Week 1 – Gothic and the Short Form

This is a LECTURE WEEK – Monday 1-2pm see Tabula for location.

Research Aims:

- To discuss and try to get a firm grip on key theories relating to the Short Form and to "the Gothic" as style and "mode" and ascertain the relationship between the two aspects.
- Using set pre-reading (and any extra reading you did!), we will consider debates over the difference between "Terror" and "Horror" that characterise the works will we examine on the module.
- Drawing on that, we will then perform close readings of a variety of Gothic works (ballads, folklore, ghost stories, horror tales, fragments) to consider their form and genre.

Required Critical Reading

Read and annotate the following set critical reading linked to on the Summer Reading webpage/moodle [total c.80pp]:

> **Poe**'s Review [3pp.]; **Killick** Chapter 1 on The Rise of the Tale [pp.1-37]; **Burke** on The Sublime **and Bulwer Lytton** on Terror / Horror [9pp]; **Botting** on Negative Aesthetics [19pp.]; **Ilot** Gothic and the Short Story [9pp]**.**

You should come to class prepared to discuss how different critics – both contemporaneous to our period and more modern – have delineated, **separately,** what "short" means, what "Gothic" means, and then what is suggested to be the relationship between the two. We are not going to get a definitive answer, but through discussion we will get closer to a consensus from which we can begin analysing our primary texts.
Feel free to do some wider reading; recommendations on TalisAspire.

Required Primary reading

The **stories** in this pack are from across our period of study, but the main focus in this session is form and genre, rather than context (which will, however, be central in other sessions).
Consider them in relation to the above critical reading and cross reference.
Here are some elements to take note of to aid discussion and should be used for the whole module:

- From what **point of view** is the story being told and what is the style (fireside tale, *in media res*, first-person past, first-person present, omniscient etc) and how do you think that effects the atmosphere?
- Note down if it has **structural layers** (e.g. a story within a story) and what the different time frames being used are.
- Identify what you think makes it **gothic** (e.g. Supernatural entities, moments of suspense, certain tropes etc) or even **if it is gothic** and how it achieves any effect such as suspense, terror, dread etc.
- **Brief plot summary** or print and paste this from an outside source.
- Does it have any other **major themes** that may be useful or are interesting to you – such as Gender stereotypes / transgression; racial issues; weird landscapes, animal/human; class issues; religious persecution etc, medicine/the body, ageing etc.

Contents:

1. Anon. [Anne Bannerman], **"The Perjured Nun"** (1802)
2. Sutherland Menzies [Elizabeth Stone], **"Hugues, the Wer-Wolf"** (1838)
3. Edgar Allan Poe, **"The Tell-Tale Heart"** (1843)
4. Rhoda Broughton **"The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth"** (1868)
5. R L S. **"Thrawn Janet"** (1881)
6. Arthur Machen, **"The Great God Pan"** (1890)
7. Katherine Mansfield, **"The Woman at the Store"** (1912).

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Anon. [Anne Bannerman], **"The Perjured Nun"** from *Tales of Superstition and Chivalry*. Vernor and Hood, 1802, pp.39 – 48.

THE PERJURED NUN.

"AH! why do grieve and look so wild,
Lord Henrie, tell it to me!
And why do you say you must watch till day,
Where, alas! I may not be?

"O take me then to the aisle of the tower,
And my fears you shall not see;
My heart shall be still in the midnight aisle,
If I may but watch with thee;

"I hate the gloom of the eastern tower,
And its dismal hall I shun;
I have heard it said 'tis the haunt of the dead,
The haunt of the Perjur'd Nun!"

"The Nun! the Nun! and his cheek grew pale,
But I know you are jesting now;
The dead are at rest and their wand'rings past,
And he press'd his livid brow!

"The Nun! the Nun!...what a dream is this!
And he shudder'd at the name;
'Tis an idle tale of a spectre pale,
And his colour went and came!

"But hear me now!...till the morning light,
Thro' the dreary, midnight hour;
I must watch alone, at the altar's stone,
In the aisle of the eastern tower:

"And urge me not, my own Geraldine!
For it may not, cannot be!
I am doom'd to this, and I may not miss,
But none must watch with me....

"Thro' this fated night let the tapers burn
And the lamp on the armed wall;
For the light is dim thro' the window's brim
On the roof of the eastern hall:

"When the clock strikes two, if the tapers burn
And the lamp on the marble stair;
You will know by them if I living am,
But you may not venture there!

"And mark, mark well, when the castle bell
And the clock ring three and one;
If the lamps expire and the lights retire,
You may know that my life is gone!

"My own Geraldine! how your heart beats now,
By the blessed God you must swear!
Tho' the lamps burn dim and you know by them
That my hour of fate is near;

"Tho' the flame goes round with a hissing sound
From the lamp on the marble stair;
You must swear to God, on the holy rood,
That you will not seek me there!

"And hear once more!...at the pausing knell,
When the clock rings deep at four;
Let your soul be at peace and your watching cease,
You may look for me no more!"

The clock strikes one to the charmed moon,
And poor Geraldine is alone!
And the pulses beat, in her heart, in her feet,
As the second hour draws on.

It rings! it rings! from the sounding tower,
And her heart-pulse stops with fear,
As she turns to gaze where the tapers blaze,
But they still are burning clear....

'Tis hush'd again! and the swell is past,
The clock's dull knell at two!
But the hour is to come that seals her doom,
And the lamps are burning blue!

Hark! hark! the clock,...'tis the fated hour,
On her listening ear it toll'd.
The pulse leaps now thro' her burning brow,
And her limbs are deadly cold;

Her fingers cling to the closing door,
But the key she scarce can turn!
'Tis the last of the clock ere the bars unlock,
And the lights have ceas'd to burn!

She paus'd, she paus'd on the marble stair,
And she gazed wild around;
She turns to hear, is it hope? is it fear?
Or a low and measur'd sound!

It comes! it comes! with a measur'd step,
From the aisle of the eastern tower;
She would fly to meet, but her stiff'ning feet
Have lost their living power.

It is nearer now! but the sound, the sound,
Ah! why does it move so slow?
She would rush to the stair to meet him there,
If her heart did not tremble so!...

The blood rush'd back to her clay-cold feet,
And her heart took courage then;
She burst thro' the door to the eastern floor,
To welcome her love again!

But O! her shriek!..Like the dead from the grave
Was the form she had clasp'd around!
And the phantom turn'd where the lamps had burn'd
And stood on the marble ground.

"You sought not me! cries the hollow voice,
You came not to welcome me!
Let your watching cease, and depart in peace,
For him you shall never see....

"For him! for him, I resign'd my vows,
And the guilt is on my head.
I could conjure here! but my hour draws near,
And I may not rouse the dead!

"For him! for him! I forsook my God,
And his soul unblest shall be!
And the sacred blood for man that flow'd,
O Heaven! will it plead for me!

"I hear a call you can never hear,
And I may not now unfold!
Let your soul be at peace, and your watching cease,
For his faithless heart is cold!

"The aisle! the aisle of the eastern tower
Your feet must ever shun!
For dark and dread is the haunt of the dead,
The haunt of the Perjur'd Nun!"

Sutherland Menzies, "HUGUES, THE WER-WOLF." *The Court Magazine and Monthly Critic, and the Lady's Magazine and Museum*, vol. 13, (Aug 1838), pp. 264-274.

THE WER-WOLF.

BY SUTHERLAND MENZIES.

"*Bisclaveret* ad nun en Bretan,
Garwaf l'apelent li Norman;
Iadis le poeit hume oir,
E souent suleit avenir,
Humes plusurs garual deuindrent,
E es boscages meisun tindrent;
Garualf cet beste salvage."

HarleianM S. 978., *f.* 152. *b.* *One of the Lays of Marie (an Anglo-Norman poetess who wrote about the middle of the thirteenth century), founded on a Breton fable of a Wer-Wolf.*

————————"Lycanthropy"—
I comprehend; for, without transformation,
Men become wolves on any slight occasion,"—

Says the noble poet Byron in one of those discursive stanzas of his most eccentric poem—Don Juan,—in which physics and metaphysics, love and literature, things sacred and profane, are so often found jumbled together in startling juxta-position. And, gentle reader, in attempting by the accompanying tale to illustrate a superstition which, indubitably of the remotest origin, has long been involved in much obscurity, we cannot do better, perhaps, than give in translation of the above stanza, the definition of a learned but anonymous writer who, in the course of his discussion with Lord Cawdor and Sir Frederick Madden, has succeeded in throwing so much additional light upon the subject of lycanthropy—by alike stripping off that factitious yet imposing mantle of *glamour* with which it has been at different periods invested, by a right attribution of the assumed metamorphosis to its earliest origin, and by giving a lucid rationale of its chief bearings and modifications, ancient as well as modern.

Lycanthropy then, following such authority, is "the transformation of a human being into a wolf, but still retaining many of the attributes of his original nature."

The lycanthropic metamorphosis, as a superstition, has, in all probability, come down to us from the Chaldeans and those nomadic nations who had unceasingly to defend their flocks against the attacks of wolves; and the terror which those ferocious beasts spread by prowling at night round the fold proved favourable to malefactors, who, assuming the disguise of furious wolves, were the better enabled to perpetrate acts of theft or vengeance. Hence, seems to have been derived a superstition which has prevailed through all ages and nations under different names, and surrounded by circumstances and features more or less strange. Lucian, Pliny, the ghostly councils, and the skilful leeches of the middle ages, busied themselves by turns with the lycanthropes, alike in cursing, excommunicating and curing them.

"It seems," remarks the before mentioned writer, "that wherever there are natural wolves there are apt to be *wer-wolves* also: and, where there are wer-wolves, it does really and in good earnest appear that atrabilious patients take a fancy that they are wolves, and go about howling and biting, and in some instances committing cruel acts of homicide. In all digests of medicine that malady is regularly described under the name of lycanthropia, and remedies (in the nature of depletion and febrifuge) are prescribed for it. Others regarded a blow of a pitchfork between the eyes as an infallible specific to cure that complaint, and in truth there are few human ailments which such a prescription will not cure. (See Cirano, cit. Monsieur Ouffle, i. p. 38.) I should prescribe a horsewhip."

Wer-wolves, according to Verstegan, were "certain sorcerers, who having annoynted their bodyes with an oyntment which they make by the instinct of the devil, and putting on a certaine enchanted girdel, do not only unto the view of others seeme as wolues, but to

their own thinking haue both the shape and nature of wolues, so long as they weare the said girdel. And they do dispose thẽselues as very wolves, in wurrying and killing, and most of humaine creatures."* Several forms for preparing these magical unguents so quaintly mentioned by our worthy old etymologist, are to be found in Nynauld's treatise *De la Lycanthropie.*†

"Of such," he continues, "sundry haue bin taken and executed in sundry partes of Germanie and the Netherlands. One Peeter Stump for being a wer-wolf,‡ and having killed thirteen children, two women, and one man, was at Bedburn, not far from Cullen, in the yeare 1589 put vnto a very terrible death. The flesh of divers parts of his body was pulled out with hot iron tongs, his arms, thighes and legges broke on a wheel, and his body lastly burnt. He dyed with great remorce, desyring that his body might not be spared from any torment, so his soul might be saved."

Homer introduces us to the people called Lycians, and to the Lycegenean Apollo. The plain English of the former word is wolfish or belonging to a wolf, and of the latter, begotten by or else born of a wolf. And in confirmation of that meaning it is related that Apollo gave the name of Lycia to a country in which he had sojourned in the disguise of a wolf, and in that form slew the Telchines.

It is obvious to suspect that the most ancient Lycians were proficients in wer-wolfery.

Ovid, early in his metamorphoses, tells the story or a certain Lycaon (*i. e.* Wolfish), who flourished at the period immediately preceding the universal deluge, and contributed by his crimes to provoke that visitation. As a punishment for his ferocity he was deprived by Jupiter of the human form, and ended his days a wer-wolf.

Mars was represented under the symbol of a wolf, and his anthropomorphous effigies were accompanied by that symbol :—

"A wolf there stode beforne him at his fete
With eyen red and of a man he ete."
Chaucer. The Knyghte's Tale. 2049.

