

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Rose Turquand was published by Macmillan in a two-volume edition in London in 1876. In the same year, a one-volume edition was printed in New York by Harper & Brothers. A 'Second and Cheaper Edition' was published in London by Macmillan in 1877. There are a number of changes between the first and second English editions. These minor changes mainly reduce the colloquial or slang expressions of the first edition to which Macmillan's anonymous reader objected when the manuscript of the novel was first evaluated. For example, the central character Rose Turquand is referred to in the first Macmillan edition as 'a French player's bastard' and in the second Macmillan edition as 'an actor's illegitimate child'. In addition, punctuation in the second edition is somewhat heavier. The first edition of the novel has been chosen as copy text as it preserves the somewhat more robust expression of the novel's original conception. This writing style was one that Hopkins cultivated in her social purity work as the best medium for engaging a broad audience. The chapters in the second volume of the first edition were mis-numbered in the original, beginning with Chapter XIX instead of Chapter XX, and this error has been silently corrected. Textual variants between the first and second Macmillan editions are listed.

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ROSE TURQUAND

BY

ELLICE HOPKINS

So nigh to glory is our dust,
So nigh is God to man,
When Duty whispers low 'Thou must,'
The soul replies 'I can.'

EMERSON.¹

VOL. I

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1876
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TO MY SISTER

A. L. M.²

'BENE QUIDAM DIXIT DE AMICO SUO: DIMIDIUM ANIMAE
MEAE.'³

Copyright *St. Augustine.*

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ROSE TURQUAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE breakfast bell had rung, and the master and mistress of the house had already taken their seat at either end of the long breakfast-table. It was a London winter's morning, and there was the usual thick, bilious-looking atmosphere which does duty in the English metropolis for the wholesome rain-washed morning blue of the country; while a few sickly sunbeams were in vain trying to make their way through the nauseous mixture, half strangled in the effort.

But whatever might be the gloom without, it rather added than not to the air of unmistakable English comfort of the large dining-room within, rich with crimson and oak, and filled with a low splendour of firelight that ran in little rills of flame down the silver tea-urn, and laughed and sparkled on the bright china and plate laid out along the well-appointed table for a large family party.

Mrs. Adair, the lady who sat at the head of the table, industriously knitting a grey stocking as she waited for the rest of the party to assemble, was a tall, well-made woman, sufficiently inclined to embonpoint⁴ to give a certain massive repose to her figure. She would have been remarkably handsome, but for her large rather prominent grey eyes, and an indescribable air of hardness which beset her well-cut features and grandiose form. One would as soon have thought of pillowing one's aching head on her ample, well-rounded bosom as on the bronzen breast of a statue of Victory in a public square. Instinctively one could not help wondering whether she had ever shared in the ordinary weak beginnings of human kind, whether she ever could have been a tender, helpless babe, or had not rather been cast life-size from the first. Certain it is she had never known the common illnesses and frailties of human flesh. She had never taken a pill in her life, she would have scorned such a concession to the weakness of mortality. Sickness of any kind in her eyes was not so much a misfortune as a disgrace, to be summed up in the convenient formulary of 'So-and-So's fancies,' and a thing to be heartily ashamed of as the result of giving way, and weakly refusing to exert oneself. Every one could help being ill if they liked, except old people going to die, and those who were born sickly; and these last she would

have quietly disposed of, as a mercy both to themselves and to the living. Gifted with an iron will in an iron frame, she ruled every one who came near her, and no one dared to disobey her.

Opposite her, leisurely engaged in perusing a heap of letters that lay by the side of his plate, sat her lord and master, in the euphonistic but somewhat fictional language of domestic life.

'An two ride a horse, one must ride behind,' says Dogberry,⁵ despite some modern theories to the contrary; and I have my suspicions that in this case, as in many others, it was Mr. Charles Adair, M.P., that meekly took the hinder seat in the pillion of married life.

His was one of those good-looking, common-place faces, which cannot be recalled for two minutes together, but exist as a featureless blot in the memory; yet, on closer inspection, there was a wild indecision lurking in the corners of the eyes as well as in the loose flexible mouth, which boded ill for his remaining master of the situation in any domestic difference of opinion with his wife. He was universally congratulated on having such a woman, – congratulations, however, which from his bachelor friends were accompanied with an imperceptible shrug of the shoulders – such a devoted mother to his children, such an admirable manager, such a capital hand at giving the most *recherchés*⁶ dinners, to the satisfaction of the most fastidious epicures, never in trouble with her servants as other women are, never bothering his heart out with domestic squabbles, the strong capable woman taking up silently her share of the burden of life, and never being guilty of the weakness of thinking or complaining outside her head as so many women do.

But though he thoroughly recognised all her good qualities and, good easy man that he was, hugged the peace and order of his household, yet if the truth be known, I am not sure whether hard pressed he would not have made the same confession as once escaped the lips of a well-known character in one of the Universities⁷ with regard to his better half – 'Yes, she makes me an admirable wife, never keeps me waiting for my meals, always sees to their being well-cooked, keeps the house in the best order, and is a capital manager, but yet I can't say she is a woman I ever liked.'

Indeed, how Mr. and Mrs. Adair ever came to be bracketed together, – married, if it suggests any union of heart and soul, would be a misnomer, – was just one of those mysteries which beset the question of all beginnings in natural philosophy.⁸ Yet there they were seated at either end of the family breakfast table, man and wife, getting on as comfortably together as other married folk, and both of them inclined to get stout and personable on whatever woes they encountered in their earthly pilgrimage.

If such were Mr. Adair's private relationships, his public career is more difficult precisely to define. As the owner of a large distillery, he was in receipt of

a good income, which, however, he greatly diminished by unsuccessful speculations. Politically, he might be said to be an incarnation of the British principle of compromise on its least attractive side – not the compromise which springs from philosophical moderation and dislike of the practical falsehood of extremes, but the compromise which arises from a dread of consequences. Nominally, he was a Whig, that being the party in power, when he opened all the public-houses in the small town of N – , and had the proud honour of being floated to his seat in the legislature on a flood of bad beer and balderdash, swallowed *ad libitum*⁹ by his grateful constituents. His favourite plan was to tinker away at evil results, and leave the evil cause; his favourite rule to vote with large majorities; his one aim to swim with the stream and yet not to shoot the rapid. For the rest he enjoyed the reputation of being a kind-hearted and benevolent man, always ready to take the platform in religious meetings, held for the diffusion of knowledge and the lessening of drunkenness among the masses.

He was just opening his third business letter, when a sudden babble of fresh voices, and a rush of young feet down the stairs was followed by a somewhat tumultuous entry of the young folk of the house.

How shall I describe the sudden bright effluence of youthful strength and glow and beauty with which they seemed to fill the room? Fresh spring flowers, sun-steeped and sparkling with morning dew, thrown in at some prison window, – a sudden flood of low sunshine breaking in upon a storm-roofed day when a thousand little throats burst into song among the rain-illuminated leaves, – no, nothing can adequately express that living stream of young and radiant human life that came laughing and dancing into the room that dull January morning. There were five of them altogether, rising in steps one above the other, each one taller and stronger and more beautiful than the last, till one was instinctively reminded of the old jubilant magnificat¹⁰ of a parent's heart, 'Lo, children are an heritage from the Lord. As the arrows are in the hand of the mighty man, so are the young children. Happy is the man that has his quiver full of them: he shall not be ashamed when he speaks with his enemies in the gate.'¹¹

The two eldest, Arabella and Matilda, were twin girls of about fifteen, with their mother's regular features, with light expressionless blue eyes, and cheeks on which the delicious rose bloomed in perpetual summer, and long golden hair streaming down below their waists, – that exquisite child's hair, almost pathetic in its beauty, with the daffodil gleam in it when caught by its sister sunbeams, before the storms of life have dashed its golden lustre.

