never strategic nor crawling, and it would be impossible for him to do anything mean or cruel. These little traits in his character show him to be a man of a tender and soft-hearted disposition, while his wife's venom and malignity have been oppressing him in all his efforts to please her. Home after home he has established and relinquished for her, and has at different times kept two open for her at Galveston; while, serene in the whirl of her giddy gaieties and jollities at Edenhall, she has spurned his luxurious homes or has looked upon them as hotels kept for her convenience when it behoved her to remain by his side. From house to house she has gone with the malicious object of damaging his reputation and raining his practice; she has shown towards him the blackest treachery, and she has consorted with women of her own inclinations in her attempts to break down, 'good, easy man,' her unsuspecting husband. Gentlemen, we cannot gather grapes from thistles! Because he would not bow his knee before the false god of her money, and urged by the dire necessity of the enforced absence of his little ones, he has been by her, gentlemen,—by her alone. I say—goaded into applying to the Supreme Court, and to undergo a vast expense for the custody of the children whom he dearly loved. Finding his means exhausted by protracted litigation, she is prompted by evil advisers to assume the mask of reconciliation and return to her home, three years after those children had been restored, in order that she might play the cards in her sinuous game on a better vantage ground in his house, at the very time when all his munitions of war had been blown to the winds. None but a mean woman could have practised such treachery, lie-acting, and chicanery, and the petitioner is mean to the tips of her fingers. The colour of her money was very hard to see until now, and she was never known to do a kind action on behalf of anybody. She was always a money-spinner on vanities for herself; money for money's sake was her motto, and all her tastes were of the earth earthy. Not one act of charity was she ever known to perform, not one kind word of her husband did this modern Delilah ever utter. Calumny, malignity, backbiting and lying she freely practised among those outside whom she found willing to listen; vituperation and opprobrium reigned in her cantankerous breast whenever she was at her home. He is himself a man more sinned against than sinning against others. Not a mark can she show, not a scratch after nine years of married life; not one single witness can she bring to support her audacious charge. For acts of cruelty she relies on a few instances when, provoked and aggravated by her own violent behaviour, he retorted in the height of his aroused passion and, on the impulse of the moment, used before this supersubtle woman words which he regretted immediately afterwards. His worst act of cruelty about which she has made such a noise was the fact that one New Year's eve he brought into the drawing-room the whole contingent of the country brass band, knowing she was so fond of music and might not object to it in the dead of the night. Instead of the bird of Paradise, as she was called by herself and her own relations, she has shown herself to be a venomous and vicious creeping glistening serpent ready to strike at the happiness and reputation of her husband on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all—

*'Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime, that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives.'*

Lalla Rookh. Thomas Moore.

Look, gentlemen of the jury, at the lasting scar on her husband's face—the relic of a terrible gash which in her ebullient and demoniacal temper she inflicted with a bludgeon of a bowie-knife after hurling in a vertigo of passion through the window two costly porcelaine ornaments—a pair of presents which he had brought home for his little children. To offend the bird of Paradise was to find a savage. *She* has no symbol of violence to show; but as for that paradisaal autograph, what can—

*'Wholly do away I ween
The marks of that which once hath been?'*

Christabel. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

No just provocation was offered her then; her only motive was a maudlin jealousy at his bringing presents home to his little ones. Then she has tried her hardest to embitter against their father. She has poisoned their young and pliable minds with the venom of her own. To worry him by undermining their love, to make them inimical to their father, to inculcate hatred of him in their innocent lives, and to propagate filial insurrection, were her fanciful pleasures. She took all the pains she could to effect her black designs when they were young and impressionable. The little ones he loved as only a father can love. His children he spent his last dollar to redeem; the progeny of his own flesh and blood, whom he would have fallen to save—these she has made the tools for her vengeance, knowing what cruel weapons they would make against him. With her wanton tongue she comes before you, gentlemen of the jury, and swears that he ill-used them and neglected them, while we have oceans of evidence to establish the truth of his indulgences, his tenderness, and his burning love for them both. Not satisfied with wreaking her vengeance on her husband, she shamefully absents herself from her home as soon as she is left that money, and concocts a scheme for the spoliation of the character of an innocent and dutiful girl. Her name she tries to drag down from its pedestal of purity to emblazon and blacken it in the newspapers, and she has employed meretricious mouchards to aid her in her infamous work. Look, gentlemen, at the unfortunate position in which that young girl would have been placed were it not for the strong testimony of those great authorities on anatomical science before whom, clothed in the robe of her virtue, she offers herself unhesitatingly for examination, and comes out of the ordeal as pure and perfect as a child. Can you impugn the evidence of men like those illustrious scientists of the human frame when you heard them declare on their oaths that Lillie Delaine is a virgin? Ye gods! can you believe the lying evidence of those paid informers, those suspects and human vampires, and the false evidence of those witnesses brought into requisition by the petitioner, or attach any importance to the silly remarks of that nurse - girl — one of the veriest prudes ever known—whose dismissal Lillie Delaine had effected, in the face of the potential testimony of such clinicians as those? Can you doubt as men of the world that the attitude of this woman towards her husband was the result of any other cause than the legacy bequeathed to her by her opulent father? He married her for love when she was virtually a portionless girl, and she rounded upon him when she got hold of the money. What boots it with incessant care to gratify the bird of Paradise?

*'Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike:
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And whenever a new beam of beauty may strike,
It will tincture love's plumes with a different hue.'*

'Tis Sweet to Think. Thomas Moore.

Gentlemen, the time is speeding away. I do not think it at all necessary to expatiate upon the legal points in this case. I will take no advantage of the fact that any faults of the respondent were condoned by his wife's return and co-habitation. Nor will I dwell upon the fact that she contributed to any wrongs of which he may have been guilty. Even George Washington himself and every one of us has faults of his own, more or less. I will simply ask you to say that my old friend and fellow-student here, whom you have seen every day for seven weeks, is not the man he is represented to be by his detractors: that he is not an habitual drunkard: nor guilty of cruelty, nor guilty of adultery. He has been guilty of no more than a little indiscriminate hobnobbing, and as for

the fragmentary evidence regarding cruelty, the most that can be said is that when he inveighed against her own cruelties his language was not very flattering. As to the legal arguments of condonation, my theory is that there was nothing to condone, and as to contribution on his wife's part I say that there were no faults of any great consequence to which she might have contributed. This inelastic and intolerant woman yclept the bird of Paradise could do no wrong! I will conclude by alluding to the blackguardly attack made upon that sublime and spotless woman, the spiritual influence of whose personal endowments, adorned with a beauty which is rarely seen has, in bye-gone days, shed its irradiating glow over the youthful life of myself and my esteemed friend at the university; and a woman in whom there is no more sin than there is brandy and soda in the honeycomb.

'Her eyes' blue tenderness, her long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of her features—caught
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in her air,
That—but I know her blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought—
I should have deemed her doomed to earthly care.
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seemeth she—but how much more excellent
With nought Remorse can claim, nor Virtue scorn!"

Sonnet to Geneva (1). Lord Byron.

In his flamboyant peroration the scholarly George Wilmington, who had been at high-water mark all through the case, reached the boiling-point, and trembled with genuine red-hot indignation. All the emotion of his nature was aroused and his blood boiled in the flights of his eloquence. He had taken some days in the delivery of his address, and when it was concluded the leading counsel for the petitioner made an application to the judge for the postponement of his speech—the final speech for the petitioner—until the following day. In his opening address his colleague had done a great deal towards the proper besmearing of the respondent with mud; but he wished to make final preparation for the process of tarring him all over, so that none of Wilmington's white paint could be seen.

Judge Grant agreed to the proposition. He readily acquiesced in the postponement of the second attack on Eugene, and the crier adjourned the court till the following day at half-past nine in the morning.

When Eugene was leaving the court he chanced to meet his former friend and legal adviser, the junior working partner of the firm of Warne, Costall and Davitt. Although he had been shamefully deserted at a momentous and critical time by Costall, the senior partner of the successful firm, because he was on financial rocks, he still retained a slight acquaintance with Davitt.

"Your case," remarked Davitt. "has been irretrievably spoilt by the fact that the attention of the judge has not been drawn to the law points sufficiently. The discursive poetry will have no effect. The clause in the act relating to contribution and the clause relating to condonation should have been fully dilated upon before the judge and the jury. You have not brought into the evidence any particulars relating to your wife's frequent and prolonged desertions from home ever since you were married. The judge and the jury will assume that she never was long away from home, and so did not contribute to anything. They will think you chased her away just before the death of her father; they don't know that you parted with her on ostensibly friendly terms when she left your house just before she got the money. You made a blunder yourself by refusing to say anything bad about her: very noble and chivalrous, but no good at law. You should have given a full account of her frolics and love-passages with that interloping coxcomb. You should not have admitted drinking anything but the German lager beer; you should have thrown out some insinuations that it was doctored by Gloriana Bloobumper, and you should have laid more stress upon your mother's evidence and the evidence of Jonathan Scatter to prove an *alibi*; your mother should have proved the nature of the covert meetings with Lillie Delaine. That jury too will, I believe, fancy that the evidence of the medical men is only a case of *esprit du corps*. I am seriously afraid those questions of condonation and contribution will weigh heavily with the judge. If he thinks that your wife did not contribute to anything—and there is nothing put before him to show that she did contribute—he will place her before the jury as a perfect saintess and an injured innocent dove. Their sympathies, I'll warrant, are already aroused by that affectation of sobbing and blubbing on the part of your wife, and if they feel at all predisposed to side with her your case is lost. I could have won it with Grinder alone, as there is no moral doubt how it should have gone. Another thing, I have heard that they have been

trying to tamper with Obadiah Slocum and Ernest Cuddle. Can you lend us a dollar?" and the junior partner flippantly walked away saying he was on the track with Silas P. Grinder and had an appointment at a quarter past eight with somebody else in the city.

The newspapers were still afflicted with the bonus fever and the mawkish sympathy for Marvel. After painting the opening address of the counsel for the petitioner in glowing colours, printing little notes in the agony column like advertisements drawing public attention to the report, and all along suppressing as much as they could of the evidence given in the respondent's favour, they appeared that evening and the next morning with the bald and empty statement that Lawyer Wilmington had addressed the jury. The one-sided accounts and inspired commentaries of the papers—in some of which the parties were what is called in America 'leadered'

Treated in a leading article. [OED Online](#).

— were read every evening by every juryman in the bosom of his family.

In the little poky room rented from the grizzly old woman in Lynching Lane, which he entered by pulling the string and thus withdrawing the bolt of the draw-bads lock, Eugene sat moody, sombre and silent; the words of the acute Davitt and those of his father ringing like mournful death-knell tolling bells in his ears. Clear in conscience as he felt he was, the words of his former successful solicitor and the wisdom of his father intoned themselves into his restless brain, as had echoed the incantations of the officiating priest in the Sacred Heart cathedral during the incubation of the typhoid fever in his collegiate days. He prayed to God that the warning would prove untrue as he lay fatigued on that rickety, hot and uneasy bed and night-long heard the bells of the town hall tower toll and chime and toll.

The following morning, as he entered the quarter-dollar casino-restaurant, where he had been a regular attendant for coffee every morning since the first of April, when the case was commenced, everybody in the immense dining-hall seemed to know him. He caught them now and then casting sheep's-eyes in his direction. The waiter had suddenly become extraordinarily particular in knocking the crumbs off the table-cloth with a dirty towel and in bringing him the morning newspapers, where that morning he saw notified the mere fact that "lawyer Wilmington had addressed the jury."

Showering rain up till the time he arrived at the casino, and now the measured dismal drip, drip, drip as if in the sympathy of Nature for the unjustly treated man wending his way to the gloomy divorce court.

There he found the large forgathering of the "leisure classes" inside and outside the court and loitering in the corridors and the cloisters clustering around the quadrangle, with their pointed minarets shooting into the weeping, misty air, eagerly expectant of a brief oration by the counsel for the petitioner, a brief epitomization by the judge, and a brief retirement of the jury. The speech of Carrick, the second counsel for the petitioner, occupied two more days, and thus, as the tension of the wearisome case dragged its slow length along it reached the fiftieth day of hearing and still was posted up as 'part heard' on the tripods among the aloes and palms of the quadrangle.

Supported on either side by his academical *confrères*, by the whole of the rest of the belt of lawyers, Hallam, Brassy, Hoare, Craig and Clark in front of him, and the paradisal bird looming out extremely conspicuous and busy amongst them all, the gladiatorial member of the bar stood armed with a copious profusion of notes and memoranda and an enormous brief. Prompted in his delivery by every other member of the coalesced firms, with Lord Dundreary at regular intervals tugging away at his coat-tails and whispering something into his ear, while Marvel whispered in each of their private ears in rotation, after the usual preamble of an obeisance before the judge and the cessation of the desultory chatter in the galleries, the *blasé* Carrick delivered his counterblast to Wilmington's address:—

"May it please your Honour! Gentlemen of the jury"—with his thumbs in his waistcoat and his boot on the seat sitting up with one leg lame—the canine *post plastique*

An error – or a pun – for *pose plastique*. See note to Book 1, chapter 26.

for the jury—"My learned, poetical and erudite friend has evidently thought he would spring a mine upon us in this case by bringing four of the great medical guns of the city here to blow us all clean out of the water. Now, gentlemen, I don't care two straws for all the medical bunkum and bluster in the whole world (*great guffaw from Lord Dundreary*). I have enough proofs of adultery to hang any man. I will draw your attention to a case recorded in the year 1789, when a Dr. Trotter was mistaken in this respect. As strong evidence against the opinions of these medical experts I shall refer to that of the nurse-girl who gave her evidence with such remarkable clearness and precision—a girl who is quite disinterested in this matter, although an attempt has been made to show that her evidence has been biassed on account of her dismissal from the service of the petitioner on information laid against her by the notorious Lillie Delaine. The unmistakable evidence of the two honourable professional detectives corroborates that of the servant. Can any man in his sane senses believe that this misdemeanor left his house that night in Mobile with any but unworthy motives for consorting with that well-known jade in some disreputable kennel in the city? Why, bless my soul, all through this trial he has been living in a low neighbourhood! The secret meetings which he held with this wicked woman in the thick of the

forest at Mobile point clearly to the one conclusion—namely, adultery. On these grounds alone (*Lord Dundreary tugging away*) I might ask you to return a verdict of guilty; but, gentlemen, these undeniable proofs are further strengthened by the evidence of the immaculate lady from Galveston—the disinterested lady, whose honour my learned friend has shamefully endeavoured to impeach. I refer to our witness, Margery Moon. What need I care for Dr. Norman Dawn or Dr. Lionel Garland or Dr. Gabriel Marchbank or Dr. Godfrey Meredith, or the whole of the college of surgeons and scientists of America or the world, when I can adduce before you such proofs as these? What did the rascal make assignations for but for secret and adulterous purposes? Was it such pure platonic love that he felt for this girl that he found it desirable to consort with her like Rosalind in the woods and under the black veil of the night? (*the lord winks at the bird*). Gentlemen, don't we all know upon great authority too that men love darkness better than light because their deeds are evil? Insinuations have been made that these witnesses are all paid: that the domestic servants at Myamyn were purposely overpaid, and that they are not speaking the truth. Is it possible, I ask you, gentlemen, that any of these praise-worthy witnesses—these respectable women and these honorable men—would renunciate their immortal souls for gold? If not, you gentlemen must, as the Supreme Court of the great State of Louisiana, return a verdict for my client on the evidence. Are we not all paid, gentlemen? so that if that insinuation is allowed to damage the credibility of our witnesses, it must logically apply also to yourselves, gentlemen, as members of the jury, gentlemen, and the inviolate, infallible, immaculate Supreme Court of Louisiana. You are all paid by our client, and by our client alone! (*'clap on more sail,' from Brassy*). Had it not been, gentlemen, for the wasted life of that scoundrel sitting there, his money should have also contributed towards the costs and expenses of this national cause: you should have been paid with his money, but he has been rogue enough to swindle you, gentlemen, out of your just dues: not a cent, gentlemen, does this slouching dipsomaniac

One afflicted by an ungovernable craving for alcohol. [OED Online](#).
possess to relieve the terrible burden of costs our unfortunate client has single-handed to endure. Gentlemen, did you notice when my colleagues and myself were cross-examining the artful respondent we could not corner him into an admission of anything whatsoever? nor could we nail him down to one single acknowledgement. He would not rise to our fancy flies. Did you notice how he crossed swords and fenced with us and parried our home-thrusts with counter-thrusts and stoccadoes, and how he fended our incendiary shells? No sooner did it strike us, gentlemen, that we had him fixed than he would wriggle out of our hands and slip away again like an eel. (*Lord Dundreary at it again*). I do not wish to say that he is not a capable man in his profession when he keeps away from the drink. (*Bird of Paradise frowns and pulls his coat-tail*). His wife says so; but, gentlemen, I think it unnecessary to say so. I say more than this—I say that that scapegrace sitting there, gentlemen, is a man of great ability. Whitworth is the man we have to fight with his string of university degrees as long as your arm, not my scholarly friend, renowned as he is in all the provinces of the law. All the greater shame for the blackguard, gentlemen, to have lived the drunken useless life which he has lived, and all the greater reason why he should have supported and cherished his wife, the bird of Paradise, gentlemen! and his children more than he has done. Just imagine yourselves, gentlemen, with those academical honours around your necks. Would you lay yourselves down in the gutter with them? I hear your answer, gentlemen, and it is a right noble answer! You have seen him sitting there for nearly two months. No doubt he has given you the impression that he is not so black as he has been painted. Gentlemen, the devil never is as black as he is painted! you must remember, gentlemen, that this Portuguese lushington

Drunkard. [Partridge 1972](#).
has been on his good behaviour here and that in every place where he has lived during the past nine years we have put witnesses into the box to swear that they have frequently seen him the worse for liquor. His partner, gentlemen, after sacrificing one half share in his scientific business for a paltry sum of money has told us that in his opinion—and, gentlemen, this is the disinterested opinion of a medical expert—that man sitting there is a confirmed, incurable and hopeless drunkard. By this inveterate habit he ruined the practice in which the eminent Professor Jonas Peck had the misfortune to vouchsafe him one-half share. He had not joined that distinguished witness as partner more than six months, gentlemen, when it was found necessary to bring about a dissolution. What better authority can you have on this head than that medical gentleman, unsurpassed as he is in his profession; who has for six months watched carefully every day every action and every move of this man who is fairly lousy with vices of all sorts. (*A wful guffaw from Lord Dundreary and over goes the book-show upon the floor*). If there be any bias on the part of the nurse-girl what bias can there be on the part of a high-class witness like Dr. Jonas Peck? the surgeon-general of the Louisiana cavalry brigade, who at one time conferred a great favour upon the respondent by honouring him with a partnership, but who, gentlemen, since he found it necessary to wash his hands of this lousy sweep—rotting in the cesspool of his own degradation—has no connection with him nor with his wife one way or another. As to the charge of cruelty, gentlemen of the jury, I do not wish to deceive your minds with the impression that the respondent has been in the habit of knocking his wife about, flogging her, or in any way assaulting her with violence. I will simply

draw your attention to the evidence of our pitiable client touching the incident of the night of Easter eve—I refer to the burning of the hall-decorations and the hurling of the baby as described by my client in the dead of a miserable night upon the middle of a miserable road; his hindrance of her when attempting to enter the house again that wretched night, and his forcing his wife to stay out all night, of which exposure her baby died; again, to the incident of the great yataghan pulled out of its sheath as described by my client with the murderous intention of running her through, and what is more important, gentlemen, the fact that the servants saw this pot-valiant *gamin*

Urchin. [OED Online](#).

after one of his soldiering *fiascos* standing over that bare blood-thirsty blade lying on the surgery floor; lastly, to the abusive epithets he has hurled at our client from time to time, as corroborated by the reputable witnesses Gloriana Bloobumper and Esmeralda Knight, in his ungovernable fits of unaroused temper: (*sympathy, sympathy, sympathy, whispered all the tail-tugging firm*). Gentlemen, it is not my intention to evoke your sympathies or excite your pity for that meek and lowly young girl (33) whose scalding floods of tears at her deplorable condition and in sorrow for her vile husband you have seen so frequently in the witness-box and on the floor of the court; (*and on the head of the crier*)—tears, gentlemen, which have watered and weakened her own story to the court. I will simply say that it is utterly impossible for her to be ever re-united with that worthless animal, and I will ask you to dissolve this so-called holy bond of marriage as it is alone in your power to do and thus liberate not only our client but the animal himself from the life-long burden of an unhappy union. My learned friend has not pressed the legal questions of condonation and contribution on my client's part, so that I need not trespass further on your time, which you have so nobly and so generously devoted to this and your country's cause." (*Tableau! the mouchoir out again*).

Here all the other ingredients of the combined firm, as if they had suddenly thought of something forgotten, simultaneously sprang at Carrick, pulling the coat sleeves of the rhetorical fighting champion and trying as if to chew off a bit of his ear, whereat he concluded with a memorable peroration by shouting in big top notes—"I will conclude, gentlemen, by again reminding you of the fact that my client has deposited the sum of eighteen hundred bright jingling dollars in the office of the State sheriff in the court, such sum to be divided amongst you, and that each gentleman of the jury—paramount part and parcel as he is of the constituted Supreme Court of this mighty State of Louisiana—as soon as the verdict is properly given will be paid his fees in full, because as much has been deposited in the office as will cover the sum total of the costs to date and there are plenty more bright ringing dollars where the others came from, as I need hardly say. Their beauty no age can wither nor custom stale their infinite variety

After Shakespeare, Antony and Cleopatra, II.ii.

. As my learned friend has offered you so much poetical incense I will conclude with a little couplet of my own composition—

*You can do without a wife and you can do without a drink
But you can't do without the jolly chink-chink-chink."*

Carrick's arguments were interlarded

To smear internally with something. [OED Online](#).

with specimens of tiresome braggadocio and repeated *ad nauseam*. His methods were those of what Shakespeare called "damnable iteration,"

Henry IV Part 1, I.ii.

with the hopes that some of the mud thrown would stick, but the jury were so thick-headed that they felt and could well afford to feel not in the slightest degree bored and partook of his palavering, hectoring and blatant *réchauffé*

Literally 'reheated'; reiterated material.

without showing any signs of "dropping off gorged"

As in a blood-sucking insect, satisfied; attribution uncertain.

whatsoever. The final attack of the counsel for the petitioner was voted by his superior in eloquence, George Wilmington and the junior counsel for the defence (who had never had an opportunity of lifting up his voice or cross-examining a single witness, but who assiduously all the time had busied himself diving into the depths of the seas of affidavits and judgments) as an egregiously weak production. Albeit the other side had the advantage of the last say to the jury, they both volunteered to Eugene the opinion that the case was going on very satisfactorily for him, and that they had no manner of doubt whatever about winning the day.

At the conclusion of the address to the jury the court adjourned for lunch, and at half-past two it was announced by Judge Grant that he would require three days to compend a synopsis of the evidence. On that

account he would not be prepared to deliver his compendium until the following Thursday, unto which day he would be compelled to prorogue the court for the hour of half-past nine.

The three days passed demurely away. Each oppressive tropical May morning as Eugene walked by force of habit to the national court, spending the days on fatigue duty

The extra-professional duties of a soldier, sometimes allotted to him as punishment for misdemeanour.

