

OLIVER MADOX-BROWN'S *THE BLACK SWAN*
AND *GABRIEL DENVER*: A CRITICAL EDITION

by

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Abstract

The text of Oliver Madox-Brown's only published novel, *Gabriel Denver*, presents a fascinating textual problem. Madox-Brown, the son of the painter Ford Madox Brown, composed the novel sometime during the winter he turned seventeen, 1871-72. During the following year, the young author was browbeaten by Smith, Elder's principal reader, William Smith Williams, into making extensive and radical revisions before the work would be published in 1873. In 1874, Madox-Brown died, and in 1876 his brothers-in-law, William Michael Rossetti and Franz Hueffer, published what they said was the original version of *Gabriel Denver*, a tale they called *The Black Swan*. Manuscript fragments of each version survive, but they are far from finished copy. The challenge, then, is to assign some meaning to the concept of "final authorial intention" when each of the primary sources is either not intentional, not authorial, or not final.

I decided to reproduce the text at two different stages of its history: just before Williams first read the tale, and after it had been revised to his satisfaction. My copy-text for the former was Rossetti's and Hueffer's *The Black Swan*, and for the latter, the 1873 *Gabriel Denver*. I have emended errata in both, and in *The Black Swan* have removed what were clearly editorial intrusions on Rossetti's and Hueffer's part; all these modifications are recorded either in the textual or in the editorial apparatus. Each edited text is accompanied by an apparatus listing variants in wording with the corresponding MS fragments, and changes in wording within the MSS themselves.

The two texts do more than present a bibliographical conundrum. They also highlight the similarities and differences in values between the Pre-Raphaelite circle and mainstream Victorian society. Furthermore, though neither work is by any means a literary masterpiece, *The Black Swan* has an artistic integrity that is completely undermined by the revisions Williams insisted be made in *Gabriel Denver* in order to minimize its ardent Romanticism. Together, the two tales dramatically illustrate the constraints under which Victorian writers struggled as they saw their works into print.

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Abbreviations and Symbols

OM-B	Oliver Madox-Brown
FMB	Ford Madox Brown
FMF	Ford Madox Ford
DGR	Dante Gabriel Rossetti
WMR	William Michael Rossetti
PBM	Philip Bourke Marston
A-D	Angeli-Dennis
<i>R&H</i>	W.M. Rossetti and F. Hueffer, eds., <i>The Black Swan</i>
<i>GD</i>	Smith, Elder's edition of <i>Gabriel Denver</i>
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Acknowledgements

This dissertation owes its very existence to Dr. William E. Fredeman, who first told me the poignant story of Oliver Madox-Brown's life when I was casting about for a topic in 1990. Having thus excited my interest, Dr. Fredeman went on to make dozens of valuable suggestions concerning avenues of research, and generously allowed me access to his collection. I cannot thank him enough.

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It is customary to thank the members of one's household for their emotional and material help. I have indeed basked these five years in the uncritical affection of my dogs and cat, but the past two years have found me the grateful beneficiary of the generosity and support of my sister Sara and of Dr. Susanna Egan. Without their help, this project could not have reached fruition.

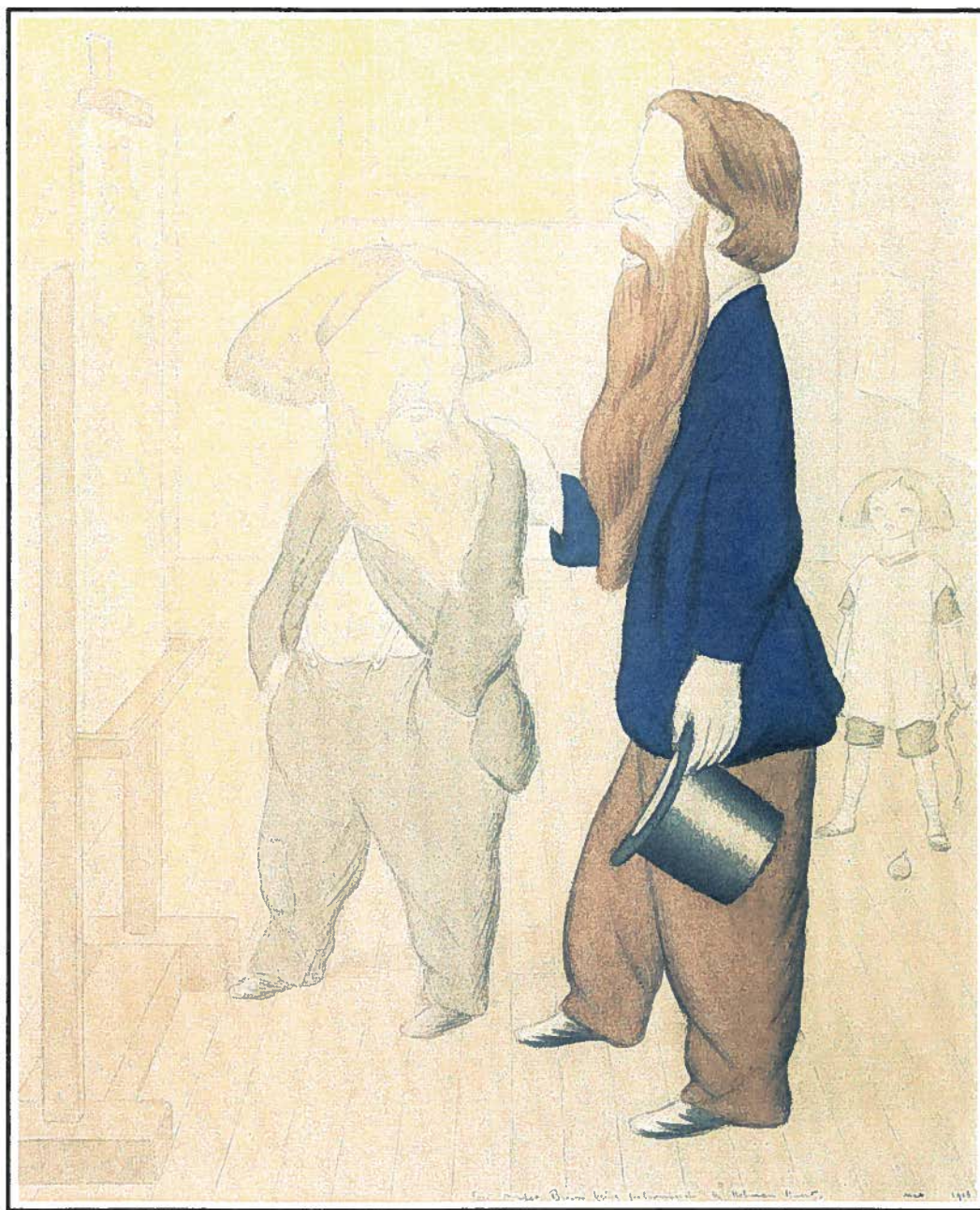


Figure 1: "Ford Madox Brown Being Patronized by Holman Hunt," by Max Beerbohm

General Introduction

Max Beerbohm's cartoon on the preceding page shows a vivid Holman Hunt in the studio of a Ford Madox Brown who almost fades into the drab background colours. Behind them stands a barely distinguishable little boy—Brown's son Oliver. Oliver Madox-Brown, who in fact lived less than twenty years and thus never really left boyhood, turns out to be almost as elusive a figure historically as Beerbohm's drawing depicts him. His father believed passionately in his genius, and refused to associate with anyone who did not share this view. According to Brown's granddaughter Helen Rossetti Angeli, "No man or woman suspected of lack of appreciation of Oliver had any further part in Madox Brown's heart or life" (*DGR* 42). Then, after the boy's death in 1874, the Brown family enshrined his memory, and declined to supply any but endearing reminiscences to biographers. Consequently, material about him tended to be one-sided and unrealistic until 1968, when W.E. Fredeman published "Pre-Raphaelite Novelist Manqué: Oliver Madox Brown,"¹ the paper that inspired this dissertation. Fredeman at last examined Madox-Brown's life and works with an objective critical eye, though for biographical details he was obliged, as I have been, to turn in large measure to sources from what he calls "the adulatory school of criticism" (31).

The two most important of these are the Memoir attached to the edition of Madox-Brown's complete literary works prepared after his death by his sisters'

¹*Bulletin of the John Rylands Library* 51.1 (Autumn 1968), 27-72.

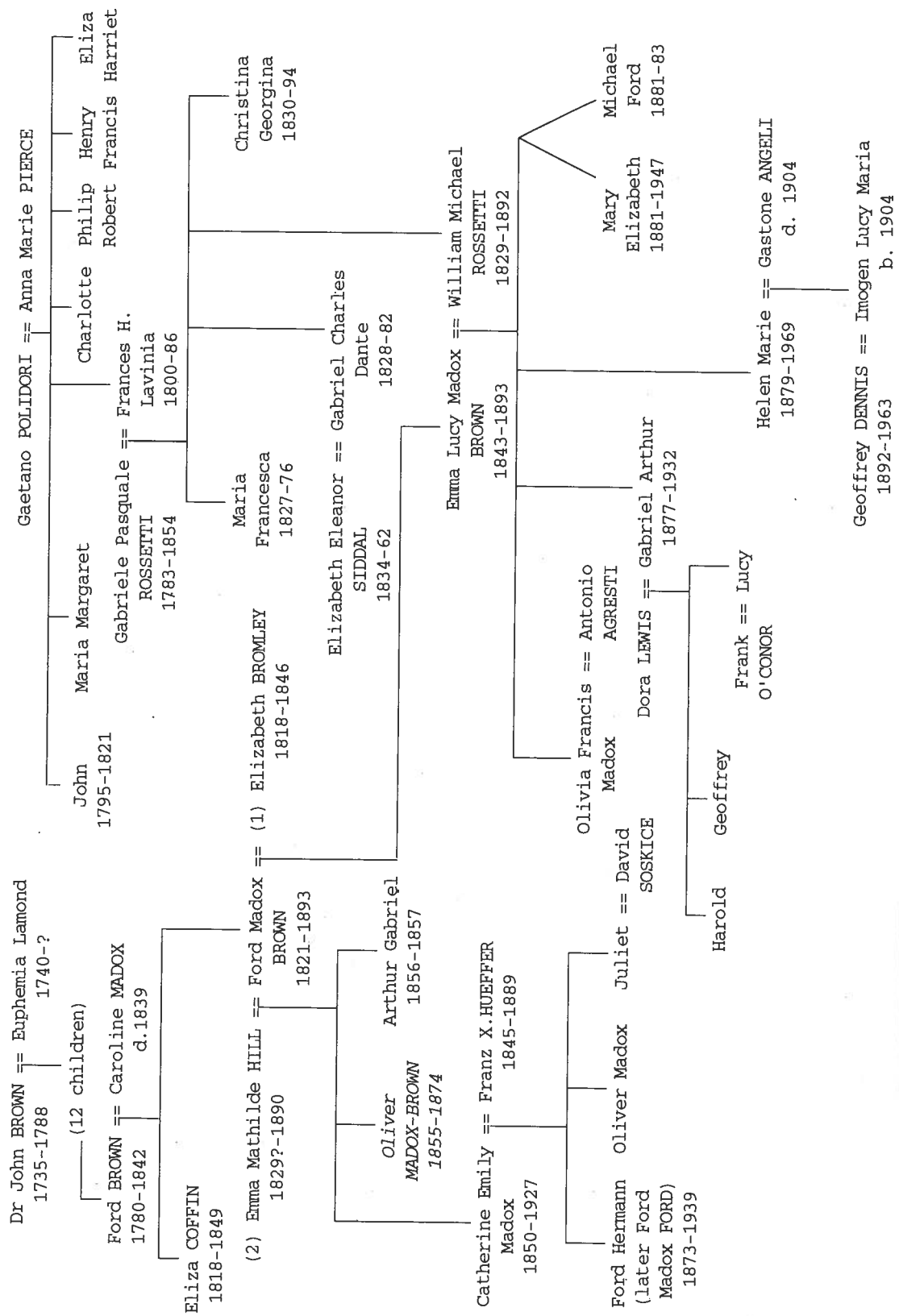


Figure 2: Oliver Madox-Brown's family tree

husbands,² and John H. Ingram's *Oliver Madox-Brown: A Biographical Sketch* (London, 1883), an invaluable book, in spite of its flaws, for the fifty or so letters it quotes, many unavailable elsewhere.

Oliver Madox-Brown (who added the hyphen himself) was born at Grove Villas, Finchley, on 20 January 1855 to Ford Madox Brown and his second wife, Emma Hill.³ Oliver was their second child, their first being Catherine Emily (Cathy), born five years earlier. Ford Madox Brown also had a daughter by his first wife, Elizabeth Bromley—Lucy, who was twelve when her half-brother Oliver was born. (See Figure 2.) Brown's only other son, Arthur Gabriel, died at ten months when Madox-Brown was two.