Not that these two young ladies were likely to know much of the storms of life. There was an air of indolent beauty and somewhat supercilious self-satisfaction about them which suggested their taking life easily, with narrow hearts and large bodies, the best possible conformation for success in the great struggle of existence. Indeed, an energetic young lady of their circle stated on one occasion

that she never met those two eldest Miss Adairs without a longing to punch them, a pugilistic emotion they were apt to inspire in plain active-minded girls of their own age.

At the present moment they were being actively propelled in the rear by their youngest sister Harriett, commonly called Harry, a precocious dark-eyed brunette, with hair 'as black as ashbuds in the front of March,'¹² who, not being nearly so handsome as her two elder sisters, made up for it by a certain brazen self-assertion, and an amount of 'fast go' in her, that made her her brother's chosen companion, from his favourite country amusement of hunting rats with a ferret, down to the milder London delights of squirting at the maids out of a back window, tormenting his tutor with ingenious applications of cobbler's wax to the bottom of his chair, and of chopped horsehair to his bed, and shooting with a catapult at stray cats. To be sure no one would have given them credit for being particularly fond of one another, for they were always sparring and quarrelling; but as in his most complimentary moments he would sometimes call her a regular brick, perhaps they were but the natural terms of affectionate brick-bats.

This boy, an exceedingly handsome lad of thirteen, being the eldest male descendant of the house, was naturally the apple of his parents' eyes, and considered much too precious to trust to a public school. Or rather, if the truth must be told, the experiment had been tried, but owing, his mother said, to a weakness in one of his angles, which made it unadvisable that he should join in athletic sports, he had been taken away. Some better informed were inclined to think that the weakness was not merely physical; and that owing to a disgraceful scrape the lad got into, and a good deal of weak lying to hide it, his father was advised to withdraw him. Anyhow, it was decided for the present to educate him at home, and, accordingly, he made his entry with Georgy, the youngest four-year old, riding pick-a-back, a spoilt, unruly little cub, whom he proceeded at once to shunt into his mother's lap.

But as they took their seats round the table, having previously given a hasty morning peck rather than a kiss to the cheek of either parent, one did not wonder at the admiration their beauty everywhere excited, nor could one help thinking how good it would have been for that hard, proud woman, worshipping success in all its forms, worshipping strength, beauty, cleverness, anything that could command the admiration of the world, to have had one or two sickly, plain children to nurse and to care for for their own sakes.

'Well, my dears,' said Mrs. Adair, as she proceeded to pour out the tea, 'how did your juvenile dance go off last night at the Lawsons?'

'O, mamma,' exclaimed Arabella, 'it was such a dull affair. I am sure I didn't enjoy myself one bit. And there was that absurd little Alice Lawson giving herself such airs, doing the honours, and asking every one whether they were engaged

for the next dance. Why, she actually had the impudence to ask me whether I wanted a partner, as if I ever did want a partner!' she added, tossing back her long curls.

'Well, you see, Alice has the misfortune of being very plain, poor girl, so she does as she would be done by.'

'And how do you think, mamma, that great gawky,^a Copsy Lawson asked me to dance?' chimed in Matilda. 'He caught me in the ante-room, just as I was struggling out of my carriage boots, and he planted himself before me, with his legs very wide apart, and said in his great gruff voice, "Are you engaged for the first dance?" and when I said "No," he nodded his head darkly, like, like – who was that man who nodded his head?'

'Lord Burleigh;¹³ go it!' put in Harry.

'Well, like Lord Burleigh, and said, "Then you mind!" and walked off. And I am sure I did mind when he would insist on depositing the weight of his lumpy person on my toes, it was like dancing with a – what shall I say?'

'A sack of potatoes tied round one's waist,' again put in her livelier sister.

'And what do you think, mamma,' said Arabella, 'that rude little Lucy Lawson did? No sooner had the music began, and old Sir Thomas Lawson was waving his bland old hands, saying, "Choose your partners, young ladies and gentlemen, choose your partners," than she rushed across the room, and seized hold of Gus, and shouted out so that every one heard, "I choose you, I choose you!"'

'And very good taste, too,' rejoined Gus, 'only a fellow doesn't like being potted the moment he gets into the room. But you girls are always digging like crows into one another.'

'You must remember, my dear, that other young people have not had your advantages, and you must learn to make allowances,' their mother remarked, admonishingly.

'Well, I think you are all very hard on the evening's entertainment,' struck in Harry, 'to be sure it was rather slow, but I had very good fun after all.'

'The grub was the worst part.'

'My dear boy,' interrupted his mother, 'I wish you would not use such expressions, do try and talk like a gentleman at my table.'

'Well, the tuck in, the blow out, the prog,¹⁴ the what you like.^b I declare that trifle was nothing at all but old Lawson's shaving suds, carefully preserved, and sweetened with a little whitey brown.'

'You nasty boy!' exclaimed Arabella and Matilda.

'And didn't that great big flunkey mount careful guard over what little there was! But I and a lot of other fellows, we watched calves down stairs, and then we made a bolt, and didn't we walk into the provisions and the champagne! Poor calves, I thought he would have bust up^c about the legs when he returned. His face and his facings were all dyed one crimson plush.'

'A pun! a pun! not allowed, against the laws!' they all shouted out together.

The gay and noisy talk that was going on all round him effectually diverted attention from Mr. Adair, who was more than usually absorbed in his letters. No one noticed his sudden change of countenance as among the pile of letters he came upon one with a heavy black border¹⁵ and directed in a thin feminine handwriting; nor did any one remark how very red his face got after he had broken the black seal, and read over its contents; and even seemed, by the quick movement of his small eyelids as he hastily gulped down some coffee, to be trying to wink away some fast gathering tears. No one noticed it but the youngest child, one of those 'enfants terribles'¹⁶ who was always noticing in a hopelessly public manner what other people wished to pass unnoticed.

On the present occasion levelling his fat forefinger at his father he exclaimed, 'Look, mamma! papa has burned himself. Naughty papa to drink his coffee too hot!' a remark which directing the eyes of the whole family upon him, naturally did not tend to lighten Mr. Adair's complexion as he hastily doubled up the letter and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, a movement not I fancy altogether lost on those large, colourless, grey eyes of his wife's. At least she did not seem altogether surprised when as soon as breakfast was over, and the children were leaving the room, he said, after fidgetting about, and poking the fire once or twice, 'My dear, could you spare a few minutes from your housekeeping and the children to talk over a little matter with me in my study?'

'Certainly, I will join you in five minutes.'

Some people's five minutes are very long; but Mrs. Adair's were always ticked off accurately by the clock; and she made her appearance in her husband's study to the moment. He was standing with one arm resting on the mantel-piece, lost in sad thought. Mrs. Adair took her seat opposite him, took up the inevitable knitting, and having disentangled the thread, she lifted a stony gaze to her husband's face, and acquitted herself of the single monosyllable 'Well?'

To a man originally wanting in moral courage, and needing to be largely helped out in his confidences, it certainly was not encouraging. So instinctively averting his face, and leaning his head sadly against the cold marble, he said, 'I have heard this morning of poor Bessie's death.'