[OED Online](#), *n.*, 3a.

, listening to other cases in other courts and strolling back again to his little room in Lynching Lane as the sun was going down veiled in a summer haze, and beyond the long ridge of waters of the gulf there glowed the deep magenta of the western sky; still the prophecies of his father and the recusant

Dissenting. [OED Online](#), sense 2.

vaticinations

A prognostication or prophecy. [OED Online](#).

of his former solicitor reverberated in his ears with every step and every eerie thought.

Eastward again in his triumphant march glowed the morning sun, risen high enough to illuminate one footpath, as on that black-letter day—that day of days, that day which in spite of the prescience of his barristers he felt to be pregnant with fear, and the principal day in the crisis of his life—he walked to the court without any breakfast, *for all his pocket-money was gone*. Again on the fifty-fifth day of the great matrimonial campaign the national court was, if possible, more closely packed than it had been on some of the former occasions. Judge Grant entered with an armful of notes of his own and legal exhibits after the jury had taken their seats in the pound.

Three clear days and three clear nights every member of that jury had been at liberty! The door, as it were, was open for the abuse of their sworn functions, although for that matter they had been released every evening from the court control and had thus been amenable to the influences of which old Christopher and Anthony Davitt had spoken.

Pin-drop silence! Not a stir; not a sound could be heard anywhere beneath the dome of the solemn court as the oracle prepared to deliver his authoritative circumlocutory and illuminatory epitomization to the jury, and indirectly to the assembled audience, and to pull the skin of mystification over the eyes of Obadiah Slocum and his mates.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began *sotto voce* and with a twinkle in his eye, "you have patiently listened to one of the most painful cases of *mésalliance* and mal-assimilation over which it has been my lot to preside in this court for divorce and matrimonial causes jurisdiction. From the first the union between this man and his wife appears to have been an ill-assorted one; but nothing seems to have transpired between the parties of any great consequence till they went to reside at Sabinnia. In these cases the husband it must be understood is placed at a great disadvantage naturally. The petitioner is a young and feeble woman of some monetary pretensions, and in a great many ways deserving of our sympathy: while the respondent is a strong young man, who chiefly by his own personal exertions has raised himself high in the noble profession to which he belongs—a profession which regards character and inherent worth as the goal of the true ambition. He holds some of the highest medical degrees and diplomas in the world, and has made for himself a name in the domain of surgery and upon the field of battle, but a name cloyed with alcohol, for there is evidence that at times he has been too fond of 'Johnny Barleycorn.' According to an act of Congress any man or woman is entitled to a dissolution of marriage upon the grounds of habitual intemperance, cruelty, or adultery. Upon the ground of habitual intemperance, or upon the ground of habitual cruelty, or upon the ground of repeated acts of adultery, or upon all the grounds conjointly, this young woman is entitled by law to sue for a divorce from her husband. Her solicitors have decided for her to petition the court upon them all and severally. Conviction of habitual intemperance alone or of cruelty alone will suffice to procure a decree. In order to entitle her to a divorce she must prove that for a term of two years her husband has been an habitual drunkard, or during the like period that he has been guilty of habitual cruelty. Now, my definition of an habitual drunkard is 'a man who habitually gets drunk.' A question arises as to whether the legislature in passing this act implied that the habit must be continuous for two years, or whether it may be calculated by adding together detached and separate periods during a long range of years—say nine years in the case of the respondent, who has been married for that length of time. In my opinion it is not necessary for the habit to be continuous. It does not matter how long the interval is between his carousals, my definition of an habitual drunkard would still be unaffected; even for example if in a range of nine years we add together the first year and the ninth year, or skipping over an interval of four years up to the middle of the epoch and over a later interval of three years, or taking the first two years and allowing that he has never been under the influence of liquor for seven years. He is still in my purview of the law an habitual drunkard! If we recapitulate the fragmentary evidence of the witnesses for the petitioner we will be acting wisely, because the positive evidence in reference to the habit is of incomparably greater weight than wagon-loads of negative evidence, and it is very difficult to prove a negative, even if the witnesses who give

the negative testimony had seen the respondent every day of the nine years, for which length of time he has been married. Such witnesses have sworn in large numbers—and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they are for the most part ladies and gentlemen of some independent standing in society—that they have known the respondent to be a sober and temperate man for very long periods extending over seven years. Still, as against these reputable witnesses, whose testimony we will shelve, we have some who have given what I maintain is more valuable evidence—namely, that they have actually seen him under the influence of liquor more or less at various times. The difference between being drunk and being under the influence of liquor you must decide for yourselves, as I am never in either condition myself. Eliminating altogether these negative witnesses, and qualifying to a large extent the evidence of his wife, who has sworn that he was drunk every day for nearly a decade, we may add the periods together as follows:—At Augusta there are evidences of five months of intemperate habits, after which we may skip over a period of two and a-half years and reckon upon four months' intemperance at Galveston; after which we skip over a period of one and a-half years and come to another four months at Sabinnia; after which we must take the evidence of his late partner, and allot him a period of six months when practising at New Orleans; after which we skip over a period of one year and allot him three months inebriety at Summer Hill; and after skipping again over a period of two years, we must take the invaluable evidence of persons who saw him daily and in his own house—Myamyn at Mobile. I refer to the evidence of Miss Gloriana Bloobumper and Miss Esmeralda Knight, who gave evidence for the petitioner, and allot him a period of a final two months. Thus you see, gentlemen of the jury, we have from the year 1845 to the year 1854 a series of distinct and separate periods. By adding together the estimated number of months of inebriety and intemperance, according to this process of logical synthesis, we get a total of twenty-four months, or a term of two years as required by the wording of the act, which says that the respondent must be found to be an habitual drunkard for two years; but of course you will take into account the disadvantage under which the respondent labours in the difficulty of proving a negative. It is for you to decide whether or not these hidebound generalities will apply to the respondent, and it is a great relief to me to leave the question to the intelligence of the jury, as I confess I could not conscientiously decide it myself. Cruelty, gentlemen, is a legal term. It does not at law signify bodily cruelty. There is no collateral evidence that the respondent ever injured a hair of this woman's head, although it has been elicited that on a few occasions she was the unprovoked aggressor and violently assaulted him—on one occasion, I regret to say, in a manner that might have ended in his death; but that is beside the question seeing that he should have used antiphlogistic

Counteracting or calming inflammation (or excitement). [OED Online](#).

remedies for his petulant wife's anger instead of giving her passions full play. Her own evidence that he tried to kick her on the face when he was dead drunk I regard as too ridiculous to notice. Abusive language towards a wife calculated to bring her into contempt by servants and the like, aspersions on her virtuous character before servants—even if such aspersions be true—insults that humiliate and demean her are at American law cruelty. On this head we have the evidence of the hypercritical wife herself chiefly to depend upon, but the evidence of a wife against her husband must always be taken *cum grano* and viewed with suspicion; notwithstanding, the premises for our logical syllogism are to a certain extent corroborated by the evidence of the women at Myamyn—those two women were the last servants in the petitioner's employ, and the evidence of domestic servants is of the greatest value in these cases. The petitioner herself has told us that her husband openly insulted her, and has also accused her of immorality; but these points are inadequately substantiated by any other witnesses for the applicant for divorce. The respondent has refused to give any evidence on these matters, and thus he has increased the difficulty of proving a negative. Worse and worse! we have among the exhibits with which you will be furnished when you retire, a letter written by the respondent to his wife asking her to contribute something to the support of the house when she volunteered to return to Myamyn. Now, gentlemen, I consider that by writing that letter he treated her like adog! Upon the question of adultery we have the evidence of private detectives and other sightseers to rely upon chiefly. They say they 'nabbed' him in the scrub, but this is a class of evidence which the court always views with great suspicion and distrust. The evidence of the Galveston woman I altogether discount as unworthy of belief, and the evidence of the nurse-girl as frivolous and prejudiced. On the whole the positive signs and proofs of adultery are invisible and immaterial.

Against these we have the ponderous evidence of the concurrence of opinion in four of the most eminent clinicians in the city, the evidence of one of whom, as for instance the evidence of Dr. Gabriel Marchbank, who has made the anatomy and conformation of woman a life-long study, is to my mind enough to prove that the respondent has not been guilty of adultery with the young woman Lillie Delaine: the theory of whose unsullied virginity I entirely and cordially endorse. There is not a stigma upon the girl. The efforts of counsel to explode the expert evidence of such scientists as those were as futile as an attempt to blast a rock with a Chinese cracker. If you can exclude the impossible or the extremely improbable from the logical process it is a certainty or a thousand to one chance that whatever remains must be the truth, no matter how improbable it may seem. Although the counsel for the petitioner has indicated a case where a mistake was discovered to have been made

by a careless medical man, and has pointed out that all the signs *may be* fallacious, it does not follow that taken collectively all the signs *are* fallacious, but that they may be when taken individually. Now the medical evidence in this instance dealt with collective and not individual proofs, and the statement that all the signs are fallacious cannot be made to cut both ways. Mark that point. It is a most unusual and reprehensible practice in a case of this sort or in any other case, for a defendant to act as his own solicitor. The statement of the girl Lillie Delaine concerning her experiences as general servant to the parties when they lived together, and subsequently as working housekeeper to the doctor and his two children, bears to a large extent the imprint of truth; but the fact of the respondent revising the notes which she made must be viewed by you as a jury with great suspicion. There is an uncommonly strong resemblance between the respondent and his brother, the rising young American dentist; but if you carefully observed you will have noticed a very slight moustache on the dentist. I do not think that the detectives could be mistaken in identifying the respondent whom they say they saw talking to the young woman one moonless night at Galveston, and his brother does not appear to be a man addicted to any unworthy form of conduct. If you think that the respondent was at the place indicated instead of his brother, in spite of the evidence of the girl herself, Jonathan Scatter, both of the brothers, and the trustworthy witness Miriam Whitworth, it might afford you a strong link in the evidence of adultery as alleged by the petitioner; and then again, you will be confronted with the difficulty of reconciling the negative evidence with the positive evidence, for if you get the negative evidence into your heads it will drive out the positive evidence, and if you get the positive into your heads it will likewise drive out the negative. If you pick up the thread of the positive evidence and examine it as to its length and fibre you will require to put it down again so that you may pick up the thread of the negative evidence and examine it as to its complex consistence: you cannot tie the two threads together unless you have them both at the same time in your hands, and in your heart-breaking attempts to tie the ends of the positive threads and the ends of the negative threads together you will be perplexed at finding how mysteriously both the positive threads and the negative threads will disappear, and, in short, you will find that you will be all abroad and won't know where you are. I thank God that these subtleties devolve upon your own capacities! and under the mistiness and chaotic confusion of circumstances there would be nothing derogatory in your final determination to retain or abandon either the positive evidence or the negative evidence and decide which of the two you will retain by the time-honoured method of tossing up a cent or a dollar. It has not been pointed out to me by any of the witnesses for the respondent, or the respondent himself, or by his learned counsel, that the petitioner condoned any faults which her husband may have had prior to her return to cohabit with him at Myamyn. She herself has stated that her object in going there was not to forgive her husband nor to cohabit with him, but simply to reside under the same roof so as to keep him under her personal *espionage*, and the children under her surveillance. It was merely a *ruse de guerre*, or perhaps we may call it a little autumn manœuvre

A name applied to several historic military campaigns occurring in the autumn, or allusively to a small campaign.

, insomuch she has stated that at Myamyn all her graces were laid up in lavender

Both 'put away' and 'taken great care of'. [Brewer 1898 \(2010\)](#)

. The plea of condonation has not been put before me: therefore I conclude that there was no condonation. No use can be made of such a negative condition at law. If there were positive evidence of condonation it would be sufficient to render nugatory a petition for dissolution of marriage, albeit if that plea were used it would be necessary to show an actual and absolute forgiveness of the past and a return to the mutual loves as in the days of old. Then again, the plea of contribution to any faults which the respondent may have had has not been raised against the petitioner by the respondent, who averred his resolution to make no imputations unduly detrimental to his wife's character, nor by any of his witnesses nor by the learned counsel in his address to the jury. To grant a decree in spite of contribution would be dead against the basic principle of the act. This plea I regard as a strong bar to the granting of a decree for divorce; but as it has not been infringed upon in the evidence or in the address for the defence, I regard the plea as not affecting your decision. You must therefore come to the conclusion that the wife has never at any time since she was married to the respondent by any word, act or deed, contributed in even the slightest degree to any faults of which you may find him guilty. You may go even farther than that, and consider that she has carried out her wifely duties in a perfectly right and proper manner and that in spite of her exertions to preserve domestic peace he has broken through the vows which he made at the altar to love her and cherish her till death. For whatever faults you find him to blame he is of his own act alone guilty in this respect. I am very thankful, gentlemen of the jury, that the task of discussing and answering the category of questions which I intend to submit to your consideration rests upon yourselves, for 'in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.' It is for you, constituted as you are in reality the Supreme Court of Louisiana, to say *Yea* or *nay* to the petition of Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth for the scission of her marriage with Eugene Percival Whitworth by your answers to the several questions which I will put before you as follows:—

- (i) Has the respondent, Eugene Percival Whitworth, for a period of two years and upwards been guilty of habitual drunkenness?
- (ii) Has the respondent, Eugene Percival Whitworth, for a period of two years and upwards, been guilty of habitual cruelty towards Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth, the petitioner?
- (iii) Has the respondent, Eugene Percival Whitworth, been guilty of adultery with one Lillie Delaine, as stated in the affidavit accompanying the petition?
- (iv) Has the petitioner, Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth, by her return to her husband condoned the alleged intemperance and the alleged cruelty and the alleged adultery of Eugene Percival Whitworth, the respondent?
- (v) Has the petitioner by her own acts condoned or contributed to any of the wrongs complained of in the petition?

To questions number four and number five I shall expect a negative answer."

The jury were then asked to retire to their room to consider their verdict. In reply to questions by the foreman the apostolic quartette largely representing the order of the angelic life—the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana—were fully assured three times that they would be provided with alcoholic refreshments, *ad libitum*

At pleasure.. [Jones 1963:4](#).

, during their confinement.

Just as a telegraph messenger boy brought into the court a cablegram

A message sent by submarine telegraph cable. [OED Online](#).

for Eugene, the jury retired from the open court on the understanding that they were to be called again before Grant J. at eight o'clock that night, or four hours afterwards, with the hopes that they would be able to hand in their verdict. The main body of the audience left their seats, passing all sorts of opinions about the round declamations and crotchety peculiarities in the address of the grave and reverend seigneur on the mahogany throne.

Eugene remained. Opening the cablegram which he had received, he found it contained an offer for him to join an expedition under the governorship of Sir George Grey of New Zealand

Sir George Grey became governor of Cape Colony in 1854. The circumstances of Eugene's involvement, however, seem implausible.

, for the suppression of a threatened uprising among the Kaffirs

One of a South African race belonging to the Bantu family. Also, usually disparagingly, with reference to any Black African. [OED Online](#).

of the Cape of Good Hope excited by previous maladministration. It further pointed out prospects of a good medical opening at the Cape Colony, and urged him to leave without delay for South Africa.

Hurriedly putting the cablegram in his coat pocket, and absent-mindedly almost forgetting its full purport, he left in company with his legal defenders, both of whom felt some chagrin at the utterances of Judge Grant, while in Eugene's brain rang in uproarious confusion the forebodings of his old father, the fears of the separatist tendencies of the jury, the recusations of his former successful solicitor, and the awestrking sentences of the judge. Leaving the barristers, he met Brosie, who had relinquished his business to spend a few days in the court awaiting the result of the trial. He showed him the cablegram from South Africa.

Deciding to accept the appointment, he telegraphed to his father to bring the children away from Galveston, in order that he might sail away with them to the Cape of Good Hope. He feared that, even if he won the case, the ever-vigilant centaurs, the Philistines, might make an application to the court for an order that the children be made wards of the State, as in the "Evening Apparatus" a cablegram had appeared stating that he had been asked to join the military expedition. This order could have been obtained, as it was within the power of the Supreme Court to make the children wards of the national government of the United States, insomuch they were *beneficiaries* under the will of their maternal grandfather, the great departed Julian Jasper Gould, who had he lived would have squelched the capers of Birdie.

He also sent a cablegram to his old military captain at Aldershot

Aldershot was the first camp in England set up to train troops on a large scale; established 1854. [Hantsweb 2010](#).

apprising him of the fact that he intended to leave by the first ship, which was advertised to sail from the mouth of the river within three days—the since ill-fated "Rosalind." After paying for the cablegrams, all he had left of the small remittance from the commissariat of his father were a few small silver coins. Again he was confronted with the crime of poverty; he had the yataghan, but he had not the fare for the voyage. Fortunately Brosie had some money — not only sixes and fours, but enough to pay for three passages to Port Elizabeth.

At half-past seven, in company with Brosie, he wandered back again to the national court, Brosie presaging a favorable verdict. Punctually at eight o'clock the crier summoned the jury from its seclusion.

The four good men filed along the aisle of the beleaguered court and stood on the figured crimson carpet near where Eugene sat with his champions. The intelligent men had not solved the subtleties of the theorem. They did not expect to do so until the grog was finished and at all events for another four hours, whereupon they were again sent back to the jury-room, after obtaining a grant of further alcoholic supplies from Grant J. The liberal supply which they had been in the first place allowed had run short, but they avowed that they found the stimulants a great incentive to their deliberations. Grant J. himself thought it might have the effect of stimulating their debating abilities, and adjourned the court, then illuminated with the fierce light which beat upon the throne in the shape of a tallow candle, until the hour of midnight.

Idling about the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue and the Mississippi Quays and counting the moments of the lingering hours, Eugene waited with Brosie until again the court assembled just before midnight, crowded to overflowing, as it had been every day during the hearing.

Every officer reappeared at his post, while the friend of Eugene and Wilmington, whom they had encountered in the hotel where the solicitor resided with his wife at the close of the month of March, appeared in the uniform of a major of artillery after an evening's drill in the city garrison hall. His handsome form and soldierly mien conspicuous amongst the undress crowd and the be-robed and bob-wigged barristers of the national court, he stood beneath the glimmer of the lurid candle-light, flickering on the desk of the judge, and whispered to Eugene that the general public predicted a victory for him.

All stood, most of the audience in the dark, as his Honour entered, and again the whole court went through the ceremony of curtsying reflex obeisance.

"Summon the jury," said Judge Grant as he took his seat on the throne of Solon

An ancient ruler of Athens; see also note to book II, chapter 3.

. In measured steps and in dead silence throughout the spacious building the crier marched to the door of the jury-room. He knocked. The door opened again, and the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana defiled along the floor of the court, standing in line on the red carpet again.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, gleaming through the murky glimmer of the tallow candle: "have you arrived at your decision?"

Obadiah Slocum replied that the jury had decided.

"What say you as to the question—has the respondent, Eugene Percival Whitworth been for two years and upwards guilty of habitual intemperance?"

"Yes, yeroner," said the old Obadiah: "unanimous." Grant J. wrote down the answer, and Eugene started.

"What say you as to the question—has the respondent been for two years and upwards guilty of habitual cruelty?"

"Yes, yeroner," replied Slocum: "unanimous." Grant J. wrote down the answer. Eugene started and stared, fairly staggered. The judge questioned them if they meant habitual cruelty, and Obadiah Slocum replied that they did.

"What say you as to the question—has the respondent been guilty of adultery with Lillie Delaine, as stated in the affidavit accompanying the petition?"

"No, yeroner," said the old Obadiah: "unanimous," and Grant J. wrote down the answer with a smile.

"What say you as to the question—has the petitioner, Marvel Imogen Narramore Whitworth, by her return to the domicile of the respondent condoned the intemperance and cruelty?"

"No, yeroner," replied Slocum: "unanimous:" and Grant J. wrote down the answer.

"What say you as to the question—has the petitioner, by her own acts, contributed to any of the wrongs complained of in the petition?"

"No, yeroner," replied Obadiah Slocum: "unanimous." Grant J. wrote down the answer, and Eugene stared, petrified and as pale as death. The uncanny expression on his face as the appalling replies came from the foreman of the jury, all of whom had been so importunate for alcoholic supplies in the jury-room, was never seen there before or ever since. He looked with his eyes wide open up and down the line of those shame-faced men, who turned their heads away from his astounded gaze. White with rage and disappointment, groaning under the sudden sense of a glaring injustice, he could have flown at the throats of every one of the inimical quartette and called him a liar then and there, while his barrister sa: bewildered and crest-fallen—a picture of discomfiture and dismay.

He heard the application of the bullying barristers for an immediate decree for dissolution. It was deferred. Stricken with anguish he paused.

Quickly came the dreaded corollary—the application for the hellish pendant to the decree or the concomitant order for the custody of his children. He heard the pronouncement of the judge postponing the delivery of his final ukase

An order or regulation of a final or arbitrary nature (originally Russian). [OED Online](#).
for another two days. Sufficient to the day was the evil thereof!

The Gospel of Matthew, 6:34.

Still he stabbed the consciences of the jury with his fixing gaze, till hearing an order from the judge for the interim custody of the children by the petitioner, in case their father might take them away to the Cape of Good Hope out of the jurisdiction of the country, he sprang from his seat, without a word to his overwhelmed lawyer, and left the court.

He waited in agony of mind and the deepest abyss of despair till the ship came sailing into the harbour on the following evening with his ravished and invaluable treasures—the precious gems of his solicitude and the amulets of an undying love defying time and change: the charms of his chequered life and the reft fountains of his happiness—their very names the harmonious music of his soul.

Chapter XVII. The Judgment.

*"They have taken thy brother and sister dear,
They have made them unfit for thee;
They have withered the smile and dried the tear
Which should have been sacred to me.
To a blighting faith and a cause of crime
They have bound them slaves in youthly time;
And they will curse my name and thee
Because we fearless are and free."*

INNOCENT and unconscious of all, little Pearly and Valentine came sailing over the blue waters of the moonlit harbour, as the s.s. Orange majestically glided into her berth at the Mississippi Quay. The immediate surroundings of the splendid sights in the river mouth engrossed their attentions and they knew nothing of what for almost two months had been going on in the national court. One little episode alone that occurred at Galveston might have presented itself for reflection to their verdant minds when at play a little girl belonging to Jonathan Scatter after falling out with Pearly piqued her little pert individualism against her and told her that she was no good and that was why her mother wouldn't live with her.

The symbolic agony portrayed on their father's face as, like Alice in Wonderland, they stepped down the accommodation ladder to the quay, they instinctively noticed. "Puppa, Puppa! listen, listen!" said Pearly; "I'm out of the second and Vallie's out of the first! and it's such a nice school, puppa, and such nice teachers and flowers. I'm going to get a prize Chrissims and Vallie's going to get a prize too lady said so. Puppa what you think Vallie's got a doll, he made it out of a backle and he puts it to sleep evvie night and he's broke the rockle-horse puppa! and he says you'll get him anunner. Little girl such a nasty little little girl she says me an' Vallie's no good. I are, are I puppa? and Vallie hit her and pushed her over so she cried and tole her mudder." "I knock her over iv dat illie finger jess like dat," put in Vallie, "and I don't care for her mudder neiver." "Puppa," alternated Pearly, "me and Vallie wants to go back to that unnie pace with the summer-house and the beach and take Prince: I could get anunner accordeon dress and Brosie says he'll come to play the castanets." "Mamma's not comin', is she puppa?" "She might find anunner whip." chimed in Vallie, and Pearly avowed "She's a naughty mumma lady tole me and when I get a big girl I'm going to be mumma, eh puppa? and mind the pace," "Oh yes!" concluded Vallie, "and I'm goin' to be a B'osie and pull out all Pearly's toofs for nuffin."