There can be no doubt that Oliver ("Nolly" to his family) was showered with attention from his earliest days. (See Figure 3.) The Memoir reports that "at the age of nine months, his very first attempt at utterance was the word 'beautiful' . . . when pictures, or other objects worthy of admiration, were shown to him" (2). Georgina Burne-Jones indicates that he was a general favorite as a small child; in fact, she calls him "an enchanting child," and adds that "it was not possible to be angry with [him]. He might plant his boot in the middle of a pie that was set in the window to cool, yet the cook bore him no grudge—or jump over the footboard into the middle of a new-made feather bed, but no one could do more than laugh" (179–180).

Madox-Brown's childhood might well be envied. He was not only shown objects worthy of admiration, but also encouraged to produce them himself. At the age of eight, according to the Memoir, "he executed, under his father's tuition, his first

²William Michael Rossetti and Franz Hueffer, eds., *The Dwale Bluth, Hebditch's Legacy, and Other Literary Remains of Oliver Madox-Brown, Author of Gabriel Denver*, Edited by William M. Rossetti and F. Hueffer, With a Memoir and Two Portraits (London: Tinsley Bros., 1876).

³Ford Madox Brown's diary (Surtees 118) relates that, happily, mother and baby were attended by a physician who approved of the therapies developed by the baby's great-grandfather, Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh. Dr. Brown had favoured nutritious food and rest over bloodletting.



Figure 3: "Oliver Madox Brown as a Baby," by Ford Madox Brown

picture—a small still-life piece, in water colour, of a book and an apple" (3). His artistic instruction was suspended for two years while he attended the junior classes of University College, where he became known for slovenliness and disorganization (traits that were later to characterize his manuscripts), but at home again, he resumed painting and, at twelve, produced a water-colour of *Queen Margaret and the Robbers*, which he presented to Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Rossetti's response was appreciative and encouraging:

I assure you I consider it very beautiful both in design and colour, and a first effort of which you need never be ashamed, however much you may advance as an artist.

Hard study and application are not to be dispensed with by any one entering on Art; but it is something to make such a beginning as this, and so feel sure that, though without labour no perfection can ever be attained, still there is no doubt of your labour to become a complete artist being really worth your while and not a mistaken course in life as it is with many.

(Doughty and Wahl ii, letter 716)

Madox-Brown continued painting, and at fourteen saw his water-colour *The Infant Jason Delivered to the Centaur Chiron* exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. When he was fifteen, his painting *Exercise* was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Ford Madox Brown's strict criterion of friendship did not limit his social circle to any appreciable extent. The Brown household received visits from dozens of both major and minor figures in the world of arts and literature. Madox-Brown's sister Cathy married Franz Hueffer, the music critic (and in 1873 became the mother of Ford Madox Hueffer, later Ford Madox Ford), and his half-sister Lucy married William Michael Rossetti in 1874.

The Brown family's closest friend was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who had little discretion in his dealings with children, as is evident from Ford Madox Brown's diary:

[A]rrived at home we find that [Rossetti] has been frightening Kattie telling her he would put her *in the fire*. Begins to us, on our entering, with "That ass of a child"—I stop him with "I've told you before I don't choose you to call my child an ass, it is not gentlemanly to come & abuse persons [*sic*] children to them—if you can't stay here without calling her names you had better go." He did *not* go but was silent for the rest of the eveng [*sic*].

(Surtees 107–8)

Nonetheless, Rossetti became an object of hero-worship to Ford Madox Brown's young son. It was to Madox-Brown that Philip Bourke Marston wrote in 1873 (sure of a sympathetic audience), "What a supreme man is Rossetti! Why is he not some great exiled king, that we might give our lives in restoring him to his kingdom!" (Ingram 114). While learning to cherish this sentiment, Madox-Brown was witness to Rossetti's chequered personal life, and was, undoubtedly, steeped in the rationale behind the older man's relations with women. Madox-Brown's only finished novel takes place in a moral universe very much like the one Rossetti appears to have created for himself, in which passion was given free rein, and marriage had no necessary connection with love.

Rossetti's close association with the Brown household had direct effects on young Madox-Brown. Rossetti kept a menagerie of exotic pets, such as wombats and armadillos; Madox-Brown kept unusual pets such as rats and hedgehogs. Rossetti painted; Madox-Brown painted. Rossetti wrote poetry; at fourteen, Madox-Brown began to write poetry.

Few of Madox-Brown's poems survive; evidently he destroyed most of them in a spasm of embarrassment after they had been shown to some friends (Memoir

10–11). His interest in poetry persisted for a while—originally, the Memoir says (10), he planned *Gabriel Denver* in verse—but eventually he decided to explore the medium of prose fiction.

The young man's growing interest in literature did not replace his interest in the visual arts. In 1871, he was enrolled in a life drawing class taught by a Monsieur Barthe of Chelsea. One of his fellow students was the Irish novelist, George Moore, who offers a description of Madox-Brown in *Vale*:

—a strange boy, stranger even than I: a long fat body buttoned in an old overcoat reaching to his knees, odd enough when upright, but odder still when crouching on the ground in front of his drawing-board, his right hand sketching rapidly, his left throwing black locks of hair from his face, of which little was seen but the great hooked nose.

(34–35)

And on a more candid note:

He seemed to take it for granted that he was not like other men, and I understood that having heard himself so often spoken of as a genius he had accepted the fact of his genius as he had come to accept the fact that he could speak and hear and walk.

(36)

Moore struck up an acquaintance with Madox-Brown, and paid a visit to the Brown household at 37 Fitzroy Square. Ford Madox Brown greeted him at the door, and took him to his son's study, modestly offering to stop in his own studio on the way. ("Does he, then, think so much of Oliver that he puts him before his own pictures?" Moore wondered.) Evidently, Brown was eager to talk about his son:

He paints in the morning, said the adoring father, and writes in the evening when he doesn't go to the class. A volume of poems was mentioned, and I asked if the manuscript had gone to the publisher.

Oliver hesitates about sending it. Swinburne and Rossetti are publishing poetry, and all the literature of the pre-Raphaelites has hitherto gone into verse.

(36)

The Memoir, too, indicates that Madox-Brown's decision to become The Pre-Raphaelite novelist was a conscious one (10). Over the winter of 1871-72, he composed his first novel, and surprised his family with it in mid-March 1872. William Michael Rossetti's diary entry for 18 March relates that "Brown called. He says Nolly has, to the astonishment of everybody, & without consulting anybody, written a prose tale of passion, of extraordinary power . . ."⁴

This "prose tale of passion" begins *in medias res*, on board a becalmed ship bound for London from Australia. A man (who turns out to be Gabriel Denver, a passenger) is pacing the deck when he hears the rustle of a woman's dress in the shadows. He rushes into the darkness and clasps the woman to his breast, murmuring "Laura!" Unfortunately, she turns out to be, not Laura, but his wife Dorothy. High words follow, but eventually, Dorothy leaves and Denver resumes mooning about.

Denver, Dorothy, and the beautiful Laura Conway are the only passengers on board *The Black Swan*. Dorothy and Denver have been married for eight years, she loving him deeply but secretly from the first. He has been indifferent to her, having only married her to acquire money with which to repay a loan from his sister. On board the ship, he has met and become "wildly infatuated," as Madox-Brown puts it, with Laura, who loves him in return.

The night of the mistaken-identity episode, the ship catches fire, and everyone aboard perishes but our three principals, who are left adrift with no food or water for four days. Eventually, Dorothy drinks sea water, confesses to setting the fire, curses Denver and Laura, and dies, just as a rescuing ship, the *Albatross*, appears. The two

⁴WMR's unpublished diary, Angeli-Dennis papers.

lovers are taken aboard, but Laura dies after all and Denver jumps into the sea with her body and drowns himself.

In the same call on William Rossetti in which he announced Madox-Brown's work, Brown went on to say that the tale

drew tears from Mathilde Blind. He [Brown] wishes Gabriel, myself, & perhaps Morris, to meet soon at Miss B's, to hear the tale read by Lucy, & to offer opinions as to its merits, & chances of success.

(*WMR's diary, A-D papers*)

As it happened, neither Gabriel Rossetti nor Morris attended the reading, which took place on 30 May 1872. William Rossetti was impressed with the tale, but had some reservations about its merit, and noted them in his diary:

Certainly the tale is very remarkable (Consid^g that N. is now only 17) in point of sustained literary competence, Keeping together of the various requirements in a naval narrative, & other points of this sort, & shows indisputable gift & power: in point of originality, thrill of passion, &c (the matters wh. Brown had more espec.^{ly} dwelt on in referring to the story), I think it is perhaps scarcely so uncommon as he supposes: tho' in this way also noticeable, & for such a youth as N. very much so. . . . I think many things are given at too great length, & that the quality of the story is rather questionably balanced between that of a full-sized romance with very few incidents, & that of a condensed tale of passion narrated with some excess of scale.

Others who heard the story offered unqualified admiration. During George Moore's visit to Fitzroy Square, he suggested that Madox-Brown bring his recently-completed prose romance to read to M. Barthe's class:

He promised to do so, and the following day when Mary Lewis left the pose and wrapped herself in a shawl (a shapely little girl she was,

Whistler's model; she used to go over and talk to him during the rests), Oliver began to read, and Mary sat like one entranced, her shawl slipping from her, and I remember her listening at last quite naked. And when the quarter of an hour had gone by, we begged Oliver to go on reading, forgetful of Whistler, who sat in a corner looking as cross as an armful of cats. At last, M. Barthe was obliged to intervene, and Mary resumed the pose.

. . . [We] begged Oliver to take up the reading again at the end of the sitting, and Whistler went away in high dudgeon, for Mary stopped behind to hear how the story ended.

(36-37)

It is safe to assume that Madox-Brown's tale made the rounds of his family and friends. He himself read it one stormy night in June 1872 to his close friend Philip Bourke Marston, purporting it to have been written by a friend (Ingram 96). Eventually, Ingram relates,

The late Mrs. Lomes [*sic*] Dickinson, wife of the artist, and daughter of Mr. W. Smith Williams [principal reader for Smith, Elder], having had an opportunity of reading the story in manuscript, was so greatly struck by its power and originality that she did all she could to interest her father in it.

(71)

Fredeman (41) indicates that Madox-Brown and his father had taken a somewhat more active role in seeking a publisher than Ingram's account implies. Certainly the Browns were not reticent about exhibiting and selling their visual works, so it is indeed hard to believe that they left the publication of Madox-Brown's tale to chance. But, in any event, William Smith Williams read Madox-Brown's manuscript, and wrote to the young man. His letter is now lost, but he seems to have offered some encouragement

and much advice, judging from Madox-Brown's reply of 27 September 1872:

With regard to submitting my novel to Mssrs. Smith and Elder, I hardly know what to say. . . . I have not the slightest objection to modifying the harshness of the plot so far as I am able, for I perfectly recognise the truth and usefulness of the alterations you have so kindly suggested.

(Ingram 71-72)

Notwithstanding his expressed compliance, Madox-Brown made the first of many attempts to resist Williams's suggested alterations. Williams was forceful, however, so Dorothy became Denver's cousin Deborah Mallinson, to whom he was merely engaged. (Denver had borrowed money from Deborah, and was to marry her in return.) Over the next few months, Madox-Brown was pressed into changing the ending of the story, so that Denver and Laura marry at the end, and, finally, into rearranging the order of the chapters, though he held out on the latter revision well into January 1873, as his letter of the 24th to Williams indicates:

I am sorry to differ from you in opinion respecting the chapter that ought to stand first—the more so, when I think of the very large experience you must have had in dealing with novels; but I cannot help feeling that it would considerably damp the reader's interest in the book, were the opening chapter to be a weak one. I have hitherto considered, that with all model works of art, the impetuosity of the first chapter is a *sine qua non*.

(Ingram 74-75)

By 10 March, the MS was completely rewritten, with the offending chapter moved to Chapter 5, and five new chapters added. Williams forwarded the manuscript to *The Cornhill* magazine, where it remained under consideration for some weeks, until the editor, Leslie Stephen, finally decided that the tale did not meet *The Cornhill's* needs

at that time. However, Smith & Elder offered to buy the story outright for £50, and Madox-Brown accepted. *Gabriel Denver* was published on 5 November, Guy Fawkes' Day, 1873, resplendent in a mustard-yellow cover designed by the author's father (Figure 4).

Gabriel Denver was afforded a lukewarm reception by the general public. In a letter of 29 July 1874, now in the Angeli-Dennis papers, Williams reported to Madox-Brown that only 300 copies of the book had been sold. However, it met with approval from Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who indicated his positive response in a letter to Madox-Brown:

I really believe it must be the most robust literary effort of any imaginative kind that anyone has produced at the age at which you wrote it, and probably even at your present age; though I am uncertain as to the exact time of life at which the Brontë girls wrote their first books. . . . There seems to me no question that you may reach any degree of success in the future, if your interest in your work remains undiminished.