Mrs. Adair's whole face suddenly lighted up; 'Your sister dead?' she exclaimed, 'that poor, unfortunate, disgraced creature dead? What a merciful Providence! I have always prayed she might never turn up to disgrace the children, and now God has heard my prayers.'

The words jarred inexpressibly on her husband, and he said bitterly, 'Perhaps other people may not consider it such a very merciful Providence to lose an only sister.'

'Now, Charles, that is nonsense I cannot stand. You know she has been nothing but a trouble and a disgrace to you whilst she lived, and now that Providence

has mercifully removed her you are going to do the sentimental over her. But that is just like you. You leave me all the care and responsibility of the children, and you don't care what disgrace your relations bring upon them, you only think of yourself.

'Only a disgrace and trouble to him as long as she lived!' and he had been going over the old days in his memory, the old days when as a boy he had been so proud and fond of his little sister.

A strange, unhappy childhood those two had had, living alone in the solitary moorland house with their widowed father, the hard, lonely man whose whole heart seemed only to harden into greater bitterness at the sight of his motherless children, and who left his boy entirely to the management of a crabbed old butler, with but one idea of bringing up a boy, which was emphatically not to spare the rod. Every detail of the vexatious tyranny to which he was subjected seemed to rise up before him, the cuffs, the constant beating, even down to the way he was always made to say his grace, 'For what we are going to receive the Lord make us thankful,'¹⁷ before a dose of rhubarb or castor oil; and he remembered how his little sister Bessie was then his only joy, and had kept his heart a fountain of sweet thoughts, which without her would have dried up and hardened into a stone; how when she was quite little he used to carry her cuddled up in his arms, and 'flushing like a daisy into rosy sleep,'¹⁸ far away into the deep woods to gather primroses and violets or to hunt for wild strawberries; and how as she grew older, she had many a time saved him from a beating by twining her lithe body so closely and fondly about him, regardless of the risk she ran, so that it was impossible to hit him without hitting her, and equally impossible to loosen her passionate embrace and get her away.

Poor Bessie! when in after years her brother went to college, and in the rebound from the stern restrictions of his boyhood, fell into a wild dissolute life which he could no longer share with her, was it any wonder in the hard, lonely monotony of her life, that she fell in love with an interesting-looking dark-eyed stranger, whom she was constantly meeting in her long solitary walks? and only after she was engaged to him, discovered that he was a French actor, who was trying the bracing air of the moors for the benefit of his voice. Was it any wonder that with nothing else to love he at last persuaded her to elope with him? going through the form of marriage with her, in order to secure her mother's property which was settled on the girl, in the fervent hope that a little transaction of the same kind that he had gone through in France might not turn up against him. A lawsuit, in which some technical flaw in the will was discovered, after dragging on for some years, defeated Louis Turquand in his aim, and left him in possession of a penniless young wife whom he loathed as an unsuccessful speculation. At the same time the publicity of legal proceedings realised his worst fears, and

his first wife prosecuted him for bigamy, forcing him to fly the country, soon after to end his worthless career at New York in a drunken brawl.

The unfortunate girl he had betrayed followed him to Liverpool, only to see the vessel that bore him from her, gleaming white-winged in the distance. There in that great squalid city of the west, friendless and penniless she brought forth her first-born child, knowing that she was a mother and no wife. Her pride wholly broken down in that moment of supreme anguish, then it was that she wrote to her brother, stating that she was destitute and alone; and beseeching him to come to her help. But for the same home-influence which had induced him to cut her since her marriage, he would have responded at once to her appeal; as it was, fearing his wife's displeasure, he contented himself with sending her enough money to meet her simple wants, for the first few years very regularly, then when it got to his wife's knowledge very irregularly, till at last the remittances had ceased altogether.

What struggles and difficulties and trials and temptations she had endured in her efforts to support her child during those last years of her life were known to none. He only knew from her last letter, that she had died in actual want.

And now the bitter pain at his heart forced the words from his lips in a kind of cry of distress, 'O Cornelia, spare me your reproaches now, my own self-reproaches are bad enough to bear; my poor Bessie died wanting the necessaries of life, and I never knew it.'

There was a painful pause. With most people knitting is a peaceful, soothing sort of occupation; but with Mrs. Adair there was an angry click of the needles, and a forward thrust every now and then, which suggested stabbing an imaginary enemy. It irritated her husband almost without his knowing it.

Suddenly she burst out, 'Yes, that is just what weak people do; they go and yield to the first temptation that comes in their way, and bring disgrace on everyone belonging to them, and then think that the shoulders of everyone else were made on purpose to bear their burdens, and help them out of the consequences of their own folly; and think themselves finely ill-used if they are allowed to reap what they have sown. Why, you were always sending her money, money, I am sure, which was wanted badly enough for the education of the children. But those weak incapable people always do go and die of want just to spite one.'

'Be comforted, my dear,' said her husband with a bitter sarcasm, 'at any rate she did not spite you out of the money. You are the richer by the few pounds which would have got my poor Bessie the necessaries of life on her dying bed.'

'There, now, that is just one of your nasty speeches. I suppose the next thing will be that you will blame me, because your sister went and disgraced herself by committing bigamy with a low Frenchman, with half-a-dozen wives besides herself in his own country.'

'Nonsense, Cornelia; but what I do say is, that you are cruelly hard on poor Bessie who was more sinned against than sinning.'¹⁹

'O yes, that is the stock phrase for weak people who do wrong and get themselves into trouble,' his wife remarked with a sneer.

There was another pause interrupted only by the wrathful click of Mrs. Adair's needles. Both knew there was more to come. Both instinctively felt they were standing on the brink of a precipice. He shifted his attitude uneasily, drew a chair to the fire and sat down, then carefully dusting one of his chubby knees, he said with an air of elaborate unconcern, 'You know she has left a child?'

'Yes, I suppose like other illegitimate children it must go to the workhouse.'²⁰ The Almighty has so arranged it that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children,²¹ and it's no use interfering with His laws.' It was Mrs. Adair's favourite text, and to her mind, presented no difficulties.

'Good God, Cornelia!' her husband exclaimed, getting fairly irritated, 'Have you no pity? Have you no heart? What if one of your children were left alone in the world, and another were to show as little pity as you show, and let your child go to the workhouse?'

Mrs. Adair lifted her colourless grey eyes to her husband's face and said coldly, 'Will you please to remember of whom you are speaking? My children's mother, thank God, has never done wrong, therefore I think I need not contemplate any of them in that position.'

'Well, all I can say is, I'll die first before my sister's orphan girl shall go to the workhouse.'

'Very well, then,' his wife replied with a cold shrug of her shoulders, 'I suppose more money must be drained from the children's education, to provide the child with some school which will bring her up respectably as a lady's maid or nursery-governess. And just when those unfortunate speculations of yours, into which if you had taken my advice you never would have entered, have so impoverished us.'

If there is one thing that does exasperate a man, it is to be reminded of his unfortunate speculations at the very moment when his temper is giving way. Mr. Adair sprang to his feet and exclaimed angrily, his irritation serving him for once in the place of moral courage, 'There, there, I do think you'll drive me mad with your eternal bother about money. I'll tell you what, Cornelia – and the sooner you understand it the better – Bessie has left her orphan child in my care, and I intend to be a father to her, and mean her to be brought up, neither at a workhouse nor a school, but under my own roof and my own eye, and to share in all the advantages of the other children.'