The earliest and most remarkable notice of the superstition, that we find expressly given in its proper form and details, is in the account which Herodotus gives of the Neurians. "These people are very little better than conjurors. For the Scythæ, as well as the Greeks who are settled in Scythica, say of them that every Neurian is turned into a wolf for a few days in each year, after which he returns to his former state. I cannot say that I believe it myself; but they assert as much, and are ready to swear it." Herod. iv. c. 105.

Pliny and Juvenal were shocked at the credulity of Greece more than at that of Italy.

At the banquet of Trimalchion, Niceros gives the following minute account of the way in which wer-wolves were made in Nero's days. "It happened that my master was gone to Capua to dispose of some second-hand goods. I took the opportunity, and persuaded the guest to walk with me to the fifth milestone. He was a valiant soldier, and a sort of grim water-drinking Pluto. About cockcrow, when the moon was shining as bright as at midday, we came among the monuments. My friend began addressing himself to the stars, but I was neither in a mood to sing or count the stars; and, when I turned to look at him, lo! he had already stripped himself and laid down his clothes near him. My heart was in my nostrils, and I stood like a dead man, but he *circum-minxit vestimenta*, and on the sudden became a wolf. Do not think I jest; I would not lie for any man's estate. But to return to what I was saying, when he was become a wolf, he began howling and fled into the woods. At first I hardly knew where I was; and afterwards, when I went to take up his clothes, they were turned into stone. Who died with fear but me? Yet I drew my sword and went cutting the air right and left until I reached the villa of my sweetheart. I entered the court yard. I almost

* Restitution of Decayed Intelligence.

† *Extase des Sorciers.*

‡ *Wer-wolf* is supposed to be an exact equivalent to the Greek word Lycanthropus; *were*, being in Anglo-Saxon *a man* (see Gervase of Tilbury, 1. c. 15), whence some derive the *were-gild*, or composition money paid for homicide. And it is used to signify a man metamorphosed into a wolf. The Germans express it *Währwolf.*

breathed my last, the sweat ran down my throat, my eyes were dim, and I thought I should never recover myself. My Melissa wondered I was out so late, and said to me, "had you come sooner you might at least have helped us, for a wolf has entered the farm and wounded all our cattle; but he had not the best of the joke for all he escaped, for our slave run a lance through his neck." When I heard this I could not doubt how it was; and, as it was clear light, I ran home as fast a robbed innkeeper. When I came to the place where the clothes had been turned to stone, I could find nothing except blood. But when I got home, I found my friend, the soldier, in bed, bleeding at the neck like an ox, and a doctor dressing the wound. I then knew he was a turn-skin (versipellis): nor would I ever have broke bread with him again, no, not if you had killed me."

In Virgil's time wer-wolves were made by means of a powerful ointment, of which we hear nothing in the versipellis of Petronius:—

"These poisonous plants for magic use designed,
Noblest and best of all the baneful kind,
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand
And culled the mischiefs of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with their powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train."
Dryden.

"But," remarks the writer of the letter before alluded to, "among the Greeks and Romans these were either exotic traditions and practices, or, if indigenous, the traditions of an age long past; they were not, as I am persuaded, articles of general belief or practice."

A curious story of a *wer-bear* in Rolf Kraka's Saga is quoted by Sir Walter Scott, which has some slight features of resemblance with our our wer-wolf; and it is singular that the metamorphosis should have been accomplished by striking the person transformed with a glove of *wolf-skin*. In the *Volsunga Saga* also, cap. 12. we read of the similar change of Sigmund and Siufroth into wolves.

Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsala, in his great work on the condition of the Northern Nations, takes up the cudgels for the wer-wolves, and writes in this manner. "Talking of wolves, I may do well to add, that that species of them who are transformed from men, and which Pliny confidently says we should account false and fabulous, are to be found in great abundance in the more northerly countries. The people of which, although they yearly suffer a very great loss of cattle by the rapacity of the wolves, think but little of that in comparison with the damage done to them by men converted into wolves. For every year, on the feast of the Nativity of Christ, a great multitude of wolves converted out of men, the inhabitants of various places, assemble by night in some stated place, which they have agreed upon among themselves. And afterwards, upon that same night, they rage so fiercely both against men and all domestic animals, that the people suffer more detriment from them than from true and natural wolves. For it is ascertained that they will attack the houses of men who live in the woodlands, and try to break open the doors in order to devour both man and beast. They enter the beer cellars, and will drink up several barrels of beer and honey-mead, and then they pile up the empty barrels one at top of the other in the middle of the cellar, *in which particular they differ from natural and genuine wolves.* The place in which those wolves happen to sleep on that night is accounted prophetic by the people of the country; for if any one of them suffer any mishap on that spot, such as the overturn of a carriage or tumbling into the snow, they are fully persuaded that he will die in that year, having experienced the truth of it during a long course of time."

When Gervase of Tilbury flourished (which was in the reign of Henry II. and Richard I.) the extirpation of British wolves was very far from being complete, so that strong vestiges of this superstition were yet in our island. "We have frequently seen," he says, "men in England transformed into wolves for the space of a lunar month, and such people are called Gerulphs by the French and wer-wolves by the English."*

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* Otia Imper. Dec. 1. c. 15. p. 895.

Camden, in his notice of the county Tipperary, says they have "a report of men turned every year into wolves," but adds, that he accounts it fabulous.

Two Frenchmen or Burgundians, by name Pierre Burgot and Michel Verdun, were convicted in the archbishopric of Besançon of having travested themselves into wolves by means of an ointment the devil gave them, and of having attacked both men and herds; they were publicly burnt to death in the year 1521. They made confession of their guilt, which was likewise accompanied by very singular declarations.

In like manner the parliament of Dole, on the 18th of January, 1574, condemned one Giles Garnier to be burnt for renouncing God, and swearing never to serve any but the devil, and turning himself into a wolf. It was observed that persons of the name of Garnier or Grenier were usually wer-wolves; "the name was, as it were, fatal."

Besides these proceedings there were condemnations for the same crime at Constance under the Emperor Sigismund, at Orleans in 1583, in the Parliament of Rennes in 1598, and (says M. Pierre de Lancre) at Grenoble in this present year, 1603. He also mentions, on the authority of Salviani, that the wer-wolves were upon one occasion so troublesome at Constantinople that it was found necessary to call out the Janissaries. Blois was remarkable above all other parts of France for its *Loupgaroux;* because, although other places had them also, they had other popular credulities, but the Blaisiens were entirely devoted to that one. It was supposed that wer-wolves had a deadly enmity to witches, in illustration of which De Lancre relates the following anecdote:—"a certain lycanthrope was convicted of tearing a horse to pieces upon such clear evidence that he could not deny the fact, but excused himself by saying that the accident happened as he was endeavouring to kill a witch, who had taken refuge under the horse's belly in the shape of a butterfly."

Jean Grenier, a young wer-wolf only thirteen years old, whom M. de Lacre had himself interrogated, and the only one who was ever pardoned in France, frankly avowed that he delighted in eating children, and especially girls. He declared that he had taken to the woods in obedience to the orders of M. de la Forest, a black man of gigantic stature, whose breath was cold. When asked what he had done with his wolf's-skin and his pot of ointment, he said they were *chez M. de la Forest,* who sent them to him whenever he wanted them. The poor fanatic boy even maintained that De la Forest had been twice to visit him at the convent of Franciscans where he was detained.*

Gille Garnier of Dole was also in the same story, and said that he had always considered M. de la Forest as his master. That personage is supposed to be the same tall black man, who is called Le Grand Veneur, and who crossed the path of the Count de Soissons out a hunting in the Forest of Fontainbleau, in 1559. See Pierre Matthieu Histoire de France, p. 155.

The same ideas were prevalent in France, and even at Paris so late, as the earlier part of the eighteenth century. The "*Histoire des Imaginations de M. Oufle,*" is an ingenious and pleasant satire, written by the Abbé Bordelon (A.D. 1712) in imitation of Cervantes, and analagous to our spiritual and female Quixotes; only instead of methodism and romance, cabalism and magic were the fashionable extravagancies which it was intended to correct. The most amusing passage is where M. Oufle imagines himself to be turned into a wolf, and runs howling upon all fours through the streets of Paris. Part 1., c. 3, 4, 5, 6.

France was disturbed about the beginning of the last century by a famous wolf called *La Bête de Gevaudan,* which after being in vain pursued by thousands of the people, was at last slain by a Monsieur Antoine, porte-arquebuse du Roi. (See Grimm's Correspondence.) "I remember," says our oft-quoted authority, "to have seen an engraving in which that animal was represented devouring a girl, and subscribed Lycopardus Parthenophagus, vulgò *La Bête de Gevaudan.* Parthenophagy, or a peculiar delight in the flesh of girls, is an enormity of the lycanthropes and

* Lancre, Inconstance des Mauvais Anges, p. 259, 309, &c.

not of wolves; from which we may infer in what light the people of the Gevaudan regarded that famous beast."

"With regard to the supposed forms of these wer-wolves," says Sir F. Madden, and whether they differed from those of natural wolves, I have searched many writers without much success, but Boguet informs us, that in 1521 three sorcerers were executed, who confessed they had often been *Loupsgaroux*, and killed many persons. A painting was made to commemorate the fact, in which these wer-wolves were each represented with a knife in his right paw. This picture, we are told, was preserved in the church of the Jacobins, at Pouligny in Burgundy. One distinctive mark, however, of a wer-wolf is said to have been the absence of a tail; yet this does not seem to correspond with the vulgar notions on the subject, since in the wooden cut prefixed to the prologue of the prose translation of 'William and the Wer-wolf,'* representing the wer-wolf carrying off the infant prince of Palermo, there certainly appears a tail of due proportions."

"I do not believe," says Lancre (and these appear to be the only two things which he did not believe), with Wierus, that, whoever eats the brains of a bear, will fancy he is a bear; and still less, what Boguet pretends, that the devil sometimes teaches women to become she-wolves, alleging that one Frances Secrestain was suspected of it: (Tableau de l'Inconstance des Mauvais Anges). Nevertheless, upon the authority of the said Boguet (the judge who tried them), the cases of four women who were convicted and burnt for lycanthropy in the year 1598, upon their own confession, and with undoubted justice, as far as the crime of killing children was concerned; and of another woman who was killed *in the form of a wolf* by one Bénoit Bidel: (H. Boguet, Discours des Sorciers.) Lancre must, in his zeal for the sex, have shamefully misquoted Boguet, when he represented him as relying upon only one case, and that a case of mere suspicion. "I do, however, adhere to the belief," says our anonymous letter-writer, "that it is not properly a part of female witchcraft, but a part of the martial orgies of the Scythians; and that, however women may have been found among the wretched melancholics whose minds were thus deluded in France, they had no part in the national and religious wolfery of the Neurians, Arcadians, Lithuanians, &c. We have even seen, in the foregoing remarks, that a wer-wolf was supposed to detest a witch.

In fine, these anthropophagal men, who, solitary and furious, wander by night, bearing more or less the characteristic signs of their wolfish nature, whether it be by the head, the hair, the paws or the tail, are yet to be heard of, it seems, in several parts of France; and Berri preserves this tradition in all its pristine vigour, attaching as it does to the sheep, which constitute the principal wealth of that ignorant province.

Having thus far, in our introductory and somewhat hasty sketch of this very singular superstition, discovered traces of its existence even down to a period so recent, let us (first proffering due acknowledgment to the above quoted authorities, especially to the erudite but anonymous bibliophile, of whose name we are sorry to remain ignorant) proceed to our illustrative tale.

* The MS. from which the above-mentioned prose translation has been made, is a moderate sized folio, written on vellum soon after the middle of the 14th century, and consisting of 130 folios, 82 of which are occupied by the romance. It was formerly in the possession of Dr. Glynne, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and is now in the library of that ancient and learned society. It was long kept from the light; for the worthy doctor being hotly engaged in the controversy respecting the parchments fabricated by the unfortunate Chatterton, of which he was then possessor, and the character of the writing of the MS. tending to refute the genuineness of those attributed to the Monk of Bristol, the doctor, a sturdy Rowleyian, prudently locked the treasure up. As to the authorship of the poem in its present shape, no information can be gained. All we know on the subject is from the writer of the MS., who tells us he translated it from the French at the command of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, first cousin to King Edward III.; born 1335, died 1361. We are therefore enabled to fix the date of the composition of the English romance with sufficient accuracy, nor shall we greatly err if we refer it to the year 1350. At present the catalogues of MS. in England have been searched in vain for the poem, and in France, on a similar inquiry being made, only one copy has been discovered, preserved in the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal at Paris.