(Ingram 83–84)

Rossetti tempered this praise with enough criticism to make it meaningful (pointing out, for example, the incongruity of Laura's "beautifully modelled ankle" in the rescue scene), and Madox-Brown's reply is worth noting:

Your letter surprised and delighted me in more ways than one; for while writing my book, I often thought of you and of what you were likely to say of it, but did not venture to think you would interest yourself so much in it. Certainly I would rather have your approbation of my work—after my father's—than that of any other man living.

(Ingram 86)

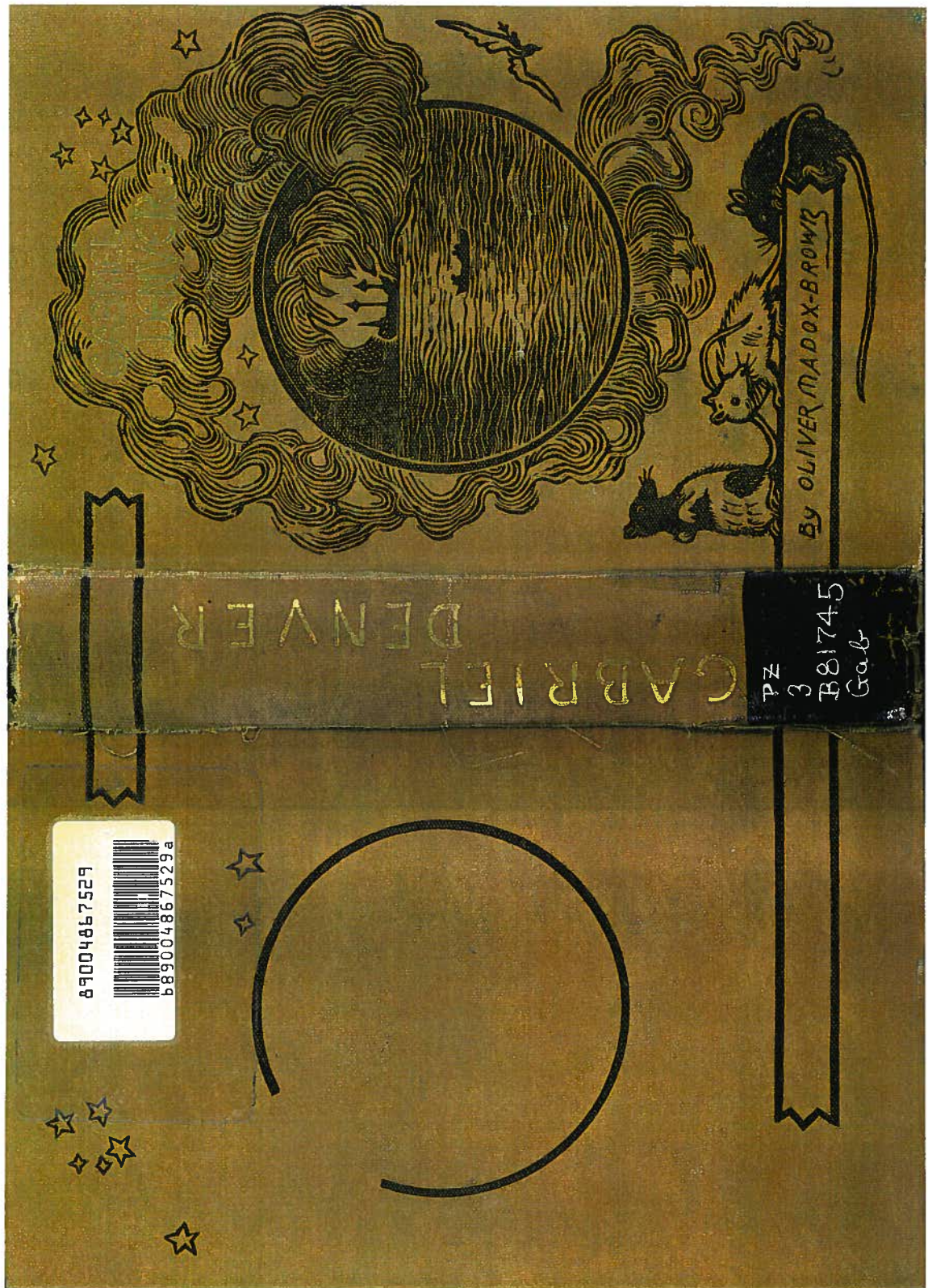


Figure 4: Cover of the 1873 *Gabriel Denver* (University of Wisconsin copy)

Whatever the outcome may eventually have been, Madox-Brown's interest in writing did remain undiminished. Before he had sent his first novel to Williams, he had already begun work on another, and even before he decided to overhaul *Gabriel Denver*, he was soliciting Williams' advice in shaping this second work, *The Dwale Bluth* (Ingram 169ff). By August of 1874, enough of *The Dwale Bluth* had been written for Williams to persuade Madox-Brown to offer the story to *The Cornhill*. However, Ingram reports, even after extensive revision, "it was *sent back* to Oliver *without a word!*" (178).

Madox-Brown was deeply disappointed. Ingram reports that "[h]is relatives were unable to overlook the fact, although they paid no particular attention to it at the moment, that henceforth he began to tear up his writings, sometimes whole chapters at a time, and became a constant prey to irritation" (220). This irritability may have been an early symptom of the disorder that overtook him soon after—septicaemia, or blood poisoning. We learn from Ford Madox Ford that Madox-Brown's relatives tormented themselves for years with the conviction that the young man had been infected by the air of an old stable over which the room that became his study had been built (*Memories and Impressions* 56), but this "miasma" theory is unlikely in the light of modern medical science. When blood poisoning is not the result of a wound, it can be caused by any infected area of the body draining into the bloodstream. Madox-Brown's health had never been robust. He continued to write until his strength failed, and then dictated to his mother and to William Michael Rossetti until overcome by delirium. Finally, after five weeks of increasing illness, he died early in the evening of 5 November 1874, the first anniversary of *Gabriel Denver's* publication.

Ford Madox Brown was haunted by the loss of his son for the rest of his life. According to his granddaughter Juliet Hueffer (later Juliet Soskice), his grief was augmented by feelings of guilt:

It made it all the worse because he would not believe at first that his

boy was ill and said that he was lazy. And after he was dead they found a number of medicine bottles in his cupboard, and discovered that he had been trying to cure himself alone. But it was no use.

(Soskice 71)

Wherever Brown lived after Madox-Brown's death, he kept the young man's pictures, manuscripts, and favorite books in a special room known as "Oliver's room." Juliet Hueffer visited him on his deathbed, and found him musing feverishly about his loss:

The wind was howling outside, but it was quite quiet inside the room.

Then my grandfather said, without turning his head, "The Guy Fawkes boys were making just such a noise as they're doing now on the night when your brother Oliver died."

And then he began to say,

"Please to remember

The fifth of November . . ."

. . . I said, "Grandpapa, my Oliver isn't dead at all. It was your own boy Oliver who died on Guy Fawkes' night."

. . . [H]e smiled his own old smile, but the one that made his eyes look sad, and his face seemed to melt a little and turn into soft, rosy flesh again. And he said, "My own boy?"

. . . [A]ll of a sudden his face seemed to die away and grow hard again, and he turned his head away and forgot. And I could hear him saying very low,

"Please to remember

The fifth of November . . ."

(Soskice, 70-72)

* * * * *

In 1875, Smith, Elder, & Co. issued a "second edition" of *Gabriel Denver*—in reality a second impression of the first edition. In all likelihood, the firm was hoping to exploit the sentimentality that would have been excited by the young man's untimely demise. It is indicative of Smith, Elder's faith in the young author's potential that they should have preserved the stereotype plates of a book that had sold only 300 copies. Apparently, they had been anticipating a demand for Madox-Brown's Complete Works one day.

Fortunately for Madox-Brown's reputation, *Gabriel Denver* was indeed not the last of his work to be seen by the Victorian reading public. In 1875, William Michael Rossetti and Franz Hueffer collected and edited their late brother-in-law's complete literary works—but they did not include the Smith, Elder version of *Gabriel Denver*. Instead, they published the earlier version of the story, and called that tale *The Black Swan*.⁵

We may smile patronizingly at Ford Madox Brown's devotion to his son, but his passionate belief in the boy's genius was not solely the result of his own sweet and generous nature. Though *The Black Swan* is by no means a literary masterpiece, it is far superior to *Gabriel Denver*, and Oliver Madox-Brown understood why. In an early letter to William Smith Williams, he explained his objection to changing Denver's marital status, showing a sense of critical judgement that was perhaps the most promising thing about him:

I do not see how I could make Dorothy merely Denver's cousin and not his wife. The only excuse that can be offered for Denver's conduct seems to me to be the utterly isolated situation he is placed in, and the extreme and unexpected nature of his passion. He, undoubtedly,

⁵Somewhat in the manner of the White Knight in *Through the Looking-Glass*, I, too, shall call the earlier version *The Black Swan*, even though its name is *Gabriel Denver*. As explained in the section "Textual Cruxes," Madox-Brown called the tale *Gabriel Denver* from the first, but to follow his lead in this matter would, obviously, create undue confusion.

behaves badly, and the tragic ending he comes to is supposed to be a just retaliation upon him.

(Ingram 71-72)

In its original version, then, *The Black Swan* is clear in conception: trapped in circumstances beyond his control, Gabriel Denver "behaves badly," and is punished for it. In *Gabriel Denver*, however, Denver behaves as badly, but is rewarded. Moreover, the situation that was once insurmountable dwindles to a circumstance well within the hero's control. In spite of all this, the narrator still expects us to admire him.

Though the Gabriel Denver of *Gabriel Denver*, in betraying a fiancée instead of a wife, may not stoop as low as his *Black Swan* counterpart does, he still behaves abominably to his cousin Deborah. The closing lines of *Gabriel Denver* show him to be as insensitive as ever to her plight—less sensitive even than Laura:

"Good heaven!" said the man, as he gazed on [the phosphorescence of the ocean]. "We've watched the sea often enough from these cliffs, but I never thought to see it like this a second time, Laura. How it reminds me of that night." . . .

"Mamma," cried the child suddenly, . . . "What did my father mean by what he said just now?"

"When do you mean?"

"When he said it reminded him of that night, and when your hands began to tremble so."

At this the father caught the child's slender form up in his arms half-laughingly, but the lady answered gravely, "Some day when you are old enough to understand it, perhaps I'll tell you, Laura."

"The position of Deborah must remain a sore in the reader's heart," Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote to Madox-Brown, "for all her incendiarism and for all the sympathy the lovers excite" (Ingram 83). Deborah's position is indeed problematic; thus,

to find Denver gaily reminiscing about the worst night of her life is particularly galling.

Though we are informed repeatedly by the narrator in both *The Black Swan* and *Gabriel Denver* that Denver is brave, cool, and strong, Denver himself provides little evidence to corroborate these assurances. He offers no assistance during the fire until it is explicitly pointed out to him that by helping out, he could benefit Laura. He is the first to leave the ship (albeit with Laura). Adrift at sea, he loses heart in a remarkably short space of time and is so occupied by self-pity that he misses seeing the *Albatross* sail by. He does not perceive his rescuers until they are in the boat with him. These shortcomings went unrecognized by young Madox-Brown, and, evidently, so did the unreliability of the narrator himself, who informs us with childlike confidence that the lure Denver provides while adrift is sure to attract "swarms" of fish (when in fact it attracts no fish at all), and that Denver "invariably" carries the pocket-knife and telescope that are not with him in the lifeboat, though he had been fully dressed when the fire broke out.

Denver's fervent attraction to Laura conferred on him the status of a hero, in Madox-Brown's eyes. His nephew Ford Madox Ford offers an insight into this sentiment in his discussion of Pre-Raphaelite Love:

[L]ove, according to the Pre-Raphaelite canon, was a great but rather sloppy passion. Its manifestations would be Paulo and Francesca, or Launcelot and Guinevere. It was a thing that you swooned about on broad, general lines, your eyes closed, your arms outstretched. It excused all sins, it sanctified all purposes, and if you went to hell over it you still drifted about among snowflakes of fire with your eyes closed and in the arms of the object of your passion.

(*Memories and Impressions* 69-70)

As most Victorian readers were strangers to this world-view, Madox-Brown attempted to make the Denver in *Gabriel Denver* more palatable by inserting a scene where the hero swings through the flames to regain Laura's side after being separated from her by an explosion. However, this burst of activity on Denver's part only makes his inactivity at other points in the story all the more irritating.

This Denver is not only rewarded, but he is rewarded with a wife richer than he is himself—though he is "almost disconcerted" at finding this to be the case. As Deborah's death no doubt cancels Denver's debt to her, a moment's reflection brings us to the realization that our hero has lived at the expense of his womenfolk since losing all his own money in a "wild speculation-mania." Then, after behaving like an insensitive fool, he inherits nineteen thousand pounds and marries a beautiful, wealthy woman. That the earnest Victorian audience should have found this plot unsatisfactory is not to be wondered at.