Mrs. Adair was aghast, for once the inevitable knitting fell dead all of a heap in her lap. She was a woman who never got red in the face, nor raised her voice in a passion; on the whole she grew preternaturally, icily, calm, and in a voice that

sifted through one like a little bitter east wind, she said, 'Do you mean to tell me to my face that you intend my children,' – she had a lofty way of ignoring Mr. Adair's share of bringing them into existence, – 'my children,' she repeated with emphasis, 'to associate with a French player's bastard,^a drawn from the gutter, and doubtless initiated in all the evil of the streets?'

The last remnant of Mr. Adair's temper gave way. He turned white with passion, sprang to his wife's side, and laying a heavy hand on her shoulder he said hoarsely, 'Cornelia, you are a bad hard woman, and you have tried to make me as hard and bad as yourself, but this time I am determined you shall fail. Twice you have hardened me against my own flesh, once against my darling sister, and once against my – .' His voice choked and he turned away in some irrepressible emotion.

Whatever there was in this allusion, whatever skeleton in the closet known only to themselves, the strong woman turned perfectly livid as the words passed his lips. For a moment she seemed to struggle for utterance; and then she said in the same quiet icy tones, 'I think it is scarcely for you to reproach me with that. It was not my sin that was visited.'

He seemed literally to writhe under her words, to be shaken from head to foot with some convulsion of pain. Then he turned at bay like some suffering creature driven too hard, and facing her, their eyes met in one of those terrible looks which a lifetime cannot efface, a look in which either soul stands bare, naked, shameful to the other. 'You are an amiable woman, certainly,' he said slowly, 'but remember this, I fetch the child to-day; and if you do not treat her kindly, my house shall be no longer yours.'

'Very well,' she answered, 'and remember this, that I shall give a mother's care and a mother's vigilance to protect my children from the low association which you are determined to force upon them.'

So saying, she rose and swept out of the room. She was in a fearful passion, but she did not bang the door after her, as anyone else would have done. Mrs. Adair had never in her life been guilty of slamming a door with what has been quaintly and forcibly called, a 'wooden damn.' Indeed, such a proceeding is always rather a mistake, as giving to an altercation a neat, decisive, and somewhat satisfactory fastening off. I have always thought Mrs. Adair's plan a very superior one, which was to leave the door wide open, thereby inflicting on the master of the field, even in his moment of triumph, a vague sense of draught and discomfiture, and then in the far distance to shut the door of her own room sharply and decisively. Even Hamlet, if in the middle of one of his passionate soliloquies, he had had to get up and shut the door after somebody else, would have felt a little flat and let down from the sublime heights of passion. Mr. Adair, therefore, after he had performed this common-place action, may be excused for not feeling nearly so triumphant as the solitary assertion of his will might have warranted. The strain

had been too great, and so he betook himself to the only thing left for him to do, a lame and impotent conclusion in which many a victory ends, and altogether anti-heroic; he laid his head down upon his folded arms, and wept like a child.

CHAPTER II.

'DID she come last night do you know?' said Matilda to the other children assembled in the schoolroom before breakfast.

'Why, do you mean to say you didn't hear the row papa made?' exclaimed Harry. 'It must have been about twelve. I suppose Thomas had gone fast to sleep, for papa kept on knocking like an insane postman, as Dickens would say,²² and he was in an awful rage when he did get in.'

'Why didn't you get up and call somebody then if you were awake?'

'O thank you, I was much too sleepy.'

'What's she like? do you know?' again asked Matilda.

'How on earth am I to know? I didn't even hear her voice,' Harry replied.

'Like!' chimed in Arabella, in her lazy fine lady tones, 'O of course she is very low, mamma said she would be, – sandy-haired and freckled-skinned, and leaves out her h's probably.'

'Well, I do think it is too bad of papa to make us associate with a child picked out of the gutters,' exclaimed Matilda peevishly.

'And the horrid bother is that she is our cousin. What are we to say when the Lawsons ask us about her?' exclaimed Arabella despairingly.

'Why, we needn't say she is our cousin you know,' suggested Matilda. 'No one need know that, mamma said we were to say she was an orphan child whom papa had taken up from charitable motives.'

'Only I know Harry will be blurting it out,' Arabella answered still despondingly, 'and then we shall be cut for having such low relations. Fancy a low actor's child our cousin, it is too dreadful!' and the young lady leant back in her chair overpowered with the fact.

'Thank you,' Harry replied to the accusation, 'I am not so proud of the connexion; never you fear.'

'Well, nobody will ever guess it,' rejoined Matilda, 'because you know mamma expressly said we were to make her wait upon us, and not to let her fancy herself our equal, but take care to keep her in her place.'

'Poor little devil,' put in Gus, looking up for the first time from his books, 'she will have a jolly life of it with you girls. Don't I envy her just!'

'O yes,' exclaimed Harry scornfully, 'you always take the part of the oppressed, don't you? You never bully. O never!'

'And it isn't our fault,' added Matilda in the same peevish discontented tone, 'that she's come where she isn't wanted, nor Ma's either; and Ma says that with this extra expense, she can never give us the riding-lessons she promised us, and it's all Pa's doing.'

'It's a beastly chouse!' ²³ Harry emphatically concluded, 'that's what I call it.'

At this moment a shy little knock made itself heard at the door. The girls looked hastily at one another, Harry muttering 'Goodness me, I hope she didn't hear!' and Matilda answering quickly, 'Serve her right if she did!' while Gus sang out in a loud drawling tone, 'Come i – n,' an invitation which was followed by a little trembling child's hand making unsuccessful attempts at the lock.

No one rose to let the child in; but one of the servants passing came to her rescue, and saying, 'That's right, Miss Rose, that's the schoolroom, you'll find the young ladies all assembled,' flung the door wide open before her; and the new cousin entered.

No, she was neither sandy-haired nor freckled. On the contrary her hair was black, short, slightly curly, but put carefully away behind her ears; and her skin was very fair, only perfectly colourless. She was a very small child of her age, about ten, perhaps some months older, not pretty, her features and her whole appearance being best described by the French word 'chetif.'²⁴ All but her eyes, how shall I describe her eyes? Those dark tearless orbs seemed to look forth with an infinite forlornness upon an alien world, full of a child's shrinking, but full too of a woman's woe, as though the sleepless soul that dwelt within by some dread foreknowledge had tasted the bitterness of life, forecast the deep reality of woe, and taken at one deep draught what God has broken 'with a thousand sleeps,' and eased with constant touches of His healing hand.

'Thou hast foreknown the vanity of hope,

Foreseen thy harvest – yet proceed'st to live.'²⁵

There was something infinitely forlorn too in the little hands tightly laced one over the other, as though in default of anything else to cling to, one little hand clung to the other. The singular appearance of the child was enhanced by a long black dress reaching almost down to her feet. Altogether no stranger contrast could be imagined than was presented to the rosy flesh and blood beauty of the other children by this child with a face which, unlike a child's face, had a history in it, though what that history was, what sadness and privations, what cares and difficulties, what forlorn sights and sounds had gone to make it, none ever knew.

There was an awkward pause, partly from an uncomfortable consciousness of the nature of their conversation when she had come in, partly from extreme surprise at her appearance, so different from what they expected. They none of them shook hands with her, as they felt that would be a violation of their moth-

er's express wish that they should keep her in her place, but contented themselves with staring at her, not quite knowing what to do next.