Eugene told his sorrowful father the details of the verdict, grieving again over the calamity of the inevitable pendant to the decree that Pearly and Vallie must go with the divorce, when they both pricked up their ears and importuned him for the information as to where they were going. Telling them they were going back to their mother, they both began to cry; Pearly rubbing her chubby little fist into her eye, saying she was a naughty mumma, and Vallie evincing sudden terror of the lashings which she had given him at Myamyn.

Disconsolate and dismayed, he walked about with them, for the last time he thought, on the sandy shore. When it was getting dark he took them to the Cross and Crown Hotel, and at bed-time carried them upstairs to their beds. They said the little verses he had taught them. He thought them appropriate to himself. The lines had just been published; Pearly lisping—

*"Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave*

*Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."*

and Vallie with greatly improved articulation—

*"In the worl's byoard fiel of backle,
In the bivyouack of life,
Be not like drum djiven cackle,
Be a hearer in the shtife."*

The Psalm of Life

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

contained the last verses he heard from their infant lips, and soon the little *voyageurs* were sound asleep again.

In desperation he wandered away to the house of his legal adviser, leaving his father in charge of the children. He found the lawyer quite overpowered with the disastrous defeat, brooding over all manner of misgivings and unable to account for the inscrutable responses of the jury. Opportunely Eugene drew his attention to the information which he had received from his own witnesses—that Marvel's slavish friend the busybody Simon Bibtitt followed the jurymen wherever they went after leaving the court and entertained them at the Oxford Hotel night after night, fraternizing with them tor hours.

"If I only had a little money," said Eugene. "I would certainly appeal to the grand court against such an infamous decision, or even the Grand National Council of Judges; but I have none, and thereby hangs a sad tale. You have done your best and I wish to honestly thank you for your noble services, which I will pay for as soon as I possibly can." His voice faltered.

"Man was made to mourn," said the lawyer. "There ought certainly to be an appeal, but the judge's notes alone will cost five hundred and fifty dollars at the least, and I have been at such a heavy loss already that I can bear no more. There could be an appeal on the ground that the judge misdirected the jury on the subject of habitual intemperance. It was the funniest way of reckoning up a habit I ever heard. If it had been any one of the barristers in the case he might have reckoned up ten years just as easily, or thirty in the case of Brassy and his brother. Then again, he was wrong in directing the jury to find no condonation and no contributory conduct on your wife's part. There was a strong causal connection between the desertion and the drinking. I never thought he would take such a view as he did. We should have brought out the evidence on these counts more fully; but as for the question of cruelty after the evidence of such witnesses as we put in the box, I am totally at a loss to understand the verdict of the jury—it's a puzzle to me with a vengeance altogether. They have made the logical blunder common to juries, the blunder of begging the whole question."

The doctor then explained to his erstwhile counsel that even if an appeal were lodged it would require to be done at once and that he would not be able to remain in America for the hearing of a new trial, or the hearing of an appeal, inasmuch as he had accepted an offer to join an expedition against the Kaffirs at the Cape of Good Hope, where he intended to sail by the sailing ship "Rosalind."

Further questions put to the barrister as to the feasibility of his taking the children away with him the next morning to the new country were productive of a strong disapproval by the lawyer of his doing anything of the kind. He even went the length of telling Eugene that if he made any attempt to remove the children out of the jurisdiction of the United States it would be his bounden duty as a member of the bar to at once inform the other side.

Hard he pressed his counsel to urge with all his might and main upon the judge the fact that he had fairly fought for and won the children before, and the justice of making an equitable compromise and leaving him one of them — either Pearly or Vallie, whichever the judge would allow. The lawyer promised to do his best in the morning, and consoling him with the hopes of rescuing one of the children from the rapacious clutches of their mother, he left and returned to the Cross and Crown Hotel. After his father had gone to bed he slowly stole upstairs in silence. All night long he sat remorseful and dejected, watching over his little ones as for the last time they slept under the jealous guard of Eugene, dreaming their little forebodings of uncertain days to come. Had he any means for taking them away, he would have forgotten or banished from his mind all fears of pains and penalties for contempt of the court, which he felt had unjustly judged him: but he had not one loophole of escape.

As the day dawned and across the prairie the sun shone in all its august magnificence upon the window, he

looked forward to their awakening as they had always done betimes at Myamyn. Long after sunrise they lay, while he watched over them and pined over the brief interval of time before they would be ravished away out of his sight; sleeping their last tired sleep under the far-away look of their father, suffering as he did the extremes of mental torture and parting with his little treasures in a slow and languishing farewell, as tired after their long voyage they lay together before him "their eyelids almost blue as if the sky of dreams shone through"

Jenny. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

in the breaking twilight of their deep sleep.

Dressing them as they awoke in time for their breakfasts, again and again they catechised him about where they were going that day. His heart was full! it was more than he could do to answer them. They followed at his side when after their breakfasts they walked away from the Cross and Crown in the direction of the national court, where at half-past nine the last act in the melodrama of the dissolution of the marriage of the bird of Paradise was to be played, and the union of Eugene with the wife he had dearly loved was to be broken down for evermore: the coarse, iconoclastic American divorce court to smash to atoms the happy home of little Pearly and Vallie and the altar of the Universal King; the butchering of the innocent and the cruel work of "man proud man placed in a little brief authority"

Shakespeare, Measure for Measure. II.ii.

before the eyes of the unseen God.

The children followed him into the interior of the national court before the stare of a thousand spectators, whom, as before, Pearly thought were the congregation of a church, and Vallie all clowns and silly-billies. Disconcerted and bewildered they sat by his side, passing their mother by in the court and preserving uncommon decorum for children. A dead silence fell over the whispering crowd! Immediately up sprang the crude guffawing Lord Dundreary, with his head in a bag, to make an application for a *decree nisi*. It was as a matter of course granted.

No sooner was it granted than up sprang Carrick, his colleague, with a demand for the custody of the children in accordance with the act of congress and the usages of the law, which made it an inevitable sequel to a *decree nisi*. He made a very long hectoring, blustering and palavering speech, after which the junior counsel for Eugene quietly asked for the custody of one of the children *in a very few words*. Disconcerted by the former defeat, in spite of the urgent solicitations of his client to make a long earnest appeal for at least one, the lawyer collapsed in a pusillanimous sort of way after a few half-hearted words! Wilmington did not appear at all, and had minimised his labours by the vicarious miserable appeal of his delegate, finishing amidst signals of distress, while every pulse in Eugene's frame kept pumping away like a piston-rod, and Marvel sat still as a stone coddling her hand in a yellow ermine muff.

In momentous moments for Eugene and the children thereupon Grant J slowly delivered his ultimatum:—"It is not within my power to order that one or both of the children remain within the custody of their father. It would be at variance with the act of Congress and all precedents at law. It appears to me that no man could have shown greater affection for his children, or could have done more for them, or fought harder to retain them in the face of desperate conditions; but I have not the power to refuse the mother, after such a verdict, a quasi custody of the children. I have, however, the power to order that Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth and Valentine Gordon Whitworth, the infants of the marriage of Eugene Percival Whitworth and Marvel Imogen Narramore Gould (which marriage, after hearing the verdict of the jury empanelled, I now declare to be dissolved by this court, upon a *decree nisi*, to date from the first day of June, in the year of our-Lord one thousand eight hundred and fiftyfour) be made wards of the United States of America, and I further order that the high sheriff of the State of Louisiana do prepare a scheme for the maintenance and education of the said Pearly Imogen Gould Whitworth and Valentine Gordon Whitworth—such scheme to be submitted for my approval. Finally, it is ordered that the said Eugene Percival Whitworth shall have and enjoy the right of access to the aforesaid children whenever he chooses, and that the costs of the sitting on both sides, in accordance with the law, be paid by the respondent in this cause,"

His mind was stunned; when their father rose the children rose. As he walked down the aisle they followed him along the carpet, around the court to the opposite side.

In martyrdom, bidding them farewell and silently wishing them Godspeed, he formally consigned them into the charge of their mother. He turned and walked away—humbly walked away.

They ran down the aisle away from their mother after him instantler, but were captured by Carrick and Lord Dundreary and carried back screaming to the granite-hearted Marvel.

"*Va Vivtis!*" was the motto of the flinty and cold-blooded *cidevant* wife now sterilised by the purgatorial court. She urged the barrister to hurl with his diatribes a Parthian shaft at her conquered husband by asking Grant J. to make a more drastic order that their father should be debarred from seeing them oftener than once a month, and that any presents to them from him should be prohibited, and their patronymic designation be deleted from their names. The request was indignantly refused by the judge, who remarked that it would be like

an order at war to kill the women and children, and Marvel straightway commenced to scold them for crying when they fell into her clutches. The inflated and exalted bird of Paradise had escalated the highest peak in the mountain of mendacity and on that cloud-capt eminence she had made a lengthy sojourn, falsely accusing her faithful husband of every breach in the decalogue

The Ten Commandments. [OED Online](#).

with the hopes of bringing about his undoing for ever with her well-draped lies. She now carried away her false ceramic crown of chicanery amidst ironical plaudits from her parasites and the undercurrent of odium in a large section of the public. Her disinterested public supporters might have gone home in a cab. What lady will envy her triumph?

Broken-hearted, Eugene walked out of the court to make his arrangements for an early departure for South Africa. He waited outside a little while. Lord Dundreary came out guffawing inopportune insolences. Eugene struck him a blow on the mouth, shook him by the throat like a rag, and walked away!

The "Rosalind" was advertised to sail punctually at the advertised time, but an alteration in the time-table had been made since the advertisement was inserted, and, while the following steamboat was arranged to leave earlier than advertised, the one by which Eugene had taken his passage left too soon for time to serve him to meet his children again. His lawyer had arranged that he should visit them at the office of Hallam, Brassy and Hoare on the day after the "Rosalind" had sailed with him away to Port Elizabeth. He had called at the office to inquire where they were, as they were kept in the city for a few days prior to Marvel's departure for Edenhall; but he was informed very curtly by Brassy's jack-in-office that he had come on the wrong day and that Brassy did not know where they were. On the same occasion he received a parchment compilation commencing "Know all men by these presents,"

A standard opening to a legal document.

and describing how his marriage had been dissolved on the ground of *cruelty*.

Thus he was rendered unable to see Pearly and Vallie once again before he left in the twilight at the sound of the evening bell the shores of the spacious delta; at dark to feel the empty sorrows of farewell at the parting of the ways with the children and the loss of his little harbingers of happiness and love.

It was not alone the spirit of Eugene that was crushed by the unfathomable verdict of that arbitrary jury. Two others who had been closely associated with him in *camaraderie* towards the children suffered, if not the sundering of filial ties, the explosion of their good names and the consequent sneers and taunts of the ever cold and cruel world.

More immediately connected with the divorce case. Lillie Delaine, who had innocently compromised her theretofore unblemished name and her perfectly chaste moral character by bringing messages for the doctor from his mother, was involved in the tidal wave of ruin; she was pointed at by the unfailing finger of scandal in some sections of the community, although the public in general upheld the opinion of the medical gentlemen and supported the judgment of the jury upon the blameless girl. All seems yellow to the jaundiced eye, and she found it well-nigh impossible to obtain a respectable situation or one where she would be properly treated, and she was compelled to stay at home with her aggrieved mother, whose faith in the virtue of her daughter was corroborated by the outcome of the trial. Though for a long time, however, they struggled together with the assistance of the married son, the toiling fisherman, like a nine days' wonder his due course there was little or no talk of the much-discussed Lillie Delaine in the city. Her life itself gave the lie direct to the accusations which adumbrated her good name, and wherever she was known she was respected as a girl of irreproachable character and goodness. She worked for her living unmolested again, but the undeserved and cruel stain put upon her by her master's divorced wife was never forgiven nor forgotten. Like an Indian, she waited for years for her revenge, longing and longing for the time when her tormentor should have her day of penance for her sins; though, when that day did come, she had no hand, act, or part in the downfall and destruction of the hated Mrs. Whitworth, or whatever her name was supposed to be then. A divorced woman must necessarily be a woman of indeterminate status.

With what fulsome fawning, kid-glove sympathy and obsequious adulation the ignoble world serenades the ones who meet with success! How ready it is to kick the ones that float down the broad river of life's hill! Nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails like failure! The buoyancy and commonplace *hauteur* of the paradisaical bird after the trial, which she fancied had covered her with glory in the eyes of the nation, for which she ought to be patted on the back, and whose result most have been a great treat to her after so many former and well-merited defeats, developed itself into a licentious style of living. Money melts!

The costs were somewhere in the vicinity of thirty thousand dollars. Reflecting not that her husband was an impoverished man, and that her lawyers would in consequence demand payment of all the costs which she had incurred from herself, she spent as much money upon grandeur at her modiste's studio, and as much on fleeting pleasures, revelry and gaiety as would have paid them twice over, and to spare. She had her portrait taken every month for the next three years.

Within a month after the divorce was granted it was bandied from mouth to mouth about the city that she was engaged to be married again to one of the leading baritones of the *opera bouffe*

French comic opera. [OED Online](#).

. Whether there was any truth or not in the rumours, which were wide-spread over the circles through which she moved, the *dénouement* was *sine die* postponed. Hundreds flocked to the conservatorium of Edenhall, which she had bought from the estate of her father some time before her return to Myamyn. Unremittingly, there they brought myrrh and frankincense, and burnt clouds of incense before the shrine of the golden calf

A false idol. See The Bible, Exodus 32.

. Names of new suitors for the favours of the bird of Paradise, who had cast her skin like the diamond-backed rattlesnake and had entered the cathartic womb of the judiciary and was born again, were in everybody's mouth from day to day. Her flightiness and giddiness were disparagingly discussed by hosts of her enemies, and their name was Legion.

Although in the witness-box her husband had suppressed all condemnatory allusions to his wife, vague suspicions awoke in the minds of the people that everything was not *comme il faut*

As it should be.

, and a feeling of repugnance at the verdict set in among thousands. Her reckless statements were also viewed with disfavour by those who had known her husband. Again and again was heard the saying that if Whitworth were at law an habitual drunkard three parts of the men in the city were irretrievably worse.

There arose a considerable outcry and a vast amount of talk about raising a subscription to defray the costs of an appeal against the inept judgment of the jury, or bring about a new trial. Proofs were obtainable that Marvel and seven of the most useful witnesses for Marvel had committed perjury, having been inveigled into the snare by the nefarious temptations of Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark's clerks. The medical authorities, whose scientific opinions had been flouted by the barristers for the petitioner and a goodly number of other partisans actively interested themselves in the movement, and it seemed that plenty of money would have been forthcoming if it had not been the case that Whitworth was going away. Letter after letter he received from various parts of the State before he left urging him to accept appointments of one class and another in the medical profession, for he was a man of great surgical daring and heroic original enterprise and ingenuity, and whatever his hand found to do he did it with all his might. Offers also came from briefless barristers of their services in a sort of speculative litigation at anew trial. His duty, however, called him away, although Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark made an application to the judge for a warrant *ne exeat*

'Let him not depart'. [Jones 1963](#):74.

to prevent him from levanting

To run off. [Green 2005](#).

, but it was indignantly refused. Contrariwise, soon afterwards an extradition warrant was required for the bird of Paradise herself, who had suddenly disappeared from America with the wards of State, and after baffling the pursuit of the long arm of Justice for six months she was finally caught in Austria and escorted to the aloes and palms of the law courts, where the exotic bird was fined one hundred dollars for her contumely, and expressed her surprise by ejaculating "The Devil!" before Grant J. which exclamation brought the fine up to one hundred and fifty.

On embarking aboard the "Rosalind," his fellow-passengers knew as soon as they saw Eugene on deck who he was, and during the voyage showed abundant sympathy for the harsh treatment which he had received at the hands of the jury. Still, on the breast of the bounding wave amid the wild multitudinous tumults of ocean, he paid little heed to their conventional feelings, feeling his soul drawn by the silken threads of affection to the place where his lost treasures were cribbed, cabined, and confined. Waking or dreaming, or standing on the deck of the storm-tossed "Rosalind," or lying in the wave-battered cabin, his whole thoughts were concentrated and focussed in refraction upon them in night reveries and day-dreams: depicting Pearly and Vallie in the contemporaneous day playing among the shrubberies or the waving grasses of Edenball, or lying in dreams of their father in their uncongenial home, while escaping from the meshes of the law he was like a man condemned to fret out his life in foreign exile.

The blow to Guinevere by that one stinging question of the scurrilous barrister employed by the woman whom she had often in her youth chaperoned and befriended, in spite of her incisive and incontrovertible denial of the innuendo, cast a darkening glamour over her chaste and spotless life; while enemies from the malicious galleries of Edenhall still traduced her previously undiscoloured name.

To be in any way, good or bad, involved in the vague mistiness of a divorce case is not at all conducive to the aggrandisement or exaltation of any woman. The hard and ruthless world of scandal swelled itself out with great importance in its declarations that her name should have been substituted for that of Lillie Delaine. The evidence of the gynæcologists was almost universally upheld—there was no gainsaying that it was a paramount and conscientious scientific opinion. It was averred that the respondent had passively connived at the charge

against the old servant, knowing it to be untrue and that it could easily be disproved.

Harmonious as the verdict of the jury appeared to be with the evidence of the scientists, which they could not reject nor discount, it lost some of its consonance when they reflected over the unbroken bond of friendship and platonic love which the doctor had shown towards Guinevere. Others again promulgated the theory that it was the relief which he felt in the society of the calm and scholarly girl from the tormentations of his own irascible and objurgational wife which attached him so much to Guinevere, whose tender heart had been steeled by the withering blasts of adversity against the torrent of human suffering, with its hot iron branding so very deep.

The irreclaimable Marmaduke took little or no interest in the progress of the divorce case. He wasted his substance in riotous living, when he had a little money; he eked out a miserable existence on beer, spending all the money which his still constant wife could afford. Soon after the result of the trial was made known, the little school which she kept at Mobile dwindled away to three pupils, one of whom was her own boy Cyril. The bloated plutocrats of the seaside village withdrew their patronage from the poor woman who had been implicated in a divorce case; it was inconsistent with their lofty notions of social purity, of which they were such divine exemplars, and in a most arbitrary manner they did not hesitate to give their reasons for such action.

Three months after the verdict of that jury was announced, she was compelled to subsidise her penurious income by working at home as a seamstress of childrens' clothes again. She further obtained two gold medals at the New York Salons for two water-colour pictures of Pearly and Valentine. She sold them to buy clothes for Cyril. From early morn till the dark she would sit with her camel-hair brush and palette lovingly over the dear little faces of the children, who had entwined their tendrils of affection amongst the well-springs of her heart, ever inundated with fond remembrances of her former little friends, whose history had finally so chequered her own.

Home, late in the following winter, the water-police sergeant and two watermen, who had given evidence in the divorce trial of a neutral character, brought what once had been the dearly-beloved university swain, who had lolled with her on the green knolls of the academical grounds at Philadelphia and who had spent so many sunny hours with her listening to the soft susurrus through the boughs of the orangeries and pomegranate trees—the man who had by his vices dragged her down from prosperity to the inferno of want and misery: the man whose gross derelictions had never dimmed the flame of her glowing constancy and devotion—Marmaduke Payne, her husband, on a shutter dead! Ever since he left Augusta he had prosecuted a downward career, and after becoming a member of the senatorial club the rest of the descent was easy: like the driver Hassan—

"Sad was the hour and luckless was the day When first from Shiraz' wall I bent my way."

Hassan, the Camel Driver. William Collins.

Void in purse and void in spirit, when once possessed of the devils of drink he lived the remnant of his life in a chronic condition of crapulence, rushing into the grades of moral declension and decadence like the swine of old to their destruction in the sea.

Drunk and dead-drunk had he been for a month, during which short time he had twice been arrested by the police and released from imprisonment by his wife. The police had urged her to take out prohibition orders against her husband, but she refused, saying it would bring him into shame. They dragged him out dead from the sea, from which, at the end of the pier where he had fallen off, he had been washed ashore.

So ended in ignominy the life of the man who had princely opportunities for advancing himself in the world—health, strength, a lucrative profession, a wife cultured, tender and true—a peerless girl whose love and preferment should have stimulated any man more than hopes of gold—a helper and friend, whose tender pity overlooked and screened his every fault, and who sheltered him from slander when the wolves of shame were at the door without one meed of praise—a fair mourner, who loved him carried him as he was by the police that night, a pauper drunk and drowned through his own evil habits, and fished from the sea by the men who had many a time dragged him to gaol. Far as the poles was Guinevere from Marvel. The qualities of the voluptuous Marvel were the antipodes of her lofty and ethereal nature, whose form was the incarnation of devotion and platonic friendship, tinctured with the reverence which virtue feels for holiness. Marvel had beauty and a power of fascination like that of the basilisk for the bird. Guinevere had loveliness of a finer and nobler form, and within a substratum of ever-deepening love flowed a fountain with gems of faith and constancy of an unalloyed and enduring ring. Who builds on that builds on a rock that neither the battering waves of jealousy can shake nor the shifting sands of doubt let fell!

In a pauper's grave he lay, for she had not a cent to pay for his private burial, and her only friend in need was cut off by five thousand miles of ocean.

For the sake of her child she wrestled with destiny. She battled against the invidious calumnies of her despicable foes and the usage that patient merit of the unworthy takes. In fine, the frail white-winged yacht of her life so weathered the blackening storms that she was enabled to send him to a superior school and one of the

best in the city, in defiance of the fiery darts of the wicked and the haughty disdain of the mordacious unwomanly woman, whose only benefactress in the spring-time of her life the spurned Guinevere had been.

The voyage of the "Rosalind" over the restless seas to the principal port of the Cape Colony occupied some four weeks, when Eugene found himself among new acquaintances, new scenery, new forms and modes of life, people of a newer growth and of a different bent of mind. The everpresent memories of the children were new incentives to fortune and distinction. Still the trail of the serpent dung to his name. The creeping dusky shadow of the pluperfect divorce followed him whithersoever he travelled. As soon as he landed at Port Elizabeth he was told by the muster-master that the threatened uprising of the Kaffirs had spontaneously subsided under the administration of Sir George Grey, who had left New Zealand on account of the danger of the outbreak.

In a strange country, without as much money in his purse as would carry him back to the United States, he was left stranded upon the shores where he had expected to find his salvation. Dismayed, but undaunted, he travelled on to his destination, arriving in the town of Somerset with the armamentarium

The equipment of medicines, instruments, and appliances used by a medical man. [OED Online](#).
of three shillings and sixpence in his pocket remaining.

There he commenced private practice among the people of the district and the outlying neighbourhoods of the half German, half English Boërs, along the ravines and alpine gorges of the Great Fish River.