The death knell to *The Black Swan's* artistic integrity is sounded by *Gabriel Denver's* more rational tone. Though there is nothing to admire about Gabriel Denver, he can at least be forgiven if he is seen to be trapped hopelessly in an unhappy union, then swept away by an inexorable torrent of passion. However, *Gabriel Denver* does not have us thinking in terms like "hopeless" or "inexorable"; the very order of its chapters encourages us to approach it in a linear, logical frame of mind that is fatal to any sense of the Romantic.

Gabriel Denver begins *ab ovo* with Denver's childhood in the Swan River Settlement, and leads up to the terrible scene that begins *The Black Swan*. Along the way in *Gabriel Denver*, there is one short flashback added to the narrative, wherein Denver and Laura have met years before. As Fredeman points out,

changing Denver's foredoomed meeting with Laura on board the ship to merely a reacquaintance implants at least the possibility of an unconscious love that antedates his engagement to Deborah, and explains

why Gabriel, in affiancing himself to her in the first place, candidly confesses his incapacity to love her.

("P-R Novelist Manqué" 63).

Indeed, this revision completely undoes "the extreme and unexpected nature of [Denver's] passion" that partly excused Denver in Madox-Brown's eyes. However, it raises another difficulty, in that Denver seems scarcely to have thought of Laura for several years. Evidently, he is sufficiently attracted to her at their first meeting to lay a groundwork for his later love, but not enough to make his engagement to Deborah impossible. Although this is a plausible response on his part, it falls somewhat short of what we might expect of a romantic hero.

Another major revision that makes *Gabriel Denver* a more reasonable (and thereby less effective) tale than its precursor involves the lessening of the force of Deborah's revenge. In *The Black Swan*, all hands on board the *Black Swan* are killed in the fire, but in *Gabriel Denver*, ten of them escape and are eventually picked up in the last chapter. Of course, it is unfair that all the sailors should perish for Denver's indiscretion, but if we are going to consider fairness, we might note that it is unjust that any sailors should perish for Denver. Ten of them more or less is a difference of degree, not kind.

The escape of the ten sailors harms *Gabriel Denver* not only by its reduction of Deborah's revenge to a more moderate level. The paragraphs in which they leave the ship also cause a serious disruption in the description of the fire, which is one of Madox-Brown's best passages. This is hardly worth while for the sake of ten characters who mean virtually nothing to the reader. The sailors are, after all, disposable. One of them, for instance, slumbers peacefully at the wheel while Dorothy/Deborah screams herself hoarse only a few feet away—he is not even recognizable as a human being. Like the other sailors, he is merely part of the scenery.

The sailors are evidently not intended to be more than props; Madox-Brown concentrates our attention on the three main characters. One of his manuscript fragments shows him crossing out a passage where he has digressed into a description of the master of the *Black Swan* (see p. 126). This is an entirely suitable approach for a romance to take, but it is not realistic enough for a novel, and the revisions in *Gabriel Denver* all indicate that William Smith Williams wanted to turn it into a novel.

Unfortunately, it became a novel about people whom we do not particularly like. The tale was much better when it was a foolish but ardent romance, and perhaps it would have been at its best in the verse version that Madox-Brown originally planned. Denver and Laura do not stand up well to a prosaic eye, and the more rationale that is given for their actions, the more that is needed.

The Black Swan shows that Madox-Brown had an idea of the limitations of his tale, and was capable of working within them to produce a sustained narrative. Its flaws are of the kind that time and experience may well have corrected once Madox-Brown had come to associate with a wider variety of people. Certainly, he would have been benefited by acquaintances willing to challenge some of his preposterous assumptions about human nature. *Gabriel Denver*, on the other hand, is riddled with internal flaws created by the introduction of sanity and reason. Often when dilution is performed with an unskilled hand, the result can be somewhat uneven in texture, and the two tales here presented show that this principle applies as much at the writing-desk as it does in the laboratory.

Gabriel Denver reflects some credit on its author by showing that he was able to see a literary production through to publication, even when the task became unpleasant. There can have been little joy in performing the mutilations that produced the Smith, Elder version of the tale, but they were necessary in order for the work to reach its readers. In making the required revisions, Madox-Brown demonstrated that

he was prepared to accept the principal condition of commercial publication, that literature is not solely the product of an author. Certainly it is generated by the author, but it is shaped by tensions with the publisher and audience. If *Gabriel Denver* ended up somewhat skewed as a result, that at least has allowed us to see more clearly the dynamics of the interaction.

Bibliographical Descriptions

A. Manuscript Materials

General Remarks:

There was a young rascal called Nolly,
Whose habits, though dirty, were jolly;
And when this book comes
To be marked with his thumbs,
You may know that its owner is Nolly.

The above limerick (qtd. in FMF, *Memories and Impressions*, 49) was inscribed by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the flyleaf of a copy of *Lear's Nonsense Verses* which he presented to Madox-Brown. Indeed, the remains of the young man's manuscripts bear out the characterization by the famed poet. The fragments of *The Black Swan* and *Gabriel Denver* that survive are not only in the orthographically untidy condition we associate with early drafts, but they are also mingled in places with Madox-Brown's French and German exercises, and with paragraphs from *The Dwale Bluth*. The presentation of the text is also unsystematic: sometimes, Madox-Brown uses only the recto pages of his notebook, or only one side of a page of foolscap; sometimes he employs both sides of the leaves; and, at still other times, he allows the text to flow across the gutter of a notebook to form a single wide page from the two halves of the opening (see Figure 11, p. 34). Blots and smudges abound.

No complete MS of either *The Black Swan* or *Gabriel Denver* appears to exist, but there are drafts of some chapters in the Angeli-Dennis Collection at UBC, and at the John Rylands Library in Manchester. These two collections of fragments divide themselves neatly. In the Angeli-Dennis MSS, Denver is married to Dorothy, and Laura dies on board the *Albatross*, but in the John Rylands papers, Denver is engaged to his cousin, and Laura lives to marry him. In addition to these thematic differences, the two groups of fragments also display a difference in the formation of miniscule "r." In the Angeli-Dennis chapters, Madox-Brown's "r" takes its cursive form, with the connecting strokes on the line. The John Rylands "r" connects at the x-height to the surrounding letters, and thus takes the form of a single descending minim.

I. *The Angeli-Dennis Fragments*

The Angeli-Dennis fragments are in three notebooks, *A-D.A*, *A-D.B*, and *A-D.C*. The paper cover of each is cut flush with the pages and is marbled in shell-veined Spanish, with a downwards diagonal grain in the bands of shading (see Figure 5).

i. *A-D.A*:

A-D.A consists of 13 leaves: 8 sewn into the notebook, followed by 5 loose leaves whose conjugate pages have been removed. Paper is white; leaves measure 23.2 cm x 19 cm, 0.015–0.0125 cm thick, with ruled lines 0.9 cm apart, leaving top and bottom margins of 2.4 cm and 1.8 cm, respectively. There are no watermarks, and the chain lines are 2.7 cm apart. Cover is marbled, with yellow and dark blue veins on a dusky pink field.

Contents: Inside front cover, revision to sonnet on p. [1]. p. [1], sonnet headed

"Sonnet for story" (see pp. 540–41), followed by draft of Rossetti and



Figure 5: Cover of *A-D.C*

Hueffer's Chapter I headed "Gabriel Denver Chap I." continuing to p. [26], where it ends in mid-page. Inside back cover blank.

Remarks: *A-D.A* is characterized by numerous misspellings, inconsistently corrected, and by relatively few substantive alterations (see Figure 6). The former trait places it as one of OM-B's first drafts (see p. 52), but the latter suggests that it was copied from an earlier document. Moreover, occasional losses of words, such as "walk" from the phrase "continued his monotonous {walk} up & down the deck" (Figure 6, line 7) indicate momentary lapses of attention typical of copying errors.

ii. a. *A-D.B:*

This notebook consists of 20 leaves, from which the stitching has disappeared. Pages 1-23 are numbered in FMB's hand. Paper: 22.4 cm x 18.0 cm, 0.009 cm thick (except p. 11/12 and its conjugate leaf, which are 0.0125 cm thick), off-white, with chain lines 2.6 cm apart. Watermark on each leaf: TOWGOOD'S | EXTRA SUPER. Ruled lines are 0.9 cm apart; top margin 1.5 cm, bottom margin 1.8 cm. Cover is marbled, with blue and white veins on a gold-and-purple field.

Contents: Inside front cover blank. p. 1 headed, not in OM-B's hand, "Chap III." pp. 1-23, draft of Rossetti and Hueffer's chapter III; pp. [24-34] blank; p. [35] addition to text: "I say unsuspected because yet no patticular <side> {aspect} of <her> passion {of mind} was shon in her face despite <look> a dreamy look which seemd at times as if it might <still> {yet} merge {at a touch} into some mre defined carecter." pp. [36-39] blank; p. [40] closing words of the novel [upside-down]. Inside back cover, [likewise upside-down] addition to text on facing page.

Remarks: With its primitive spellings, and its numerous deletions and interlinear

damp night dew which covered the decks & gleaming in the light & seemed to fill the air with imperceptible mist. The water could be heard faintly ^{clung} bubbling round the stern & rudder at times but every thing else around & on the ship was silent as death save the deafening foot steps of this man who continued his monotonous ^{walk} up & down the deck his head sunk on his breast & without appearing to notice any thing around him till his actions seemed as restless as an excited restrained animal! ~~He would have~~ ^{interrupted himself} Every now & then he ^{stopped} ^{resuming} seemed to listen with impatience & then ^{man} continuing his walk. He must have been pacing there a long while for the dew drops gleamed like silver on his shoulders & tangled curly hair. It might have been ^{thought} at first that his strange sleepless restlessness was caused by the indelible ^{man} weariness of the long voyage but there seemed to be a heavier cause for it. A slight noise seemed suddenly to attract his attention & with a deep inspiration prolonged almost into a groan ^{as} as if his mind were absorbed in some momentary trouble, he turned facing the lamp looking intently.

Figure 6: Page from A-D.A

insertions, *A-D.B* obviously represents the text in an early stage of composition. Figure 7 shows a page on which Madox-Brown has left a blank space for an adjective to be filled in later (second line from bottom). Figure 8 shows him revising a passage extensively, then crossing it all out and starting over again. A characteristically challenging ambiguity appears in lines 2-3 in Figure 9, where two instances of the word "half" have been crossed out, and then the word added again almost halfway between them.

ii. b. *A-D.B'*:

A-D.B' is a second gathering of 20 leaves, stitched, tucked into the centre fold of *A-D.B*. Evidently, it is a notebook from which the cover came loose some time ago. Paper: identical to *A-D.B*, but 0.009 cm thick throughout.

Contents: p. [1] draft of *R&H* Chap. IV begins, headed, in OM-B's hand, "Chap III." pp. [2], [4], [8], [10], [12], [16], [18] blank. p. 20 crosses the gutter at line 7 to continue on p. [21] (see Figure 10). pp. [22], [24], [26], [28] blank. Text cuts off in mid-sentence at foot of page [40].

Remarks: The text of *A-D.B'* is as raw as that of *A-D.B*, but it differentiates itself by showing Madox-Brown's experiments in the logistics of writing. Several verso pages are left blank, but pages [30/31], [32/33], [34/35], [36/37] and [38/39] are used as single, wide pages (see Figure 11).

iii. *A-D.C:*

This notebook consists of 18 leaves, all bound. Paper is white, wove, with no discernible watermarks. Leaves measure 21 cm x 16.2 cm, 0.010-0.011 cm thick, with ruled lines 0.9 cm apart, leaving 1.2 cm top and 1.5 cm bottom margin. Cover is marbled, with yellow and orange veins on a green field.

on by the soft ⁱⁿcomprehensions what the tongue fails to articulate, the first promptings of love. Notwithstanding that Denger & Laura were together all the day save for the sultry unconsciousness of the wife yet his heart & will would have failed him if he had said in words what he could guess, almost know, they were both thinking. ~~That~~ for some sudden instinct seemed to tell him he was beginning to love her & how to love & to be loved was a new principle in the man's life before this vague unexplained existence, all else seemed to dwindle & sink away. His life seemed turned into a trance & when he was dragged from it he ^{could} have turned, purely on his disturbance, only to sink back in the unrealized depths with redoubled longing. At first his wife ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} a more shadow to him a relief his former life but as the antagonism & difference between her & Laura deepened & the future began to loom up before him he saw what a step they had taken, ~~for~~ ^{as} apathy turned into defiance & dislike & then into ⁱⁿmolting hatred, as he felt the ties which bound him to her & was unable ever to avoid her presence in the ship.