But Georgy was under no such embarrassment; no touch of gracious shyness ever visited that child's brazen nature, and rising from all fours, where he had been amusing himself with a box of bricks, he came towards her, stared at her in straddle-legged astonishment, pulled at her black dress, and having surveyed her to his satisfaction, exclaimed – 'What a guy! Why do you wear that ugly long black puddin' bag?'²⁶ And having delivered himself of this stroke of wit, he danced wildly round her laughing and shouting at the top of his 'voix crieurde,'²⁷ 'Puddin' bag, I said puddin' bag, I said puddin' bag!'

Something like a tear gathered in the child's eyes, but she only touched one of her black sleeves tenderly, almost reverently, and said, 'Mother made it.' Was there hidden under those three simple words, a sudden vision of a pale, emaciated woman, sitting up wearily in a garret bed, and fashioning the little orphan garment with trembling hands that almost refused to hold the needle, putting a mother's prayer into every stitch, to Him in whom the fatherless findeth mercy? Dear thin hands, her childish lips had sometimes kissed into idleness, only to resume their weary task. The tender little mouth quivered, but she did not cry.

The children felt honestly shocked.

'For shame, Georgy!' exclaimed his eldest sister; 'you shouldn't make rude remarks on people like that,' whilst Gus added, 'If you don't hold your tongue, you young rascal, I'll punch you jollily about the head.'

'I'll kick your shins if you do,' retorted Georgy.^a

'Come here – , what is your name? Rose? Come here then, Rose,' continued Arabella, with a lofty patronising air, 'you will find a chair in that corner, and we will let you look at one of our books,' taking down one from the shelf with pictures in it.

The child came and sat down meekly as she was bidden, and began to look at the pictures.

'O, Tilda,' said Arabella, 'you never returned me my pencil, you tiresome girl. I wish you would go and fetch it; I know exactly where it is, it is in your work-box on the drawers.'

'That pencil?' Tilda replied, 'it is no more yours than mine. I'm not going to fetch it for you; fetch it yourself.'

'It is mine, I say; and since you didn't return it, you ought to fetch it.'

'I say it isn't; it was mine, and you went and cut your own name on it; so now you may just fetch it for yourself.'

'You always are so disobliging, Tilda, you never will do as you are asked.'

'And you always are so selfish and lazy, Bella.'

'Bella is just like the dog in the story, who was so lazy he had to lean his head against the wall to bark, and never would wag his tail because he couldn't get any one to do it for him,'²⁸ put in Harry's sharp tongue.

This sally produced a general laugh at Bella's expense.

'Hold your impudent tongue, Miss Harry,' said Arabella, angrily, 'no one told you to interfere. You are a nasty ill-natured thing, Tilda, and I'll never lend you anything again.'

Just as Matilda was going to retort, a little shy hand was quietly inserted between the disputants, holding the desired pencil.

'Well, that is very kind of you, Rose, to have fetched it instead of Tilda,' exclaimed Arabella. Then checking the spontaneous flow of her gratitude, she added, 'to be sure it will be your duty to wait upon us, but still it is nice of you to begin without being asked.'

'That's all very fine,' rejoined Matilda, testily, 'but I must say I think Rose has taken a great liberty in taking anything out of my work-box without permission. You wouldn't have liked it if she had gone rummaging in your box.' 'Rose,' she added, in a hortatory tone, 'you must always ask leave to touch any of our things. I daresay you knew no better; but you will remember it is mamma's wish in future.'

The child looked at her with her great forlorn eyes. If she strove for words, no words came. She turned and went quietly back to her seat and her picture-book. Only the leaves were no longer turned over, and a fascinating picture of 'Little Red Riding Hood,'²⁹ became one scarlet blot as the fast rising tears silently coursed down her cheeks. Unfortunately some of the tears fell unawares on 'Red Riding Hood' herself, giving her a blurred and cockled appearance that might have scared the wolf himself; which Georgy, who had been watching her like a spiteful magpie ever since the rebuff he had received, had no sooner perceived than he ran and snatched the book off her lap, exclaiming, 'Naughty little girl, you mustn't go and cry all over my "Red Riding Hood," like that.'

'Georgy, what a rude little boy you are, to snatch the book away in that manner,' said Matilda, wresting it out of his hand, and proceeding deliberately to mop 'Red Riding Hood' with her handkerchief.

'I am so sorry,' said poor little Rose, ruefully watching the process, 'but my tears are quite clean, and I think when it is dry, it won't show much.'

'Never mind, Rose,' Matilda replied, with a touch more of kindness, 'but I hope that you won't lose your temper and begin to cry every time you are found fault with,' she added, in an admonishing tone.

Poor little soul! her tears were quite clean in more senses than one, welling up from a little heart far too desolate to be angry; but Matilda was one of those girls who must be always preaching and interfering. From her brothers and sisters, she met with a vigorous resistance, and got as good as she gave; but Rose was a

helpless object on which she might exercise her delightful talent to any extent, and who would evidently prove a perfect God-send to her.

At this moment the breakfast-bell rang.

'I bet I am the first to reach the dining-room door,' exclaimed Gus, springing up. 'Start fair, once, twice, thrice, and away.'

And away they all flew, with streaming hair and eager lips, that 'drank the wind of their own speed,'³⁰ down the long passage and the broad stair-way, and bursting like a many-coloured rocket into their parents' presence.

'Gently, gently, my dears,' said Mrs. Adair, as she sloped a cheek to each to be kissed, without interrupting her perusal of a letter.

'Where is little Rose?' Mr. Adair asked, hastily.

'I have made arrangements for Rose to have her meals either in the house-keeper's room, or up-stairs in the nursery, as befits her position,' Mrs. Adair quietly replied.

'Then you will be so good as to undo that arrangement. I insist on the child having her meals with us, and being treated in every respect as one of the family. Gus, go and fetch her this moment.'

The children had rarely heard their father speak so decidedly. Gus instinctively obeyed, without that expressive hesitating glance at his mother, which usually preceded obedience to the paternal wishes.

'O, mamma,' exclaimed Georgy, in his usual loud tones, 'she is such a nasty ugly little girl, I don't like her one bit.'

The door was ajar, and Gus, when he reached it, found poor little Rose hovering uneasily about outside.

'I say, though, young 'un,' he exclaimed, ill-naturedly, at the same time flinging the door wide open before the trembling child, 'I shouldn't advise you to try eaves-dropping in this family, or you are likely to hear some striking remarks on your personal appearance, not altogether to your advantage.'

The child's face flushed, and her eyes assumed the wild hunted look of some dumb thing caught in an iron trap, longing in vain to escape from its tormentors; when she caught sight of her uncle holding out his arms to her, and heard his cheery voice, saying, 'Come, my little maid, come to me;' with a sudden rush she shot past them all, and nestling in his arms, she buried her little hot face in his bosom, murmuring, 'Please, please, I wasn't listening, I didn't know where to go to.'

'Of course you weren't, my pet. You mustn't heed what that foolish boy says. Gus, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' he added, taking the child tenderly upon his knee, and stroking her hair.

She lay with her head on his shoulder, perfectly still, with a strange content, as though she had found a nest for herself in those kind embracing arms, where she could hide from the wild rough world without.

'I think Rose's manners would be all the better for coming to bid me good morning,' Mrs. Adair said, coldly; 'of course we cannot expect much from her with her bringing up, but she may just as well begin to learn at once how to behave.'

'Go, little Rose,' her uncle said, in a low tone.

The child slid at once from his knee, and walking straight up to Mrs. Adair, very much as if she was going up to the cannon's mouth, held out her small hand.