By leaps and bounds, overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties, his aptitude in the broad field of surgery and his co-equal knowledge in the domain of the theory and practice of medicine soon enlisted in his favour a reputation first and foremost among the clinicians of the Cape Colony. In his early experiences, a few successful cases of great gravity among the Boërs and the English and German population reassured his unqualified success in the new venture. Notwithstanding, among his many patients there was not one who carried so heavy a heart as he who ministered to their wants. The trial was no sealed hook to Eugene, for the love of the children still formed an integral part of his life; the simoon

A hot, dry, suffocating sand-wind which sweeps across the African and Asiatic deserts. Allusively, a destructive power. [OED Online](#).

had swept away the treasures of his existence, and though life still offered cakes and ale, the wound smarted and ached without ceasing, and the flowerets withal lay withered on the way.

There for years, during which he had written letter after letter and sent present after present of curios from the Kaffirs and Boërs to his far-distant children, he never heard a single syllable as to how they were getting on at the school. His letters to the children were returned in finical

Over-nice or particular, affectedly fastidious, excessively punctilious or precise. [OED Online](#).

dudgeon by the hoity-toity, fugacious, fire-fly Marvel, and packages of his presents, which the children had never been allowed to see, were scurvily treated and sent back to him broken to pieces, and their freight made payable by him for their return journey. Little-minded Marvel!

Along bridle-paths of the Zwater Ranges

Unknown.

on as handsomely furnished a black thoroughbred mustang mare as ever looked through a bridle, and sent to him from Mexico for the expedition against the Kaffirs, he wandered in search of the fascinating and immortal bride of Truth in Science, whose bridegroom none can ever wholly be, but whom to serve and faithfully follow through her ascending and broadening paths brings an ennobling meed of praise passing in sweetness the love of women and the purest happiness mankind can ever feel; mountain passes, alpine precipices, and riparian

Situated on the banks of a river. [OED Online](#).

ravines five hundred feet deep, with nothing but mosses, ferns, raging whirlpools, and the rushing waters of the Great Fish River below. Still on these giddy heights and still through the rugged ravines, the yawning gulches, the lonely wilds and the mesembryanthemum-covered woods as the lingering years rolled through their cycles, while reading the book of Nature, there ever and anon haunted his memory, as if they had never been taken away, like key-notes to every thought, the prattling voices of his children. Depicturing in his mind what they might be doing from day to day, treasuring up every word they had uttered, and with their ever-present images limned in fancy, the memories connected with them abided with him for ever. Enraged at the commonplace, petty and scurvy treatment which his missives and presents had received at the hands of his ci-devant wife, he instigated an appeal by his solicitors to the court against the scheme drawn up by the State-sheriff, whose gist was that the children should live in the same town as their mother, and as weekly boarders attend a rudimentary and plebeian school. Knowing how receptive their intellects were, Eugene vicariously urged upon the judge the advisability of sending them to a superior school. In course of time the scheme, drawn up for their mother's benefit more so than for the advantages of Pearly and Valentine, was reversed by the judge, and they were both ordered to be sent to high-class academies for children in the city of New Orleans.

Feeling that it would be a sin to defraud them of their childhood's days by separating them at so tender an age from each other—when as it were the one little life was a portion and a counterpart of the other—he felt anxious that they should again be returned to the *élite* priory at Galveston, where they had been before they were legally usurped by their selfish mother, and where they had always been contented, excellently taught, and happy.

For years lived their father in the land of the diamond, the beryl, the carbuncle and the gnu. Prosperity followed his footsteps whithersoever he roved. Not a word but of praise was breathed about Eugene. Unjust suspicions may attach themselves to an innocent man, but the general consistency and integrity of his life sponges them all away. The best commentary on the verdict of the batch of worthies and wiseacres in the jury-box was the fruition of his life in South Africa, where every man thought the best of him, and his optimist spirit made him think the best he could of every man. Unshivered by the bolts of Marvel, he burst through the fetters so cunningly forged to bind him in the cell of immuring ignominy and rose like a volcano from the seas. Marvel had the ceramic but Eugene the laurel crown

See book II, chapter 17 for Marvel's "false ceramic crown of chicanery"; the laurel crown was a classic emblem of victory.

. Comforted by the clinging reminiscences of his little cherubs, he watched them in his mind's eye growing into girlhood and boyhood; consoling himself in the dark hours, pregnant with the pangs of remorse, with the thought that they were still his little children in spite of the world, and that he could be no more robbed of his sweet memories of them than could the blackbird be of his song.

Chapter XVIII. Sir Roger Clifford and the Bird of Paradise. The Cotton-Balloon.

PRINCIPAL and most favoured amongst the dandies and the *haute voïée* of Edenhall was for years the interloper who had been confronted on the steam-boat quay by Eugene during the term of his wife's residence in the house at The Elms in Galveston. Calling out all his counterfeit aids to fascination, after the trial this vicious puppet vouchsafed in arrogance short sojourns In the gay halls into which the reconstituted bird of Paradise escaped from the *hell* in which she had for nine years lived when she was married to Eugene. He billeted himself upon Marvel's hospitality for weeks on end. Among all the guests at Edenhall this Roger Clifford was the most presumptuous. Not content with the enchantment which as a paramour had in bye-gone days bestowed upon her during the term of her wedlock, he sought to enhance still further the magnetic power which he inwardly congratulated himself he was gaining over the paradisal and heliacal Marvel, whose illchosen paradoxical sobriquet had for many a charm in itself.

The aroma of the roses and the bouquet of the wine clung to the vases and goblets at Edenhall still. Not handicapped with a superabundance of brains, his mediocre abilities in the wool-merchant's office obtained for him, after four years' devotion to the service of a lenient and forgiving master, a wellmerited dismissal for general uselessness and unwarranted sly desertions of his post for the puppy-dog show at Rotojingolong, and the whirligig merry go-round of Edenhall. He had during the term of his apprenticeship and for two years subsequent to his discharge, so far succeeded in life as to obtain a certificate of paideutic

Relating to the science, art, or practice of education. [OED Online](#).

efficiency from a school of music, entitling him to assist operatic singers in the *mise en seène*. There his successes found their quietus. None ever availed themselves of his canorous

Melodious, musical. [OED Online](#).

talents in modelling vocal chords and making them vibrate contrary to all the laws of nature in the subject. His sole source of sustenance and financial support was now supposed to be his widowed mother.

His parents, so the story went, had been very wealthy people. His father, who was the proprietor of an enormous brewery in Shropshire, and a man who must have done some good in his day and generation besides making beer, had provided well for his widow by making her his sole executrix and leaving behind him for her sole benefit the whole of his real and personal estate. The remittances from his mother proved adequate to enable him to keep himself stylishly dressed in a velveteen coat and coralline buttons, movable from one doublet to another, and to show the colour of some of his loose cash before his homogeneous companions at Edenhall, all of whom under the bane of envy and animosity this usher of the palace had routed in due course like jackdaws scared out of a tree. Furthermore, having to all intents and purposes abandoned the position of didactic professor of singing owing to his inefficiency in its uses and the general bad odour in which he was held in the city, he found himself in possession of an unearned increment to his fortune in the shape of loads of spare time. For years these loads of spare time had been spent at race-meetings, where he joined in

quarter-dollar sweepstakes or sometimes went the length of a half-dollar wager. In the company of others, who were gamesters, Adonis would sit at the table watching them play. At faro-banks, lotteries and policy-shops he was often seen hankering after his betters, on the alert for what he could sponge without risking anything himself. The life of an exquisite—an indolent useless sybarite known in society as a gentleman—he affected to lead, and no man could ape the swell to greater perfection than Sir Roger Clifford, as he was called. He was not of Plantagenet or Tudor blood, either direct or on the distaff side. His father, it was said, had at one time in his life bequeathed to the uses of the public a park in the heart of the city of his birth, and with some of the wealth which he had amassed from the sale of beer in England he had endowed one of the provincial universities with a scholarship, called the Clifford scholarship. In return for these distinguished services to his country, when the list of the Queen's birthday honours appeared in the court circular of the London Gazette was found the name of Sir Andrew Peregrine Clifford. On the death of Sir Andrew Peregrine of the brewery, the title had for years, he declared, been worn by the eldest son, whose death, however, took place from floury typhus

A rare form of typhus, as it was then known. See a contemporary account in the [Nelson Evening Mail, June 1881](#).

in the West Indies two years after the bird of Paradise had attained to the distinction of a divorcee.

Now the title was worn with paradisaical ostentation by the second son upon whom the primogeniture devolved—the man who had played such a prominent part in the *rencontre* with Eugene on the Galveston quay, and the man who had been crowned with the laurel crown by the young ladies who applauded his agility in the Olympian games on the archery ground of the Indian warrior and gilliflower

A man who wears a yellow handkerchief around his neck; a fop. [Green 2005](#).
virtuoso at Rotojingolong.

The precious little laurel crown placed there by the paradisaical hands of Marvel he had worn ever since. He had carried it through several campaigns to wear it still with all its blushing honours thick upon him, as he whisked around the merry-go-round on the hobby-horses at Edenhall. He inveigled Marvel into placing herself and her alto voice under the supervision and embellishment of his phonetic abilities. Possessed, as he indeed was, of deep baritone capacities, in course of time she attained to some reputation among her parasites as an amateur alto cantatrice, and together they accomplished abstruse duets and roundelays. He was a so-so, gilt-edged man, wanting in muscle but adorned with the regulation blonde moustache and languishing eyes, and his hair was parted in the middle.

Anxious to make good uses of her acquisition, he was encouraged to devote most of his time and capabilities to the service of Marvel in her whirling casino. No sooner had he discovered that his formerly bewitching grass-widow, but now his inamorata, was exempt from the clutches of the voracious multipartite firm of solicitors than he threw himself body and soul into the work of displaying little gradational caskets of the treasures of his heart to her gaze and snake-charming the remainder of the heart if Marvel ever had one) of the young heiress at the same time as he was pianofortetuning the paradisaical vocal chords. Marvel reciprocated his overtures of honey-tongued amatorial play by outshining even herself on the semi-grand Holling and Spangenberg and the harpsichord.

In this second-hand emotional metabolism the nonagenarian auntie rallied around the flag of Marvel again. At the time of the trial as old as sin, she lived on to the age of Methuselah, and was predeceased by the doltish and ogreish anthropoid ape, Augustus, who died happy because the ducks knew their christian names. She streaked his eyes with the juice of her poppy and mandragora decoction, as in the days of old she had done for the edification of Eugene. He was a noble *Lord!*—very Endymion

In Greek mythology, a personification of the sun (among other myths). [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

! What more did Marvel want? it was a *Lord* she had wanted all along—alack-a-day! why did she not wait till now? Then there would have been no Pearly and no brusque rowdy boy to encumber her golden opportunity. They were only encumbrances on the chariot-wheels of Pleasure.

Most of the spare cash in the pockets of Sir Roger Clifford found its way to the music warehouse of Chappell and Co. of London, and in due course some of the newest and most difficult sheet-music found its way into the conservatorium of Edenhall. There came the finest songs for baritone voices and alto voices in the universe: the latest productions of the greatest composers, something like the selections from the opera of *Die Götter dämmerung*

More usually 'Götterdämmerung'. Part Four of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.
by the Bayreuth master

Wagner; Bayreuth was Richard Wagner's home town.

; settings of Longfellow's "The Two Angels;" Handel's "Droop not young lover;" Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi;" and the "Prologue" from Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Marvel's favourites were "Thine is my heart" and "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

There they were essayed by the titled young lord and the isotonic accompaniments played by the juvenescent, evergreen, amaranthine Marvel in defiance of the front-gate opposition of the hurdygurdy, while the rugose old asthmatical auntie, who had left Sunnyside for the purpose, like an old Centaur or little Jack Horner sat in the corner acting propriety at Edenhall, although Yankee Doodle or some tune to which an old cow had succumbed would have suited her musical appetite much better, for she scarcely knew the difference between "Marching thro'Georgia" and "God save the Queen." After murdering pleasure till all hours of the night the performance invariably ended in voluptuous sensualism, butterfly-kisses and half-stifled screams in the *petits appartments* notwithstanding the propinquity of the old Pandora in a quiet corner of the room.

The private triangular animal magnetism of little Cupid in the drawingroom of Edenhall as soon as the rehearsals were completed burst into full bloom. It was no longer concealed from the large and frequent foregathering of guests, so that the *liaisons* between the bird of Paradise, who was rapidly attaining a pronounced rotundity of contour, and the fascinating young titled and belted Lochinvar became a favourite topic of conversation among the visitors and the country populace. Outside, the people had once been treated to an exhibition of the noble cavalier's attentions, insomuch they were seen riding together through the prairie. The old rumor which had got wind in the city soon after Marvel had obtained the precious divorce, again saw the light of day. In the prognostications of the ubiquitous busybodies among the peasantry and bourgeoisie the third and morganatic

Designating or relating to a marriage in which a man of high rank marries a wife of lower rank, but neither the wife nor any children of the marriage have any claim to the possessions or title of the husband. [OED Online](#), sense 2a.

marriage of the bird of Paradise with the palatine lord and lap-dog was speedily on the *tapis*; it had been openly talked about in an interesting sort of way a year before, but nothing palpable had been mentioned as occurring until after the bill of her own law costs, amounting to some twenty-five thousand dollars, had been settled. It was since that transaction that the overt amours of Sir Roger Clifford blossomed and showed themselves in their true colours.

Turning the matter over tactfully in his artful head and eliminating the fear of the disgrace from exogamy, especially with a divorced woman, attaching to his lordly name, his ratiocinations led him to the conclusion that Marvel's income would comfortably provide for herself and at the same time sustain him in the drifting life of indolence which he dearly loved. The potentiality of wealth was a great counterpoise to the socially indeterminate status of a divorced woman. There would be none of the *resangusta domi* and always plenty of loaves and fishes at Edenhall, and no outlay in domestic inauguration: the bird of Paradise was an inexhaustible money-bag. He had already worn the laurel crown for some years—why should he not carry the whole palm away? Although neither a millionaire in money nor a millionaire in intellect, he was a man well versed in the *petits soins* towards women, and what was above all and through all and in him all, he was a lord—a very amalgamation of the purity of Sir Galahad, with the address of a Lord Chesterfield.

During the time the bill of costs was still unpaid to the solicitors, the expenses of the festive scenes at Edenhall had been provided for with money judiciously culled and misappropriated from the funds belonging, strictly speaking, to Pearly and Valentine. In many quarters it was hinted that Marvel's desire for the invalidation of her marriage emanated from a longing to retain in her own name the children's pittance, so that she might use or abuse it just as she chose herself.

The terms of the edict stated that she was to maintain and educate them to the satisfaction of the State-sheriff. The State-sheriff never saw the children in his life, while the man who chanted the threnodies during his reading of the will had his hands so full of work connected with a cotton plantation that he had not a moment to spare for inquiring into their welfare and progress. He only saw them once in their lives. In any case, whether they interested themselves in the children or not, they were only too glad to leave the whole affair in the hands of Marvel, who relieved them of all responsibility with the uttermost *bonhomie*.

Her income, in order to pay the costs of Hallam, Brassy Bros, and Hoare and Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark, was heavily mortgaged. All the loose money she received was the fund which should have been expended on Pearly and Valentine *in toto*. Instead of doing so, she sent them to a cheap, common weekly-boarding school kept by a man who had never passed a scholastic examination in his life. Marvel would have persisted in keeping them there had it not been for the exertions of their father from far-away in a strange country in instigating by proxy the Supreme Court, whose children as regards their maintenance and education they practically were more so than their mother's, to send them to an institution where they would be educated according to their expectations and their station in life.

As she grew into the rosebud of girlhood, Pearly frequently witnessed the unabashed love-passages between her mother and the pretender, and had he waited a little longer Vallie might have thrown him out neck and crop "iv dat illie finger." So artfully were the more immediate interchanges of affection effected that in their innocence the children knew nothing about the *affaires du caur* at all Nor did they know that their rightful

hereditaments were used as a small contribution to the expenses of Edenhall, both before and after the lawyers' bills had been paid, and that they were virtually being robbed to decorate the table with new-fangled kickshaws and to provide delicacies and luxuries for the cavalierly *attaché*.

Late into the night as they lay in a remote bedroom alone they were assailed with caterwauling nightmare sonatas and such songs as—"The Treasures of the Deep," "Queen of the Earth," or even Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," and Lohengrin's "Erzählung," banishing sleep from their tired natures, or awakening them in fright at the baritone tones of the interloping pretender telling how he stood on a bridge at midnight, but a policeman could nowhere be found, and the maddening addios, arpeggios, and nocturnes of their mother, both together in the conservatorium of Edenhall alone late at night, for the privileged lord stayed after all others had gone and old Methuselah was in the land of Morpheus. Sometimes next morning they would meet a wolverine, edacious Voracious. [OED Online](#).

chawbacon at breakfast, or lounging about the rooms, and mostly it was the man who aspired to tread in their lost father's shoes, and who was scheming and plotting all he knew to supersede him; while resolute in his determination to remain alone their father for ever the magnetism of the love for his little ones enthralled the inmost being of Eugene.

Great God in Heaven, how that man did love them! How he had looked forward to his re-union with them! praying for them, dreaming of them in the wilds of South Africa, longing for them, thinking of them as the very types of childlike innocence and simplicity, and revering their perfect purity, unapproachable to temptation, unassailable and sheltered under the shield of Artemis by the upbringing of their preceptress Guinevere, secure as their little brother in the home of the Vicar of God!

"Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young
Who loved thee so fondly as he
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And he joined in thine innocent glee."
Margaret Courtney.

In time the constant dropping of the poisonous affection wore away the rocky heart of their mother, whose fondness for changes and ostentation began to feel the hollowness and tedium of living and languishing in the morgue of stagnant widowhood; for a life of single blessedness was as impracticable to the bird of Paradise as the riding of a bicycle with a missing wheel. At times she would in contemplative moments of latent remorse bitterly rue the sorry day when the sword of Damocles had fallen. Now that Eugene was lost for ever, his failings seemed as nothing but dust and ashes after all, and his faults were now forgiven and forgotten, while all his good qualities and his unswerving devotion to her while she harrowed his heart with her divaricating Indignities haunted like spectres her unquiet dreams. *He* was constant, unchangeable, certain and true, and like the base Indian she had thrown away a pearl richer than all the namby-pamby fawning tribe

After Shakespeare's Othello, V.ii.

. The charges of intemperance would seem as flimsy, unsubstantial misty phantasms; die thoughts of adultery would vanish into thin air, and, while he had never shown the logomachial

Correctly 'logomachical'; relating to a contention regarding verbal niceties. [OED Online](#).

cruelty of pinking her with the sword or any cruelty at all, over all her reflections hovered the haunting ghost of remorse, ricocheting through her vitals amidst the maimed memorials of the past. These airy dreams, however, would assume only an ephemeral existence and end in nothing but idle and vain regrets. The phantasmagoria of her youthful reminiscences would melt away, while the kindled growing regard for the newly-declared knight and lover was bursting into flame in her bosom every hour.

Sitting in the drawingroom alone she would soliloquise that to live there unprotected and perhaps deserted by the children some day or other, were to live the life of a weed in the desert. Would she be censured for marrying again? what would any woman placed under her circumstances do but marry again and ignore the remembrances of the loved and lost? To remain the oubliette

Possibly '[in] the oubliette'. Referring to a secret dungeon. [OED Online](#).

of Edenhall with the Abigail

A lady's maid. [OED Online](#).

drabs Bloobumper and Knight when the children had gone to the boarding-school were to live the existence of a troglodite in a cave—to wither before the autumn of life into a stale, dried and mummified uncherished widow, whose erstwhile husband was flourishing and prosperous before the eyes of the world. She was not meant to live alone—she, the heaven-born bird of Paradise and the Sun, was designed by Nature for something higher; when the children were gone she would be beyond the pale of marriage; she would be left a lonely

disconsolate woman in the shackles of widowhood, or, peradventure, one whose green interregnum would be a bye-word and a target for the shafts of traducers, no matter how prudently her chastity was guarded and preserved.

It was the voice of the spirit of Nature, the great mother warning her of things to come if she remained much longer single: the voice calling her out of the night of eternal self-monopoly while yet there was day: the voice that whispered in her ears his name—"Roger; *Sir* Roger my husband! my liege LORD! my own to be!" It was the longing of the parvenue for the *haut ton* of the exclusive and the aristocratic; the yearning of an underbred millionairess to be associated with those born in the purple, reared in the temple of Fortune, and enjoying ceremonious homage by right of birth.

Pondering over the dust and ashes of the expended three years of her life, whose days and nights she had consecrated chiefly to the pleasures of others, she absent-mindedly would pause in long reveries during her exercises at the semi-grand Hölling and Spangenberg; or when basking in the rose-bowers of the luxuriating, well-tended garden, while the little choirs in the branches trilled joyously their responses to the songs he sang. and the waving cornfield heralded his approach. Nothing else to do but practise in the drawingroom, and loll on the Oriental divans in the green conservatories, glancing listlessly at the children as they passed to and fro when home from school, the only relief to the monotonous days was the established attachment to the *fin de siècle* lord—the charming tempter. Before it was only the affection of the paramour *pour passer le temps*—the mere groundwork and protocols of a *modus Vivendi*—but now were opened the flood-gates of his lordly passion, pouring itself impetuously into the paradisaical sluices while the little birds in the branches tore out their throats in passionate rivalry. Equipped with all his powers of beguiling the fair sex, and in his well-studied and most polished style, he broke the ice of the shallow lake of his affection and plunged headlong into the declaration of his prurient love with trite and unctuous collocations of factitious gibberish, dross and seductive slip-slop—twittering to the bird of Paradise and swearing that he loved her as man never loved woman before; more than Lysander loved Hero, or Romeo loved Juliet, or Isaac loved Rebecca; talking of hearts and darts, bows and arrows, Cupids, Psyches, and other mawkish simulacra of love, and worshipping Marvel on his bended knees. The knight-Crusader would indeed die for the bird of Paradise! 'Twas ever thus!

Listening to the music of his balsamic overtures, and ingesting the poppy and mandragora juice of his avowals, as in a transient dream she recalled beneath a sunset steeped in sentiment her oft-reiterated soliloquies in the oriel of the drawingroom, and artificially starting with a little quiver of passion, she laid her hand in the grasp of the young Lochinvar.

Mesmerised by the voice of the young Lochinvar she conjured up in her mind the title of Lady Clifford, as she lay with a love-sick novel on the eiderdown divan beneath the pink-berried bursting fruit of the branching arbutus, among the orchids, the veronicas and chrysanthemums one October morning when the children were away at school.

It was the goal to which her life-long ambition had goaded her. Had she not told the banished Eugene that she wanted to marry a lord? The prize was now within her grasp. A false step, a mistaken idea or word, the slightest hitch, and it might be gone for ever!—gone forever! The bird of Paradise was quite transported.

There was no romantic sentiment as in her early passion for Eugene in the flush and spring and bounding blood of her youth. The heyday in her blood was tame and waited upon the judgment. Nevertheless her sickish passion though sublimated was still at high pressure, albeit it was but an attempt to raise a fire from the ashes of a dead love. Nothing can replace the bloom on the blushing fruit, but she barked to his perfumed tones leaning back on the divan in implied acceptance of his chivalrous and magnanimous offer while he assaulted her lips with poisonous kisses and filled her head with Utopian visions as of the opening heavens—elixirs of rank and state and splendour, gaiety and distinction, joyance beyond contemplation, and a life-long lolling amongst the rose-bowers in a neverending euthanasia of an Elysium here below, and the game which the interloper had been playing with varying fortunes for so many years was ended; the bird was bagged and it was all U.P.