D

Figure 7: Page from A-D.B

passed their lips once from the first time they had
 spoken together. At last they separated; as the two
 oilskins rang down aft in the ship a sailor
 came up on the quarter deck to relieve the steersman.
 The man brought a lantern with him which he
 flashed upon them as he ^{so suddenly as to startle them} passed. This was hung up
 close by & looking vastly & curd in the colourless
 moonlight as its light fell round them & on their
 faces. ^{During the red a black cloth lay on the bench opposite.} Then I ^{so strangely elevated almost} seemed something
 to wonder about the ^{disappearing eyes} faces of these two ^{that if the man}
^{paused} & stared curiously at them then without a word he
 went on to the wheel & the return steersman came
 by ^{them} silently & ^{went} down the deck stairs.
 The man brought a lantern with him which he
 flashed ^{up open} upon them as he passed so suddenly as
 to startle them. This he hung up, close by on the mast,
 looking curd & cast in the moonlight as its glow
 fell around them & on their ^{colourless} faces. During
 red a black cloth lay on the bench opposite. In
 the flickering light they seemed something so strange
 by, almost wildly dated about the expressions of their
 faces, & Dennis's eyes shone so, that the man paused
 staring curiously at them for a moment then without

Figure 8: Page from A-D.B

Dearthy only remembered the marriage news & her sorrow to her to love her till death, then in taking I. M. a poor man she had grown up ~~with~~ ^{with} C. R. and for herself & now when she came to him proposed to fulfill her duties, to love him ever, for it was

x Austroriparian summer

[illegible]

Figure 10: Opening from $A-D.B'$

Contents: Inside front cover blank. pp. [1–4] German exercises in *fractura* hand, inconsistently corrected. pp. [4–5] mysterious squiggles and diagrams, possibly notes for a secret code. p. [6], headed "Chap IX," begins draft of Rossetti and Hueffer's Chapter X, continuing to p. [36] where it cuts off in mid-sentence at bottom of page. Eight lines of *fractura* written upside-down at foot of p. [37]. Inside back cover blank.

Remarks: There are few revisions, substantive or accidental, within *A-D.C*, though the spelling is as primitive as that corrected by Madox-Brown in *A-D.A* and *A-D.B* (see Figure 12). Apparently, he decided to forego noting corrections, and, instead, simply incorporated them silently in succeeding drafts.

II. *The John Rylands Fragments*

I was unable to examine the John Rylands fragments personally, although the staff of the John Rylands library kindly provided me with photocopies, and confirmed sizes and formats for me.

The John Rylands fragments consist of 21 loose sheets. Of these, 4 are "double pages": that is, pairs of conjugate leaves, evidently folios extracted intact from a notebook or notebooks. All leaves are 33.6 cm x 20.8 cm, with pages numbered (in upper left corner) 1 through 25. Pages 14/15, 16/17, 18/19, and 23/24 are double pages. I have sorted the pages by content into four major groups, numbered one through four.

i. *JR.I:*

JR.I, contained in pp. 1–6, is a draft of *GD*'s Chapter I, though it is headed "Chap II," and Denver's cousin's name is given as Dorothy. Irregular edges on pp. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 indicate that the sheets were torn or cut loose from conjugate leaves. Ruled

so unaccountably in the east. Now & then
 at intervals through small momentary
 apertures the sun & the gleaming blue sky
 shone through in transient rays & beams
 speckling the dull lipid surface of the
 palpitating sea with radiant spots of
 sun. Two soon disappeared ^{again} & dissolved as they
 majica. But ^{plum like} in all this sunning the sea had its purpose like
 a snake ^{lying ready to lift its head & sting which it may choose} (curve) in all directions with detached
 patches & long continuous lines ~~from~~
~~the~~ ^{and} of white foam from the crests
 of the subsided waves, the ^{salt water} sea, lined
 & panting, appeared like some furious
 animal ^{regain} ^{its lost} ^{disseminate} energy & strength upon
 the final effort of its fierce rage. When it
 shaped round the black sides of the ship
 it seemed like a lion which purposefully lashed
 its flanks with its tail grows angry with
 the self-infliction. At last however it
 melted into the smooth calm undulations which
~~into~~ ^{from} ^{hurry} ^{to} ^{hurry} ^{on} ^{the} ^{ship}

Figure 12: Page from A-D.C

lines are 0.9 cm apart, top margin 2.6 cm, bottom margin 2.4 cm (with p. 4 written upside-down). Text cuts off at the bottom of p. 6 in mid-sentence.

Contents: Text appears only on recto sides of sheets. verso of p. 1, fragment entitled "Cockatoo Island": "On an island at the bottom of sydney harbour A man named Gabriel Denver was living with two or three other colonists." verso p. 2, sentence from *The Dwale Bluth*. verso p. 3, unconnected fragment from *The Dwale Bluth*. verso p. 4, outline of *The Dwale Bluth*. versos pp. 5-6, blank.

At the bottom of p. 4, upside-down with respect to the rest of the text on the page, is the sentence "Wenefred his sister was beautiful; <and> {but} Dorothy was not; {and} Each of them had an eaqul [*sic*] <some> sum of money," but it is impossible to say where, or whether, this sentence is to be included in the main text.

Remarks: Figure 13 reveals a fascinating aspect of Madox-Brown's method of composition. The ink smear in lines 1 and 3 comes not only from a word crossed out and one added, but from the surrounding, and unrevised, words. Indeed, it is difficult to think of the cancellation and the addition as "revisions," since they were evidently made before the ink was dry on the original "vision."

ii. *JR.2*:

JR.2 is on pp. 7-13, and contains a draft of Chapter XVIII of *GD*, ending in mid-page. Pages 8-13 again appear to have been torn loose from conjugate leaves. Ruled lines are 0.9 cm apart, but are too faded to determine top and bottom margins except on pp. 9, 10, and 13, where top margins are 2.3 cm. Side margins of 1.8 cm are printed on pp. 10-13.

Contents: Text, headed "Chapter XVIII," appears only on rectos of leaves. versos

they were utter strangers. ~~But~~ it was an impossibility for a man of Denver's temperament to love a woman of whose heart or soul he knew ^{nothing} ~~nothing~~ and in whose face was no beauty.

At last a season came in which one of the most prosperous citizens in the colony offered Dorothy his hand — only to be ~~rejected~~ ^{rejected} by Mr. Denver. Marrying of this frustrated with her

Her only reply was to burst into tears
 "You are the only man I will marry: You can do as you like; but I will have none but you!" she said
 "I cannot love you," he replied in some astonishment at her abruptness.

"Nobody else shall!" she rejoined with asperity in her black eyes

What was he to do? He had incurred great responsibility in borrowing her money for he was still a poor man and ^{she refused to marry anyone else and was obliged to him} ~~he was~~ ^{he was} unable to repay hers. Every time he met her he saw the same merciless importunity in her manner towards him. The end of it was that he told her of that if she still cared for him at the end of a year he would marry her. But he laid especial ^{emphasis} ~~emphasis~~ on his words when he said that she would be at perfect liberty to alter her mind if she chose.

But as the time grew nearer and nearer and he became more and more acquainted with his cousin's disposition, he still saw nothing that could make him love her more. Yet he had chosen his lot; and must abide by it. Maybe the patience with which he bore the chains that were slowly forging themselves on his soul was caused by the absence of any inducement to break them; for he was a man of deep and hidden passion and of that deep nervous temperament that not outbursts of such violence would have been irritable. Thus urging him on to some definite object.

Figure 13: Page from JR.1

pp. 7–8, blank. versos pp. 9–13, French exercises.

Upside-down at the bottom of p. 9 is a fragment, crossed out: "in the impossibility of the attainment of its desire creates despair—despair which is death to the creative faculty. Then out of the disorder and ruin of the relapsed night the weary task begins again of evolving the good from the bad." These words have no connection with the main text, and in fact are part of a passage that appears in *R&H* but not in *GD*. (See p. 224.)

Unconnected lines of poetry are upside-down at the foot of p. 13: "More false than the flickering fire seen / Adrift in the marsh-wind's breath."

Remarks: Since the first five pages of *JR.2* are relatively clean copy, and the text opens with the quote that begins Chapter XVIII of *GD*, the MS is evidently a late draft of the chapter. However, it is far from finished copy. A conversation among the sailors on the *Albatross* has been reworked extensively. Moreover, Denver is rescued from his suicide attempt by the steersman, rather than by Laura, as he is in *GD*.

iii. *JR.3*

JR.3 is a draft of Chapter XIX of *GD*, and appears on pp. 14/15, 16/17, and 18/19. Text appears only on the outer forme of each folio, with page P to the right of P+1. Ruled lines on each sheet are 0.9 cm apart, almost faded from pp. 16–19. Top margins of 2.4 cm can be discerned on pp. 14 and 17. Text ends 2.5 cm from bottom of p. 19.

Contents: pp. 14–19, text (untitled). Inner formes: blank.

Remarks: *JR.3* is one of the most primitive of the MS fragments. There is no heading to the text, and long passages are dense with barely decipherable interlinear insertions.

iv. *JR.4*

JR.4 is contained in pp. 20–22, 23/24, and 25. I have divided these papers into two sub-groups, *JR.4A* and *JR.4B*.

A. *JR.4A*, on pp. 23/24 and 25, is an early draft of the "Conclusion" to *GD*. Text does not follow page numbering, but begins on p. 23, continues on p. 25, and concludes on p. 24. Lower half of p. 24 has been torn away. Ruled lines are 0.9 cm apart. pp. 23/24 have top margin 2.5 cm; bottom margin p. 23 too faded to determine. p. 25 has top margin 2.0 cm; bottom margin 1.4 cm. Irregular edge on p. 25 indicates it was cut loose from conjugate leaf.

Contents: p. 23, untitled text of "Conclusion." Down right [hand-drawn?] margin: B B Oliver Madox–Brown B Brown [evidently experiments in majuscule "B"]. p. 24, closing words of "Conclusion," ending in upper third of page. On inner forme, verso p. 23: on lower half of page, running downwards, underlined: Oliver Madox Brown | Oliver Madox–Brown. Below these words: cartoon sketch of clean-shaven (or possibly moustachioed) man; then, upside-down on page, underlined and ornamented: Rossitti [*sic*]. Upside-down on p. 24, torn-away crossed-out fragment of draft of note: ". . . the MS | . . . and am very | grate . . . you have taken | over it." verso p. 24, blank. p. 25, text, headed in FMB's hand: End Gabriel Denver. verso p. 25, blank.

Remarks: *JR.4A* may be the earliest draft of the "Conclusion." As Figure 14 shows, the notation "Lat 51 Lon 45" on p. 23, l. 18, and the number "329" in l. 26 were on the sheet before the text was written around them, but they are clearly out of context, and indicate that the sheet was once a stray piece of scrap paper on which Madox–Brown decided to jot down a few paragraphs of his concluding chapter. Finding himself inspired, he hunted out a clean sheet on which to continue the passage.

Late in the afternoon of the twenty fourth of June 1841 the sun sank stormily among the clouds, over the sea in front of Combe Martin. All day long it had been threatening rain: but the clouds still lingered in the heavens, unwilling to waste their substance over the sterile dunes as it were.

As the sun declined a little wind arose whistling merrily fitfully ^{and} along the ^{cliffs} which grow along the sloping cliffs. There were strong ruins of the piled up clouds over the horizon ~~and the sky~~ ^{into} all the efflorescent hues of the sunset — fringed with fire, and when the sky was visible it could be seen dissolving tenderly into the efflorescent hues on my sometimes notice in a winter sunset when the immediate indefinite snow lies over the plains.

Lat 51 Lon 45. Far under the difficult foot path which would fearlessly along the ~~cliffs~~ ^{cliffs} sides of the projecting cliffs, the sea could be heard resolutely beating of the waves could be heard as they seethed among the ~~rocky~~ ^{saunders} ~~stones~~ ^{stones} on the sea shore. From this path the ~~rolling~~ ^{rolling} of a bell far in land at Combe Martin — the sound coming indistinctly across the dunes ~~only~~ ^{only} drowned in the eddies it created. The whole scene was 329 and ascribably peaceful and still.

At last the twilight ~~commenced~~ ^{and} and the trees ~~along~~ ^{along} the wild cliffs began to disappear in its dusky obscurity. But as the sun ~~from~~ ^{from} began to ~~show~~ ^{show} within the broken for a ~~while~~ ^{while} appeared round the angle of one of the rocks. They were ~~calm~~ ^{calm} along the path in silence, looking out on the sea occasion — but always without speaking.

Figure 14: Page from JR.4A

B. *JR.4B*, obviously a later draft of the "Conclusion," is on pp. 20–22. Ruled lines on p. 20 are 0.8 cm apart. pp. 21–22, ruled lines too faded to determine spacing or margins. Text cuts off in mid-sentence at foot of p. 22.

Contents: p. 20, text begins, headed "Chapter XX" and opening with quote from *Richard II* that begins *GD*'s "Conclusion." Verso of each sheet blank.