'Good morning, Rose,' said Mrs. Adair, in her stockiest tones, touching it with two frosty fingers. 'Now that you have come to live with us, I hope you are going to be a good girl, and give no trouble, but will prove attentive and industrious; and above all that you will keep your place, and not get any foolish fancies into your head because you have now got to mix with young ladies and gentlemen.'

An expression of utter bewilderment came over the child's face, but as soon as the little lecture was over, she went back to her seat on Mr. Adair's knee, with a look of evident relief.

'You don't mean the child to eat her breakfast in that ridiculous attitude, Charles?' his wife remarked.

Whereupon Mr. Adair lifted her tenderly into a chair by his side, and contented himself with piling her plate with everything he thought a child might fancy.

The child was evidently hungry, and yet, though she eagerly accepted everything her uncle offered her, strange to say, the dainties remained untouched, while she devoured the dry bread by her side. Mrs. Adair watched the increasing hoard on her plate with growing displeasure, and at last said –

'Rose, I don't allow my children in habits of waste. Perhaps if you don't want what you have left on your plate, you will pass it up here. Georgy, darling, you would like a little more game-pie, would you not?'

'Why, my little woman,' said her uncle, kindly, and laying down the letter he was reading, 'we certainly don't get on very fast. Let me change your plate, and see what a fresh start will do. We shall never grow happy, and healthy, and wise,³¹ if we don't eat.'

But on his offering to remove the child's crowded plate, she surprised him by seizing it firmly with two little thumbs, that whitened in the tenacity of their grasp.

'Well, little one, what is it all about?' he asked, at the same time putting his arm round her to encourage her to speak out.

They were all silently looking at her, when she said shyly, but distinctly, 'May I go home, and take all these nice things to mother?'

A thunder-bolt falling in their midst would scarcely have produced a more uncomfortable feeling of surprise and confusion than these few simple words.

'Charles,' said Mrs. Adair sternly, well knowing the moral cowardice in him, which made him shrink from all allusion to death and sickness, 'You don't mean to say you were insane enough as not to tell the child?'

He hurriedly interrupted her, 'Hush, hush, my dear. The fact is, when I got there I found my poor sister had only just closed her eyes, she must have changed her mind, and sent that letter sooner than she intended; and Rose had fallen asleep in the next room. I didn't see the use of awaking the child as the woman of the house said the poor little thing was quite worn out, so I brought her away just as she was, and only think, she slept the whole way in my arms without once awaking till we reached my own door. It was too late to say much then, more especially as the child seemed exhausted and to want food and rest; so I only told her I was her uncle, and that her poor mother had wished her to come with me, and I would be a father to her. But, of course, I thought she knew, poor little soul.'

'Why, little one, you don't know what a long way you travelled yesterday fast asleep in uncle's arms,' he said, turning caressingly to the child and instinctively trying to ward off the evil explanation which he knew must come.

The child had been looking from one to another, vainly endeavouring to disentangle some kind of assent from the crowd of words which, to her mind, dizzied with one great longing, presented no sort of meaning. She had slipped off her chair and now stood close to her uncle, possessed by some uncontrollable emotion which seemed to force the words out in great sobs; and left her unconscious of any presence but his. She began again, to his despair, exactly where she had left off, 'Uncle, dear uncle, may I go back to dear mother, now, now at once? O uncle, listen, it was so dreadful yesterday, mother asked me for a little arrow-root, and we had nothing left in the house, and scarcely any fire. But I didn't dare tell her, so I said I'd fetch some; and then I went out and thought I would beg in the streets for her. Mother and I had never begged before, mother would have died first, but it wasn't wrong, was it, to beg for poor mother's sake? And it was so dreadful standing all alone in the great streets; and I was so frightened, and the first gentleman I asked, at least I couldn't ask, but I looked at him, and held out my hand, and he was so angry; and said a respectably dressed little girl like me ought to be ashamed to beg, and he would have me taken up, and sent to prison; and O, uncle, I was so frightened that I couldn't beg any more, but sat down on a step and cried. And when I went back I had nothing for poor mother, and I think she was angry with me, for she wouldn't speak to me, and O, she was so cold, so cold. And just as I was trying to make her speak, our landlady came home, and she came in and said mother was asleep and would be better soon, and she'd give me anything I wanted if I'd come away into her room. She said I scared her to look at me, I don't know why, and then she gave me some hot bitter stuff that looked like water, gin, I think it was, and I drank it because I was so

very cold; and I don't remember anything more. But O, dear uncle, perhaps if I take her my nice breakfast, and tell her I saved it all for her, and didn't touch a bit because I loved her so, don't you think she'll forgive me and call me her little blessing again?

It was impossible to stop the sudden outpouring of the child's soul, but every word went to her uncle's heart like a dagger.

'Charles,' again interposed Mrs. Adair, 'what is all this about? Are you an idiot, or is the child, that she certainly does not seem to know that she is in London and not in Liverpool, and that her mother died yesterday?'

At the sound of her voice Rose had turned imploringly towards her, with some confused consciousness that the obstacle to her going home would come from her, and now the child faced her. She flung up both her arms, there was a sharp cry as of one shot to the heart, and Mr. Adair was just in time to catch her as she fell senseless at his feet. But to the day of her death Mrs. Adair could never quite forget the look in the child's eyes before she fell.

CHAPTER III.

'How very dreadful it all is,' exclaimed Matilda, as the children were again assembled in the schoolroom, whither they had been hurriedly packed off. 'Do you think she is really dead?' she added in a low awe-struck tone.

'Maybe it's only a dead faint,' suggested Harry, 'those pale quiet children are always fainting or doing something disagreeable, I daresay she'll come to all right.'

'And to think that she has actually begged in the streets. Fancy a common little street beggar being our cousin, and calling Pa "Uncle." O what have we done to deserve such a disgrace?' exclaimed Arabella, forlornly.

'That's like you, Bella, always thinking of yourself,' said Gus. 'What strikes me is, that it is an awful chouse³² that they should have wanted food. Why couldn't the governor have sent them some tin^a to save the poor beggars from starving?'

'I suppose,' his sister answered, 'because he didn't know. But that's done now and can't be helped, but the disgrace is yet to come, if anybody gets to know; and these things always do leak out somehow.'

'It really would be a merciful thing if the poor little wretch is taken,' Matilda answered, feelingly. 'I know she'll be a perfect kill-joy, if she isn't, and Ma and Pa will be perpetually squabbling over her, and there'll be no peace in life.'

But merciful things don't always happen. If there be a source of domestic trouble it is generally salted down for home consumption, warranted to keep. The sudden shock which had struck poor little Rose down, an apparently lifeless heap, was no swift angel's wing, cleaving down through our rough world to

snatch her to her happy home, leaving but the footprint of a little child's grave in some quiet churchyard, as he sprang up with the rescued child's spirit. It was but the beginning of brain-fever,³³ of suffering life, not of restful death. The family doctor was sent for, but he pronounced there was no danger to life, it was rather a giving way of the whole nervous system consequent on some long strain, and followed by a sudden shock, and there was nothing to look to but time and patience, and the restorative energies of childhood.

And there she sat up in her little bed, with the glow of that unknown red-lighted fever world in which she moved on her cheeks and in her eyes, ever talking in a wild distressful way, and with the dead blossom of her mother's name, living and sweet with home fragrance, upon her orphan lips, the little form touched with the unconscious pathos of a loss that lies below the springs of thought. Only when Mrs. Adair came into the room she would cower down under the bed-clothes, and though still talking, her voice would sink into an inaudible whisper.