Up; colloquial. [Green 2005](#).

with the bird of Paradise.

The introsusception

The action of taking up. [OED Online](#).

was indeed something upon which he might congratulate himself. Better, he thought—far better a wife like the bird of Paradise, et cetera, even if she is a divorced woman: better—far better the solid enjoyment which nearly eight thousand dollars a year could bring, than the monotonous, humdrum, drawling life of a professor of singing. The shekels

A Hebrew coin.

and the potentiality of wealth and the *auri sacri fames*

The accursed thirst for gold. [Jones 1963](#):15.

had decided the burning question and disguised the flavour of the skim-milk. Urging her to make haste for the wedding, she threw aside all her considerations and scruples concerning the children. The new broom swept the children out of her mind altogether, or induced her to regard them as mere ciphers. She deprecated on some finical superstitious ground the notion of an ostentatious wedding, and the *soi-disant* Sir knight was nothing loath. It was in fact just what he wanted. His means were very small, and he either suppressed his poverty or deceitfully aggrandised the meagre income of which he was in receipt.

Secretly, late in October, 1857, the bird of Paradise and the devoted lord arose at dayspring with the ants, having previously arranged that the children should be kept out of the way, as they were staying at home for a few days' holiday from the boarding-school. He met as it were accidentally *la fiancée* on the railway station. Entering the same compartment where she sat, they occupied it to the exclusion of all other passengers on their *hegira*

Any exodus or departure. [OED Online](#), sense 2.
to Nashville.

No merry-making bells rang for the wedding of the paradisal bird and her first husband; no merry-making bells rang for the wedding of the paradisal bird and her third—the elected knight of the garter,—and the sweet bells of old jangled and were out of tune. No gilt cards! No dazzling pageant! No archipelagoes of gifts to the bride! No costly equipages disgorged their living loads to the music of marriage bells at the gate of the village chapel. No Mendelssohn's

Referring to Felix Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."
epithalamium

A nuptial song or poem in praise of the bride and bridegroom, and praying for their prosperity. [OED Online](#).

attuned the exit of the glorious Birdie. No Sardanapalian luxury regaled the townspeople as in the days of old. Secretly and quietly at the Occidental Hotel, Nashville, the *douceur* from the uxorious bridegroom to the marriage official, whose regular work was that of an auctioneer, amounting to a little dirty dollar, the bird of Paradise at the age of thirty-six was launched on the seas of matrimony again. The same night the happy couple attended a play. It was a play like the play of "East Lynne,"

Mrs Henry Wood's *East Lynne* was a very popular Victorian melodrama made into a stage play. It involved a woman running away from her husband, taking up with a dashing new lover, then being betrayed by that lover and, repentant, returning to her first family in secret to work as her children's governess. and the mayfly honeymoon came to an end.

They returned the next morning to Edenhall—Sir Roger and Lady Clifford. There was no presentation in the presence-chamber, but he made his lady a present of a handkerchief with a coronet in the corner—an article which he had in his advances thrown down as Ms gage; but it was all he had of the insignia of a peer of the realm. Not the least intimation had been sent to the friends of the parties, and all that was known for a positive fact was that the obtrusive man from the city had taken up his quarters with the titular Marvel for good, and that Pearly and Vallie were now altogether *de trop* at Edenhall since the conglutination.

"Lady Marvel, my lady dear," said the effervescent benedict, with an aromatic pastille in his mouth one morning soon after her re-incarnation: "I can't understand what can have happened to my dear old materfamilias; she hasn't sent my quarterly remittance since last year, my dear old materfamilias. I should be sorry in one way if anything happened to my dear old materfamilias; she has diabetes, my lady dear, has my dear old materfamilias, I paid a fee to a doctor once for the information that it is generally fatal in ten years, and she has had it over twelve years now, has my dear old materfamilias. I should have been as right as the bank if it hadn't been for firing off a gun at those elands and white gazelles on the estate of my dear old paterfamilias; he disinherited me for that, my lady dear, did my dear old paterfamilias; but the estate is not entailed, my lady dear, and there is nobody else but me if anything should happen to my dear old materfamilias. The bank's closed to-day, so lend me a dollar or so, my lady dear, and I'll send a notice of our marriage to the New York Herald and a telegram to the solicitor to see if I can find out if anything has happened to my dear old materfamilias." His manner and tone was so *outré* that it was a wonder he obtained possession of the paradisal purse, from which he abstracted all that was there—it was part of the children's money. Slinking away to the little "Laughing Water" posting-house on the wayside, he swallowed two glasses of brandy and curacoa. He never sent any notice away at all. Month followed month. Still no remittance arrived from the lady dowager for Sir Roger Clifford. His wife urged him to cable to his rich relation, and even provided him with sufficient money for the purpose. No message by cable or otherwise was ever sent. There was no anxious mother there to receive any news of him. His lordly title was assumed—there was no record of any such propinquity to the Clifford cult in Debrett and Burke's peerage. It was all a fraud! His mother was a Hottentot!

A savage (archaic, offensive). [OED Online](#). See derivatives.

So bewitching did this hybrid husband of Marvel become that within a short space of time he had her

completely *en famille*, like a puppet under his thumb, and a mere plastic item living in squeamish fealty to his seductive spell and suzerainty. He would perform extractions upon the celestial bird as cleverly and dexterously as upon his relatives could Brosie in the silver age. Marvel had been blinded by the lustre of the assumption with which her affianced lover had lorded it over the galley of frumps at Edenhall and his close knowledge of the little prejudices of women and the manner in which he adjured her and dangled after her and "told his love" and finally gained complete supremacy over her affections.

With her money and part of the children's pittance he betook himself away by train to the city—hoodwinking his wife with a bogus letter-of-credit calling him away to interview the solicitors of his mother, who acted as agents for her mythical remittances. After spending a week of jollification, roystering and fornication in the city, he returned to Edenhall and propounded to Lady Clifford a mammoth scheme by which she could enhance her affluence fifty-fold.

When the knight returned to his ladye-love one wet night he entered the Elysium at Edenhall and Marvel helped him to get off his dripping waterproof and unfasten his furs, and with a vivid graceful little motion with her foot she pushed before him his boot-jack—so pleased she was to see him come back so soon. The children were playing about the room or learning their home-lessons. It was Saturday night.

"Clear out, you brats," said the lord, as "Lady Clifford" sank into her basket chair over a book at the fire: but neither of the "brats" appeared to take much notice. He advanced towards Vallie and striking him with a blackthorn cudgel he bundled him and little Pearly out through the door into the passage in the dark. The newly-bourgeoned titular lady sat in silence and manifest connivance or tacit approval of the ejection of the children, while he proceeded to broach to her the little scheme for putting more money in her purse.

Creaking the door and popping in his head from the passage, with Pearly barracking him well up behind and egging him on with cat calls, "Take that, pig!" exclaimed Vallie, throwing a bottle of ink at the gormandising mountebank as he sat before a mass of toothsome salmagundi

A dish composed of chopped meat, anchovies, eggs, onions with oil and condiments. [OED Online](#).
or some other fantastical kickshaw

A fancy dish in cookery. [OED Online](#).

and a bottle of thick claret at the table, and landing it on his nose to turn somersaults on itself and dye his embroidered shirt-front and his glaucous

Of a dull or pale green colour passing into greyish blue. [OED Online](#).

green gewgaw velveteen doublet and buckskins and spatter-dashes

A kind of long gaiter or legging of leather, cloth, etc., to keep the trousers or stockings from being spattered. [OED Online](#).

black. With a violent invective the cowardly poltroon rushed at the heroic Vallie, knocked him down and hustled him out of the room with his top-booted foot, while Pearly kicked the lordly shins and the choleric martinette complaisantly superintended the cruelty of her high-born husband and fell back recumbent in the basket-chair like some radiant being in a petunia tea-gown—some exquisite creature reared in the rarefied atmosphere of some unknown sphere in reticence desultorily fumbling the leaves of the yellow-back. She felt uneasy at what had kept her noble darling so long, and haply thought of the occasion when she had shown such passion and jealousy when the dis severed Eugene was away for a day visiting Moss Rose at the Old White Horse.

The children ran down the long dark passage to their bedroom, helping one another to undress, saying the little verses which they had learnt in the fairy nights at Summer Hill and the bijou Myamyn, discussing little enterprises to run away to Miriam and old Christopher at the ivy-mantled cottage by the sea, and longing for the day when their father would come home they sank into dreams of Prince and the old wigwam summer-house again, and the rich sweet flowers and the sparkling shrubs and the waving trees and the flitting birds and the gleaming butterflies and the poppy shows and the funny little ladybirds and the humming bees and the cool green grots by the running water and the bushy knolls and the mossy hermitage by the whispering sea. The lives of Pearly and Valentine for months after the advent of the lord were no better than the lives of foundlings. Neglected, cursed and maltreated by the bullying cur who had wormed himself into the graces of their mother, they were regarded by her as now altogether an encumbrance. She sat wishing and wishing she had not been given their custodianship at all; she never knew what she wished.

"Mark my words, my lady dear," began the varicose eclairsissement

Correctly 'éclaircissement'; an explanation. [OED Online](#).

of the noble tactician, "there's a pot of money in the thing, as my dear old paterfamilias used to say. I have seen several agents in the city on your account, my lady dear, and they all say that in less than two years the property will be worth thirty times what is asked for it at present, or quite as much as the estate of my dear old materfamilias. It comprises quite half of the tenements in the block in West Broadway, New York. There are six shops, two hotels, and a bank. If that property is not worth two hundred thousand my name is not Sir Roger

Clifford. I can get it cheaper than anyone else through a friend of my dear old paterfamilias, so I will buy it if you are willing to just write your name, my lady dear, down underneath mine on the papers and the whole concern can be yours. I'll make you a wedding present of the lot, my lady dear, as I had no time to get anything before except the coronet handkerchief which belonged to my dear old materfamilias. Think, my lady dear, in two years' time of thirty or fifty times two hundred thousand—that equals from six to ten million dollars spot cash. Behold! the charming bird of Paradise a millionairess and just as much a millionairess as my dear old materfamilias. This unearned increment, as it used to be called by my dear old paterfamilias, is a great thing in speculation, my lady dear, in no mistake. What a high old time we will have together in the 'playground of Europe,' climbing the peaks of the Matterhorn, the terraces of the Pineian Hills in the eternal city of emperors, Hadrian's tomb, Nero, Gregory the Great and the Borgias, Milan, Genoa, Venice in the moonlight, the glittering lights of Paris, and on a visit to the magnificoes of Merrie England and my dear old mater-familias! Those brats of yours will be right enough without their mater-familias when the court arranges to send them to a city boarding-school; so what do you say, my lady dear, and I will telegraph your reply to the agents in the morning. You have, mind, my lady dear, only till to-morrow to decide as to whether you shall remain here or whether you will become in a year or so one of the richest women on the face of God's earth and just as great a millionairess as my dear old materfamilias," and after deftly planting a dainty little butterfly kiss on her lips, "'oos 'ittie birdie is oo?"

Despicably mean and selfish she had always shown herself towards the easy-going doctor; in the emollient whiphand grasp of the sleeky Sir Roger Clifford she was as "saft as the down o' the doo." Begrudging Eugene the money which he earned by his own exertions, and claiming the lion's share of it for bijoutry and fal-de-lals, her whole patrimony *tout à fait* the drawingroom ornament in the petunia tea-gown often proffered to her reigning lord and king. She had been converted by the reigning lord and king. In this gigantic proposal she readily acquiesced. A worldly woman generally looks after the main chance, and Marvel was conspicuous for her business abilities; but the gratification of the succedaneous

Taking the place of something else; next. [OED Online](#).

husband and lord was a great make-weight

A comparatively small quantity added to make up a certain weight (ie, to make up a deficiency). [OED Online](#).

to her shortsightedness. Conferring *carte blanche* warranty upon him to supervise the carrying out of this enterprise of great pith and moment, she agreed to sign the bills which he proposed to draw himself for the property, on condition that this penniless adventurer signed them first.

Next morning he telegraphed the good news to Lazarus and Lazarus, and obtaining another advance on the pretence that his remittance was to arrive in a few days, the *chevalier d'industrie*, with a final reassuring glance at the bird of Paradise, left Edenhall on his jaunt to the city and his voyage of discovery of the ingots and the *spolia opima*

The choicest spoils. [Jones 1963](#):114.

, with the bills endorsed by Marvel to the tune of nearly two hundred thousand dollars; promising a speedy return laden like the bees with treasures and a very Golgotha

A hill; but a hill associated with death as the 'place of skulls' where Christ was crucified. Uncertain in context. [OED Online](#).

of riches. The title-deeds of the property were handed over to him to take to Craig, Clack, Carrick and Clark for examination and conveyancing functions, and he obtained a liberal commission from the brokers for deceiving his wife and effecting the sale of the property. This commission he represented to Marvel as only portion of the remittance which he had received from his mother in England, while the fiducial Marvel lived at last in the Paradise of the guile, the chicanery, and the witchcraft of a lawful husband deliberately plotting a commercial plant upon his wife.

In the previous year a large amount of Spanish capital had come to the cotton fields for the purpose of buying up all the properties in land and buildings for sale in the market at an exorbitant figure. It was the beginning of a prodigious swindle to place false appraisements on landed properties throughout the States on the pretext of a huge influx of cotton-planters from Spain. Agents were disseminated all over the city and the country towns of the whole of the Southern States with the object of rigging the land exchange just as the promoters of the swindle wanted it rigged. Properties of inconsiderable value would in a few days advance to prices beyond the dreams of avarice, and within three months from the alleged importation of the bogus capital the unearned increment in cotton and tobacco plantations was amazing. The estimated values of city properties followed suit with all the kinetic energy of a tidal wave or a balloon. Men rushed into the land-market delirious with feverish excitement to buy up with all they could lay their hands upon whatever property they could find for sale. Problematical values were attached to every foot of land in the cities, which in some instances rose to the fictitious figure of eight thousand dollars for a spadeful. Still the balloon rose higher and higher. In the

hopes of a rapid advance in the fabulous prices, a perfect furore and commercial riot was engendered throughout the length and breadth of the Southern States among the eager crowds who flocked around the land exchanges vying with one another in monstrous offers for comparatively worthless sites. One little tobacco plantation which twenty years before had been sold for nine hundred dollars fetched the tremendous price of forty thousand!

The block of the effete dingy fuliginous and dilapidated message which Sir Roger Clifford had bought with the bills, worthless as they were without the endorsement of Marvel, were at the time they were foisted upon "Lady Clifford" not worth ten thousand dollars. Her precipitant hopes that in two years, according to the rate at which during the first six months prices had risen, the few ungainly piles would realise the chimerical dream of ten millions predicted by "Sir Roger," enfeathered her in the iron chains which he had forged around his wife—fetters from which with an irony of fate she had no desire to escape. His nuncupatory

Attested; verbal.. [OED Online](#).

affectation of solidarity and overbearing deportment of patronage towards others stamped him in the eyes of the untravelled Marvel as the *beau idéal* of a warranted English lord, and when his bombastic cruelty vented itself on the children she had not the moral courage to make an attempt to restrain him.

Fast out of her mind the children were fading away under the whirling excitement of the great cotton-balloon, and their absence all the week at the boarding-school encouraged her maternal oblivion.

Within twelve months from the inauguration of the Spanish swindle, in commercial language the balloon was scuttled. The rotten fabric fell pell-mell with a ruinous crash to the ground. Thousands of homes were devastated, their little all having been invested in property of a supposititious value. They had refused to sell as its price increased in their ravenous greed for greater remuneration. The recoil in prices when once the balloon was pricked outpaced the rapid advance which had been the case in its infancy. Properties fell to less than one-fourth of their formerly current values. Mad rushes were made for the cancellation of liabilities, and the devil took the hindmost.

The fortune of Marvel, invested as it was chiefly in the City of New York Bank, maintained its uniform average of five per cent.: it could not be affected by the rise and fall of the land market. Now that the prices of land were so depreciated Lazarus and Lazarus and thousands of others besides Lazarus and Lazarus found their occupations, like Othello, gone. Farewell the tranquil mind! They entered their claims for payment of the promissory notes given by Sir Roger Clifford, who was only a man of straw. The paraclisal endorsement was quite satisfactory to everybody with the exception of the bird of Paradise, and Lazarus and Lazarus enforced payment to the bitter end. Lazarus and Lazarus well knew that the name of Sir Roger Clifford was a rubbishy figment, but they had gone to the trouble of making a search for the will of the old coal-king in the Titles' office at the Law Courts and discovered that Marvel's income could be anticipated. They called upon Marvel, and after indulging in many coarse witticisms they coolly made an offer to her of five thousand dollars for the properties which she had purchased, and again the stultified docile and ductile Marvel was persuaded into accepting the offer of the Israelites in order that Sir Roger might reap another little harvest of commission.

Thousands of investors like Lady Clifford had been swindled out of almost all they possessed. The produce of life-long toil, distracting anxiety and unremitting solicitude vanished like a wraith, leaving not a shadow behind. Many of the strongest firms in the city were forced to close their doors and file their schedules. For years afterwards the law courts were as busy as beehives investigating embezzlements, specious schemes, defalcations and fraudulent insolvencies, and many a commercial syndicate found its way into the jails for conspiracy to defraud.

Following in the wake of the general crash came poverty into the homes of the formerly rich. Crime in its multiplex guises inundated the squalid and mephitic

Foul-smelling or pestilential. [OED Online](#).

quagmires of the always destitute. Business was paralysed from the disestablishment of the medium of credit, and the spirit of mutual trust lay stunned on the roads. Society was convulsed to its very foundations, and the disastrous effects of the hydra-headed bubble of the cotton-balloon lasted till they sank into insignificance beneath the ravages of the bloodiest civil war ever known to history. The lynchpin had tumbled out of the wheels of the razzle-dazzle coach at last, and Gloriana Bloobumper and Esmeralda Knight were sent away from the palace.

Her own and most of the children's pittance thrown away by the mercenary artifices of her villainous husband, the pseudo-lord whom she still for a time adored, the remnant of the life of the purse-proud bird of Paradise was spent under the cloud of humiliation. The hand of *Nemesis* was upon Marvel. She bemoaned the destiny that had led her to whistle down the winds the love of the upright, honest and genuine Eugene by the agencies of her turn-coat cowardice, her treachery, her querimonious dissimulation and her false testimony, when, soon after, she awoke to find *herself deserted*, and her hokey - pokey husband, her only deceiver, her whilom liege lord and master, living in a voluptuous kennel with wine-bibbing women of the town.

Old Jean Gould accepted the calamity as a judgment by retributive justice upon the internal dissensions in her own family, whereas for a long time Marvel had looked upon the trial as a harmless source of innocent mirth. Guinevere felt sorrow for Marvel, but Lillie Delaine rejoiced in her downfall. Revenge is sweet: spontaneous revenge is sweeter, and Marvel had tried to ruin Lillie Delaine without a stab of shame.

Chapter XIX. The Breaking Luck of "Edenhall."

*"Deserted in my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate."*

So long as the opulence of "Lady Clifford" sufficed to maintain him in a drifting and libidinous life, the glossy affections of "Sir Roger" provided a garden of Eden for her idle fancies at Edenhall. Now that the crisis of the cotton-balloon had tumbled her down with legions of others in the *débris* of its ruinous collapse, the flowery perfumes of the new Elysium were no more tangible than the subjective memories of the past.

Abandoned by the man who had entangled her in the meshes of his perfidious villainy for a period of six months, the keen-eyed acolyte Simon, who had such a liking for mixing himself up in the affairs of the bird of Paradise, discovered the degraded life which her meretricious husband was living in the slums of the city, in a notorious house situated near the wharf, and the full-tide of the demagnetised Marvel's self-torture and remorse over-whelmed her in unspeakable prostration. She had abandoned the substance for the shadow and discarded the man for the werewolf. Fancy had forestalled reason; she had sold a loving and faithful mate for a mess of pottage

See the Bible, Genesis 25:27-34.

, and now there was nothing to disturb the mill-pond inertia of her existence, and she was bankrupt in more ways than one. Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first deprive of reason.

The memory of the abjured self-denying and long-suffering Eugene weighed her down like an ever-present nightmare. She bitterly repented over the sorry business of the renunciation of Eugene. Sitting week after week alone, unless when at the end of the week the children had returned from school, the hollow and monotonous existence which she was leading began to tell its grave tale upon the phases of her mind, and at times it grieved her relatives to see her brooding over the hallucinations of melancholia. Edenhall became at night nothing more than an illuminated hermitage, resounding with the music of the solitary, displumed and dispirited Marvel on the harpsichord, like Penelope at the spinning-wheel

The wife of Odysseus, who wove while he was away to pass the time and put off her suitors. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995.](#)

, and her singing all alone the madrigal—

*"Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!"*

Go Where Glory Waits Thee. Thomas Moore.

Forsaken, now that she was comparatively poor, by the friends who had worshipped in scores at the shrine of the golden calf, for hours together she would mope *en pénitence* at Edenhall, where at last she realised that all her whirligig and razzle-dazzle pleasures were, like most other subjective possessions, nothing in the end but hollow joys and smouldering ashes. She had asked the judiciary for bread and they had given her a stone.

See the Gospel of Matthew, 7:9.

Hard as Marvel tried to disenchant the reminiscences of Eugene, the spectre of the slandered, cruelly-treated man tormented her in her strolls through the side-walks, avenues and shrubberies of the garden and in her waking dreams, until ultimately the burthen of her life at Edenhall became well-nigh intolerable. The

summer lightning of her coal-black lustrous eyes in the early stage of her mental breakdown made them appear as if starting from their sockets, but anon they sank into moody, morbid, lurid spheres. Purple lunules

A crescent-shaped mark. [OED Online](#).

around her eyelids portrayed the disturbance within, while her face was rapidly losing its wonted gipsy bloom. Sleep began to desert her, or when it came, it rendered her *distracte* with its concomitant dreams and hallucinations. Following upon the insomnia came all the prodromal symptoms of acute mania. Her pulses quickened into an abnormal celerity; her face had the absorbed, far-away expression of disturbing mental forebodings. Her gait became faltering and vacillating, and twitchings of the muscles of her limbs developed themselves into frantic convulsions. She lost her appetite for food; her language became incoherent and unintelligible, and the god of Nemesis hurled her headlong into the whirlpool of madness, which for a short season after the visits of the children or her mother would subside into a lucid interval of placidity, again alas! only to assume the phases symptomatic of *folie circulaire*, or cyclical phrenzy.

It soon became apparent to her mother that the derelict life which Marvel was now leading in the hungry Edenhall was seriously impairing her mental faculties. The faithful old mother persuaded her to leave the place and reside in the old home of the mushroom Goulds, which shortly after the death of the great and mighty coal-king had been christened with the name of "Grievedene"

Obscure.

—a very bad name, since Grievedene instead of being situated in a "deep vale" was embosomed on the breast of a hill. The opportunity was not allowed to escape the notice of the lynx-eyed and ubiquitous, the flaccid and emasculated, Simon Ernest, whose virility had been sapped by close attendance in the performance of his lying-in duties, and his services as dry-nurse. He purchased on the scale of the depreciated rates of property the mansion which had cost Marvel in all, as it now stood, some sixteen thousand dollars for the paltry sum of twelve hundred, and in the following year he left Sabinnia, and by means of parliamentary back-stairs influence he took, with the swarthy, sallow, elephantine and gravid Sukey and the spawn of vandal, scorbutic picaninnies, possession of the Saracenic palace; where jasper and agate formed the new architrave

Collective name for the various parts (lintel, jambs, and their mouldings) that surround a doorway or window. [OED Online](#), sense 2.