Remarks: *JR.4B* is, for the most part, remarkably clean copy (see Figure 15), though p. 21 shows numerous revisions. Madox-Brown may well have begun it as a fair copy, but become swept up in making changes, and so it became, perhaps, the penultimate draft.

Chapter XV

The sullen passage of ^{the} weary steps
 Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
 The precious jewel of thy home return.
 Richard II.

Late in the afternoon of the 24th of June 1841, the sun sank stormily among the clouds over the sea, in front of the ^{craggy} precipitous cliffs of Combe-Martin, on the north coast of Devonshire. All day long it had been threatening rain; but the clouds still lingered in the heavens, unwilling as it were to waste their substance over the sterile hills.

While the sun declined a little wind arose, moaning fitfully among the thin distorted trees which grew along the wild crags of the cliff-side. The runs of the piled-up clouds over the horizon were fringed as with fire, and where the sky was visible ^{to be noticed} through them, it could be seen dissolving tenderly in to ~~the~~ ^{these} efflorescent ^{which are only visible in the most brilliant} sun sets. Far under the difficult foot path, which wound fearfully along the face of the projecting rocks, the disulcory beating of the waves could be heard, as they sucked at among the half submerged stones of the sea shore: and from this path the half-sad, half-solenn, tolling of a church bell, from ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~village~~ ^{island} far inland, made itself audible — the sound coming indistinctly across the hills, well-nigh drowned in the echoes it created. The whole scene was indescribably peaceful and still.

At last the ^{twilight} commenced; and the trees and rocks along the wild ^{slowly disappeared} ~~land~~ ^{cliffs} in its dusky obscurity. The sea at the same time began to emit faint flashes of phosphor-fire — the ^{invariable} prelude to a storm.

But before long the intense silence was

Figure 15: Page from JR.4B

B. Printed Texts

I. *Gabriel Denver (GD)*:

First published in 1873 by Smith, Elder, & Co. Second impression (labelled on title-page "A NEW EDITION") published 1875. Hereinafter, the two impressions will be referred to as *GD.73* and *GD.75*, respectively.

GD.73

Title-page: GABRIEL DENVER | BY | OLIVER MADDOX-BROWN | *'Le bonheur vient souvent bien tard,—après la mort de toutes nos | espérances. Aussi faut-il aux malheureux beaucoup d'esprit pour le | reconnaître, et de force pour l'arrêter au passage'* | LONDON | SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE | 1873 | *All rights reserved*

Collation: (18.7 cm x 12.5 cm): A² B–U⁸ X², 156 leaves, pp. [i–iv], [1] 2–308.

Contents: p. [i] title. p. [ii] blank. p. [iii] dedication: *TO MY FATHER*. p. [iv] blank. pp. [1]–308 text.

Typography and paper: \$2(–A2,X2) signed, rom., centred at foot of type page.

Pagination in headline against outer margin of type-page. Running title:

GABRIEL DENVER except on p. [1]. Text: 25 ll., 13.3 cm (14.0 cm) x 8.0 cm; 10-point Times Roman on 15-point leading; notes 8-point on 10-point leading; running-titles 10-point small caps. Paper: white, wove, unwatermarked.

Binding: Mustard-yellow cloth. Stamped in black across spine, front, and back: two

(horizontal) broken fragments of a spar; upper fragment extends 1.5 cm onto front and back, lower fragment 8.5 cm, each 1.2 cm wide. Front:

[gilt-stamped] GABRIEL | DENVER, surrounded by [stamped in black] smoke which billows from a broken cartouche enclosing a ship in flames and a smaller boat containing three figures. Outside the cartouche [stamped in black] are nine stars, and an albatross. Below, a piebald rat, a rat stamped in outline, and a black rat clamber across the lower fragment of spar, which encloses: By OLIVER MADOX-BROWN. Spine: [gilt-stamped, running upwards] GABRIEL | DENVER. Back: [stamped in black] reflects the broken cartouche on the front, and eight of the nine stars (see Figure 4, p. 14).

Copies examined: W.E. Fredeman, Vancouver, B.C.; University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin; Jacksonville University, Jacksonville, Florida.

Remarks: Reprinted in facsimile in 1972 by AMS Books, New York, in a blue-green cloth cover. Front and back: plain. Spine: [gilt-stamped] [two ruled lines 2.2 cm long, 0.2 cm apart] GABRIEL | DENVER | [rectangle, 7.6 cm x 1.8 cm] | MADOX- | BROWN | [square, 1.8 cm x 1.8 cm] | AMS | [two ruled lines 2.2 cm long, 0.2 cm apart]

GD.75

Title-page: GABRIEL DENVER | BY | OLIVER MADOX-BROWN | *'Le bonheur vient souvent bien tard,--après la mort de toutes nos | espérances. Aussi faut-il aux malheureux beaucoup d'esprit pour le | reconndître, et de force pour l'arrêter au passage'* | A NEW EDITION | LONDON | SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE | 1875 | *All rights reserved*

Collation, Contents, Typography and paper: (17.4 cm x 11.5 cm): otherwise as in GD.73.

Binding (Princeton copy): Red cloth, bordered top and bottom with stylized rope-like pattern alternating thick and thin strands (see Figure 16). Front: [stamped in

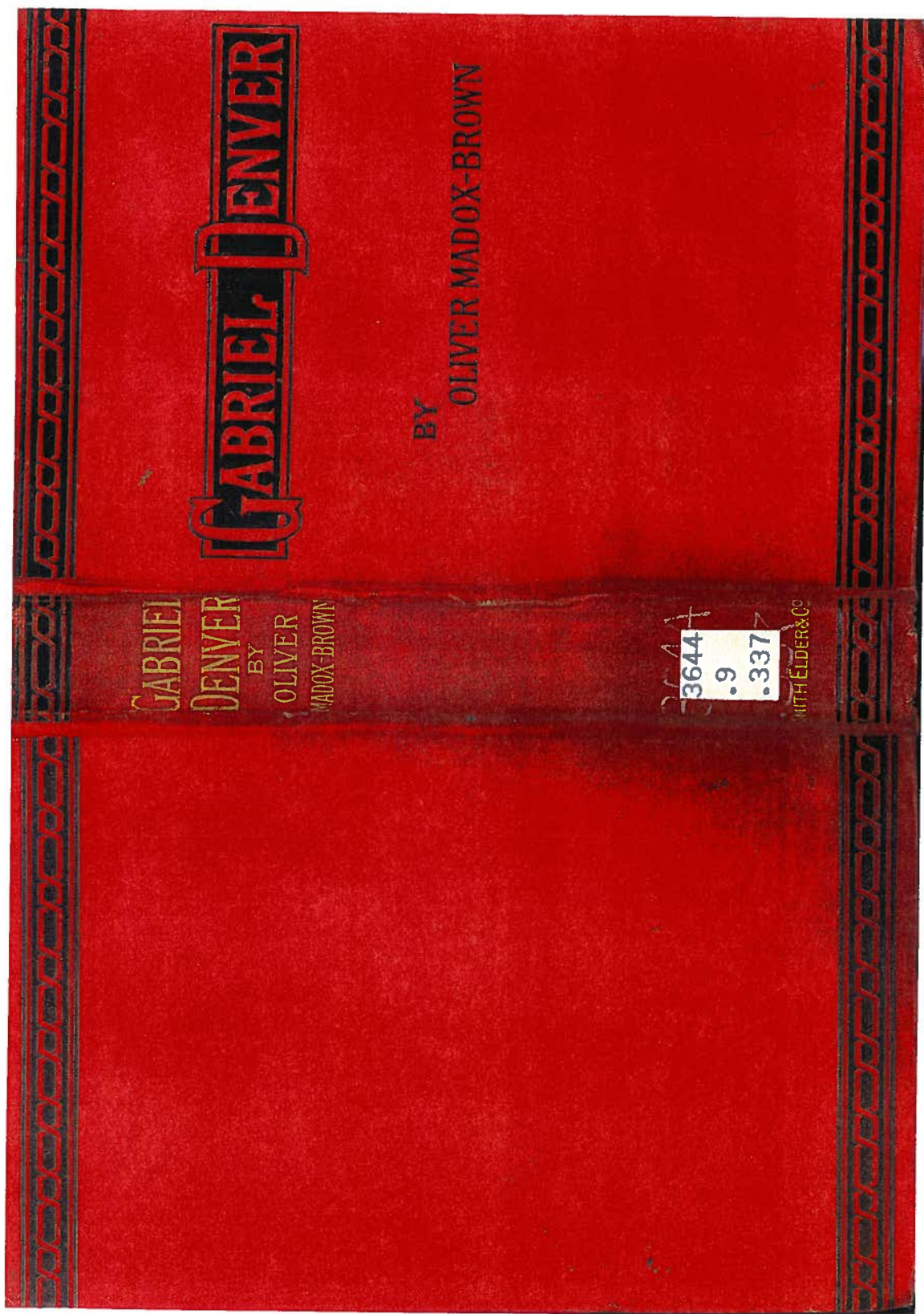


Figure 16: Cover of the 1875 *Gabriel Denver* (Princeton copy)

black negative in bordered rectangular box, except for "G" and "D," which are stamped in outline and overlap the upper and lower edges of the box:]

GABRIEL DENVER | [stamped in black:] BY | OLIVER MADOX-BROWN.

Spine: [gold-stamped] GABRIEL DENVER | BY | OLIVER |

MADOX-BROWN | SMITH ELDER & C^o

Copies examined: W.E. Fredeman, Vancouver, B.C.; Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey.

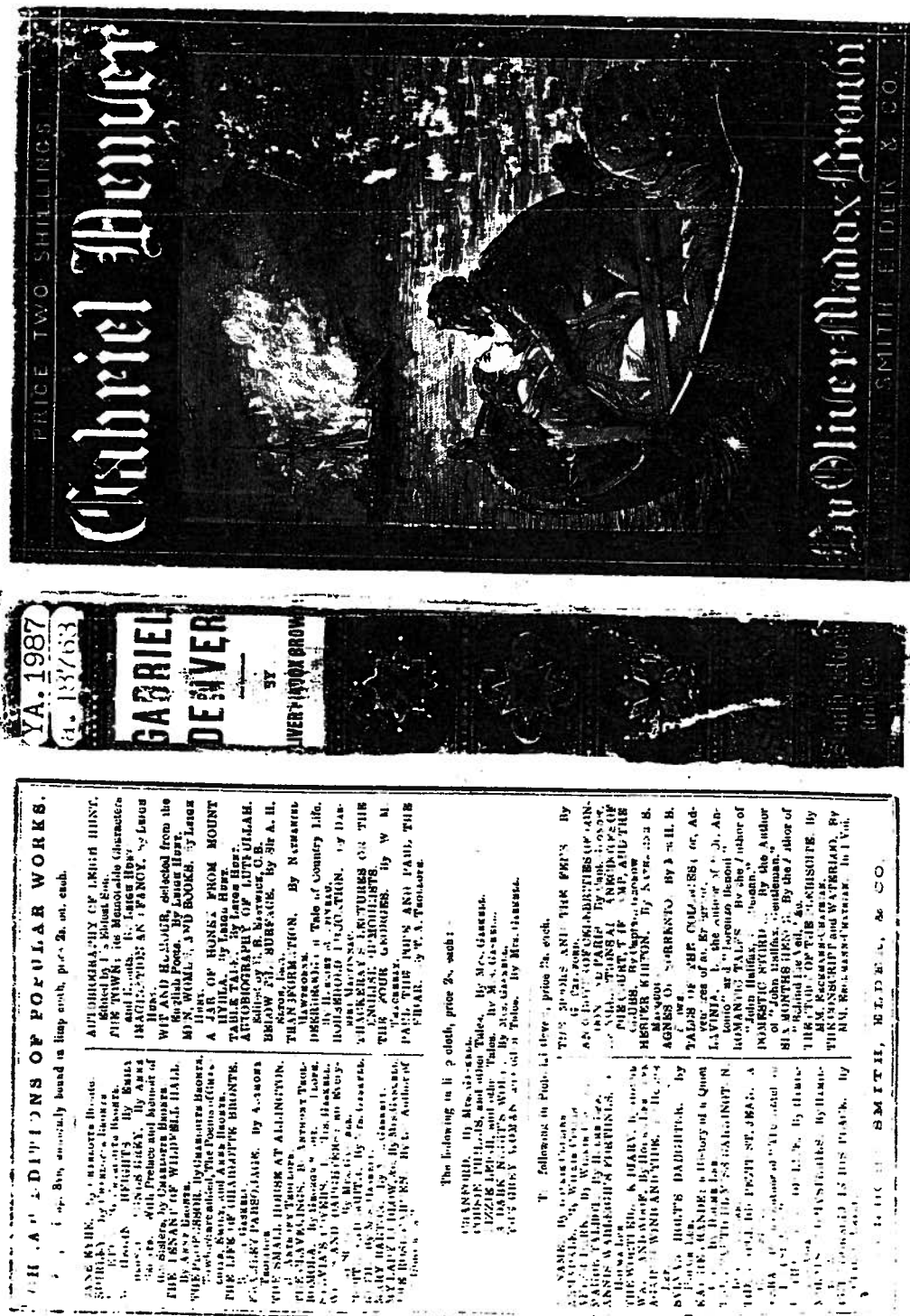
Remarks: Two typos in *GD.73* are corrected in *GD.75*. On p. 134, "breath" in "he dared not breath" is corrected to "breathe," and on p. 154, the fragment, "When they returned and saw where it really was.," is joined with a comma to the sentence following, which begins, "They commenced gesticulating wildly and shouting in a fashion that reached Denver's ears," with the "t" in "They" changed to lower case.