Edgar Allan Poe, "The Tell-Tale Heart" *The Pioneer: a literary and critical magazine,* vol.1, no.1, Jan 1843, pp. 29-31. https://archive.org/details/pioneerliteraryc01lowe/page/n5/mode/2up?ref=ol&view=theater

LONGING.

BY W. W. STORY.

With weary heart, and dreary eye,
He gazed into the lonely night,
Hour after hour dragged slowly by,
The shadows changed from left to right.

The solemn earth, the stars' sharp gleam,
The yearning wind's low ebb and swell,
All things were but a mystic dream,
A riddle that he could not spell.

What is the worth of human art,
If the weak tongue can never speak
That which lies heavy on the heart,
Even though the heavy heart should break.

THE TELL-TALE HEART.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

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.
Longfellow.

True! — nervous — very, very dreadfully nervous I had been, and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses — not destroyed — not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Harken! and observe how healthily — how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! — yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture — a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees — very gradually — I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded — with what caution — with what foresight — with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it — oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I first put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly — very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see the old man as he lay upon his bed. Ha! — would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously (for the hinges creaked) — I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it

was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into his chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute-hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never, before that night, had I *felt* the extent of my own powers — of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and the old man not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea. And perhaps the old man heard me; for he moved in the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept on pushing it steadily, steadily.

I had got my head in, und was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out — "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For another hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear the old man lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening; — just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death-watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew that it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain, or of grief — oh, no! — it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with *awe*. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been, ever since, growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself — "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney — it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain:* because death, in approaching the old man, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and the shadow had now reached and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel — although he neither saw nor heard me — to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing the old man lie down, I resolved to open a little — a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily — until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person; for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now — have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses? — now, I say, there came to my ears *a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.* I knew *that* sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment: — do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: — so I am. And now, at the dead hour of night, and amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable wrath. Yet, for some minutes longer, I refrained and kept still. But the beating grew louder, *louder!* I thought the heart must burst! And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then sat upon the bed and smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on, with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the walls. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. The old man was stone dead. His eye would trouble *me* no more.

If, still, you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even *his* — could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all — ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police-office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, — for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visiters all over the house. I bade them search — search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues; while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and, while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: I talked more freely, to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness — until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was *a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.* I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more vehemently; — but the noise steadily increased. I arose, and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; — but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro, with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men; — but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had sat, and grated it upon the boards; — but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — *louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected! — they *knew!* — they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again! — hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!* —

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

THE POET AND APOLLO.

"O, master of the golden lyre,
Dread twanger of the golden bow,
I call upon thee, mighty sire,
Old, outcast, blind, and full of woe.

"I have poured out my soul like rain
Upon the dry and withered earth;
And what has been my luckless gain?
A wrinkled heart and honor's dearth.

"All earthly things have I explored,
Sounded the deeps of love and hate,
And often hath my spirit soared
High o'er the dark abyss of fate.

[Rhoda Broughton] **"The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth".** *Temple Bar: a London magazine for town & country readers*, vol.22, Feb 1868, pp. 340-8.

The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP AS A FLOWER."

MRS. DE WYNT TO MRS. MONTRESOR.

"18, Eccleston Square,

"*May 5th.*

"MY DEAREST CECILIA,

"Talk of the friendships of Orestes and Pylades, of Julie and Claire, what are they to ours? Did Pylades ever go *ventre à terre*, half over London on a day more broiling than any but an *âme damnée* could even imagine, in order that Orestes might be comfortably housed for the season? Did Claire ever hold sweet converse with from fifty to one hundred house agents, in order that Julie might have three windows to her drawing-room and a pretty *portière*. You see I am determined not to be done out of my full meed of gratitude.

"Well, my friend, I had no idea till yesterday how closely we were packed in this great smoky bee-hive, as tightly as herrings in a barrel. Don't be frightened, however. By dint of squeezing and crowding, we have managed to make room for two more herrings in our barrel, and those two are yourself and your other self, *i.e.* your husband. Let me begin at the beginning. After having looked over, I verily believe, every undesirable residence in West London; after having seen nothing intermediate between what was suited to the means of a duke, and what was suited to the needs of a chimney-sweep; after having felt bed-ticking, and explored kitchen ranges till my brain reeled under my accumulated experience, I arrived at about half-past five yesterday afternoon at 32, —— Street, May Fair.

"'Failure No. 253, I don't doubt,' I said to myself, as I toiled up the steps with my soul athirst for afternoon tea, and feeling as ill-tempered as you please. So much for my spirit of prophecy. Fate, I have noticed, is often fond of contradicting us flat, and giving the lie to our little predictions. Once inside, I thought I had got into a small compartment of Heaven by mistake. Fresh as a daisy, clean as a cherry, bright as a Seraph's face, it is all these, and a hundred more, only that my limited stock of similes is exhausted. Two drawing-rooms as pretty as ever woman crammed with people she did not care two straws about; white curtains with rose-coloured ones underneath, festooned in the sweetest way; marvellously, *immorally* becoming, my dear, as I ascertained entirely for your benefit, in the mirrors, of which there are about a dozen and a half; Persian mats, easy chairs, and lounges suited to every possible physical conformation, from the Apollo Belvedere to Miss Biffin; and a thousand of the important little trivialities that make up the sum of a woman's life: ormolu garden gates, handleless cups, naked boys and décolleté shepherdesses; not to speak of a family of china pugs, with blue ribbons round their necks, which ought of themselves to have added fifty pounds a year to the rent. Apropos, I asked, in fear and trembling, what the rent might be—'three hundred pounds a year.' A feather would have knocked me down. I could hardly believe my ears, and made the woman repeat it several times, that there might be no mistake. To this hour it is a mystery to me.

"With that suspiciousness, which is so characteristic of you, you will immediately begin to hint that there must be some terrible unaccountable smell, or some odious inexplicable noise haunting the reception rooms. Nothing of the kind, the woman assured me, and she did not look as if she were telling stories. You will next suggest—remembering the rose-coloured curtains—that its last occupant was a member of the demi-monde. Wrong again. Its last occupant was an elderly and unexceptionable Indian officer, without a liver, and with a most lawful wife. They did not stay long, it is true, but then, as the housekeeper told me, he was a deplorable old hypochondriac, who never could bear to stay a fortnight in any one place. So lay aside that scepticism, which is your besetting sin, and give unfeigned thanks to St. Brigitta, or St. Gengulpha, or St. Catherine of Sienna, or whoever is your tutelar saint, for having provided you with a palace at the cost of a hovel, and for having sent you such an invaluable friend as

"Your attached,

"ELIZABETH DE WYNT."

"P.S.—I am so sorry I shall not be in town to witness your first raptures, but dear Artie looks so pale and thin and tall after the hooping-cough, that I am sending him off at once to the sea, and as I cannot bear the child out of my sight, I am going into banishment likewise."

MRS. MONTRESOR TO MRS. DE WYNT.

"32, —— Street, May Fair,

"*May 14th.*

"DEAREST BESSY,

"Why did not dear little Artie defer his hooping-cough convalescence, &c., till August? It is very odd, to me, the perverse way

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in which children always fix upon the most inconvenient times and seasons for their diseases. Here we are installed in our Paradise, and have searched high and low, in every hole and corner, for the serpent, without succeeding in catching a glimpse of his spotted tail. Most things in this world are disappointing, but 32, —— Street, May Fair, is not. The mystery of the rent is still a mystery. I have been for my first ride in the Row this morning: my horse was a little fidgety; I am half afraid that my nerve is not what it was. I saw heaps of people I knew. Do you recollect Florence Watson? What a wealth of red hair she had last year! Well, that same wealth is black as the raven's wing this year! I wonder how people can make such walking impositions of themselves, don't you? Adela comes to us next week; I am so glad. It is dull driving by oneself of an afternoon; and I always think that one young woman alone in a brougham, or with only a dog beside her, does not look *good*. We sent round our cards a fortnight before we came up, and have been already deluged with callers. Considering that we have been two years exiled from civilized life, and that London memories are not generally of the longest, we shall do pretty well, I think. Ralph Gordon came to see me on Sunday; he is in the ——th Hussars now. He has grown up such a *dear* fellow, and *so* good-looking! Just my style, large and fair and whiskerless! Most men nowadays make themselves as like monkies, or Scotch terriers, as they possibly can. I intend to be quite a *mother* to him. Dresses are gored to as *indecent* an extent as ever; short skirts are rampant. I am so sorry; I hate them. They make tall women look *lank*, and short ones insignificant. A knock! Peace is a word that might as well be expunged from one's London dictionary.

"Yours affectionately,

"Cecilia Montresor."

MRS. DE WYNT TO MRS. MONTRESOR.

"The Lord Warden, Dover,

"*May 18th.*

"Dearest Cecilia,

"You will perceive that I am about to devote only one small sheet of note-paper to you. This is from no dearth of time, Heaven knows! time is a drug in the market here, but from a total dearth of ideas. Any ideas that I ever have, come to me from without, from external objects; I am not clever enough to generate any within myself. My life here is not an eminently suggestive one. It is spent

in digging with a wooden spade, and eating prawns. Those are my employments, at least; my relaxation is going down to the Pier, to see the Calais boat come in. When one is miserable oneself, it is decidedly consolatory to see some one more miserable still; and wretched, and bored, and reluctant vegetable as I am, I am not *sea-sick*. I always feel my spirits rise after having seen that peevish, draggled procession of blue, green and yellow fellow-Christians file past me. There is a wind here *always*, in comparison of which the wind that behaved so violently to the corners of Job's house was a mere zephyr. There are heights to climb which require more daring perseverance than ever Wolfe displayed, with his paltry heights of Abraham. There are glaring white houses, glaring white roads, glaring white cliffs. If any one knew how unpatriotically I detest the chalk-cliffs of Albion! Having grumbled through my two little pages—I have actually been reduced to writing very large in order to fill even them—I will send off my dreary little billet. How I wish I could get into the envelope myself too, and whirl up with it to dear, beautiful, filthy London. Not more heavily could Madame de Staël have sighed for Paris from among the shades of Coppet.

"Your disconsolate Bessy."

MRS. MONTRESOR TO MRS. DE WYNT.

"32, —— Street, May Fair,

"*May 27th.*

"Oh, my dearest Bessy, how I wish we were out of this dreadful, dreadful house! Please don't think me very ungrateful for saying this, after your taking such pains to provide us with a Heaven upon earth, as you thought.