, and on the keystone of the arch was chiselled a mitred escutcheon sacred to the cult of Clifford, while two magnificent lions couchants guarded the keep of Edenhall. Like Jonathan Scatter, Simon Ernest was highly impregnated with commercialism, and he was never behindhand in the struggle for a good foothold in the world, even if it came from robbing his own brother. Thus ended the sojourns of Marvel in the gorgeous paradise of her own making—the palatial residence which had been her chief attraction for years and the principal cause of her prolonged absences from the proper homes provided by Eugene. Edenhall was uninhabited for nearly a year, and the whole place was buried in gloom. The seeds of insanity sown in the brain of the man whose grave old Adam Quain had rifled, and inherited by Sukey Bubbitt, remained in abeyance all Sukey's life. In Marvel the strain of *folie circulaire* inherited by Marvel from generations back were fast appearing from beneath the surface of the rife soil of Edenhall, and Lillie Delaiae, who had perfectly and permanently recovered from the effects of the atropia, was avenged to the bitter end.

Had it not been for her timely removal from her dangerous habitude, they would have quickly blossomed and borne fruit. As it was, several times she was found prostrate before a portrait of Eugene—her bowed head, her dishevelled hair neglected like the tangles of Neæra

A nymph. 'To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair?' Milton, *Lycidas*.

, and the wringing of her hands making her the verisimilitude of a Magdalen.

Fortunately for Pearly and Valentine, and indeed in many ways for Marvel herself, the application made by Warne, Costall and Davitt for a defeasance of part of the will and a disposing of it on behalf of the children, proved in the hour of need a boon, insomuch it was impossible for Marvel to be inveigled by her destroyer into drawing promissory notes against that fund, circumvented and inhibited by the court, and segregated from the main body of her legacy. She was thwarted by the judge's order from all power of anticipation regarding the children's money. It was almost all that was left of her munificent dowry. Thus virtually the fund for the children supported their mother as well as themselves.

In the codicils of the will of the coal-king provision had been made enabling and entitling the executors to prosecute the work of the collieries. Lacking the practical application of the knowledge of the country possessed in full by their departed owner, the returns from the mines began from the outset of the new regime to slowly diminish. Ultimately they dwindled down to nothing. On the other hand, the wool-merchant, who was heavily interested in coal-mining industries and always courted the good graces of the heads of the iron and brass foundries and the vendors of machinery and coal-mining appurtenances, had no compunction in drawing upon the residuary estate for the *matériel* to enable him to continue the work. Of this golden steam to machinery he was indiscriminately lavish.

The eldest son, Reginald Gould, was out of the States altogether, searching for carbuncles at Santiago in South America; but it is very questionable if his knowledge of mining, unavailable as it was, could have been productive of any better results. It, indeed, seemed that the carboniferous seams in the wombs of the Cyclops and Agamemnon mines had become exhausted.

Augustus, "the blundering old booby," was of no use, even if he could have been induced to take an interest in the development of the collieries. His ruling passion was the poultry farm and the dividends of a gold-mining company in California.

The old mate and *quondam* manager, the *blasé* Vernon Jay, had gone down life's ladder. He kept a little pie-shop in New York, and was given to low living and the wasting of his substance in the alcoholic mazes of the city, from which he seldom emerged on a visit to Maconville; or if he did, coal-mining was now beyond the pale of the pie-man. A meeting between him and Simon Bubbitt was never suggested. Vernon Jay held himself aloof from all the kindred of his deceased employer ever since he had been sent to the right-about by old Jean for asking her to marry him after worshipping the old girl or her money for some years. Jean did not forget that there was a proviso among the "trivial fond records" of the departed Julian rendering nugatory her fortune if she married anybody. The executor too had warned him away from the collieries on account of suspicions which he entertained of his wastefulness, and the knowledge that it was through his owliness that the old coal-king had been implicated in the frauds of the Great Leviathan Antediluvian Diamantino Tin-Mine.

Altogether then, the collieries were worked entirely by strangers, not one member of the family having any finger in the pie at all. These strangers having no immediate interest in the output of coal, and reaping no benefits in proportion to the yields, worked the mines to suit their own direct advantages on a sort of Government stroke. For years after the great man's death the wages of the miners were doled out by dribs and drabs, and poor returns had been the order of the day, and still, in a most paradoxical manner, additional hands were engaged, so that in eight years from the date of his death the outlay on the mines was enormous, and there was not a vestige of coal to be found in the upheavals. The immense residuary estate invested in Mexican Rails thawed away like a mountain of snow and threatened to disappear altogether long before a redistribution of the prizes had been willed to take place.

The fair prospects of Pearly and Valentine darkened as the years rolled away. One thing certain they had ever in prospective—a name bought for them by their mother and partly with their own money—a name of ravenous life-long reproach; a name blackened by the actions of their mother in procuring a dissolution of her wedlock with their father by dint of lying and treachery, actions which did not enrich herself, but which left little Pearly and Valentine poor indeed; and a name diametrically opposed to that into which they were born—a birthright and unbartered heritage which all the coal in the country could not procure.

Brilliant, intellectual, handsome, strong and healthy, they floated on the tide of nonage into their youth—on, on, on, pressing forward for the rich guerdons awaiting them in Treasure Island; to find when the day of reckoning came that their fortunes had gone down the black throats of the Cyclops and Agamemnon, or to make fodder for Mexican railways—the sins of their parents visited upon them, and the hereditaments of their matchless fortune—the priceless, heirloom of a character unspotted by the world—filched from them by the selfism of their mother. In the preparation for the great campaigns of life they had been in their infancy deceived and disarmed of the stoutest shield which they could have carried by the vainglory and the narrow and mean greed of their mother. Marvel took no thought for their future when she besmirched herself, her husband, and her children with belligerent gasconading

Extravagant boasting. [OED Online](#).

buffoonery and the sycophantic slime of double-dealing hoydens, strampets, bravoos, and lickspittles, coming down like hail upon the ripening corn, and then shuffled all the acquisitive blame upon her innocent husband: nothing but the detestable watchfulness of her own immediate interests. To gratify her overweening vanity, to eke out an incongruous and unwarranted revenge, and to free her cowardly self from the briars and thorns indigenous to true wifehood, in which state with Eugene she had always shown nothing but tergiversation

Stubbornness; refusal to obey. [OED Online](#), sense 2.

; to adapt herself better for the tinsel and butterfly life at Edenhall, she tarnished and spoilt the shining buckler and escutcheon of little Pearly and Vallie. Remorse she felt, when it was too late, for the bitter wrong she had done their guiltless and loving father in her attempts to secure their reddenion

Restoration of something taken or received. [OED Online](#).

; it was all the more spurious coming as it did at a time after she had fatuously allowed her only deceiver and destroyer to demolish her fortune, and at a time when she felt the need of a protector and the helplessness of herself.

The change from Edenhall to the old home of her mother had an immediate and beneficial effect upon Marvel. It re-incarnadined the damask of her cheeks, and her complexion resumed its natural gipsy odour; the

lustre returned to her jet-black eyes; the dark lunettes faded away on the cessation of the insomnia, and for months she was again Marvel—the once worshipped bird of Paradise *cap-à-pie*.

It was but the lurid glimmer of a candle before it spluttered itself out into a cinder—the rallying spasmodic brightness of life before the demolition of its fibre. Again she retrograded into states of glamour and despondency. At varying intervals the strain of the *folie circulaire* threaded its way among the convolutions of her brain, where it eventually established itself and abided in active or dormant conditions as long as she lived.

Then arose from earth to sky the loud farewells to Gaiety and Wealth, and the frantic shrieks over the lost Eugene, thrown away as so much surplusage by the irreparable breach of a wild, purblind blunder.

In her phases of hallucination she would call out for Eugene, and depicture him to her guardian mother—now her only friend—as a transformed man since she saw him on that ever-remorseful never-to-be-forgotten day—a man in the prime of his life and the full meridian of his fame: youthful still in appearance, robust and vigorous, while, at the time, in the trackless virgin forests, on mountain peaks, over caverns, chasms and gorges, he moved with the gallant black mustang, lithsome as a chamois on the hills, through the fairyland of his dreams of the children.

The loves of the mother of Marvel, if she had any, seemed to have been soured by her experiences of the old rover—long since roving among the angels—and did not manifest themselves in any kindnesses, but rather antipathies, towards the children. Hard as had been their portion when their brutal stepfather domineered in his tyrannical reign over them, it was equally coarse usage when they stayed at the old house of Jean Gould. From Friday night till Monday morning they were buffeted about by their unfeeling grandmother on every trivial pretext. It was a happy release when, by the increased efforts of their father acting from so far away, they were sent as permanent boarders to superior boarding-schools in the city, and, though Marvel tried very hard to arrest the mandate, she never won again since the great pitched battle, and was finally beaten to her knees. Pearly became an inmate of the Girton College

There is no Girton College of New Orleans; Dutton may be drawing on the Cambridge college, or Girton College of Bendigo, Victoria.

of New Orleans, and Valentine an alumnus of the best academy in the State of Louisiana. It was compulsory on the part of their mother to make some pretence of spending their maintenance and education fund upon them; and, as the fees at these institutions amounted to one-half of the allowance, the other half it was to be presumed was spent on the purchase of their outfits, although there was a strong ground for suspecting that some of it was annexed by their mother and the old skinflint Jean Gould, who charged against their pittance money for their board at Grievedene.

"The weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea,"

The Garden of Proserpine. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

and in harmony with the moral law concerning the culminating triumph of Truth and Virtue, after many an uphill struggle through years of lingering penury, the fair Guinevere, who had fought to save her husband and who had been censured by those who had never seen her and knew personally nothing of her for her platonic friendship with Eugene, obtained by her meritorious career at the Girton College during her girlhood days and prior to her entrance to the *alma mater* of the university surcease from sorrow in the appointment of vice-principal of the college some time before Marvel's mental luxation. To have been educated there gave a girl brevet rank in the world, so that no wonder there was always a full complement of pupils at Rosemary Point. Again the wheel of Fortune brought Pearly and Guinevere together, and Guinevere desired no greater guerdon for her goodness. The very division in the school where Pearly, blushing like a rich red rose, was placed on the first day of her appearance, had been for some months in charge of Guinevere. In pleasant surprise she saw the rubicund Pearly ushered into the schoolroom by the lady proprietress. Her eyes filled with the miniature wells of joy as she covered the blushing Pearly's face with impassioned kisses and dwelt on the memories of the past. It was a red-letter day for Guinevere; the vernal day when the sunbeams glinted into the schoolroom through the Venetian shutters, when the whistling call of the yellowhammer came from the battlements of the great building, and the big grown nut-brown maid, with the ruddy cheeks and straight as a dart, came once again under her tenderest care, to find in the sweetness of the charms of Guinevere a well-spring of happiness and a haven of rest after the hardships at Maconville.

Simultaneously with the reunion of Guinevere and Pearly at Rosemary Point, from the little music-room through the colonnades of Girton College came the sound of a Great Amen and the song about that night in June upon the Sabine River; for her "fingers were wandering idly over the noisy keys," and Carrie Cosgrove, the little daily governess of Augusta, was the teacher of singing, and the quirkish lady of social *aplomb*, who found it necessary to shift for herself since the old bone-miller had run away, was employed practising the old saltations, gyrations and salutations among the Girton girls learning the figures of the cotillon and the steps of the *pas de deux*; while the lady of the contralto voice and the scales sat marking time on the piano. Old Hemlock was taking care of a little crib in New Orleans for Madame, and like the giraffe, which is able to utter

no sound whatsoever, the attenuated old monitor of Eugene, so sparing of words before, had lost the run of the only ejaculation she possessed, and now was absolutely dumb. The jovial old Moderator had taken up his quarters with the talkative Titania, chattering and jabbering away for ever about fashions in social etiquette and two forms of letters which he had always ready for publication—one, "To a young gentleman, repulsing his advances"; another, "To the same, according him a meeting." They had both become deaf, so that there were two deaf and one mute celebrities living together.

In the first blush of her girlhood, the buxom, blithe and *débonnaire* Pearly enlisted the hearts of all in her favour. Her flowing golden hair lying in waving clusters upon her forehead, and felling in hyacinthine curves upon her ample shoulders, ornamented her sweetly pretty face, forming an exquisite adornment to the expressive violet eyes, whose love-light illumined all her companions at school. Not a blemish in its classical chiselled contour, intellect shone in every expression and amidst prettily wreathing smiles pensive dreams intermingled with sadness.

It was apparent to all who saw Pearly for the first time that the quiet and thoughtful girl had a historiette of her own, and soon she was lauded as a heroine. This distinction her mother had endeavoured to acquire for herself, but it sat badly on Marvel—it became a dirty stain.

The spontaneity of the love in Pearly for her father, springing from her own reminiscences of Summer Hill and Myamyn, had quelled the venomous dogmas of her mother. It triumphed over the work of years and the strenuous exertions of Marvel to embitter and turn the children from him by her false vilifications. It asserted itself as repellent of the nefarious efforts to undermine and alienate her natural allegiance. Chief among her malicious incitations was the instillation of an idea that if the children approached him in any way, or failed to disclaim him altogether and look upon him as some ghost, they would forfeit their hereditaments by their grandfather's will—then lying in the titles' office of the law courts, whereas their mother had no more to do with the legacies of the children than had their father, and that was nothing.

Emancipated from the thralldom of her life with the crabbed age of the austere Jean Gould and the poltroon who had usurped her father's place, gladly Pearly again entered the sphere of the benign influence of Guinevere and a whole-hearted love brighter than day, and waited for the day when her father should return. The letters which he sent her from the Cape of Good Hope would reach her in safety at last. When he returned he would tell her of how many he had written before, and she would know that her mother had maliciously destroyed her letters and presents year after year.

Hidden amongst a multitude of copper-beeches and pines, the Norfolk Island pine, the Canary Island Pine, and the *pinus insignis*, whose purple glamour was relieved by orangeries and magnolia trees and the pale gold of the flowering gorse and the mimosas beyond, lay the finest scholastic establishment in New Orleans Sombre it looked with its square-topped turrets and its minarets, its broad parapets and classic loggias amongst the dark green foliage, but it was a place for the work in which there is no royal road—it was not a pleasure-ground that college, it was the work-house of Athene, and she ploughed very deep.

Punctually as the big clock in the belfry struck nine, the work of Minerva was begun. Its masters were culled from the honour-lists of the universities, and with the exception of the universities themselves no better staff of teachers could be found in the whole of the United States. There boys advanced from the juvenile schools perfected their preliminary qualifications for the universities. They left direct from the college when their matriculation had been passed for one of the schools affiliated to the universities, chief among which was University College, Philadelphia.

Nine ponderous strokes of the big bell in the belfry! The first of the quarter of the new year then beginning, the boys who attended as day scholars from the city and the boys who had been sent as permanent boarders from all parts of the States flocked into the general hall. The muster-roll was taken from the repertory where last year it had been relegated for the Christmas holidays; new names were added, and in alphabetical order the pupillary lists were gone through by the vice-principal.

Alone, on his own resources, as his father had been before him, not one loving hand to guide him in his early steps in the cloistered prison. Vallie felt like a newly-caught bird, looking this way and that way, up at the ceiling and down at the floor, for the touch of the vanished hand of Pearly or the sight of some familiar face, but no familiar face was there: two of Cosgrove the architect's boys, but they were unknown to Vallie.

Coming up from behind he saw another contingent of some day-scholars, who walked every morning to school from the city with satchels. Out from the batch of fresh attendants came the grown boy whom Vallie knew at a glance. Towards him he inclined with all the eagerness of a new schoolboy, and his forlorn boyish heart rejoiced when it beat beside Cyril's once more.

"Valentine Gordon Whitworth!" called out the vice-principal.

No answer came to the call. He, Valentine Gordon Whitworth, knew not what to do, as Latin was all Greek to Vallie.

"Sing out Adsum," whispered Cyril, and "Hadsum," shouted Vallie at the top of his voice, standing with the

air of one who had been reared on Parnassus and had rambled through its groves cooeing to the dryads and the wood-nymphs all his life.

The reading of the roll having been accomplished, the multitude of pupils formed into multiplex sections, which found their ways into different rooms, where they were drafted into classes according to their respective stages of advancement. Fortunately for the lonesome Valentine he was classified with Cyril, notwithstanding the fact that he was four years younger and had so little prior education: Cyril had often been ill withal; and on that account he had suffered many gaps in his early training; but his intellect had been sharpened on the whetstone of sickness. Vallie's only regret was that when the school was over for the day Cyril left for home, but he had to stay himself inside the gates. In the public school he very soon discovered how he had deceived himself with the notion of knocking the other boys over "iv that illie finger," but in the tactics of Frederick he could easily hold his own, which many another boy knew to his cost. To the arduous work of study he soon assimilated, and indeed; the nascent scholar took to the school like a duck to the water. Invita Minerva! The laborious years which his father had spent in colleges and universities had modelled his nature and transmitted its potency to the juvenile days of his son. Soon he began to feel quite at home in the work, and quickly he overtook many who had been dawdling there for years. Cyril was a heaven-sent messenger to Valentine. He brought him all the tidings from his mother about Pearly, As the two schoolboys walked together over the fields with their arms lovingly around one another's neck Cyril enfolded before him the thrilling tale that his mother had seen a newspaper from the Cape of Good Hope containing a notice that Vallie's father was shortly to leave South Africa and return home to the United States. The news was hailed with salvoes of joy and a figurative flourish of hautboys, although the band was—oh! where was that band-box and that bit of rope, those castanets and that raucous bassoon? The hopes of soon seeing his long-lost father revived the recollections of his childhood days at the rose-scented vine-clad Sabinnia, Summer Hill, and Myamyn. Involuntarily hummed into his mind the verse of Lalla Rookh which he had learnt from his father at Myamyn—

*"That bower and its music I never forget.
But oft, when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"*
Thomas Moore.

and they spirited his attention away from the work of the school with the music of the silver bells of memory.

Perhaps, he thought, his father would take him out of the college dormitories, and that he would revel in rose-bowers again with Pearly in another flowery home; but vague notions of lawyers and strangers interfering hindered his sanguine but fanciful indulgences, and he contented himself with abiding in suspense and waiting till his father should return.

The following morning at the Girton College, Rosemary Point, there arrived from the Cape of Good Hope a letter for Pearly and at the same time another for Vallie at the academy. Eugene had heard of the new ukase that his children were to attend these institutions as permanent boarders that year from his old friend the lawyer, who had thrown himself heart and soul into the work of rescuing the children from the fate assigned them by the inefficient polemic synopsis of the case and the warped judgments of Obadiah Slocum and the other bright particular stars on the jury. Single-handed he had opposed the cabal and confraternity of the paradisaal lawyers, and often at his Own expense he had filed affidavits in the office of the prothonotary subversive of the scheme drawn up by the State-sheriff, who was compelled to write several minatory letters to the possessory Marvel. Like Eugene himself, Wilmington was a man of very warm affections, whose friendship, once made, lasted for a life-time.

Taking advantage of the opportunity of communicating with them direct, Eugene wrote to them as soon as he received the welcome tidings of the change. It was the first news which they had heard from their father since he wished them godspeed in the divorce court. Theretofore wondering year after year why he did not write letters to them, they discovered at last how they had been deceived by their mother, who all along had left no stone unturned to poison their beings unduly against him by false representations, and to blot out from their unformed minds the memory of him as something unworthy to be there.

Her base attempts to embitter their hearts against him, to remodel their impressionable minds and ultimately to make them hostile; to cajole them into discountenancing and disowning him in favour of the precious bird of Paradise alone, began to recoil upon her own seditious head, when, in absolute independence of the woman who had robbed them to aggrandise herself, they felt elated at the bright prospect of seeing their father once again. They would enter into communion with him concerning the bye-gone days when they had

followed him whithersoever he wandered and basked at the crystal alabaster baths and disported their little forms through the curling, purling, murmuring waves on the sunny Sunday mornings, and gathered cowrie shells on the lily-white shores of Mobile, frolicking with Prince around the flower-crowned wigwam-summerhouse and sleeping among the wild flowers and the prairie grasses at Myamyn; dancing with Vallie in Jack Tar costume and Pearly in silk sabots and pink accordeon pleats to the music and the click of the castanets and parading to the music of "Marching through Georgia," with the drum, the bassoon, the triangle and the martial music of Brosie in the long gala nights at Summer Hill; the flowery seminary at Galveston; the old mare, on whose back Vallie loved to sit all day long in the stable; the merriment over Brosie crawling about the Colorado Ranges like a crocodile and jumping about like a big electric frog with a gun after herons, widgeons and squirrels, and the memories of their poor old grandfather feeding Rosie with pies, and Miriam singing requiem hymns with them over little Percy's grave.

While the children were spending their first week at the new colleges and Marvel was living under the grim sheltering shadow of her mother at Grievedene, the remaining money of the residuary estate of the great and mighty coal-king was found to be insufficient to prosecute any deeper the work of the mines. For years after his death the returns had been on the decline, and latterly so fast had the ebb-tide flowed that the venture was a compound of lavish and reckless outlay with an absolute absence of production.

In the beginning of the following month the collieries were shut down for good. Hundreds of miners were thrown out of employment. It mattered not one jot to the wool-merchant. He had his percentage as executor of the estate and other perquisites accruing from his position as comptroller to the collieries. If any good result had been obtained, Theophilus of course would have been highly gratified; but he had drawn all he could from the well of the estate and now that it had run dry he was not going to steam away any of his own money. Besides, he was now dissociated from the other coal mines of which he had been a director, and had no longer any immediate interest in the orders of new machinery from the foundries; so that after putting off the men with aching hearts, and some of them suffering from mine-fever, to look out for other employment for themselves as lugubriously and graciously as he could, he reserved his emotional powers for the stages of the city of New Orleans, and for the remainder of his time he rolled about in a carriage.

In the old house of the coal-king, dubbed now with the brand of Grievedene painted on a piece of tin and laced by the owner herself around the fretwork of the verandah with lapping wire, remained old Jean Gould with her divorced and abandoned daughter. The house, furniture, plate, linen and pictures bequeathed to the widow in the voluminous will occupied most of her attention. From her youth through long years of hard work, during which her nose was always kept at the grindstone by the king, she had taken a great pride in keeping her abode in perfect apple-pie order. Although she was a well-jointed widow with three thousand dollars a year and a freehold residence, she disdained the life of *otium cum dignitate*

Ease with dignity. [Jones 1963:88](#).

, and worked away with the dustbroom, the flatirons and the frying-pan, sometimes wiping away a dribble of a tear from her eye and guarding like a griffin and whipping up the spirits of the bird of Paradise in the kitchen. None visited her—for she never was liked by the people of the town of her adoption—excepting the old and infirm auntie and Augustus from Sunnyside, who accorded her a visit once in six months. Regularly she went to pray every Sabbath and sit in a state of lassitude for an hour under the jargon of the rabid and raving Nonconformist minister. She was never accompanied there by the derelict Marvel, whose solace was the balmy view of the chancel and the blaze of glory in All Saints Chapel, before whose holy shrine the once wayward and froward girl, now changed into a fallen and doomed woman, piously joined in the psalmody and worshipped in penitence and painful atonement for the violation of her vows with a burning and contrite, and pietistic heart the Lord, who in His infinite love had forgiven the sins of the woman of Samaria

The Gospel of John, chapter 4.