Poor little Rose, she certainly was an ill-fated child. If anything could have added to the natural dislike which Mrs. Adair always experienced towards anything weak and dependent, it was that she had given rise to two scenes, a scene with her husband, in which she carried off one or two wounds deep enough to leave life-long scars, and a sense of defeat which she could ill brook; and now this miserable scene with the child herself, leaving an uncomfortable feeling which Mr. Adair had put into some very strong words, that her illness lay at Mrs. Adair's own door, to say nothing of the horror of doctor's bills, and the inevitable expenses of sickness.

For this hard, clever woman had one master passion, the love of money. She was a woman of good family, but all her early life had lived in reduced circumstances, and when at last she married a man well-to-do, despite some large losses he had lately had in unsuccessful speculations, she had never learned to believe in her own income, and had always a haunting sense that they were spending money at a rate to ensure ultimate ruin. Indeed to spend money at all to her was like her life-blood oozing from her, and at times this hard metallic passion seemed to dominate that other strongest feeling in her nature, the love of her children, which in her was only another form of selfishness, 'l'égoïsme à plusieurs' instead of the old 'égoïsme à un.'³⁴ As to pity for an orphan child, even were she susceptible to so weak a sentiment, it could not possibly withstand the master passion to which even the love for her own children afforded but a weak breakwater, and poor little Rose represented to her mind's eye so much money unjustly drained away from her own boys and girls.

With Mr. Adair things were not much better so far as Rose was concerned. Had she been an ordinary fat, merry, laughter-dimpled child, he would have stood her friend, and been as tender to her as when that night he carried her

unconscious weight in his arms, and she slept in his bosom. But that first morning the child had unconsciously wounded him to the quick; the strange forlorn look in her eyes which at first had pleaded with him like sweet sad inarticulate music, was now set to terrible reproachful words, and he shrank from the sight of the child with all that selfish weak self-indulgent shrinking from pain which belonged to his kind-hearted nature.

Matters were not in any way mended by the child one night in the height of delirium escaping from her sleepy attendant, and just as he was retiring to rest, having been sitting up late over some parliamentary blue books, there she stood at his study door on the cold flags of the hall, in her little white night-gown, holding out a little hot trembling hand for alms, while she wailed out, 'Mother's so hungry and so cold!'

'Good God!' Mr. Adair exclaimed, 'does the child mean to kill me?' and snatching her up in his arms he carried her back into her room, and relieved his feelings by pouring out a storm of abuse on the nurse who had kept such negligent watch over her charge. It was as if having weakly stifled the conscience in his bosom, an incarnate conscience had got into his house, which he could not serve the same, but whose voice he must hear now that it was too late for repentance. All that he could do to save his feelings, the exquisite sensibility of which he was always regretting, was to avoid the sight of the child as much as possible, which he accordingly did.

Rose pulled through, and in less time than could have been expected, in great measure owing to Mrs. Adair's excellent nursing. She was a woman who never allowed her feelings to influence her conduct, at least under ordinary circumstances. She acted up to what she thought her duty, however cruel that duty might be to herself or to others; and, therefore, she seemed to have a sort of right to be hard upon others who gave way, where she had endured the cost of resisting. She mounted guard over Rose's sick bed; her large capable hands arranged her pillows, gave her her medicines, calmed down her wildness, and did things as no one else could do them. It was not that she felt remorse or relenting of any kind; no, the child fell ill under her roof, and it was her duty.

The last two or three weeks of Rose's convalescence was a time of sweet restorative quiet. Mrs. Adair's dreaded presence was no longer necessary, but she was still too weak to join the family meals, and she was still allowed to retain the snug downstairs room into which she had been removed, and which with its rosy draperies, its moss carpet, and knots of violets on the wall, flickering in the fire-light as though in the leaf-broken sunshine of their native woods, seemed a perfect miracle of beauty and luxury to Rose. She was kept plentifully supplied with story books; the child having a strange passion for reading, which seemed to leave no room in her heart for any other amusement. And in those first mild days of February one of the servants had orders to take her into one of the parks,

where she used to lie a perfect bundle of shawls on one of the seats and watch the passers by. Even the anguish of her mother's illness, and her death so suddenly told her, as those sweet troubled images came slowly trembling back like the reflexions on water that has been broken, and reunited into consciousness, came misty and dim with the strange languor of convalescence. One only effect the shock had left; her mother's name never passed her lips.

At last she was pronounced to be quite recovered, and sentenced to begin lessons, and to enter in earnest upon the duties of her new life.

CHAPTER IV.

VERY small, and white, and still, Rose looked as she took her place with the other children in the schoolroom, and for the first time came under the sway of Mademoiselle Buisson, the formidable French governess just returned from a short absence. For over the schoolroom Mademoiselle Buisson reigned with an absolute autocracy and passionate self-assertion, which reduced even Mrs. Adair to a meek deprecatory shadow the moment she entered its sacred precincts.

She was a short, middle-aged woman, with hair of an angry red, as though permanently inflamed by the irritable brain on which it grew, with a nose possessed of a movable tip like a rabbit's, and a face crumpled with a constant sense of wrong, as though she had been hung out and rough dried on the thorns of life.

For in truth life to her was one long irritable crusade against human stupidity and human ignorance, that brute force of duncedom, against which, according to the saying, 'heaven and earth fight in vain,'³⁵ but against which Mademoiselle Buisson fought with all the energy of despair. To hear her give a dictation lesson always gave one the impression of the leader of a forlorn hope; there was a confused noise of battle about it, as the ruler with which Mademoiselle armed herself banged and battered the desk in front of her, while she shrieked forth short utterances from the book before her, like a general giving orders in the thick of the fight, with a desperate energy which effectually routed the least inattention, while a torrent of French abuse goaded on any laggart pen which showed an inclination to drop out of the ranks. To ask Mademoiselle for a half-holiday was to offer her a personal affront. She hated half-holidays; they were ignominious truces with the enemy which enabled him to recruit his strength. She didn't want recreation, why should others?

As to her own mind, it was a perfect emporium of well-arranged facts, and knowledge done up into pill-boxes, always ready to be produced when wanted. Not that she was ever guilty of reflecting on the knowledge she had gained, or the facts she had mastered. Her mind was of that useful Dutch alley type, where both thoughts and passions are cut to a shape, with no free growth of its own;

NOTES

Volume I

1. *So nigh to glory is our dust ... 'I can.'* EMERSON: The novel's epigraph is a misquotation of the end of the third stanza of Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Voluntaries* (1863), first published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, 12:72 (October 1863), pp. 504–6:

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.
2. *TO MY SISTER A. L. M.*: Dedication to Ellice Hopkins's sister, Augusta L. Martin. Ellice Hopkins was the youngest of four children (three girls and one boy) of William Hopkins (1793–1866) and his second wife Caroline Frances Boys (1799–1881).
3. *Bene Quidam Dixit De Amico Suo: Dimidium Animae Meae*: This epigraph is a quotation from the Confessions of St Augustine, book 4, 4.6.11: 'How well he [the poet Horace in his Odes] expressed himself when he described his friend as half of his own soul.'
4. *embonpoint*: French, stoutness or corpulence.
5. *An two ride a horse, one must ride behind*, says Dogberry: The foolish constable, Dogberry, utters this proverbial saying in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* (III.v.35–6).
6. *recherchés*: French, sought after.
7. *a well-known character in one of the Universities*: not traced.
8. *natural philosophy*: the popular study of animals and plants and nature in general, before the later Victorian development of specializations, such as biology. This study attracted many 'amateurs', such as Allan Keith, who investigated natural phenomena and made valuable discoveries.
9. *ad libitum*: Latin, at their pleasure or liberally.
10. *magnificat*: song of praise, a canticle.
11. *Lo, children are an heritage ... when he speaks with his enemies in the gate*: Slightly abbreviated and misquoted from Psalm 127:3–5 ('Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man: so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate' [AV]).
12. *as black as ashbuds in the front of March*: Slightly misquoted from Tennyson's description of the lovely Juliet's hair in 'The Gardener's Daughter', *English Idylls* (London: Macmillan, 1842), l. 28: 'More black than ashbuds in the front of March.' Like Juliet, Harriet's

beauty pales in comparison with that of another woman, in Juliet's case with the superlatively striking Rose, the gardener's daughter.