"What has happened could, of course, have been neither foretold, nor guarded against, by any human being. About ten days ago, Benson (my maid) came to me with a very long face, and said, 'If you please, 'm, did you know that this house was *haunted?*' I was *so* startled: you know what a coward I am. I said, 'Good Heavens! No! is it?' 'Well, 'm, I'm pretty nigh sure it is,' she said, and the expression of her countenance was about as lively as an undertaker's; and then she told me that cook had been that morning to order in groceries from a shop in the neighbourhood, and on her giving the man the direction where to send the things to, he had said, with a very pecular smile, 'No. 32, —— Street, eh? h'm! I wonder how long *you'll* stand it; last lot held out just a fortnight.' He looked so odd that she asked him what he meant, but he only said 'Oh!

nothing; only that parties never *did* stay long at 32. He had known parties go in one day, and out the next, and during the last four years he had never known any remain over the month.' Feeling a good deal alarmed by this information, she naturally inquired the reason; but he declined to give it, saying that if she had not found it out for herself, she had much better leave it alone, as it would only frighten her out of her wits; and on her insisting and urging him, she could only extract from him, that the house had such a villanously bad name, that the owners were glad to let it for a mere song. You know how firmly I believe in apparitions, and what an unutterable fear I have of them; anything material, tangible, that I can lay hold of—anything of the same fibre, blood, and bone as myself, I could, I think, confront bravely enough; but the mere thought of being brought face to face with the 'bodiless dead,' makes my brain unsteady. The moment Henry came in, I ran to him, and told him; but he pooh-poohed the whole story, laughed at me, and asked whether we should turn out of the prettiest house in London, at the very height of the season, because a grocer said it had a bad name. Most good things that had ever been in the world had had a bad name in their day; and, moreover, the man had probably a motive for taking away the house's character, some friend for whom he coveted the charming situation and the low rent. He derided my 'babyish fears,' as he called them, to such an extent that I felt half ashamed, and yet not quite comfortable, either; and then came the usual rush of London engagements, during which one has no time to think of anything but how to speak, and act, and look for the moment then present. Adela was to arrive yesterday, and in the morning our weekly hamper of flowers, fruit, and vegetables arrived from home. I always dress the flower-vases myself, servants are so tasteless; and as I was arranging them, it occurred to me—you know Adela's passion for flowers—to carry up one particular cornucopia of roses and mignonette and set it on her toilet-table, as a pleasant surprise for her. As I came downstairs, I had seen the housemaid—a fresh, round-faced country girl—go into the room, which was being prepared for Adela, with a pair of sheets that she had been airing over her arm. I went upstairs very slowly, as my cornucopia was full of water, and I was afraid of spilling some. I turned the handle of the bedroom-door and entered, keeping my eyes fixed on my flowers, to see how they bore the transit, and whether any of them had fallen out. Suddenly a sort of shiver passed over me; and feeling frightened—I did not know why—I looked up quickly. The girl was standing by the bed, leaning forward a little with her hands clenched in each other, rigid, every nerve tense; her eyes, wide open, starting out of her head, and a look of unutterable stony horror in them; her cheeks and mouth not pale, but livid as those of one that died awhile ago in mortal pain. As

I looked at her, her lips moved a little, and an awful hoarse voice, not like hers in the least, said, 'Oh! my God, I have seen it!' and then she fell down suddenly, like a log, with a heavy noise. Hearing the noise, loudly audible all through the thin walls and floors of a London house, Benson came running in, and between us we managed to lift her on to the bed, and tried to bring her to herself by rubbing her feet and hands, and holding strong salts to her nostrils. And all the while we kept glancing over our shoulders, in a vague cold terror of seeing some awful, shapeless apparition. Two long hours she lay in a state of utter unconsciousness. Meanwhile Harry, who had been down to his club, returned. At the end of the two hours we succeeded in bringing her back to sensation and life, but only to make the awful discovery that she was raving mad. She became so violent that it required all the combined strength of Harry and Phillips (our butler) to hold her down in the bed. Of course, we sent off instantly for a doctor, who, on her growing a little calmer towards evening, removed her in a cab to his own house. He has just been here to tell me that she is now pretty quiet, not from any return to sanity, but from sheer exhaustion. We are, of course, utterly in the dark as to *what* she saw, and her ravings are far too disconnected and unintelligible to afford us the slightest clue. I feel so completely shattered and upset by this awful occurrence, that you will excuse me, dear, I'm sure, if I write incoherently. One thing, I need hardly tell you, and that is, that no earthly consideration would induce me to allow Adela to occupy that terrible room. I shudder and run by quickly as I pass the door.

"Yours, in great agitation,

"Cecilia."

Mrs. De Wynt to Mrs. Montresor.

"The Lord Warden, Dover,

"*May 28th.*

"Dearest Cecilia,

"Yours just come; how very dreadful! But I am still unconvinced as to the house being in fault. You know I feel a sort of godmother to it, and responsible for its good behaviour. Don't you think that what the girl had might have been a fit? Why not? I myself have a cousin who is subject to seizures of the kind, and immediately on being attacked his whole body becomes rigid, his eyes glassy and staring, his complexion livid, exactly as in the case you describe. Or, if not a fit, are you sure that she has not been subject

to fits of madness? *Please* be sure and ascertain whether there is not insanity in her family. It is so common now-a-days, and so much on the increase, that nothing is more likely. You know my utter disbelief in ghosts. I am convinced that most of them, if run to earth, would turn out about as genuine as the famed Cock Lane one. But even allowing the possibility, nay, the actual unquestioned existence of ghosts in the abstract, is it likely that there should be anything to be seen so horribly fear-inspiring, as to send a perfectly sane person *in one instant* raving mad, which you, after three weeks' residence in the house, have never caught a glimpse of? According to your hypothesis, your whole household ought, by this time, to be stark, staring mad. Let me implore you not to give way to a panic which may, possibly, probably prove utterly groundless. Oh, how I wish I were with you, to make you listen to reason! Artie ought to be the best prop ever woman's old age was furnished with, to indemnify me, for all he and his hooping-cough have made me suffer. Write immediately, please, and tell me how the poor patient progresses. Oh, had I the wings of a dove! I shall be on wires till I hear again.

"Yours,

"Bessy."

Mrs. Montresor to Mrs. De Wynt.

"No. 5, Bolton Street, Piccadilly,

"*June 12th.*

"Dearest Bessy,

"You will see that we have left that terrible, hateful, fatal house. How I wish we had escaped from it sooner! Oh, my dear Bessy, I shall never be the same woman again if I live to be a hundred. Let me try to be coherent, and to tell you connectedly what has happened. And first, as to the housemaid, she has been removed to a lunatic asylum, where she remains in much the same state. She has had several lucid intervals, and during them has been closely, pressingly questioned as to what it was she saw; but she has maintained an absolute, hopeless silence, and only shudders, moans, and hides her face in her hands when the subject is broached. Three days ago I went to see her, and on my return was sitting resting in the drawing-room, before going to dress for dinner, talking to Adela about my visit, when Ralph Gordon walked in. He has always been walking in the last ten days, and Adela has always flushed up and looked happy, poor little cat, whenever he made his appearance. He looked very handsome, dear fellow, just come in from the park in a

coat that fitted like a second skin, lavender gloves, and a gardenia. He seemed in tremendous spirits, and was as sceptical as even you could be, as to the ghostly origin of Sarah's seizure. 'Let me come here to-night and sleep in that room; *do*, Mrs. Montresor,' he said, looking very eager and excited, 'with the gas lit and a poker, I'll engage to exorcise every demon that shows his ugly nose; even if I should find

> Seven white ghostisses
> Sitting on seven white postisses.

"'You don't mean really?' I asked, incredulously. 'Don't I? that's all,' he answered, emphatically. 'I should like nothing better. Well, is it a bargain?' Adela turned quite pale. 'Oh, don't,' she said, hurriedly, '*please*, don't; why should you run such a risk? How do you know that you might not be sent mad too?' He laughed very heartily, and coloured a little with pleasure at seeing the interest she took in his safety. 'Never fear,' he said, 'it would take more than a whole squadron of departed ones, with the old gentleman at their head, to send me crazy.' He was so eager, so persistent, so thoroughly in earnest, that I yielded at last, though with a certain strong reluctance to his entreaties. Adela's blue eyes filled with tears, and she walked away hastily to the conservatory, and stood picking bits of heliotrope to hide them. Nevertheless, Ralph got his own way; it was so difficult to refuse him anything. We gave up all our engagements for the evening, and he did the same with his. At about ten o'clock he arrived, accompanied by a friend and brother officer, Captain Burton, who was anxious to see the result of the experiment. 'Let me go up at once,' he said, looking very happy and animated. 'I don't know when I have felt in such good tune; a new sensation is a luxury not to be had every day of one's life; turn the gas up as high as it will go; provide a good stout poker, and leave the issue to Providence and me.' We did as he bid. 'It's all ready now,' Henry said, coming downstairs after having obeyed his orders; 'the room is nearly as light as day. Well, good luck to you, old fellow!' 'Good-bye, Miss Bruce,' Ralph said, going over to Adela, and taking her hand with a look, half laughing, half sentimental—

> Fare thee well, and if for ever,
> Then for ever, fare thee well,

that is my last dying speech and confession. Now mind,' he went on, standing by the table, and addressing us all; 'if I ring once, *don't* come. I may be flurried, and lay hold of the bell without thinking; if I ring twice, *come*.' Then he went, jumping up the stairs three steps at a time, and humming a tune. As for us, we sat in different attitudes of expectation and listening about the drawing-room. At first

we tried to talk a little, but it would not do; our whole souls seemed to have passed into our ears. The clock's ticking sounded as loud as a great church bell close to one's ear. Addy lay on the sofa, with her dear little white face hidden in the cushions. So we sat for exactly an hour; but it seemed like two years, and just as the clock began to strike eleven, a sharp ting, ting, ting rang clear and shrill through the house. 'Let us go,' said Addy, starting up, and running to the door. 'Let us go,' I cried too, following her. But Captain Burton stood in the way, and intercepted our progress. 'No,' he said, decisively, 'you must not go; remember Gordon told us distinctly, if he rang once *not* to come. I know the sort of fellow he is, and that nothing would annoy him more than having his directions disregarded.'

"'Oh, nonsense!' Addy cried, passionately, 'he would never have rung if he had not seen something dreadful; do, *do* let us go!' she ended, clasping her hands. But she was overruled, and we all went back to our seats. Ten minutes more of suspense, next door to unendurable, I felt a lump in my throat, a gasping for breath;—ten minutes on the clock, but a thousand centuries on our hearts. Then again, loud, sudden, violent the bell rang! We made a simultaneous rush to the door. I don't think we were one second flying upstairs. Addy was first. Almost simultaneously she and I burst into the room. There he was, standing in the middle of the floor, rigid, petrified, with that same look—that look that is burnt into my heart in letters of fire—of awful, unspeakable, stony fear on his brave young face. For one instant he stood thus; then stretching out his arms stiffly before him, he groaned in a terrible husky voice, 'Oh, my God, I have seen it!' and fell down *dead*. Yes, *dead*. Not in a swoon or in a fit, but *dead*. Vainly we tried to bring back the life to that strong young heart; it will never come back again till that day when the earth and the sea give up the dead that are therein. I cannot see the page for the tears that are blinding me; he was such a dear fellow! I can't write any more to-day.

"Your broken-hearted CECILIA."

This is a true story.

R L S. **"Thrawn Janet".** *The Cornhill magazine*; 44: 262, Oct 1881; pp. 436-443.

Thrawn Janet.

The Reverend Murdoch Soulis was long minister of the moorland parish of Balweary, in the vale of Dule. A severe, bleak-faced old man, dreadful to his hearers, he dwelt in the last years of his life, without relative or servant or any human company, in the small and lonely manse under the Hanging Shaw. In spite of the iron composure of his features, his eye was wild, scared, and uncertain; and when he dwelt, in private admonitions, on the future of the impenitent, it seemed as if his eye pierced through the storms of time to the terrors of eternity. Many young persons, coming to prepare themselves against the season of the Holy Communion, were dreadfully affected by his talk. He had a sermon on 1st Peter, v. and 8th, "The devil as a roaring lion," on the Sunday after every seventeenth of August, and he was accustomed to surpass himself upon that text both by the appalling nature of the matter and the terror of his bearing in the pulpit. The children were frightened into fits, and the old looked more than usually oracular, and were, all that day, full of those hints that Hamlet deprecated. The manse itself, where it stood by the water of Dule among some thick trees, with the Shaw overhanging it on the one side, and on the other many cold, moorish hilltops rising towards the sky, had begun, at a very early period of Mr. Soulis's ministry, to be avoided in the dusk hours by all who valued themselves upon their prudence; and gudemen sitting at the clachan alehouse shook their heads together at the thought of passing late by that uncanny neighbourhood. There was one spot, to be more particular, which was regarded with especial awe. The manse stood between the high road and the water of Dule, with a gable to each; its back was towards the kirktown of Balweary, nearly half a mile away; in front of it, a bare garden, hedged with thorn, occupied the land between the river and the road. The house was two stories high, with two large rooms on each. It opened not directly on the garden, but on a causewayed path, or passage, giving on the road on the one hand, and closed on the other by the tall willows and elders that bordered on the stream. And it was this strip of causeway that enjoyed among the young parishioners of Balweary so infamous a reputation. The minister walked there often after dark, sometimes groaning aloud in the instancy of his unspoken prayers; and when he was from home, and the manse door was locked, the more daring schoolboys ventured, with beating hearts, to "follow my leader" across that legendary spot.