The copy of *GD.75* owned by the British Library has a different binding from the Princeton copy (see Figure 17). I was unable to examine the British Library's copy, but have been informed by the Reading Room staff that the cover is made with glazed paper on boards.

II. *The Dwale Bluth, Hebditch's Legacy and Other Literary Remains . . . (DwB):*

Prepared by William Michael Rossetti and Franz Hueffer, and containing *The Black Swan* in volume II, pp. 69–247.

Title-Page: THE DWALE BLUTH | HEBDITCH'S LEGACY | AND OTHER
LITERARY REMAINS OF OLIVER MADOX-BROWN | AUTHOR OF
"GABRIEL DENVER" | EDITED BY | WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI AND F.
HUEFFER | *WITH A MEMOIR AND TWO PORTRAITS.* | VOL. I. [II.] |
LONDON: | TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND. |

Figure 17: Cover of the 1875 *Gabriel Denver* (British Library copy)

1876. | [in square brackets:] *All Rights Reserved*

Collation: (19.5 cm x 12.5 cm):

Volume I: $A^2(\pm A1)$ B-T³ U⁴, 150 leaves, pp. [i-iv], [1] 2-296. Numbers in headline against outer margin of type page. The following internal pages are unnumbered: 21, 31-33, 47, 123, 161, 193, 209, 217, 231, 236-39, 272.

Volume 2: $A^2(\pm A1)$ B-U³ X², 156 leaves, pp. [i-iv] [1] 2-308. Numbers in headline against outer margin of type page, except on pp. 285-296, where they are centred at top of page. The following internal pages are unnumbered: 68-71, 88, 106, 123, 149, 170, 185, 197, 212, 224, 248-51, 262-65, 275, 278-81, 297-99, 305.

Contents: Volume I: p. [i] blank. p. [ii] engraving depicting young man, captioned:

Oliver Madox-Brown. p. [iii] title-page. p. [iv] printer's imprint. p. [1] text begins headed: MEMOIR. p. [21] poem by PBM headed: A LAMENT | OLIVER MADOX BROWN. | BORN 1855. DIED 1874. p. [31] half-title: THE DWALE BLUTH. p. [32] blank. p. [33] text of *The Dwale Bluth*. p. [236] blank. p. [237] half-title: HEBDITCH'S LEGACY. p. [238] blank. p. [239] text of *Hebditch's Legacy* begins.

Volume II: p. [i] blank. p. [ii] engraving depicting little boy, captioned: The Author at the age of four. p. [iii] title-page. p. [iv] printer's imprint. p. [1] text begins headed: HEBDITCH'S LEGACY | CHAPTER VII. | SECRET PARTING. p. [68] blank. p. [69] half-title: THE BLACK SWAN. p. [70] blank. p. [71] text of *The Black Swan*. p. [248] blank. p. [249] half-title: THE YETH-HOUNDS. | *A LEGEND OF DARTMOOR*. | "Undefined sounds | That come a-swooning over hollow grounds | And wither drearily on barren moors." p. [250] blank. p. [251] text of "The Yeth-hounds." p. [262] blank. p. [263] half-title: DISMAL JEMMY. | *A FRAGMENT*. p. [264] blank. p. 265 text of "Dismal Jemmy." p. [275] NOTE ON THE PLOT OF | AN IRISH

STORY. p. [278] blank. p. [279] half-title: TO ALL ETERNITY, | AND |
OTHER STANZAS AND VERSES. p. [280] blank. p. [281] "To All Eternity,"
followed by other poems. p. [297] half-title: THE LAST STORY. p. [298]
blank. p. [299] text of "The Last Story." pp. [305]–308 index.

Typography and Paper: \$2(–A2,U2 [vol. 1]; –A2,X2 [vol. 2]) signed, rom., 1.2 cm
from right margin.

Text: 31 ll., 13 cm (13.8 cm) x 8.4 cm; 10–point Times Roman on 12–point
leading; notes 8–point on 9–point leading; running–titles 10–point small caps.

Paper: white, imposed chain lines 2.8 cm apart.

Running–Titles: Vol. I: "Memoir" headed, recto and verso: MEMOIR. "A Lament"
headed, recto and verso: A LAMENT. Versos of "The Dwale Bluth": THE
DWALE BLUTH.; rectos: INTRODUCTION., or book and chapter numbers.
Versos of "Hebditch's Legacy": HEBDITCH'S LEGACY.; rectos:
INTRODUCTION. or chapter titles, except p. 272 (which has no headline) and
p. 289, which begins a chapter and is headed: HEBDITCH'S LEGACY.
Vol. II: In *Hebditch's Legacy*, versos continue to bear the title of the work;
rectos carry chapter titles, except p. 59, which begins a chapter and is headed:
HEBDITCH'S LEGACY. Versos of *The Black Swan*: THE BLACK SWAN.;
chapter numbers on rectos. "The Yeth–Hounds" has "THE YETH–HOUNDS. //
A LEGEND OF DARTMOOR. Rectos and versos of "Dismal Jemmy":
DISMAL JEMMY. pp. 282–284, recto and versos: TO ALL ETERNITY. pp.
285–296 are headed with page numbers. "The Last Story" versos bear: THE
LAST STORY.; on rectos: CHAP. II. Index headed: INDEX.

Binding: Front and back, plain burgundy cloth. Spine: [gilt–stamped] THE | DWALE
| BLUTH ["DWALE BLUTH" stamped in negative] | OLIVER |
MADOX–BROWN | VOL. I. [II.] | TINSLEY BROS.

Copies examined: Colbeck Collection, UBC, Vancouver, B.C.; W.E. Fredeman, Vancouver,

B.C.; University of Victoria, Victoria, B.C.; University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

Genealogy

During Madox-Brown's lifetime, *Gabriel Denver* underwent several metamorphoses. The young man is said to have planned a verse version at one time, but no fragments of it survive; he may well have destroyed them himself (see p. 7).

There was at least one pre-publication prose draft, represented in part by the Angeli-Dennis fragments. Some of the cancellations in *A-D.A* indicate that it was copied from an earlier text, but the spellings under the sporadic corrections in *A-D.A* and *A-D.B*, and the ones left uncorrected in *A-D.C*, show that they were written near the outset of the author's career. (See Figs. 6-12.) By the time Madox-Brown came to write the John Rylands fragments, he was aware that, for example, the word is "sleep," not "sleap."

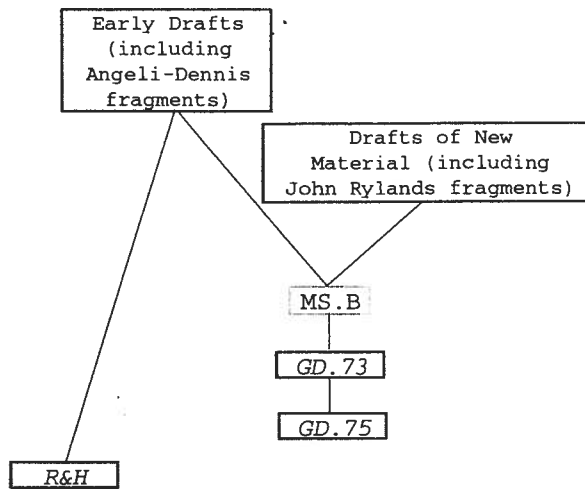
Even if the historical accounts in Ingram and the Memoir did not indicate the gap in time between the Angeli-Dennis fragments (which correspond most closely to *The Black Swan*) and the John Rylands fragments (which are drafts of chapters added to *Gabriel Denver*), the two sets of documents would still be separated by the formations of miniscule "r." In the John Rylands fragments, "r" takes its printed form, but in the Angeli-Dennis notebooks, the character is in its cursive form, which often resembles an "n." Even the corrections use a cursive "r," so they were not made after the author had begun the John Rylands fragments.

As Madox-Brown was accustomed to finishing his artistic works, it is virtually impossible to believe that he did not prepare a clean copy of the MS for submission to *The Cornhill* early in 1873. This document, which I shall call MS.B, would likely

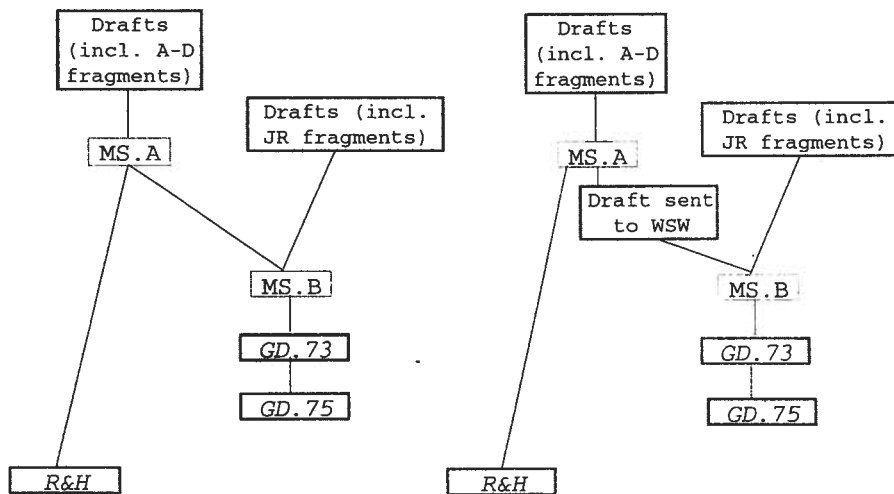
have become the printer's copy for Smith, Elder's *Gabriel Denver* (see Figure 18-a). Like the fair copy of *The Dwale Bluth*, which was also sent to *The Cornhill*, MS.B is now lost; they may both have been destroyed with many other documents during the London blitz.

Rossetti and Hueffer's *Black Swan* is clearly descended from the Angeli-Dennis fragments, but at dozens of minor points it agrees with *Gabriel Denver* against *A-D.A*, *B*, and *C*. While it is barely possible that Rossetti and Hueffer borrowed the occasional turn of phrase from Smith, Elder's edition, the more plausible explanation by far is that *GD* and *R&H* have a common ancestor descended from the Angeli-Dennis fragments, a draft I shall call MS.A (see Figure 18-b.1), which Rossetti and Hueffer used as copy-text, and which has been lost along with its sister fair-copy MSS.

Though there is no proof that MS.A was the same document sent to William Smith Williams in 1872, the two were doubtless closely related (see Figure 18-b.2).



(a)



(b)

(c)

Figure 18: Genealogy of texts

Methodology

I began with the photocopy that the UBC Special Collections staff made for me of *The Black Swan* in their copy of *DwB*, and my AMS facsimile of *Gabriel Denver*. I transcribed each into computer-readable form in order to facilitate emendations. Because the word processing program I used reads line-end returns as spaces, I was able to make diplomatic transcripts (whose listings could be compared line for line with the originals) without compromising the typographical aesthetic of the final result. These transcripts were proofread six times—four times by me, once by my sister Sara, and once by my obliging assistant, Leslie Williams.

I examined four copies of *DwB*, three of *GD.73*, and two of Smith, Elder's "second edition" of *Gabriel Denver* (see p. 45), collating each at least once with the relevant transcript. The University of Alberta's and the University of Victoria's copies of *DwB*, the University of Wisconsin's *GD.73*, and Princeton's *GD.75* were limited to one collation. Jacksonville University's *GD.73* was sturdy enough for two "collational" readings. W.E. Fredeman graciously allowed me to photocopy his copies of *GD.73* and *GD.75* and also *The Black Swan* from his copy of *DwB*: these photocopies participated in four collations.

Collation between printed text and manuscript was performed using, principally, photocopies of the MS fragments. I performed these collations five times, plus a sixth time with the originals of the Angeli-Dennis fragments, and Ms. Williams proofread the apparatus I generated.

In search of errors that do not appear to be errors (see p. 66), I collated my two copy-texts with one another twice over, in addition to performing spot checks whenever I encountered textual peculiarities.

The Copy-Texts

I. *The Black Swan*:

In the absence of the MS that William Smith Williams first saw, the choice of copy-text was between Rossetti and Hueffer's text, and a conflation of that version and the MS fragments in the Angeli-Dennis collection.