13. *who was that man who nodded his head?* 'Lord Burleigh ...': In Richard Sheridan's 1779 farce *The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed*, the playwright satirizes Elizabeth I's chief minister and advisor William Cecil, Lord Burghley (1520–98) as a character whose duties leave him no time for talking, and so he spends the entire play simply nodding his head portentously. Nodding significantly seems to have been a characteristic action for Burghley, since references to 'a Lord Burleigh nod' appear in a number of nineteenth-century texts, including Rosina Bulwer Lytton's novel *Behind the Scenes* (New York: Riker, Thorne, and Co., 1854), p. 309; and Katharine Keene's short story 'A Mount Desert Episode', *Peterson's Magazine* 82:5 (November 1882), p. 348.
14. *the tuck in, the blow out, the prog*: all school slang terms for a feast of delicacies, like pastries and sweets.
15. *one with a heavy black border*: A black bordered letter was a letter of mourning.
16. *enfants terribles*: French, boisterous children.
17. *For what we are going to receive the Lord make us thankful*: A variation on the more common formula for the conventional English prayer said before meals: 'For what we are about to receive the Lord make us truly thankful'.
18. *flushing like a daisy into rosy sleep*: Slightly misquoted from Hopkins's own poem 'The Sisters', where she is describing the little sleeping sister, beloved of her siblings Ruth and Reuben: 'Flush'd like a daisy into rosy sleep' (*English Idylls and Other Poems*, p. 27).
19. *more sinned against than sinning*: Shakespeare's Lear makes this anguished claim about himself after he has been driven out into a storm by the pitiless ingratitude of his two elder daughters, Goneril and Regan (*King Lear*, III.ii.60).
20. *workhouse*: an institution that gave the destitute food and shelter in exchange for work. The Poor Law Amendment Act (1834) ended outside support for the poor and unemployed, with the exception of the sick, disabled and aged, and required that the able-bodied poor be placed in one of the newly created districts' 643 workhouses; often violent, filthy and exploitative, workhouse conditions were intentionally terrible to urge the able-bodied poor to find other employment.
21. *... the sins of the father are visited upon the children*: Deuteronomy 5:9.
22. *knocking like an insane postman, as Dickens would say*: Referring to Dickens's description of the heroic efforts to rouse the sleeping Mr. Winkle in *The Pickwick Papers* (London: 1837), ch. 36.
23. *chouse*: swindle, cheat.
24. *chetif*: French, weak, puny or sickly.
25. *with a thousand sleeps ... yet proceed'st to live*: From Matthew Arnold's 'To a Gypsy Child By the Seashore' (*The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems* [London: B. Fellowes, 1849], l. 52), where he describes a forlorn gypsy girl whom suffering, isolation and grief have made mature and stoic beyond her years. The speaker's consolation partly involves referring the reader to God ('The Guide of our dark steps') and his gift of sleep.
26. *guy*: a person dressed raggedly and grotesquely. *pudding-bag*: the bag or mould in which a pudding is boiled; referring to the shapelessness of Rose's dress.
27. *voix criarde*: French, shrill or piercing voice.
28. *like the dog in the story ... for him*: Perhaps from the folk anecdote about the Surrey sorceress Ludlam whose dog was so lazy it would hardly bark to announce the arrival of villagers seeking a consultation; cf. the saying 'Lazy as Ludlam's dog, which leaned his head against the wall to bark' ('Lazy', *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, 1898).

29. *Little Red Riding Hood*: an old folktale that first appeared in print in Charles Perrault's 1697 *Histoires ou Contes du Temps passé*. Taking a basket of food to her grandmother's house, Red Riding Hood encounters a wolf along the way and she trustingly tells him where she is going; the wolf hurries ahead, devours the grandmother, and then puts on her nightclothes and waits for Red Riding Hood to arrive; he devours her as well, but is then killed and cut open by a hunter, freeing them both.
30. *drank the wind of their own speed*: Slightly misquoted from Percy Bysshe Shelley's 1820 work *Prometheus Unbound: A Lyrical Drama in Four Acts*: '... and drink / With eager lips the wind of their own speed' (2.4.135–6); the line is part of a description of 'the immortal Hours' (l. 140).
31. *grow happy, and healthy, and wise*: Although based on an ancient proverb most famously expressed by Benjamin Franklin: 'Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, and wealthy and wise,' 'The Way to Wealth,' in *Poor Richard's Almanac* [1758], rept. *Early American Writing*, ed. G. B. Gunn (New York: Penguin, 1994), p. 351, the context suggests that Hopkins is perhaps slightly misquoting from stanza 4 of A. Marryat's poem 'Troublesome Children: 'Troublesome children are certain to find / Nobody loves them, and nobody's kind. / Good little children know every one tries / To make them grow healthy and happy and wise,' in M. E. Townsend (ed.), *Heart and Home Songs* (London: Hatchards, 1876), p. 68.
32. *chouse*: see n. 23 above.
33. *brain-fever*: inflammation of the brain, sometimes also referring to fevers that resulted in brain complications (such as typhus).
34. *l'égoïsme à plusieurs' instead of the old 'égoïsme à un*: French, egotism of the many instead of personal egotism or an appropriation of the humanity of others (reification) succeeding purely individual selfishness.
35. *heaven and earth fight in vain*: From the German dramatist Friedrich von Schiller's 1801 tragedy *The Maid of Orleans* ('Against stupidity heaven and earth fight in vain,' III.vi.).
36. *a policeman's bull's-eye*: a type of lantern.
37. *Qu'est que c'est donc, Petite?*: French, What is wrong, then, little one?
38. *Dites moi donc les rois d'Angleterre ... Oui*: French, Tell me the names of the Kings of England. Do you understand French? Yes.
39. *C'est bien. Commencez donc avec William the Conqueror*: French, That's good. Let us begin then with William the Conqueror.
40. *Allez donc, vite, petite huitre; William Rufus*: French, Go ahead then, quickly, little oyster. William Rufus.
41. *Mais est ce que vous allez me faire attendre toute la journée pour ces beaux rois, petite bécasse!*: French, But are you going to make me wait all day for the names of those beautiful kings, you little twit!
42. *Vraiment, elle ne sait pas même les noms des rois d'Angleterre!*: French, Really! She doesn't even know the names of the Kings of England!
43. *Donnez-moi donc un seul, un seul*: French, Give me just one name, a single name.
44. *Herod*: Herod Antipas, king of Galilee and Perea (reigned 4 BC–AD 39), famous for ordering the beheading of John the Baptist (Mark 6:14–29) and for his role in Jesus' crucifixion (Luke 23:6–12).
45. *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu ... Cette ignorance là me fait du mal*: French, My God, my God! What a child, what a terrible child! I asked her for the name of one of the Kings of England who was decapitated, and she gave me the name of one of the Kings of Judea