This atmosphere of terror, surrounding, as it did, a man of God of

spotless character and orthodoxy, was a common cause of wonder and subject of inquiry among the few strangers who were led by chance or business into that unknown, outlying country. But many even of the people of the parish were ignorant of the strange events which had marked the first year of Mr. Soulis's ministrations; and among those who were better informed, some were naturally reticent and others shy of that particular topic. Now and again, only, one of the older folk would warm into courage over his third tumbler, and recount the cause of the minister's strange looks and solitary life.

Fifty years syne, when Mr. Soulis cam' first into Ba'weary, he was still a young man—a callant, the folk said—fu' o' book learnin' and grand at the exposition, but, as was natural in sae young a man, wi' nae leevin' experience in religion. The younger sort were greatly taken wi' his gifts and his gab; but auld, concerned, serious men and women were moved even to prayer for the young man, whom they took to be a self-deceiver, and the parish that was like to be sae ill-supplied. It was before the days o' the moderates—weary fa' them; but ill things are like gude—they baith come bit by bit, a pickle at a time; and there were folk even then that said the Lord had left the college professors to their ain devices, an' the lads that went to study wi' them wad hae done mair and better sittin' in a peat-bog, like their forbears of the persecution, wi' a Bible under their oxter and a speerit o' prayer in their heart. There was nae doot, onyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been ower lang at the college. He was careful and troubled for mony things besides the ae thing needful. He had a feck o' books wi' him—mair than had ever been seen before in a' that presbytery; and a sair wark the carrier had wi' them, for they were a' like to have smoored in the Deil's Hag between this and Kilmakerlie. They were books o' divinity, to be sure, or so they ca'd them; but the serious were o' opinion there was little service for sae mony, when the hail o' God's Word could gang in the neuk of a plaid. Then, he wad sit half the day and half the nicht forbye (which was scant decent) writing, nae less; and first, they were feared he wad read his sermons; and syne it proved he was writin' a book himsel', which was surely no fittin' for ane of his years an' sma' experience.

Onyway it behoved him to get an auld, decent wife to keep the manse for him an' see to his bit denners; and he was recommended to an auld limmer—Janet M'Clour, they ca'd her—and sae far left to himsel' as to be ower persuaded. There was mony advised him to the contrar, for Janet was mair than suspeckit by the best folk in Ba'weary. Lang or that, she had had a wean to a dragoon; she hadnae come forrit * for maybe thretty years; and bairns had seen her mumblin' to hersel' up on Key's Loan in the gloamin', whilk was an unco time an' place for a God-fearin' woman. Howsoever, it was the laird himsel' that had first tauld

* To come forrit—to offer oneself as a communicant.

the minister o' Janet; and in thae days he wad have gane a far gate to pleesure the laird. When folk tauld him that Janet was sib to the deil, it was all superstition by his way of it; an' when they cast up the Bible to him an' the witch of Endor, he wad threep it doun their thrapples that thir days were a' gane by, and the deil was mercifully restrained.

Weel, when it got about the clachan that Janet M'Clour was to be servant at the manse, the folk were fair mad wi' her an' him thegether; and some o' the gudewives had nae better to dae than get round her door cheeks and chairge her wi' a' that was ken't again her, frae the sodger's bairn to John Tamson's twa kye. She was nae great speaker; folk usually let her gang her ain gate, an' she let them gang theirs, wi' neither Fair-gude-een nor Fair-gude-day; but when she buckled to, she had a tongue to deave the miller. Up she got, an' there wasnae an auld story in Ba'weary but she gart somebody loup for it that day; they couldnae say ae thing but she could say twa to it; till, at the binder end, the gudewives up and claught haud of her, and clawed the coats off her back, and pu'd her doun the clachan to the water o' Dule, to see if she were a witch or no, soum or droun. The carline skirled till ye could hear her at the Hangin' Shaw, and she focht like ten; there was mony a gudewife bure the mark of her neist day an' mony a lang day after; and just in the hettest o' the collieshangie, wha suld come up (for his sins) but the new minister.

"Women," said he (and he had a grand voice), "I charge you in the Lord's name to let her go."

Janet ran to him—she was fair wud wi' terror—an' clang to him, an' prayed him, for Christ's sake, save her frae the cummers; an' they, for their pairt, tauld him a' that was ken't, and maybe mair.

"Woman," says he to Janet, "is this true?"

"As the Lord sees me," says she, "as the Lord made me, no a word o't. Forbye the bairn," says she, "I've been a decent woman a' my days."

"Will you," says Mr. Soulis, "in the name of God, and before me, His unworthy minister, renounce the devil and his works?"

Weel, it wad appear that when he askit that, she gave a girn that fairly frichtit them that saw her, an' they could hear her teeth play dirl thegether in her chafts; but there was naething for it but the ae way or the ither; an' Janet lifted up her hand and renounced the deil before them a'.

"And now," says Mr. Soulis to the gudewives, "home with ye, one and all, and pray to God for His forgiveness."

And he gied Janet his arm, though she had little on her but a sark, and took her up the clachan to her ain door like a leddy of the land; an' her scrieghin' and laughin' as was a scandal to be heard.

There were mony grave folk lang ower their prayers that nicht; but when the morn cam' there was sic a fear fell upon a' Ba'weary that the bairns hid theirsels, and e'en the men folk stood and keeckit frae their doors. For there was Janet comin' doun the clachan—her or her

likeness, nane could tell—wi' her neck thrawn, and her heid on ae side, like a body that has been hangit, and a girn on her face like an unstreakit corp. By an' by they got used wi' it, and even speered at her to ken what was wrang; but frae that day forth she couldnae speak like a Christian woman, but slavered and played click wi' her teeth like a pair o' shears; and frae that day forth the name o' God cam' never on her lips. Whiles she wad try to say it, but it michtnae be. Them that kenned best said least; but they never gied that Thing the name o' Janet M'Clour; for the auld Janet, by their way o't, was in muckle hell that day. But the minister was neither to haud nor to bind; he preached aboot naething but the folk's cruelty that had gi'en her a stroke o' the palsy; he skelpt the bairns that meddled her; and he had her up to the manse that same nicht, and dwalled there a' his lane wi' her under the Hangin' Shaw.

Weel, time gaed by; and the idler sort commenced to think mair lichtly o' that black business. The minister was weel thought o'; he was aye late at the writing, folk wad see his can'le doon by the Dule water after twal' at e'en; and he seemed aye pleased wi' himsel' and upsitten as at first, though a' body could see that he was dwining. As for Janet, she cam' an' she gaed; if she didnae speak muckle afore, it was reason she should speak less then; she meddled naebody; but she was an eldritch thing to see, an' nane wad hae mistrysted wi' her for Ba'weary glebe.

About the end o' July there cam' a spell o' weather, the like o't never was in that country side; it was lown an' het an' heartless; the herds couldnae win up the Black Hill, the bairns were ower weariet to play; an' yet it was gousty too, wi' claps o' het wund that rumm'led in the glens, and bits o' shooers that slockened naething. We aye thocht it but to thun'er on the morn; but the morn cam', an' the morn's morning, and it was aye the same uncanny weather, sair on folks and bestial. Of a' that were the waur, nane suffered like Mr. Soulis; he could neither sleep nor eat, he tauld his elders; an' when he wasnae writin' at his weary book, he wad be stravagin' ower a' the countryside like a man possessed, when a' body else was blythe to keep caller ben the house.

Abune Hangin' Shaw, in the bield o' the Black Hill, there's a bit enclosed grund wi' an iron yett; and it seems, in the auld days, that was the kirkyaird o' Ba'weary, and consecrated by the Papists before the blessed licht shone upon the kingdom. It was a great howff o' Mr. Soulis's, onyway; there he would sit an' consider his sermons; and indeed it's a bieldy bit. Weel, as he cam' ower the wast end o' the Black Hill, ae day, he saw first twa, an' syne fower, an' syne seeven corbie craws fleein' round an' round abune the auld kirkyaird. They flew laigh and heavy, an' squawked to ither as they gaed; and it was clear to Mr. Soulis that something had put them frae their ordinar. He wasnae easy fleyed, an' gaed straucht up to the wa's; an' what suld he find there but a man, or the appearance of a man, sittin' in the inside upon a grave.

He was of a great stature, an' black as hell, and his e'en were singular to see. Mr. Soulis had heard tell o' black men, mony's the time; but there was something unco aboot this black man that daunted him. Het as he was, he took a kind o' cauld grue in the marrow o' his banes; but up he spak for a' that; an' says he: "My friend, are you a stranger in this place?" The black man answered never a word; he got upon his feet, an' begude to hursle to the wa' on the far side; but he aye lookit at the minister; an' the minister stood an' lookit back; till a' in a meenute, the black man was ower the wa' an' rinnin' for the bield o' the trees. Mr. Soulis, he hardly kenned why, ran after him; but he was sair forjaskit wi' his walk an' the het, unhalesome weather; and rin as he likit, he got nae mair than a gliff o' the black man amang the birks, till he won doun to the foot o' the hill-side, an' there he saw him ance mair, gaun, hap, step, an' loup, ower Dule water to the manse.

Mr. Soulis wasnae weel pleased that this fearsome gangrel suld mak' sae free wi' Ba'weary manse; an' he ran the harder, an', wet shoon, ower the burn, an' up the walk; but the deil a black man was there to see. He stepped out upon the road, but there was naebody there; he gaed a' ower the gairden, but na, nae black man. At the hinder end, and a bit feared as was but natural, he lifted the hasp and into the manse; and there was Janet M'Clour before his e'en, wi' her thrawn craig, and nane sae pleased to see him And he aye minded sinsyne, when first he set his e'en upon her, he had the same cauld and deidly grue.

"Janet," says he, "have ye seen a black man?"

"A black man?" quo she. "Save us a'! Ye're no wise, minister. There's nae black man in a' Ba'weary."

But she didnae speak plain, ye maun understand; but yam-yammered, like a powney wi' the bit in its moo'.

"Weel," says he, "Janet, if there was nae black man, I have spoken with the Accuser of the Brethren."

And he sat down like ane wi' a fever, an' his teeth chittered in his heid.

"Hoots," says she, "think shame to yoursel', minister;" an' gied him a drap brandy that she keept aye by her.

Syne Mr. Soulis gaed into his study amang a' his books. It's a lang, laigh, mirk chalmer, perishin' cauld in winter, an' no very dry even in the tap o' the simmer, for the manse stands near the burn. Sae doon he sat, and thocht of a' that had come an' gane since he was in Ba'weary, an' his hame, an' the days when he was a bairn an' ran daffin' on the braes; and that black man aye ran in his heid like the owercome of a sang. Aye the mair he thocht, the mair he thocht o' the black man. He tried the prayer, an' the words wouldnae come to him; an' he tried, they say, to write at his book, but he could nae mak' nae mair o' that. There was whiles he thocht the black man was at his oxter, an' the swat stood upon him cauld as well-water; and there was other whiles, when he cam' to himsel' like a christened bairn and minded naething.

The upshot was that he gaed to the window an' stood glowrin' at Dule water. The trees are unco thick, an' the water lies deep an' black under the manse; an' there was Janet washin' the cla'es wi' her coats kilted. She had her back to the minister, an' he, for his pairt, hardly kenned what he was lookin' at. Syne she turned round, an' shawed her face; Mr. Soulis had the same cauld grue as twice that day afore, an' it was borne in upon him what folk said, that Janet was deid lang syne, an' this was a bogle in her clay-cauld flesh. He drew back a pickle and he scanned her narrowly. She was tramp-trampin' in the cla'es, croonin' to hersel'; and eh! Gude guide us, but it was a fearsome face. Whiles she sang louder; but there was nae man born o' woman that could tell the words o' her sang; an' whiles she lookit side-lang doun, but there was naething there for her to look at. There gaed a scunner through the flesh upon his banes; and that was Heeven's advertisement. But Mr. Soulis just blamed himsel', he said, to think sae ill of a puir, auld afflicted wife that hadnae a freend forbye himsel'; an' he put up a bit prayer for him and her, an' drank a little caller water—for his heart rose again the meat—an' gaed up to his naked bed in the gloaming.