. Furtive tears would steal into her eyes; she would dry them away and they would come again. The giddy and malcontent bird of Paradise became quite a *religieuse*, and there was joy among the angels over the purgation of one repentant sinner. At evening too in the village chapel sat the converted Marvel in a state of religious exaltation alone before the organ, picturesque amidst the dissheveled wealth of her Spanish hair and the long lashes of her antelope-like eyes touching her cheeks, and entranced by the swelling strains of her own enthralling harmony and singing in loud hosannas appassionato the anthem.—"The Lord thundered in the Heavens and gave His voice; hailstones and coals of fire: He sent out His arrows and scattered them; He shot out lightnings and discomfited them. More to be desired are the judgments of the Highest than gold, yea than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." There every Sunday morning and evening she would sit, her memory crowded with wrongs visited upon Eugene, near the chancel before which she was made his wedded wife. In their vivid clearness she could hear the echoes of the full grand tones of the chapel organ as on the day of her nuptials it resounded with the march of Mendelssohn, and on other evenings she played in the church alone. Before her wandering intellect again and again would come the luminous vision of the stalwart

form of her father, and jarring in her ears the words which he often used when he advised her to follow Eugene end keep to him alone—"Birdie, don't go to extremes."

Living among the muffled drums of flooding fancies and lurid memories of the past her life over again, the pleasure which she experienced in participating in the divine ritual of All Saints engendered a feverish form of true religion. Now that the die had been cast and she had crossed the Rubicon of her life, she depicted autogenetic mental illusions and fanciful dreams of what her life might then have been; when her truest lover was coming back from his wanderings and when instead of subsiding under the crushing blow which she herself and her harpies had delivered, he rose like a phoenix from the ashes of her accusations and stepped from his dead self into competence and prosperity.

If she could only—she would meditate when the spirit of devotion hovered over her and permeated her thoughts,—if she could only feel again the touch of his vanished hand; again listen to the music of his voice as it sounded in her ears on the night of her espousal beneath the canary-pine and the ascendant silver moon; if she could only meet him again at the altar, to wander away again with him through the scented fields over the blue seas and beneath the sunny skies! No such blessing in store for Marvel! No bye-gone wave on the ocean of life can return with the same form as that washing past. She had tasted the bouquet of the wine, and she had wantonly thrown away the chalice, undiscoverable, irretrievable for ever. She had surrendered her youth to the sounding of brass and the tinkling of cymbals

The Bible, 1 Corinthians 13:1

and the pleasures of herself and her train-bearing votaries, and now the vase of Chloris was broken and the roses had ceased to bloom.

Uncertain; Chloris was the Greek equivalent of Flora, goddess of spring and flowers.

Chapter XX. Time—the Reaper.

*"Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,
Or the priests of the evil faith;
They stand on the brink of that raging river
Whose waves they have tainted with death;
It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells;
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity."*

To William Shelley [The billows on the beach are leaping around it]. Percy Bysshe Shelley.

FOREMOST among the dental luminaries in the State of Louisiana, within three years from the day the loosely-girthed saddle had swerved from the bolting old mare's back in the race for the Maiden Plate on the downs of the Colorado River,—but Brosie had turned into the right path himself,—appeared the name of Dr. Ambrose Vernon Whitworth, president of the leading odontological and oral institute in the city. His long stay at the college in Apricot Street, Chicago, had not after all been made in vain. The valuable certificate illustrative of the qualification of Doctor of Dental Surgery, which he had brought home to Lily Cottage among the sheaves by the "Mararona," was a diploma second to none in the world. Very few of the contemporaneous dentists of any of the neighbouring States possessed such a distinguished credential as that possessed by Brosie. He was, moreover, an exemplar among his fellows, and he lived in charity with all men.

In the transplantation and regulation of teeth he carved out fame by the discovery of methods entirely by original research, and a method which has not been improved upon ever since. There was no department in scientific dentistry which he had not thoroughly exploited. In crown and bridge work, goldfilling, trephining, pivoting, and all the niceties of the profession allied to surgery, he had few rivals worthy to compete against him. Brosie could do what no other dentist in the whole of Louisiana could do, and that is make mineral teeth, for which purpose he had a patent furnace for smelting siliceous materials. It supplied large demands for artificial teeth so subtilized that they looked under a ten thousand power Hartnack microscope

A contemporary top-of-the-line microscope, made by E Hartnack & co of Paris and Potsdam. [Ars Machina 2005](#).

, both on the superficies and on transverse section, exactly like natural anatomical teeth, and showing the stratiform layers of enamel, dentine, and all the tiny Haversian canals

Haversian canal, one of the minute cylindrical passages in bone which form the channels for blood-vessels

and medullary matter. [OED Online](#).

, similar to the ones supplied by Nature. Some were such, clinkers that when struck they would sparkle with fire. His remarkable skill in fitting out the mouths of the people of New Orleans, within a few months brought to his emporium a large and lucrative trade from the country towns, and even from the adjoining States, where he had agents appointed to receive patronage and take moulds of the mouths of patrons at a distance, with Coventry wax, S. S. White's godiva modelling composition, finely pulverised plaster of Paris, and dainty dental trays. He supplied the other dentists with obturators and sets for show-cases. Some of the Boërs of South Africa carried his gold plates on the battle-field, and even Foster Wax himself displayed a show-case of Brosie's dental handiwork.

In an American almanack for 1883 is delineated the following information:—

October.

Th. 25—Charge of the six hundred at Balaclava. 1854.

The Charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean War.

Fri. 25—Opening of Dr. Ambrose Vernon Whitworth's dental emporium and mineral teeth manufactory, New Orleans. 1853.

Sat. 27—Surrender of the fortress of Metz and the army of Marshal Bazaine with 173,000 prisoners, 3 marshals, 66 generals and 3,000 cannon, to the Prussian army, in command of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. 1870.

Margaret Hornblower burnt for witchcraft. 1441.

In Broad Street, one of the principal streets of the city, a new three-storey building of sand-stone, ornamented with scarped granite window-sills, tuck-pointed lintels, and a silver-buttoned page outside the big front door, afforded accommodation to the large number of operatives in his employ. From all parts of the civilised world newspapers—daily papers, weekly papers, monthly papers, illustrated papers and comic papers—whiled away the time of the crowds of clients who besieged his rooms every morning. In the waiting-room were suspended caricatures of patients in the New York Odontological Institute getting their teeth knocked out with a tack-hammer, and the pharmaceutical Batty Take stirring up toothache odontalgicon in a gallipot with a pair of bull-dog forceps for a pestle. In the operating-room, where Brosie drew teeth with great address, over the mantelpiece hung a picture of the Japanese god of toothache with sufferers from that malady chewing bits of paper to a pulp and spitting them out upon the god in the hopes of a cure. On the walls were tablets portraying the ancient cure for toothache in the kiss of a pretty girl, and medallions showing the ceremony of burying teeth by the ancients as something sacred; chromo-lithographs, too, of scenes with pigeons during his novitiate at the emporium of Foster Wax and Co., chief among which was one of Foster Wax himself driving his patients out of the rooms, taking two pigeons out of his pocket, cleaning it out, and letting the carriers have a fly around before bidding him good-bye for ever, and a photograph of Foster Wax being taken home full of battle-axe brandy by two of his pupils, while an old man and two boys were busily furbishing Brosie's brass-plate.

Elected president of the New Orleans oral and dental academy by an enormous majority, he attended its meetings every week, and he was much sought after by parents of boys, who paid handsome premiums for their apprenticeships. Among other pupils was the eldest son of the architect, who was now located in New Orleans, and the bereaved peach-grower's boy was his page. Brosie was one of the leading lights of the American Dental Kosmos after all, and he crowed over the croakers who declared he would do no good anywhere. In the whole of the Southern States there was not a more flourishing dental emporium than that of Brosie Whitworth. The branch of the work devoted to the manufacture of mineral teeth from feldspar absorbed the energies of six experts, specially imported by the proprietor from Chicago. All the appliances of the renowned dental factory were manufactured in America, which for ages has been the home and the hot-bed of odontological science.

At this celebrated establishment employment was found by Brosie for his brother's old housekeeper, in the packing of orders to be sent into the country, and in the preparation of capsicum gum-pads, dentifrices, puriline mouth-washes, toothache odontalgicon, and lotions of various sorts under his directions for more than two years. It was a custom in Chicago to employ girls in this department of the business. Some of them proceeded from this appendical occupation to the pure studies of dentistry, and subsequently qualified themselves to practise as dentists at one of the famous colleges there. The tenure of the office of packer, dentifrice-mixer, and lotion-compounder was used by Lillie Delaine merely as a stop-gap, owing to her inability to obtain employment in the duties of housekeeping, to which she had been more accustomed. Her mother, too, had removed to the city when the generous offer was made by the prominent dentist, and there together they rented a small cottage, some years after Eugene had gone to the Cape of Good Hope.

"Lillie, my gal," said the thriving Brosie, with an air of good-humoured raillery, upon the occasion of her first interview in connection with the noble offer: "the emporium I may state right here is chock-a-block full of 'prentice hands, but I will, I calc'late, pay you four dollars per week for packing and three dollars for the

dentifrice and month-wash job, during the time you show you air only a novice in your a-adopted profession. It's as easy as falling off a log, I wish to give you some good substantial proofs that I meant what I said jest before our little symposium when I informed you that I was by natur' a gen'leman, and that I would repay your generosity in advancing me the sixes and fours. You recklect I told you I'd come out on top some day, so you see I gave you right there the straight griffin. I guess I do not require any loans from you nowadays. I ain't a-wallowin' in wealth yet, but if it had not been for you I would often, I reckon, have been what you call 'hung up' for a drink. I am sorry I cannot avail myself of the services of your mother further than offering her the appointment of looking after the reg'lar sousing of the staircase, and the operating-rooms in partick'lar, for, which graft I will submit an offer of three dollars per week. For yourself I calc'late another two dollars per week after the first three months, when you air a-droit in the manipulation of the puriline mouth-wash as propounded by myself: then I guess yon an' me'll be quits." To clinch the offer and in accordance with the American customs he twice shook hands with Lillie, and the new hand replied with the customary solecisms—"Thankyer, Brosie, or rather, as I muss say, doctor Brosie. I was gettin' sick of scrubbin' floors and my mother I expex she'll come too; so it will be all right, won't it Brosie—beggin' yer pardon, doctor Brosie."

For two years the great dental emporium provided a comfortable living for Lillie and her mother. Other girls were employed there and soon were polished off in the art of comic-singing; the emporium was often heard to resound with the Chick-a-leary Bloke, a song and a dance, and the rousing chorus of "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," and "On the Strand—on the Strand," and "I wish I was in Dixey's land; to live and die in Dixey." At the termination of this epoch she grew tired of the monotony of the dentifrice and mouth-wash making, and, hearing that Guinevere had been seeking for a housekeeper through Miriam, she was made welcome to the situation. She served the college teacher as faithfully as she had served Eugene. In her new home, too, sometimes in the holidays she would see again Pearly and Vallie, buoyant on the spring-tide of youth and as fond of their old friends as ever. Soon afterwards she was married to Frederick, whereat Brosie, always ready to work off the old obligations, fitted out her cottage with satinwood garniture.

While lillie Delaine had been packing and mouth-wash making in New Orleans and Guinevere was engaged as assistant in the Ladies' College; while the fame of Brosie as a withdrawer of teeth and a supplanter of siliceous facsimiles of Nature, with the only difference that they would never ache, was spreading tike wildfire over the length and breadth of the United States through all the points of the compass, the black mustang sent from Mexico ambled with Eugene about the yawning gulfs and rugged eminences of South Africa or forded the tortuous swift-flowing streams. Moss Rose was a horse of mustang breeding—the mare had been born and bred in Mexico.

Under the irradiating glow of the golden galleon, as he sailed through the dome of the ethereal seas in summer, or under the autumn skies as the sweat-stained lumbering beeves

Oxen, cattle. [OED Online](#).

ploughed the rich loamy glebes

The soil of the earth. [OED Online](#).

on the banks of the Great Fish River, and while the upborne, russet skylark singing ever soared and soaring ever sang over their heads, the sable glossy mustang carried Eugene, with his life sometimes in his hand, in search of the afflicted with pain and disease. Over mountain crags where not a sound could be heard but the roaring din of splashing waterfalls and boiling whirlpools; through weird caverns and earthquake-tunnelled rocks, where ferns and mosses in all their rich variety unseen by the city mice luxuriated, he listened to the screeching cries of the painted macaws or the droning hum of the swarming wild bees, with the forms of Pearly and Vallie ever-present in his reveries and in his dreams and the reminiscences of the children embalmed in his mind, and like sunshine burnt into his soul. Nearer and nearer closed in upon him the time when his heart would warm at the sight of the land of his home—the land where he pourtrayed in his absent mind the sight, of his lost little cherubs at school and at play, and the home to which he longed to return.

Five years had passed away since he had sailed away in the twilight from the multi-mouthed Mississippi, and these five years had not been expended in a strange foreign country in vain. The beneficent change had rehabilitated his nature from the first week he had lived in the exhilarating climate. Few would have given credence to the difference that came in the first few months he was there. Away from the razzle-dazzle whirl of the brain-racking city of New Orleans he had found a refuge and a home in the seclusion of the transatlantic forests, Sequestered, as it was, it was a welcomehome to the indigent, hard-pressed and down-borne Eugene. In the new colony people stood aghast when they heard of the manufactured and wanton charges which had been made by his wife. His private life was exemplary and his professional abilities esteemed. He had the good word of everyone. Anear and afar he was lauded and patronised by the strangers among whom he had come, and in six months' time his medical practice was more extensive and lucrative than any in the whole of South Africa. He was a man of great dash and daring in surgery, and he would have risen to early and eminent heights had the bird of Paradise not crossed his hands. The sibylline old Jean had predicted that he would "sprachle up the

brae," and climb up the hill he did, but to Jean the sense of home and duty was ever paramount and pregnant with meaning. The old order changeth in the days of andromania, and these heresies and old-fashioned follies vanish before the "emancipation of women;" but as there are more women than men in the world, on the principle of the greatest happiness to the greatest number the verdict must go to the majority.

He knew only too well how futile would be his visits to the children while they were under the roof, the threats, and the bane of their mother. He patiently waited as the years rolled away for the time when they would both be emancipated from her venomous and tyrannical influences. Letter after letter from the villa named "The Horseshoe," where he lived with his old military captain, who was engaged on the diamond-fields, he wrote to them, but a few weeks brought them all back again whence they were forwarded, until finally he gave up the attempt at communicating with them and adopted the tactics of urging his lawyers to apply to the court for their disenchantment and a new mandamus

A court order or writ directing an inferior court, a corporation, official, etc., to perform a public or statutory duty, esp. so as to remedy a legal defect. [OED Online](#).

commanding their removal to the boarding-schools in the city. When they were removed from their mother's house by the unerring nemesis of the ill-starred Marvel, the hand of Providence herself placed the benign Guinevere in charge of his little pearl of a girl, and her son as comrade to the valorous Valentine. The news was like honey to the lips of Eugene.

During his sojourn in the wilds of the Cape Colony his expenses had been comparatively small and his professional income very large. Most of this his husbandry had saved. He could have written a cheque for twenty thousand pounds. Without any blunting of his faculties as an operative surgeon by his sojourn in the heart of the bush, he had profited largely from new experiences of injury and disease. His health and vigour were unassailed. Hearing that Jonas Peck, the medical generalissimo, who was not a legally qualified medical man and was called "doctor" only by courtesy, had given over horse-racing and had come to the Cape Colony on furlough with the object of practising his empiricism on the unsuspecting Boers with a patent "monarch of pain," he galloped over a hundred miles to find him, and when he found him he picked Jonas up by the back of the neck and threw him into a green swamp among the frogs and the frantic cheers of the Kaffirs.

Nothing remained to detain him in the sepulchre of the bush now that the coast was clear for his communion with the children, untrammelled by the artifices of his divorced wife, and no sooner had he received the good tidings of great joy from his lawyer than he wrote letters to Pearly and Vallie at the schools to tell them he was coming home at last. With the thoroughbred mustang, to which his old passion for horses and the incomptability of his warm nature to tear himself away from an old friend had greatly attached him, he shipped at Port Alfred on board a brigantine which, calling at ports in Madagascar, enabled him to visit the Salaklava princes, Tamatave, Mojanga and the homes of the Hovas at Antananarivo and touching at the islands of Mauritius and Rodriguez sailed by a circuitous route for the Gulf of Mexico, where he landed on the shores of Galveston in a little under five years from the date of his embarkation on board the "Rosalind" to join in the abortive expedition against the Kaffirs amongst whom and the Boers he eventually left many friends. Buoyant as a nautilus on the phosphorescent wavelets of a breeze-rippled sea, or like an ocean bird shooting the seething foam of the billows, the dainty clipper brigantine the "Sophy Bell" spread her gaff-headed mainsail and her fluttering shrouds before the fair breezes of the trades, scudding along the drowsy waters of the South Atlantic; anon to be tossed like an egg-shell on the boiling breast of a whirlpool in the tossing seas. Now she was hoisted on the cyclopean shoulders of the mountainous masses of storm-driven waters, pitching and rolling heavily, dipping prow under with every sea, shuddering, cracking her cordage and straining her spars as the angry Neptune took her by the waist and shook her on his tumultuous peaks and plunged her into the leaden trough of the tossing seas, with the waves pouring in sheets over her bulwarks, the seething wash of breakers sweeping her scuppers and league-long rollers ramming her side; now she rose again on his bosom, and again and a thousand times again through the howling storm of the deepening dark and the mournful droning gale of the seeming interminable night; then like a white cloud she came curtseying along dead before the wind on the quiet Gulf Stream in the morning, when the awful tempest with its battering-rams, the foaming monsters of the grim waves, had passed away.

Riding the Mexican black mustang to Lily cottage, where she browsed at her own sweet will on the same sweet grass as old Rosie, he found the realistic and bounteous Flying Dutchman had risen to the position of chief engineer on board one of the coastal steamers; old Christopher still loved to sit smoking the same old meerschaum on the same old box in the stable, and the larcenous gluepot Ike was charging an exorbitant rental ever since he put the jerry-built stable on the ground of the ivy-mantled cottage by the sea. In every little pigeon-hole in the attic of gluepot Ike's brain lay a dodge for swindling somebody and for adding something to the omnium gatherum in the lumber-room, and he always felt afraid if he was not getting the best of somebody else that somebody else was getting the best of him. The visits to the tomb of his departed brother and little Percy were still as religiously observed by Miriam as in the days of yore. The old tortoise-shell cat sat blinking

asleep on the table in the kitchen, and from the staff on the gable of the stable fluttered the "meteor flag of old England."

The Red Ensign. (Source informal.)

Astonished at the grand display of operatives and patients in the great dental emporium as described by his father, he heard again the clanking bells of St. John's, and on the tenter-hooks of impatience to see the children, the same evening he set sail by the "Sophy Bell" for New Orleans.

There next day he stepped ashore on the Mississippi Quay right into the heart of the city; through the Fifth Avenue, past the national court whose dark shadow had followed him for so many years and bid fair to follow him to his grave; past the old house with the three and a-half numerals, now occupied by charlatans, and out beyond the city to Rosemary Point; while the Town Hall bells played the solemn tune which had percolated through the divorce court—"I loved the garish day; in spite of fears Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."

The Pillar of the Cloud. John Henry Newman.

Nearing the college, he walked through the contiguous groves, wonder possessing him if his little darling "whom he had loved long since and lost awhile" would know him again; but he reflected that he had written and that she would probably be expecting him to come. Passing through an avenue of rosemary, oleander and myrtle, he saw a number of children at play on the green sward with croquet balls, swings and skipping ropes, and as he drew near, they all stood staring like a herd of startled gazelles at the intruder; while beyond them in a bosky

Consisting of or covered with bushes or underwood. [OED Online](#), *a.* 1
glade under a sand-box tree reclined the form whose comely embonpoint

Well-nourished appearance of body. [OED Online](#).

he knew so well, "in maiden meditation fancy free."

Shakespeare, A Midsummer Night's Dream, II.i.

Suddenly she rose, and past her school-mates ran the blossoming Pearly, her long waving hyacinthine clusters blown back by the breeze and her sailor-hat hanging by the pink ribbon around her neck. Round and rosy, with rubicund tints, and tears like trembling dewdrops on her nut-brown cheeks, she stood in exultation before him: throwing her bonnie arms around his neck as he knelt upon the sward, while her violet eyes filled with rapture inexpressible. In great agitation she entreated him to take her away with him to see Vallie, avowing that Mrs. Payne said she could go if he wanted her to go, and running back hurriedly into the school to her teacher to announce the arrival of her father. No pause for any remonstrances, she was off like the lithest fawn, and soon brought face to face with Eugene the changed and the elated Guinevere. It was high noon on life's sundial for Eugene, and as he said good-bye to his cordial friend, promising to call at her cottage again, soon the joyous little maid from school tripped away with her father in quest of the gated Vallie. While they sat speeding along in a tilbury

A light open two-wheeled carriage, fashionable in the first half of the 19th century. [OED Online](#).

to the college, she ran through the little world of her experiences of the past five years: how the naughty man had beaten Vallie, and her mother had smashed all the new dollies and toys. When the gates of the college were reached the boys of the school were playing base-ball, and Vallie lying under an umbrageous palm near the fish-pond alone with Smith's Latin grammar. "I'll make him come, puppa: Vallie knows when I whistle, and I know when Vallie whistles, listen!" to a long melodious double-barred whistling like the running notes of the cuckoo from the pink corrugated lips of Pearly; and up sprang the responsive ruddy-faced boy running to the gate out of breath with excitement and his heart bounding like a cricket-ball. "Where have you been such a long while, puppa?" he said; "muraraa said you were dead, but you're not dead, are you puppa? and I'm up to Cæsar!"

The memories of their childhood days at Bendemeer. Summer Hill and the sand-hemmed shores by Myamyn ran riot in their little hearts at the sight of the wanderer returned, and a respite for two whole days was accorded from the colleges in order that they might revisit those flower-crowned and silvery scenes again. Fearing that it would be a contravention of the propaganda of the court to detain them from school beyond the stipulated holiday, he accompanied them with vacillating footsteps back to the schools. Promising to call twice a week and get them relieved of the prison *ennui* of boarders if he could, he left them disconsolate again and proceeded on business to the city of New Orleans.

There, in Fifth Avenue again, within a week he established himself as a consulting and operative surgeon. Beginning again with brilliant prospects, he was cordially welcomed back to the city by the many who had supported his cause with a round-robin *after* the trial was over. Within a few months his success in New Orleans was assured. The same groom whom for five years he had employed at Sabinnia, the city, and Summer Hill—Frederick, who had practised the counter-cuts taking the change out of the bag of bran and "laid his hands on Hoolihan," resigned the appointment of "sweepin' in a shearin' shed" and rejoined his old master. With the

handsome black mustang in the lead of a tandem and a spider-wheel

A metal wheel with wire spokes. [OED Online](#). See 'spider', *n.*, sense 11a.
dog-cart with a black-wood splashboard

A guard or screen in front of the driver's seat on a vehicle, serving to protect him, or others sitting beside him, from being splashed with mud from the horse's hoofs. [OED Online](#).