That was a nicht that has never been forgotten in Ba'weary, the nicht o' the seeventeent of August, seeventeen hun'er' an' twal'. It had been het afore, as I hae said, but that nicht it was hetter than ever. The sun gaed doon amang unco-lookin' clouds; it fell as mirk as the pit; no a star, no a breath o' wund; ye couldnae see your han' afore your face, and even the auld folk coost the covers frae their beds and lay pechin' for their breath. Wi' a' that he had upon his mind, it was gey and unlikely Mr. Soulis wad get muckle sleep. He lay an' he tummled; the gude, caller bed that he got into brunt his very banes; whiles he slept, an' whiles he waukened; whiles he heard the time o' nicht, and whiles a tyke yowlin' up the muir, as if somebody was deid; whiles he thocht he heard bogles claverin' in his lug, an' whiles he saw spunkies in the room. He behoved, he judged, to be sick; an' sick he was—little he jaloosed the sickness.

At the hinder end, he got a clearness in his mind, sat up in his sark on the bed-side, and fell thinkin' ance mair o' the black man an' Janet. He couldnae weel tell how—maybe it was the cauld to his feet—but it cam' in upon him wi' a spate that there was some connection between thir twa, an' that either or baith o' them were bogles. And just at that moment, in Janet's room, which was neist to his, there cam' a stramp o' feet as if men were wars'lin', an' then a loud bang; an' then a wund gaed reishling round the fower quarters o' the house; an' then a' was aince mair as seelent as the grave.

Mr. Soulis was feared for neither man nor deevil. He got his tinder-box, an' lit a can'le, an' made three steps o't ower to Janet's door. It was on the hasp, an' he pushed it open, an' keeked bauldly in. It was a big room, as big as the minister's ain, an' plenished wi' grand, auld, solid gear, for he had naething else. There was a fower-posted bed wi' auld

tapestry; and a braw cabinet of aik, that was fu' o' the minister's divinity books, an' put there to be out o' the gate; an' a wheen duds o' Janet's lyin' here an' there about the floor. But nae Janet could Mr. Soulis see; nor ony sign of a contention. In he gaed (an' there's few that wad ha'e followed him) an' lookit a' round, an' listened. But there was naethin' to be heard, neither inside the manse nor in a' Ba'weary parish, an' naethin' to be seen but the muckle shadows turnin' round the can'le. An' then a' at aince, the minister's heart played dunt an' stood stock-still; an' a cauld wund blew amang the hairs o' his heid. Whaten a weary sicht was that for the puir man's e'en! For there was Janet hangin' frae a nail beside the auld aik cabinet: her heid aye lay on her shoother, her e'en were steeked, the tongue projeckit frae her mouth, and her heels were twa feet clear abune the floor.

"God forgive us all!" thocht Mr. Soulis; "poor Janet's dead."

He cam' a step nearer to the corp; an' then his heart fair whammled in his inside. For by what cantrip it wad ill-beseem a man to judge, she was hingin' frae a single nail an' by a single wursted thread for darnin' hose.

It's an awfu' thing to be your lane at nicht wi' siccan prodigies o' darkness; but Mr. Soulis was strong in the Lord. He turned an' gaed his ways oot o' that room, and lockit the door ahint him; and step by step, doon the stairs, as heavy as leed; and set doon the can'le on the table at the stairfoot. He couldnae pray, he couldnae think, he was dreepin' wi' caul' swat, an' naethin' could he hear but the dunt-dunt-duntin' o' his ain heart. He micht maybe have stood there an hour, or maybe twa, he minded sae little; when a' o' a sudden, he heard a laigh, uncanny steer upstairs; a foot gaed to an' fro in the cha'mer whaur the corp was hingin'; syne the door was opened, though he minded weel that he had lockit it; an' syne there was a step upon the landin', an' it seemed to him as if the corp was lookin' ower the rail and doon upon him whaur he stood.

He took up the can'le again (for he couldnae want the licht), and as saftly as ever he could gaed straucht oot o' the manse an' to the far end o' the causeway. It was aye pit-mirk; the flame o' the can'le, when he set it on the grund, brunt steedy and clear as in a room; naething moved, but the Dule water, seepin' and sabbin' doon the glen, an' yon unhaly footstep that cam' ploddin' doun the stairs inside the manse. He kenned the foot ower weel, for it was Janet's; and at ilka step that cam' a wee thing nearer, the cauld got deeper in his vitals. He commended his soul to Him that made an' keepit him; "and O Lord," said he, "give me strength this night to war against the powers of evil."

By this time the foot was comin' through the passage for the door; he could hear a hand skirt alang the wa', as if the fearsome thing was feelin' for its way. The saughs tossed an' maned thegether, a lang sigh cam' ower the hills, the flame o' the can'le was blawn aboot; an' there

stood the corp of Thrawn Janet, wi' her grogram goon an' her black mutch, wi' the heid aye upon the shoother, an' the girn still upon the face o't—leevin', ye wad ha'e said—deid, as Mr. Soulis weel kenned—upon the threshold o' the manse.

It's a strange thing that the saul of man should be that thirled into his perishable body; but the minister saw that, an' his heart didnae break.

She didnae stand there lang; she began to move again an' cam' slowly towards Mr. Soulis whaur he stood under the saughs. A' the life o' his body, a' the strength o' his speerit, were glowerin' frae his e'en. It seemed she was gaun to speak, but wanted words, an' made a sign wi' the left hand. There cam' a clap o' wund, like a cat's fuff; oot gaed the can'le, the saughs skrieghed like folk; an' Mr. Soulis kenned that, live or die, this was the end o't.

"Witch, beldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you, by the power of God, begone—if you be dead, to the grave—if you be damned, to hell."

An' at that moment, the Lord's ain hand out o' the Heevens struck the Horror whaur it stood; the auld, deid, desecrated corp o' the witch-wife, sae lang keepit frae the grave and hursled round by deils, lowed up like a brunstane spunk and fell in ashes to the grund; the thunder followed, peal on dirling peal, the rairing rain upon the back o' that; and Mr. Soulis louped through the garden hedge, and ran, wi' skelloch upon skelloch, for the clachan.

That same mornin', John Christie saw the black man pass the Muckle Cairn as it was chappin' six; before eight, he gaed by the change-house at Knockdow; an' no lang after, Sandy M'Lellan saw him gaun linkin' doon the braes frae Kilmakerlie. There's little doubt but it was him that dwalled sae lang in Janet's body; but he was awa' at last; and sinsyne the deil has never fashed us in Ba'weary.

But it was a sair dispensation for the minister; lang, lang he lay ravin' in his bed; and frae that hour to this, he was the man ye ken the day.

R. L. S.

Arthur Machen, "The Great God Pan", *The Whirlwind*, vol. 2:24 (Dec 13, 1890), pp.170-171.

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XVII.

M. BOLDINI.

We present our readers this week with a portrait of M. Giovanni Boldini, the holder of the Grande Médaille d'honneur for his country in the last International Exhibition in Paris and the recipient of a gold medal at this year's International Exhibition at Munich. In Paris he is acknowledged as one of the very small band of original producers in art, and when his work is seen in England, as it possibly will be at the next exhibition of the New English Art Club, the indebtedness of a whole school of portraiture in France, in England and in America will be easily traceable to his influence Sargent, Blanche, Helleu occur at once as the most prominent of the artists who have learnt much from his strange and original method of posing his sitters. In none of his followers, however, is there the same searching insight into character, or the same pitiless delight in pushing refinements of drawing to the furthest attainable point. His treatment of pastel has been one of the most potent factors in the revival of the use of that material, and has started a *genre* in pastel portraiture of which we have hitherto in England seen only diluted representations. The only portrait in England so far as we know by this artist is one of the Marchioness of Westminster, painted many years ago. M. Boldini, however, declares his intention of coming to England to paint some portraits, including one of Mr. Whistler. We have secured permission to publish in a subsequent number of THE WHIRLWIND a drawing of his exquisitely graceful portrait of Mlle. Conca. This we shall do when we can extract it from the teeming workshops of the subtle Starr.

CALENDAR.

December 7—Mary, Queen of Scots, born, 1542.
" 7—Disraeli's Maiden Speech, 1837.
" 8—Murder of the Earl of Derwentwater, 1746.
" 11—Mr. Leo Maxse born, 1864.
" 13—Duke of Rutland born, 1818.
" 17—Lord George Hamilton's birthday.

LIVELY AND ECCENTRIC STORIES.

III.

THE GREAT GOD PAN.

"I am glad you came, Clarke; very glad indeed. Have another cigar?"

"Thanks, I think I will, your cigars are wonderful, like everything else about you. But have you no misgivings, Raymond? Is it absolutely safe?"

The two men were slowly pacing the terrace in front of Dr. Raymond's house. The sun still hung above the western mountain-line, but it shone with a dull red glow that cast no shadows; the delicate blue smoke of the cigars floated slowly away through the quiet air; a sweet breath came from the great wood on the hill-side above, and with it, at intervals, the soft murmuring call of the wild doves. Below, in the long lovely valley, the river wound in and out between the lonely hills and, as the sun set, a faint mist, pure white, began to rise from its banks. Dr. Raymond turned sharply to his friend.

"Safe? Of course it is. You remember that operation I performed when we were at Paris together? I don't think my hand has lost its cunning. In itself the operation is a perfectly simple one; any surgeon could do it."

"And there is no danger at any other stage?"

"None; absolutely no physical danger whatever, I give you my word. You were always timid, Clarke, always; but you know my history. I have devoted myself to transcendental medicine for the last twenty years. I have heard myself called a quack and a charlatan, but all the while I knew I was on the right path. Five years ago I reached the goal, and since then every day has been a preparation for what we shall do to-night."

"I should like to believe that it is all true." Clarke knit his brows and looked doubtfully at Dr. Raymond, and then at his cigar. "Are you perfectly sure, Raymond, that your theory is not a phantasmagoria—a splendid vision, certainly, but a mere vision after all?"

Dr. Raymond stopped in his walk, and turned round. He was a middle-aged man, somewhat thin, and of a pale yellow complexion, but as he answered Clarke's query his face flushed.

"Look about you, Clarke. You see the mountain and hill following after hill; you see the woods and orchards, the fields of corn and the meadows by the river. You see me standing here beside you, and hear my voice; but I tell you that all these things—yes, from that star that has just shone out in the sky to the solid ground beneath our feet—I tell you that all these are but dreams and shadows: the shadows that hide the real world from our eyes. There *is* a real world, but it is beyond them all as beyond a veil. I do not know whether any human being has ever lifted that veil; but I do know, Clarke, that you and I shall see it lifted this very night from before another's eyes. You may think all this strange nonsense; it may be strange, but it is true, and the ancients knew what lifting the veil means. They called it seeing the God Pan."

Clarke shivered; the white mist gathering over the river was chilly.

"It is wonderful, indeed," he said. "We are standing on the brink of a strange world, Raymond, if what you say is true. I suppose the knife is absolutely necessary?"

"Yes; a slight lesion in the grey matter, that is all. But think what that knife will effect. It will level utterly the solid wall of sense, and probably for the first time since man was made a spirit will gaze on a spirit world. Clarke, Mary will see the god Pan!"

"But you remember what you wrote to me last year? I thought it would be requisite that she——"

Clarke whispered the rest of the sentence into the doctor's ear.

"Not at all; not at all. Perfect nonsense, I assure you. Indeed, it is better as it is; I am quite certain of that."

"Consider the matter well, Raymond. It's a great responsibility. Something might go wrong; you would be a miserable man for the rest of your days."

"No, I think not, even if the worst happened. As you know, I rescued Mary from the gutter and almost certain starvation, when she was a child; I think her life is mine to use as I see fit. Come, it is getting late; we had better go in."

Dr. Raymond led the way into the house, through the hall and down a long dark passage. He took a key from his pocket and opened a heavy door and motioned Clarke into his laboratory. It had once been a billiard-room and was lighted by a glass dome in the centre of the ceiling, whence there still shone a sad grey light upon the figure of the doctor as he lit the lamp and placed it on a table in the middle of the room.

"Take another cigar, Clarke. You will want something to smother these nasty drugs of mine."

Clarke lit his cigar and looked about him. Scarcely a foot of wall remained bare; there were shelves all around laden with bottles and phials of all shapes and colours, and at one end stood a little Chippendale book-case. Raymond pointed to this.

"You see that parchment, Oswald Crollins? He was one of the first to show me the way, though I don't think he ever found it himself. That is a strange saying of his: 'In every grain of wheat there lies hidden the soul of a star.'"

There was not much of furniture in the laboratory. The table in the centre, a stone slab with a drain in one corner, the two armchairs on which Raymond and Clarke were sitting; that was all, except an odd-looking chair at the farthest end of the room. Clarke looked at it and raised his eyebrows.

"Yes; that is the chair," said Raymond. "We may as well place it in position." He got up and wheeled the chair to the light and began raising and lowering it, letting down the seat, setting the back at another angle and altering the foot-rest. It looked comfortable enough and Clarke passed his hand over the soft green velvet, as the doctor adjusted the levers.

"Now, Clarke, make yourself quite comfortable. I have a couple of hours' work before me; I was obliged to leave certain matters to the last."

Raymond went over to the stone slab, and Clarke watched him drearily as he bent over a row of small phials and lit the flame under the crucible. At last he poured out a few drops of oily fluid into a green phial, and stopped it tightly.

"It is done now," he said. "I am going to fetch Mary; I shall be back in ten minutes."

Clarke lay back in his chair and wondered. It seemed more a dream than reality. He half expected to see the walls of the laboratory melt and disappear, and to awake in London, shuddering at his own sleeping fancies. But the door opened, and the doctor returned, and behind him came a girl of about seventeen, dressed all in white. She was so beautiful that Clarke did not wonder at what the doctor had written to him. She was blushing now over face and neck and arms, but Raymond seemed unmoved.

"Mary," he said, "the time has come. You are quite free. Are you willing to trust yourself to me, entirely?"

"Yes, dear."

"You hear that, Clarke? You are my witness. Here is the chair, Mary, just sit in it and lean back. Are you ready?"

"Yes, dear, quite ready. Give me a kiss before you begin."

The doctor stooped and kissed her mouth, kindly enough. "Now shut your eyes," he said. The girl shut her eyes as if she were tired and longed to sleep, and Raymond held the green phial to her nostrils for a few moments, then stepped back, and turned up one of her eyelids. She was quite unconscious. He pressed hard on one of the levers, and in an instant the chair became a couch. Then he took up a glittering instrument from a little case and Clarke turned away shuddering. When he looked again Raymond was binding up the wound he had made. "She will awake in five minutes." Raymond was still perfectly cool. "There is nothing further to be done; we can only wait."

The minutes passed slowly; they could hear a slow, heavy ticking. There was an old clock in the passage. Clarke felt sick and faint, his knees shook beneath him, he could hardly stand.

Suddenly, as they watched, they heard a long-drawn sigh and suddenly did the colour that had vanished return to the girl's cheeks and suddenly her eyes opened. Clarke quailed before them. They shone with an awful light, looking far away, and a great wonder fell upon her face, and her hands stretched out as if to touch what was invisible; but in an instant the wonder faded, and gave place to the most awful panic terror. The muscles of her face were hideously convulsed, she shook from head to foot; the soul seemed struggling and shuddering within the house of flesh. It was a horrible sight and Clarke rushed forward, as she fell shrieking to the floor.

* * * * *

Three days later Raymond took Clarke to Mary's bedside. She was lying wide-awake, rolling her head from side to side and grinning vacantly.

"Yes," said the doctor, still quite cool, "it is a great pity; she is a hopeless idiot. However, it could not be helped and, after all, she has seen the Great God Pan."

THE WHIRLWIND DIPLOMA GALLERY OF MODERN PICTURES.

XVII.

"WHEN THE SETTING SUN IS LOW."

By Frederick Brown.

As Mr. Starr, who stands the rackett of misleading our readers about the beautiful pictures we from time to time foist upon them, says he unfortunately cannot give an idea of the colour in Mr. Brown's lovely pastoral, we presume that, to borrow a phrase used by Mr. Walter Sickert, when speaking of Veronese, he translates "in terms of an inspired convention."

Katherine Mansfield, **"The Woman at the Store"**, *Rhythm. Art Music Literature Quarterly*. Vol. 1, No. 4, 1912, pp.7-21. [interspersed with art pieces]

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SPRING 1912

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THE WOMAN AT THE STORE

All that day the heat was terrible. The wind blew close to the ground—it rooted among the tussock grass—slithered along the road, so that the white pumice dust swirled in our faces—settled and sifted over us and was like a dry-skin itching for growth on our bodies. The horses stumbled along, coughing and chuffing. The pack horse was sick—with a big, open sore rubbed under the belly. Now and again she stopped short, threw back her head, looked at us as though she were going to cry, and whinnied. Hundreds of larks shrilled—the sky was slate colour, and the sound of the larks reminded me of slate pencils scraping over its surface. There was nothing to be seen but wave after wave of tussock grass—patched with purple orchids and manuka bushes covered with thick spider webs.

Jo rode ahead. He wore a blue galatea shirt, corduroy trousers and riding boots. A white handkerchief, spotted with red—it looked as though his nose had been bleeding on it—knotted round his throat. Wisps of white hair straggled from under his wideawake—his moustache and eyebrows were called white—he slouched in the saddle—grunting. Not once that day had he sung "I don't care, for don't you see, my wife's mother was in front of me!" . . . It was the first day we had been without it for a month, and now there seemed something uncanny in his silence. He rode ahead of me—white as a clown, his black eyes glittered, and he kept shooting out his tongue and moistening his lips. He was dressed in a Jaeger vest—a pair of blue duck trousers, fastened round the waist with a plaited leather belt. We had hardly spoken since dawn. At noon we had lunched off fly biscuits and apricots by the side of a swampy creek.

"My stomach feels like the crop of a hen," said Jo. "Now then, Hin, you're the bright boy of the party—where's this 'ere store you kep' on talking about. 'Oh, yes,' you says, 'I know a fine store, with a paddock for the horses an' a creek runnin' through, owned by a friend of mine who'll give yer a bottle of whisky before 'e shakes hands with yer.' I'd like ter see that place—merely as a matter of curiosity—not that I'd ever doubt yer word—as yer know very well —*but* . . . ."

Hin laughed. "Don't forget there's a woman too, Jo, with blue eyes and yellow hair, who'll promise you something else before she shakes hands with you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"The heat's making you balmy," said Jo. But he dug his knees into his horse. We shambled on. I half fell asleep, and had a sort of uneasy dream that the horses were not moving forward at all—then that I was on a rocking-horse, and my old mother was scolding me for raising such a fearful dust from the drawing-room carpet. "You've entirely worn off the pattern of the carpet," I heard her saying, and she gave the reins a tug. I snivelled and woke to find Hin leaning over me, maliciously smiling.

"That was a case of all but," said he, "I just caught you. What's up, been bye-bye?"

"No!" I raised my head. "Thank the Lord we're arriving somewhere."

We were on the brow of the hill, and below us there was a whare roofed in with corrugated iron. It stood in a garden, rather far back from the road—a big paddock opposite, and a creek and a clump of young willow trees. A thin line of blue smoke stood up straight from the chimney of the whare, and as I looked, a woman came out, followed by a child and a sheep dog—the woman carrying what appeared to me a black stick. She made frantic gestures at us. The horses put on a final spurt, Jo took off his wideawake, shouted, threw out his chest, and began singing, "I don't care, for don't you see . . ." The sun pushed through the pale clouds and shed a vivid light over the scene. It gleamed on the woman's yellow hair, over her flapping pinafore and the rifle she was carrying. The child hid behind her, and the yellow dog, a mangy beast, scuttled back into the whare, his tail between his legs. We drew rein and dismounted.

LANDSCAPE HENRI MANGUIN

"Hallo," screamed the woman. "I thought you was three 'awks. My kid comes runnin' in ter me. 'Mumma,' says she, 'there's three brown things comin' over the 'ill,' says she. An' I comes out smart, I can tell yer. They'll be 'awks, I says to her. Oh, the 'awks about 'ere, yer wouldn't believe."

The "kid" gave us the benefit of one eye from behind the woman's pinafore—then retired again.

"Where's your old man," asked Hin.

The woman blinked rapidly, screwing up her face.

"Away shearin'. Bin away a month. I suppose yer not goin' to stop, are yer? There's a storm comin' up."

"You bet we are," said Jo. "So you're on your lonely, missis?"

She stood, pleating the frills of her pinafore, and glancing from one to the other of us, like a hungry bird. I smiled at the thought of how Hin had pulled Jo's leg about her. Certainly her eyes were blue, and what hair she had was yellow, but ugly. She was a figure of fun. Looking at her, you felt there was nothing but sticks and wires under that pinafore—her front teeth were knocked out, she had red pulpy hands, and she wore on her feet a pair of dirty "Bluchers."

"I'll go and turn out the horses," said Hin. "Got any embrocation? Poi's rubbed herself to hell!"

"'Arf a mo!" The woman stood silent a moment, her nostrils expanding as she breathed. Then she shouted violently, "I'd rather you didn't stop—you *can't* and there's the end of it. I don't let out that paddock any more. You'll have to go on; I ain't got nothing!"

"Well, I'm blest!" said Jo, heavily. He pulled me aside. "Gone a bit off 'er dot," he whispered, "too much alone, *you know*," very significantly. "Turn the sympathetic tap on 'er, she'll come round all right."

But there was no need—she had come round by herself.

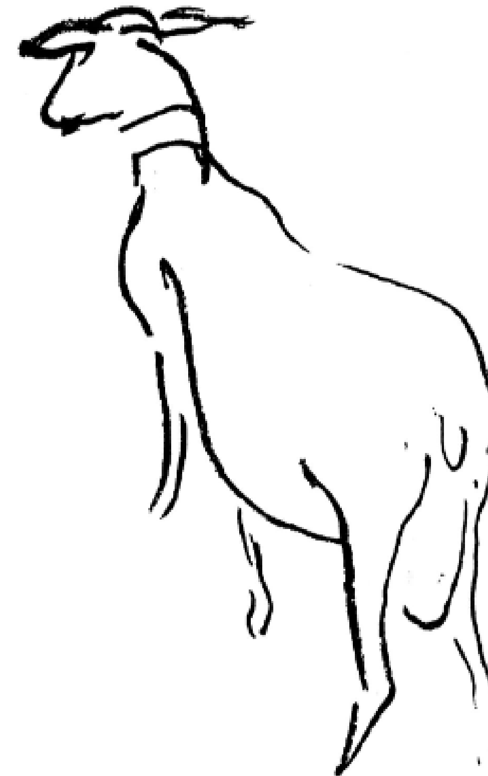
"Stop if yer like!" she muttered, shrugging her shoulders. To me—"I'll give yer the embrocation if yer come along."

"Right-o, I'll take it down to them." We walked together up the garden path. It was planted on both sides with cabbages. They smelled like stale dishwater. Of flowers there were double poppies and sweet-williams. One little patch was divided off by pawa shells—presumably it belonged to the child—for she ran from her mother

and began to grub in it with a broken clothes peg. The yellow dog lay across the doorstep, biting fleas; the woman kicked him away.

"Gar-r, get away, you beast . . . the place ain't tidy. I 'aven't 'ad time ter fix things to-day—been ironing. Come right in."

It was a large room, the walls plastered with old pages of English periodicals. Queen Victoria's Jubilee appeared to be the most recent number—a table with an ironing board and wash tub on it—some wooden forms—a black horsehair sofa, and some broken cane chairs



ALBERT MARQUET

pushed against the walls. The mantelpiece above the stove was draped in pink paper, further ornamented with dried grasses and ferns and a coloured print of Richard Seddon. There were four doors—one, judging from the smell, let into the "Store," one on to the "back yard," through the third I saw the bedroom. Flies buzzed in circles round the ceiling, and treacle papers and bundles of dried clover were pinned to the window curtains. I was alone in the room—she had gone into the store for the embrocation. I heard her stamping about and muttering to herself: "I got some, now where did I put that bottle? . . . It's behind the pickles . . . no, it ain't." I cleared a place on the table and sat there, swinging my legs. Down in the paddock I could hear Jo singing and the sound of hammer strokes as Hin drove in the tent poles. It was sunset. There is no twilight to our New Zealand days, but a curious half-hour when everything appears grotesque—it frightens—as though the savage spirit of the country walked abroad and sneered at what it saw. Sitting alone in the hideous room I grew afraid. The woman next door was a long time finding that stuff. What was she doing in there? Once I thought I heard her bang her hands down on the counter, and once she half moaned, turning it into a cough and clearing her throat. I wanted to shout "Buck up," but I kept silent.