, he soon enlisted in his books a goodly number of profitable patients and became again honorary surgeon of the Louisiana infirmary. Again, as in the days of his partnership, his old patients visited him from the country towns where he had formerly practised, thus enhancing his medical retinue in the city, and he obtained a cavalry lieutenancy in one of the northern States.

In the following year Guinevere rose to the highest position in the Girton College and retained the same sense of *camaraderie*, in respect to the children, with Eugene. As a variant to her theory that marriages were made in Heaven, she lived a life "a little lower than the angels," and steadfastly conformed to the doctrine enunciated by St. Luke—"And Jesus answering said unto them, 'The children of this world marry and are given in marriage, but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.'"

Passion-week came, and away Eugene sailed to Galveston to spend a week's holiday with old Christopher and Miriam at the cottage by the sea, and to revisit with her the frequented tomb at St. Martin's, where lay his only child whom "the slaves of law had not rended away."

To William Shelley [The billows on the beach are leaping around it]. Percy Bysshe Shelley.

On the first day of his holiday sojourn, when the "jocund day stood tip-toe on the misty mountain tops,"
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, III.v.

and the shimmering mirage on the sleeping waters of the bay dazzled the eyes for miles, tiny yachts glided nimbly upon its breeze-rippled surface, spreading their white wavering wings to the gentle puffs of the south wind playing over the acclivities rising from the blue mirror of the bay; while the magpie rang out his clarion tones and the yellowhammer whistled from the tops of the tossing wellingtonias hundreds of feet in height. Upon reaching the summit of the hill, from which the pure white stone of the marble monuments reflected flares of glinting white, they stood reviewing the beauties of the sunlit prairie and the littoral seaside scenery beyond the harbour. Blue hazes hung in filmy curtains through the valleys and across the hills; yellow leaves rustled here and there, but the air was still and pregnant with the fruticose, pungent fragrance of burning sassafras. Spikelets of golden-rod, kingcups, cinque-foil, crow-foot, clove-pinks, yellow crocuses, white picotees, boys'-love, and meadow-saffron flamed among the wild forget-me-nots along the borders of the meadows, and rich crimson flowers flashed out sporadically beneath the geranium-covered wall. Along the track leading to the graveyard again they walked together and through the iron gate, where Miriam left him to deliver a book which she was lending to the sexton, while Eugene walked on under the trailing ailanthus towards the tomb alone. The voice of Nature was solemnly hushed, save twittering wood-sounds, the lonesome cry of some solitary corncrake, the darting hare, and the moving of the grass to the stir of the plaintive little titlark running with drooping wing along the ground, the low, menacing growl of a fox crouching with bristling hair and gleaming red eyes, the flutter of a grallatorial

Pertaining to the order Grallatores, which consists of long-legged wading birds. [OED Online](#).

stork, and the pausing of a moose-deer at the purple girdle below the cataract of the creek to drink. The twinkling eyes of a squirrel peeped from his hiding-place among the rocks of the stone wall, and the subdued murmuring thrill of the cicada and the cricket was heard from amongst the shrubs and the dust of forgotten graves. Approaching the monument, he gazed with saddest memories upon the picturesque marble angel, and wondered with a strange foreboding who it was bending down tending the flowers of the grave. Dressed in shining black moiré lightly traced around with fimbriated

Bordered with a narrow band or edge; or, having a fringe. [OED Online](#).

jet, giving a fine glittering effect in the sun, and wearing a small black Parisian bonnet with a floriform cassowary feather, and a bunch of white fuchsias in her breast, and a black bird of Paradise spray, fragile she seemed to be, as he watched her from behind the yew-trees and quietly drew nearer and nearer to the grave, while tears coursed adown her pallid cheeks as he approached. Hearing his footsteps she stood erect and looked around. He started!—it was Marvel! "Marvel!" he muttered in amazement: "Marvel again!" impulsively proffering his hand; but she heeded it not and nervously exclaimed "Eugene!— Eugene." Bathed in tears, palpably very ill and exhausted from laborious respiration, she leaned against the fence of the grave wiping away the tears from her anæmic cheeks with a blood-stained handkerchief, smelling a silver vinaigrette and saying after a long pause almost in a whisper, "If I have done you an injustice you will, I know, forgive me; for God alone knows I have suffered and have paid the penalty myself in full. They deluded me into seeking for that divorce so that I might get the children, and if it has brought trouble to you it has brought misery and

anguish to me. But I know it will soon be ended, because I heard the doctors telling mother I had consumption; she brought me for a change into the milder air of the seaside yesterday, and this is the first time I have seen my little angel's grave since we were here with the children all together. My little darling is with God, and when I die I want to lie in peace beside him brushing the tears gracefully away with the pocket-handkerchief: "I am so glad to see you once more, Eugene, and I am so sorry it ever happened that——" came flood upon flood of scalding tears again. She wept bitterly.

Hoping to brighten and comfort her, he vouchsafed his complete forgiveness, and addressing her, "Notwithstanding the flight of years," he said, "and the fallacious judgments of the courts of man, my love for you, Marvel Gould, since we wandered together around the lake in the gardens is still one of my sweetest reminiscences, and beyond you and the children I have thought of no other. God alone is my judge, and if there was anything I had left undone to please you ever since you lay in that arm beneath the moonlit pine, or if I had not loved you as I told you I loved you, and loved you to adoration——." Her thoughts again were in the clouds, and, with one long far-away look, back she fell in a dead faint down among the wild-flowers around the grave level with the plinth of the masonry. Strong-minded girl as she had been, she now, like myriads who go down the river of life's hill, found that pomp and vanity and earthly glory are nothing but smouldering ashes in the end, and now that a few years had tarnished her fugitive charms and had withered the smile from her lips, that notwithstanding the flight of time the footsteps of Nemesis were swifter still. Driven by the scourgings of fate to kiss the rod

Submit to chastisement.

beneath the shadow of the tomb; brought to bay by destiny, or haply foredoomed in the inscrutable records of the incomprehensible eternity, or created to be precipitated in paroxysms of agonising despair at the foot of her little darling baby's grave, and encountering in the midst of her woes the once-loved Eugene, whom she had cruelly wronged, lay white as the marble angel of the tomb that dark-eyed daughter of the Western World, Marvel Imogen Narramore Gould, the adored, the extolled, the renowned Bird of Paradise—the sometime termagant wife of the warm-hearted Eugene—*geliebt und gelebt*

Lived and loved.

. Sadly picturesque still, with the respiration hurrying through her white parted lips and through the fine skin of her shapely forehead the numbered minute vascular capillaries, the filmy blood-filaments of her life, trickling along their web-like ways, but degenerated by the inflammation of the lungs. He bore her through an avenue of the plumose

Feathery. [OED Online](#).

yucca gloriosa trees to the side gate and opened the door of a private carriage, wherein her glum and churlish mother was dandling and coddling an infant in swaddling - clothes against her old paunch, and soon the last glimpse of his adored Marvel came to an end as the carriage moved slowly away. Returning to the tomb, where his mother had arrived, she was astonished at the revelation concerning Marvel. In the overflow of the sinless Miriam's heart she knelt upon the cowrie shells over the grave, closed her eyes and breathed as of old the prayer—"Teach us to love one another in Thee and for Thee, and in the world to come unite us at Thy feet, where peace and love are perfect and everlasting!"

Marvel's cowardly blackguard of a husband had never returned since the crashing collapse of her fortunes, and her only helper now was the faithful old Jean. In the hopes of improving her condition by the change into a marine atmosphere during Easter-tide, she had induced Marvel to spend a few weeks in Galveston. There the memory of little Percy crowned all the detergent, sanctifying influences of the chapel; the memory there, too, of her holiday with Eugene and the toddling children revived all her earlier associations, and culminated in the scene over the grave. For some weeks she lingered in "The Thirteen Bells," one of the seaside hotels, reclining sometimes all day on the balcony enjoying the magnificent scenery, and bolstered up by the cheerfulness imparted by her mother and the inspired hopes of a prolongation of her existence; but the mother of little Percy never walked to his grave again!

Suddenly over the blue mountains, breaking away from the Great Rocky chain, in the dim, lurid paschal dawn of the first Sunday after Easter came the howling, droning blasts of a tornado, and tropical, torrential rain, pouring in rushing cascades down the alleys and gorges of the hill-sides beyond the Colorado River; while the whole expanse of the ebony sky was illuminated with great vitreous flashes of lightning, and the welkin rang with rumbling, repercussive, rattling reverberations, and cannonading peals of mighty thunder like a deep staccato chorus over the city and the sea. Shivering cedars and curving poplars bent their topmost branches, sweeping aside the innumerable rills that hurried down the ranges to join in the flooding of the town, and Marvel appeared at the balcony window, watching the pictorial phosphorescent pyrotechnic emblazonry in the sky! A great waterspout burst in the clouds; the freshets at the river-sources gathered forces and hurried down to swell the yellow torrent of the Colorado "tossing his tawny mane"

Possibly quoting Talbot Reed, *The Master of the Shell*, 1889, ch. 20.

and driftwood on his broad bosom, while all the morasses coalesced into a huge inland sea. Ships under close-reefed mainsails scudded on their sides into shelter; the poising ossifrage

A bird of prey reputed to break bones by dropping them from a great height. [OED Online](#). shrieked and cut through the storm, and cattle galloped madly through the forest, rushing here, there and everywhere in the wildest confusion, bellowing and almost batting the ground while their heels and tails were tossed high in the air. Chain-long rents were ploughed into the soil and the bark stripped from the red columns of the pines; while Marvel stood in awe at the scenographic handiwork of Him who said "Vengeance is Mine." It was doomsday for Marvel! The lightning danced and gleamed in the heavens like the quadrillion brandishing halberdiers of a mailed ethereal army in the immemorial war between inanimate Nature and man, with death amidst all its beauty; now with the scintillating glare of colossal diamonds, now changing into Titanic spears and broad arrows of blue and obvoluting oriflames

The sacred banner of St Denis, of red or orange-red silk; in extended use as a bright object or a rallying point in a battle. [OED Online](#).

and long tridents of serpentine green, and now flaring with the shimmering sheen of scutiform

Shield-shaped. [OED Online](#).

rotary polished silver and the incandescent glow of laminiferous sheets and braziers of diaphanous burnished majolica

A type of 19th-cent. earthenware with coloured decoration on an opaque white tin (or sometimes lead) glaze. [OED Online](#).

in the treasure-house of Olympus

The home of the gods. [Dictionary of Classical Mythology 1995](#).

. The heavens opened and the four winds were let loose all together. Then came terrene, seismic disturbances and a sulphurous smell as a zig-zagging blue light blazed in the zenith, quickly flickering down the match-lock iron stanchion of the infundibuliform

Funnel-shaped. [OED Online](#).

gargoyle above the balcony; the-window rattled and Marvel standing in such imminent proximity to an infuriated universe was terrified!—first staggering, then knocked down by the lightning she lay with a charred arm prone, torpescent and unconscious upon the floor. By the side of her bed sat her mother, who had buoyed her up against the storm of disease with that love that looks cheerful on the very brink of the grave; trying to rouse the stunned Marvel, from whose gipsy cheeks the hectic bloom had faded, leaving them with the pallor of ivory. Ere yet the gloomy daylight had faded and while the evening star "sweet Hesper-Phosphor" sparkled like an immense umbelliferous

Bearing flowers arranged in umbels; of or belonging to the order of Umbelliferae. [OED Online](#). Uncertain in context.

burning amethyst above the horizon, she partially recovered and momentarily sank into a somnipathic quiescence. Then came low muttering resurgent thunder from the far distance and fitful coruscations and bivouac fires of lightning rebellious against the sovereign moon, as the large white clouds parted and followed by a single star she burst through the purple rift in the heavens. In the quiet bedroom above the buzz and glitter of "The Thirteen Bells," soon Marvel awoke assailed with the sibilant gnomes of delirium, declaring that Eugene was in the room, that she wanted to be reconveyed to him, and not stopping her protestations until her mother had made a pretence of reconnoitring the great caravanserai in quest of Eugene; that she saw little Percy in a misty robe soaring through Heaven amidst choral hosts of angels, while she herself was left behind on a slow journey to the grave and waiting for the summons of that soft tread which comes at last to all; repenting the ransomless day when she had been sundered from Eugene and suffusing the purple lunules around her eyes with streaming tears as she drew recitative pictures of her amours with him by the lilac-bordered lake in the gardens of Augusta, and all the bright chapters of her life before her secession from Eugene. At evening through the open window the quiet moonbeams illumined her face and the soft siroccos breathed through her dark waving tresses, as she lay in her dark Titian beauty whispering to her mother that she saw dioramic visions and heard tranquilising music wafted through the air from over a visionary sea, and voices calling to her from spirit-land tidings of the reunion of the dead—the dearest tenet of the Christian faith. Oh! Time the reaper, animate with messengers of pardon; love, compassion and forgiveness are so interwoven with thy spectral image that not even wrong-doing, enmity nor life-long injury hold any sway against thy mellowing influences!

Every day since he met Marvel at the grave Eugene had gone alone to St. Martin's and waited about the grounds, heedlessly strolling among the long grasses, the untended shrubs, the wild flowers and the trailing heliotrope and the foliage of the fences; abstractedly reading the *in memoriam* inscriptions on the tombs or throwing a tributary flower upon the grave of a departed friend. Still no sign of the suppliant Marvel! He had hoped to meet her at little Percy's grave again, but since she had been stunned by the lightning, of which she had sung the theodical monodies and hozannas in her lonely evensong before the organ in the village chapel,

she never left her room in the "Thirteen Bells" alive again. Full of pardon and compassion for his dismembered spouse, he longed to lighten her anguish, but Eugene never saw Marvel again.

The wind dropped and the stars peeped from their myriad settings in the infinite jewellery dome as the night advanced, when painlessly and peacefully flickered away the fiery flame of the spirit, of Marvel; her head sinking back upon the pillow and one calm sigh with the lingering shadow of a smile, a faint sweet smile, breathing through her quivering lips; then all around was still with the quietude of a tired child fallen asleep as she passed away into the golden morning - break of those realms where alone her harmony could be exceeded: for the glory of the celestial is one and the glory of the terrestrial is another. Solemnly and with aching hearts and retrospective reveries the corpse of Marvel was followed from the feretory

A small room or chapel attached to an abbey or a church, in which shrines were deposited. [OED Online](#), sense 3.

of St. John's chapel in drizzling mists to its last resting-place and the home of the dust of little Percy by the prebendary

The holder of a prebend; a canon of a cathedral or collegiate church who obtained income from a prebend. [OED Online](#).

of St. John's, the aggrieved Eugene and the tear-bedimmed Miriam, to the extraneous tolling of a distant convent bell. There tenderly and lovingly she was laid by her little darling's side, and as he stood, wrapt in thought, over the coffin of his lost and lamented Marvel he pressed a bunch of myosotis to his lips, and with some finely striated shells from the absent Pearly and Valentine he let it fall into the grave. Soon after they walked away, leaving Marvel on her journey to bliss beyond the grave, symbolized by a present rainbow that spanned the grave-yard like an allegory, its extremities resting on the earth while its arch was lost in the skies. Thus cut down in the meridian of her life, she lay in the sepulchre of the man whom she had persecuted and discarded—the girl whose powers of fascination were illustrated in the synonym of the "Bird of Paradise;" the fiery girl whose glossy and superficial sheen, as she played her gorgeous shimmering hues of ostentatious attraction before other eyes than those of Eugene, portrayed the brilliant nature with which she was endowed; the girl whose jealousies, inconstancy and vagaries and desertion mortised into infidelity had harassed for years the man who would have kissed the hem of her garment, and who loved her as she was lowered into the grave. In the cold, dank grave she lay; cut down like a flower of the field, and the choicest flower in the basket of her potential and powerful father; forgiven before "the corruptible had put on the incorruptible or this mortal had put on immortality;"

The Bible. 1 Corinthians 15:53.

forgiven in the magnanimous affection of the warm-hearted man whom she had betrayed—forgiven, but never to be forgotten! Upon the monumental facade was deftly chiselled and enamelled her name beside the name of the child gone before, and below it in letters of gold the favourite collect of Miriam—"Teach us to love one another in Thee and for Thee, and in the world to come unite us at Thy feet where peace and love are perfect and everlasting!"

Again and again as the years rolled over the cold white angel of the tomb through their sempiternal Enduring constantly and continually. [OED Online](#).

æons into the scrolls of her Father in Heaven, there came to strew her grave with white jessamine, lilies and forget-me-nots, side by side with their father, the romantic children released from the schools. With him they would wander through the wild blue-bells among the long waving grass, nodding its heavy-laden panicles

The spiked or feathery head of certain reeds and grasses. [OED Online](#).

as they passed over the sunlit plains and the hill to St. Martin's, There for hours they loved to linger in the presence of their dead mother, plucking the rich white wildflowers, blue whortleberries, meadow-saffron, buttercups and bright yellow gentians which grew in profusion on the purple fields and the prairies, to weave them in fascicles

Bundles or bunches. Cf. 'fasces'. [OED Online](#).

and wreath them into floscular

Composed of little flowers. [OED Online](#).

crosses with the waxen chalice fleurs-de-lis and the jessamine for decoration of the urns within the fence; while Eugene scattered over the cowrie and mother-o'-pearl shells the pale blue-eyed palustral

Marshy, or requiring a marshy habitat. [OED Online](#).

myosotis

Forget-me-not.

, the emblem of everlasting remembrance.

"To die that we,
The common lot of all things fair,
May read in thee,
How small a part of life they share,
That are so wondrous rich and rare."
Shakespeare. Tell Her That's Young.

Two years passed. The slave wars called him away upon the path of duty which leads to glory, and fighting for the manumission of slavery under the banner of Abraham Lincoln, in the last charge at the battle of Gettysburg, amidst the mangling crash of artillery and the whistling and singing of swords through the air and the fierce rattle of the musketry, with a Southern bullet through his heart, and the parting cry of "Alas! my little children!" fell forward upon the neck of the headlong charging mustang the loving, the brave, the noble Eugene, and the shattered black mare reared and rolled dead beside him. The children live under these shadows for the rest of their lives weeping for years for the voice and the step of him they should know no more. What shadows for children with such fair early prospects they were! yet what shadows we all pursue through the "roaring loom"

From Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *Faust*.
on the quickening wings of Time!

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Please note that all historical articles from New Zealand or Australian newspapers are available at the National Library of New Zealand's [Papers Past](#) project, or the National Library of Australia's [Historical Australian Newspapers](#) collection.

Appendix I: The Melbourne Argus reports the Dutton divorce

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs Dutton. Evidence by the Petitioner."

The Argus, Melbourne. Thursday 2 August 1894.

Page One, 2 August 1894.
Page Two, 2 August 1894.
Page Three, 2 August 1894.
[The Argus, Melbourne, 2 August 1894. Page 6.](#)

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs Dutton. Evidence by the Petitioner."

The Argus, Melbourne. Friday 3 August 1894.
Page One, 3 August 1894.
Page Two, 3 August 1894.
Page Three, 3 August 1894.
[The Argus, Melbourne, 3 August 1874. Page 7.](#)

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Cross-Examination of the Petitioner."

The Argus, Melbourne. Saturday 4 August 1894.
Page One, 4 August 1894.
Page Two, 4 August 1894.
[The Argus, Melbourne, 4 August 1874. Page 4.](#)

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Evidence of Cruelty and Misconduct."

The Argus, Melbourne. Tuesday 7 August 1894.
Page One, 7 August 1894.
Page Two, 7 August 1894.
Page Three, 7 August 1894.
[The Argus, Melbourne, 7 August 1874. Page 7.](#)

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Further Evidence of Misconduct."

The Argus, Melbourne. Wednesday 8 August 1894.
Page One, 8 August 1894.
Page Two, 8 August 1894.
[The Argus, Melbourne, 8 August 1874. Page 6.](#)

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Nellie Case in the Box. Total Denial of Misconduct."

The Argus, Melbourne. Thursday 9 August 1894.
Page One, 9 August 1894.
Page Two, 9 August 1894.
Page Three, 9 August 1894.
[The Argus, Melbourne, 9 August 1874. Page 6.](#)

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Re-Examination of Nellie Case. Persistent Denial of Misconduct."

The Argus, Melbourne. Friday 10 August 1894.
Page One, 10 August 1894.
Page Two, 10 August 1894.
[The Argus, Melbourne, 10 August 1874. Page 6.](#)

"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. The Case for the Defense. Mary Bryson in the Box."

The Argus, Melbourne. Saturday 11 August 1894.
Page One, 11 August 1894.
Page Two, 11 August 1894.
[The Argus, Melbourne, 11 August 1874. Page 7.](#)

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"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. Finding of the Jury. Verdict for Mrs. Dutton. Judgment Deferred."

The Argus, Melbourne. Wednesday 29 August 1894.
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"Painful Divorce Suit. Dutton vs. Dutton. The Divorce Granted."

The Argus, Melbourne. Thursday 30 August 1894.
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[The Argus, Melbourne, 30 August 1874. Page 5.](#)

Appendix II: An Epilogue

Meanwhile, in the Otago Witness...

The Otago Witness, 16 August 1894, p23. "The Arrow Hospital Again" and "A Melbourne Divorce Case."

The Otago Witness, 16 August 1894, p23. "The Arrow Hospital Again"

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The Otago Witness, 23 August 1894, p22.

The Otago Witness, 23 August 1894, p22. "Kismet."

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The Argus considers divorces

The Argus, Melbourne, 1 September 1894, p23. "The Passing Show," by Oriel.

The Argus, Melbourne, 1 September 1894, p23. "The Passing Show," by Oriel.

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The Otago Witness, 29 November 1894, p22. "Lake Country."

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The Otago Witness comments on The Bird of Paradise.

Otago Witness, 21 May 1896, p42. "Among the Books."

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Among the Books, overleaf.

Among the Books, overleaf.

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The Otago Daily Times comments on The Bird of Paradise.

The Otago Witness, 30 May 1896, p7. "Books."

The Otago Daily Times, 30 May 1896, p7. "Books."

The Otago Daily Times, 30 May 1896, p7.
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The Otago Witness, 30 May 1896, p7. "Books."

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The Bird of Paradise is advertised by Braithwaite's Book Arcade.

The Otago Witness, 11 June 1896, p28. "Advertisements."

The Otago Witness, 11 June 1896, p28. "Advertisements."

The Otago Witness, 11 June 1896, p28.
[The Otago Witness, 11 June 1896, p28.](#)

The Otago Witness prints an obituary for Dr. Dutton.

The Otago Witness, 19 November 1896, p23. "Lake Country."

The Otago Witness, 19 November 1896, p23. "Lake Country."

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[The Otago Witness, 19 November 1896, p23.](#)

The Mataka Ensign prints an obituary for Dr. Dutton.

The Mataka Ensign, 26 November 1896, p2. "Death of Dr. Dutton."

The Mataka Ensign, 26 November 1896, p2. "Death of Dr. Dutton."

The Mataka Ensign, 26 November 1896, p2.
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