"Good Lord, what a life!" I thought. "Imagine being here day in, day out, with that rat of a child and a mangy dog. Imagine bothering about ironing—*mad*, of course she's mad! Wonder how long she's been here—wonder if I could get her to talk."

At that moment she poked her head round the door.

"Wot was it yer wanted," she asked.

"Embrocation."

"Oh, I forgot. I got it, it was in front of the pickle jars."

She handed me the bottle.

"My, you do look tired, you do! Shall I knock yer up a few scones for supper? There's some tongue in the store, too, and I'll cook yer a cabbage if you fancy it."

"Right-o." I smiled at her. "Come down to the paddock and bring the kid for tea."

She shook her head, pursing up her mouth.

'Oh no. I don't fancy it. I'll send the kid down with the things

and a billy of milk. Shall I knock up a few extry scones to take with you ter-morrow?"

"Thanks."

She came and stood by the door.

"How old is the kid?"

"Six—come next Christmas. I 'ad a bit of trouble with 'er one way an' another. I 'adn't any milk till a month after she was born and she sickened like a cow."

"She's not like you—takes after her father?" Just as the woman had shouted her refusal at us before, she shouted at me then.

"No, she don't; she's the dead spirit of me. Any fool could see that. Come on in now, Els, you stop messing in the dirt."

I met Jo climbing over the paddock fence.

"What's the old bitch got in the store?" he asked.

"Don't know—didn't look."

"Well, of all the fools. Hin's slanging you. What have you been doing all the time?"

"She couldn't find this stuff. Oh, my shakes, you are smart!"

Jo had washed, combed his wet hair in a line across his forehead, and buttoned a coat over his shirt. He grinned.

Hin snatched the embrocation from me. I went to the end of the paddock where the willows grew and bathed in the creek. The water was clear and soft as oil. Along the edges held by the grass and rushes, white foam tumbled and bubbled. I lay in the water and looked up at the trees that were still a moment, then quivered lightly, and again were still. The air smelt of rain. I forgot about the woman and the Kid until I came back to the tent. Hin lay by the fire, watching the billy boil.

I asked where Jo was and if the kid had brought our supper.

"Pooh," said Hin, rolling over and looking up at the sky. "Didn't you see how Jo had been tittivating—he said to me before he went up to the whare, 'Dang it! she'll look better by night light—at any rate, my buck, she's female flesh!'"

"You had Jo about her looks—you had me, too."

"No—look here. I can't make it out. It's four years since I came past this way, and I stopped here two days. The husband was a pal of mine once, down the West Coast—a fine, big chap, with a

STUDY BY LIONEL HALPERT

voice on him like a trombone. She'd been barmaid down the Coast—as pretty as a wax doll. The coach used to come this way then once a fortnight, that was before they opened the railway up Napier way, and she had no end of a time! Told me once in a confidential moment that she knew one hundred and twenty-five different ways of kissing!"

"Oh, go on, Hin! She isn't the same woman!"

"Course she is. . . . I can't make it out. What I think is the old man's cleared out and left her: that's all my eye about shearing. Sweet life! The only people who come through now are Maoris and sundowners!"

Through the dark we saw the gleam of the kid's pinafore. She trailed over to us with a basket in her hand, the milk billy in the other. I unpacked the basket, the child standing by.

"Come over here," said Hin, snapping his fingers at her.

She went, the lamp from the inside of the tent cast a bright light over her. A mean, undersized brat, with whitish hair, and weak eyes. She stood, legs wide apart and her stomach protruding.

"What do you do all day?" asked Hin.

She scraped out one tear with her little finger, looked at the result and said—"Draw."

"Huh! What do you draw?—leave your ears alone."

"Pictures."

"What on?"

"Bits of butter paper an' a pencil of my Mumma's."

"Boh! What a lot of words at one time!" Hin rolled his eyes at her. "Baa-lambs and moo-cows?"

"No, everything. I'll draw all of you when you're gone, and your horses and the tent, and that one"—she pointed to me—"with no clothes on in the creek." I looked at her where she wouldn't see me frown.

"Thanks very much! How ripping of you," said Hin. "Where's Dad?"

The kid pouted. "I won't tell you because I don't like yer face!" She started operations on the other ear.

"Here," I said. "Take the basket, get along home and tell the other man supper's ready."

"I don't want to."

"I'll give you a box on the ear if you don't," said Hin, savagely.

"Hie! I'll tell Mumma. I'll tell Mumma"—the kid fled.

We ate until we were full and had arrived at the smoke stage before Jo came back, very flushed and jaunty, a whisky bottle in his hand.

"'Ave a drink—you two!" he shouted, carrying off matters with a high hand. "'Ere, shove along the cups."

"One hundred and twenty-five different ways," I murmured to Hin.

"What's that? Oh! stow it!" said Jo. "Why 'ave you always got your knife into me. You gas like a kid at a Sunday School beano. She wants us to go up there to-night, and have a comfortable chat. I"—he waved his hand airily—"I got 'er round."

"Trust you for that," laughed Hin. "But did she tell you where the old man's got to?"

Jo looked up. "Shearing! You 'eard 'er, you fool!"

The woman had fixed up the room, even to a light bouquet of sweet-williams on the table. She and I sat one side of the table, Jo and Hin the other. An oil lamp was set between us, the whisky bottle and glasses, and a jug of water. The kid knelt against one of the forms, drawing on butter paper. I wondered, grimly, if she was attempting the creek episode. But Jo had been right about night time. The woman's hair was tumbled—two red spots burned in her cheeks—her eyes shone—and we knew that they were kissing feet under the table. She had changed the blue pinafore for a white calico dressing jacket and a black skirt—the kid was decorated to the extent of a blue sateen hair ribbon. In the stifling room with the flies buzzing against the ceiling and dropping on to the table—we got slowly drunk.

"Now listen to me," shouted the woman, banging her fist on the table. "It's six years since I was married, and four miscarriages. "I says to 'im, I says, what do you think I'm doin' up 'ere? If you was back at the coast, I'd 'ave you lynched for child murder. Over and over I tells 'im—you've broken my spirit and spoiled my looks, and wot for—that's wot I'm driving at." She clutched her head with her hands and stared round at us. Speaking rapidly, "Oh, some days—an' months of them I 'ear them two words knockin' inside me all the

time—'Wot for,' but sometimes I'll be cooking the spuds an' I lifts the lid off to give em a prong and I 'ears, quite suddin again, 'Wot for.' Oh! I don't mean only the spuds and the kid—I mean—I mean," she hiccoughed—"you know what I mean, Mr. Jo."

"I know," said Jo, scratching his head.

"Trouble with me is," she leaned across the table, "he left me too much alone. When the coach stopped coming, sometimes he'd go away days, sometimes he'd go away weeks, and leave me ter look after the store. Back 'e'd come—pleased as Punch. "Oh, 'allo, 'e'd say. 'Ow are you gettin' on. Come and give us a kiss.' Sometimes I'd turn a bit nasty, and then 'e'd go off again, and if I took it all right, 'e'd wait till 'e could twist me round 'is finger, then 'e'd say, 'Well, so long, I'm off,' and do you think I could keep 'im?—not me!"

"Mumma," bleated the kid, "I made a picture of them on the 'ill, an' you an' me, an' the dog down below."

"Shut your mouth," said the woman.

A vivid flash of lightning played over the room—we heard the mutter of thunder.

"Good thing that's broke loose," said Jo. "I've 'ad it in me 'ead for three days."

"Where's your old man now?" asked Hin slowly.

The woman blubbered and dropped her head on to the table. "Hin, 'e's gone shearin' and left me alone again," she wailed.

"'Ere, look out for the glasses," said Jo. "Cheer-o, 'Ave another drop. No good cryin' over spilt 'usbands! You Hin, you blasted cuckoo!"

"Mr. Jo," said the woman, drying her eyes on her jacket frill, "you're a gent, an' if I was a secret woman, I'd place any confidence in your 'ands. I don't mind if I do 'ave a glass on that."

Every moment the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder sounded nearer. Hin and I were silent—the kid never moved from her bench. She poked her tongue out and blew on it as she drew.

"It's the loneliness," said the woman, addressing Jo—he made sheep's eyes at her—"and bein' shut up 'ere like a broody 'en." He reached his hand across the table and held hers, and though the position looked most uncomfortable when they wanted to pass the water and whisky, their hands stuck together as though glued. I pushed back my chair

and went over to the kid, who immediately sat flat down on her artistic achievements and made a face at me.

"You're not to look," said she.

"Oh, come on, don't be so nasty!" Hin came over to us, and we were just drunk enough to wheedle the kid into showing us. And those drawings of hers were extraordinary and repulsively vulgar. The creations of a lunatic with a lunatic's cleverness. There was no doubt about it, the kid's mind was diseased. While she showed them to us, she worked herself up into a mad excitement, laughing and trembling, and shooting out her arms.

"Mumma," she yelled. "Now I'm going to draw them what you told me I never was to—now I am."

The woman rushed from the table and beat the child's head with the flat of her hand.

"I'll smack you with yer clothes turned up if yer dare say that again," she bawled.

Jo was too drunk to notice, but Hin caught her by the arm. The kid did not utter a cry. She drifted over to the window and began picking flies from the treacle paper.

We returned to the table—Hin and I sitting one side, the woman and Jo, touching shoulders, the other. We listened to the thunder, saying stupidly, "That was a near one," "There it goes again," and Jo, with a heavy hit, "Now we're off," "Steady on the brake," until rain began to fall, sharp as cannon shot on the iron roof.

"You'd better doss here for the night," said the woman.

"That's right," assented Jo, evidently in the know about this move.

"Bring up yer things from the tent. You two can doss in the store along with the kid—she's used to sleep in there and won't mind you."

"O, Mumma, I never did," interrupted the kid.

"Shut yer lies! An' Mr. Jo can 'ave this room."

It sounded a ridiculous arrangement, but it was useless to attempt to cross them, they were too far gone. While the woman sketched the plan of action, Jo sat, abnormally solemn and red, his eyes bulging, and pulled at his moustache.

"Give us a lantern," said Hin. "I'll go down to the paddock." We two went together. Rain whipped in our faces, the land was as

light as though a bush fire was raging—we behaved like two children let loose in the thick of an adventure—laughed and shouted to each other, and came back to the whare to find the kid already bedded in the counter of the store. The woman brought us a lamp. Jo took his bundle from Hin, the door was shut.

"Good-night all," shouted Jo.

Hin and I sat on two sacks of potatoes. For the life of us we could not stop laughing. Strings of onions and half-hams dangled from the ceiling—wherever we looked there were advertisements for "Camp Coffee" and tinned meats. We pointed at them, tried to read them aloud—overcome with laughter and hiccoughs. The kid in the counter stared at us. She threw off her blanket and scrambled to the floor where she stood in her grey flannel night gown, rubbing one leg against the other. We paid no attention to her.

"Wot are you laughing at," she said, uneasily.

"You!" shouted Hin, "the red tribe of you, my child."

She flew into a rage and beat herself with her hands. "I won't be laughed at, you curs—you." He swooped down upon the child and swung her on to the counter.

"Go to sleep, Miss Smarty—or make a drawing—here's a pencil—you can use Mumma's account book."

Through the rain we heard Jo creak over the boarding of the next room—the sound of a door being opened—then shut to.

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"It's the loneliness," whispered Hin.

"One hundred and twenty-five different ways—alas! my poor brother!"

The kid tore out a page and flung it at me.

"There you are," she said. "Now I done it ter spite Mumma for shutting me up 'ere with you two. I done the one she told me I never ought to. I done the one she told me she'd shoot me if I did. Don't care! Don't care!"

The kid had drawn the picture of the woman shooting at a man with a rook rifle and then digging a hole to bury him in.

She jumped off the counter and squirmed about on the floor biting her nails.

Hin and I sat till dawn with the drawing beside us. The rain ceased, the little kid fell asleep, breathing loudly. We got up, stole out of the whare, down into the paddock. White clouds floated over a pink sky—a chill wind blew; the air smelled of wet grass. Just as we swung into the saddle, Jo came out of the whare—he motioned to us to ride on.

"I'll pick you up later," he shouted.

A bend in the road, and the whole place disappeared.

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