There is some argument against choosing Rossetti and Hueffer's version. Their treatment of Madox-Brown's unfinished third novel, *Hebditch's Legacy*, shows that they are unreliable editors. There are only a few pages of fair-copy MS of that work, but its opening chapter becomes Chapter II in Rossetti and Hueffer's edition, and there are several small deviations between MS and printed text. I run some risk, then, of violating Madox-Brown's intentions in choosing Rossetti and Hueffer's version as copy-text.

Still, the approach taken by the author's brothers-in-law to *Hebditch's Legacy* may well have differed sharply from their approach to *The Black Swan*, as the latter was a completed narrative, and *Hebditch's Legacy* little more than a collection of fragments. The editors might have felt freer to tamper with the more amorphous text.

Indeed, there is nothing implausible about Rossetti and Hueffer's *Black Swan*. The passages corresponding to the Angeli-Dennis fragments display hundreds of variants with the drafts, as the apparatus in this edition shows, but these variants are not dramatically different in kind from the variants between the chapters added in *Gabriel Denver* and the John Rylands fragments—both of which documents are authorial. In

particular, the "Conclusion" in *Gabriel Denver*, with its two MS drafts, demonstrates Madox-Brown's tendency to elaborate, in the same fashion that distinguishes the Angeli-Dennis fragments from their versions in Rossetti and Hueffer. In short, there is a strong probability that most of the readings in Rossetti and Hueffer's *Black Swan* are authorial.

The Angeli-Dennis fragments, however, though they are in Madox-Brown's own hand, cannot be said to represent intentions that were in any sense "final," as they clearly represent the text in a state of flux. The punctuation alone—or rather, the lack thereof—shows that they are not finished copy, and the sporadic corrections to the spelling which cease abruptly in the closing chapter strongly suggest an intention to write out another draft. (See Figures 6–12.)

I have, then, elected to follow Rossetti and Hueffer's text, unreliable though it may be, since the chance of violating the author's intentions is preferable to the certainty of such violation. I have emended only what I feel to be obvious errors, blatant editorial intrusions (see "Textual Cruxes," p. 62), and "soiled fish" (see p. 66).

In the variants lists, the source of the lemma is *R&H* and that of the recorded variant is the Angeli-Dennis fragments, unless otherwise indicated.

II. *Gabriel Denver*:

My focus of interest in *Gabriel Denver* has been the collaboration between Madox-Brown and Williams, so that my reader might see the "Victorianization" of the tale. Thus, my copy-text is the 1873 Smith, Elder *Gabriel Denver*. I have emended only typographical errors and "soiled fish."

In the variants lists, the source of the lemma is *GD.73* and that of the variant is the John Rylands fragments.

Treatment of Accidentals

The apparatus that accompanies the two following stories records substantive variants between printed texts and MS fragments—that is, changes in wording. I have also included changes in paragraphing. I have elected not to compile an apparatus of differences in spelling and punctuation, as those variants are so numerous as to be unwieldy.

Madox-Brown's punctuation, particularly in the Angeli-Dennis fragments, is erratic. He often omits stops at the ends of sentences, frequently neglects to begin sentences with capital letters, sometimes uses semicolons to separate relative clauses, and where he uses quotation marks at all, he waffles between single and double quotes even within the same passage. Consequently, there are some 1500 variants in punctuation between the MS fragments and their corresponding printed texts.

There are also approximately 1000 variants in spelling, and 1200 more within the MS itself. Madox-Brown evidently learned spelling as he wrote *Gabriel Denver*, and made sporadic corrections to his manuscript as he went along. Nonetheless, there remain many uncorrected words. I have treated Madox-Brown's confusion about the following word-groups as spelling variants:

were/where

born/borne

your/you're

to/too/two

its/it's

groan/grown

altar/alter

weak/week

desert/dessert

loose/lose

fore/for/four

apposite/opposite

boughs/bows

damn/dam

knights/nights

waste/waist

bear/bare

wrapped/rapt

than/then

However, where there is an ambiguity about the precise misspelling, I have made a note in the apparatus, as where the MS says (apropos of Denver on Laura's death), "His eyes became hot & dizzy & for a moment the dead face seemed to real before him." Rossetti and Hueffer give "seemed to reel," but Madox-Brown may have intended "seemed too real."

Because the manuscript fragments are such rough copy, and often show long impassioned speeches without any punctuation or underlining, I believe that Madox-Brown felt that emphases were, like commas, things to be worked on at a later stage. Acting on this supposition, I have treated italics as accidental variants.

I have also treated word-breaks as accidental variants, as in the cases of "in to/into" or "bed side/bedside." Madox-Brown tended to divide such words, and, owing to his uncertain orthography, with its absence of connecting strokes, there are hundreds more words in the text which may or may not be divided in two, such as "an

other" or "her self." At other points, words are deliberately combined into one, such as "at all" into "atall." The author's reluctance to use hyphens at line breaks is unhelpful, to say the least.

Though I have silently crossed half-a-dozen tees, I have not regularized spellings in the apparatus except where Madox-Brown made the correction himself.

The apparatus does not include any words or phrases crossed out before Madox-Brown completed them, as where the narrator in *A-D.C* mentions that, after the death of her old nurse, Laura is fatigued in spite of "the unwilling assistance of <D> the jealous wife." "Dorothy" was evidently intended for a moment, but as the intention did not survive the time taken to write the word, I feel justified in neglecting it.

Textual Cruxes

My editorial goal has been twofold. In *Gabriel Denver*, I wished to reproduce the text that resulted from the collaboration between Oliver Madox-Brown and William Smith Williams—that is, the text of the ideal copy of Smith, Elder's version. In *The Black Swan*, I wanted to recapture the text that Madox-Brown sent to Williams for perusal late in the summer of 1872. As explained in the section on the copy-texts (p. 57), the least indirect witness to that manuscript is Rossetti and Hueffer's *Black Swan*, so I have chosen their version as copy-text. Though their editorial approach was unreliable by twentieth-century standards, I have followed their edition closely (emending errata, however, as in *Gabriel Denver*), except where I believe there to be obvious editorial intrusion on their part.

This intrusion occurs mainly in connection with the title, *The Black Swan*. Both Ingram (73) and the Memoir (9) assert that Madox-Brown was persuaded to change his novel's title from *The Black Swan* to *Gabriel Denver*, but there is no bibliographical evidence to support this claim. The Memoir is in fact undermined by the appearance on *DwB* ii, 285 of a "Sonnet Found Prefixed to the First MS of the 'Black Swan.'" The heading implies that the sonnet is prefixed to an MS titled *The Black Swan*, but in fact the sonnet (which also appears in Ingram (68), headed "Prefixed to the first Manuscript of his Earliest Literary Offspring was this Sonnet") appears in manuscript on the first page of *A-D.A.*, above the words "Gabriel Denver Chap I." There follows a draft of *The Black Swan*'s sensationalistic opening chapter, which, by its spellings ("weaks" for "weeks," for instance, or "howers" for "hours")

and formation of the letter "r," reveals itself as one of Madox-Brown's first manuscripts. Of course, this does not mean that Rossetti and Hueffer did not have access to a later MS, entitled *The Black Swan* and now lost, but it is far-fetched to assume that they did not know of *A-D.A.*, and it would, therefore, be significant that they neglected to mention that *The Black Swan* had once been titled *Gabriel Denver*.

Ingram, too, undermines himself in his own volume. In citing Madox-Brown's letter of 27 September 1872 to Williams (71-2, 169-70), he quotes the younger man as calling the tale *Gabriel Denver*. Furthermore, William Michael Rossetti, writing his impressions of the tale after the evening he heard it read at Miss Blind's, refers to it in his diary as *Gabriel Denver*.⁶ There is no reason to believe that Madox-Brown ever called the story *The Black Swan*—but there is some rationale for the latter title, especially from Rossetti's point of view.

In Italian, the word for "swan," *cigno*, was often used in the nineteenth century as a synonym for "musician" or "poet." We find a hint of this usage in the English expression "swan song." *The Black Swan*, therefore, conjures up an image of a poet shrouded in darkness—a doomed poet, or a morbid poet. This introduction of the poet as character then ties in with the otherwise baffling first-person narrator of *The Black Swan*, who sometimes knows, but sometimes must guess at, his characters' innermost thoughts, and who is patently not present at any of the scenes he describes. If the story is named after its narrator, then it becomes a tale about Madox-Brown—and, to an editor, *The Black Swan* is a tale about Madox-Brown. It is the tale of a poet whose first effort became his posthumous swan song.

At any rate, though I shall continue to refer to the early version as *The Black Swan*, I restored the title *Gabriel Denver* in this edition. This in turn led me to consider the opening and closing words of Rossetti and Hueffer's edition. Both *A-D.A.* and Chapter V of Smith, Elder's *Gabriel Denver* open with the words, "It

⁶A-D papers

was eight weeks since the Black Swan," but *The Black Swan* begins with "It was eight weeks since a vessel," and the vessel is not named for a page and a half. Certainly the metaphoric force of the title is diminished if the reader learns immediately that the ship has the same name; therefore, Rossetti and Hueffer deferred the revelation. Along with restoring the title, then, I have restored the opening words, and removed the subsequent parenthetical reference that names the ship.

I have also emended Rossetti and Hueffer's closing words for the novel. The MS ends with "the last men who ever set eyes on Gabriel Denver," a safe if clichéd way to end a novel called *Gabriel Denver*. Rossetti and Hueffer end *The Black Swan* with "the last who ever set eyes on Gabriel Denver or his fellow-passenger from aboard the ill-fated Black Swan," evidently in the same spirit. Since the ending is meant to tie in with the title, emending the one calls for emending the other.

The "Sonnet Found Prefixed to the First MS of the 'Black Swan'" presented a problem. However, I decided to relegate it to the notes rather than include it in the main text, as I do not believe that Madox-Brown retained it in the drafts of the novel that followed *A-D.A.* "Laura's Song," from the end of Chapter I of *The Black Swan*, is repeated among Madox-Brown's other poetry at the end of Volume II of *DwB*, so Rossetti and Hueffer were evidently willing to duplicate material. If Madox-Brown had indeed retained the "Sonnet for Story" in later drafts of his tale, Rossetti and Hueffer would certainly have included it with their text of *The Black Swan*.

I suspect that Rossetti and Hueffer emended their brother-in-law's novel at many other points that may never be identified, but, at the same time, I am confident that they adhered in the main to Madox-Brown's intentions. One of my reasons for thinking so is the footnote on page 127 of Volume II of *DwB*, which warns us that the passage we are reading "May seem puerile, or untrue to nature."

⁷ *A-D.A.* has "black swan."

The narrator has just announced that we may find Gabriel Denver lacking in willpower, as he continually thinks about his commitment to his wife—a statement decidedly puerile and untrue to nature. However, there is no reason to suppose that Madox-Brown thought so, else he would not have written the words at all. The footnote is clearly an addition by Rossetti and Hueffer, meant to salvage some maturity and wisdom for the author, and it is encouraging to consider that they chose that method of editorialization rather than, for instance, suppressing the passage altogether, as they could easily have done.

Errors

My copy-texts contained many errors, particularly *GD.73*. A list of them all, with their corrections, is given on pp. 542–44, but three of them deserve a closer look.

The first two of these involve faulty pronoun references. In *R&H*, Laura leaves her cabin the morning after the voyage begins, and comes upon Denver, of whom she has just been thinking: "There was a disagreeable-looking woman standing beside her; she was his wife" (*DwB*, ii, 109). The MS has "standing beside him," and *GD* agrees that "a sinister-looking dark-complexioned woman [was] standing beside him" (*GD*, 47). Obviously, Dorothy/Deborah is standing near both the lovers at the moment Laura sees Denver, but since Laura has just been in motion, and Denver is evidently standing still, there is significantly more sense to the reading "standing beside him."

In *GD* (223–4), while adrift at sea, Denver contemplates his inamorata in her weakened state, and prays "that he might not die before Laura—not with the mere selfish desire of prolonging her life to the uttermost," but because he fears for her if she were to be left alone with his cousin. Either the "not" of "not die" is an error, or "her life" should be "his life"—and the latter change is preferable as the selfish desire that Denver is not harbouring must lie in prolonging his own life, not Laura's.

Rossetti and Hueffer employ the phrase "mere selfish desire of life to the uttermost," which is not helpful, nor is there a manuscript fragment corresponding to that passage. Nonetheless, the error and its correction are obvious enough.

The third of the important errors occurs in a run-on sentence in *DwB*. Laura is lying unconscious aboard the *Albatross*, and Denver is watching over her, when a man staggers in to inform him that the ship has been caught in a hurricane, and then continues, "How is she? Still sleeping. Ah, that's the laudanum.—I can't wait; you must watch by her still you'd best not venture on deck" (ii, 236). Madox-Brown may well have written the sentence thus. However, I believe that he intended "still" to modify "watch by her." In *A-D.C*, the man says only "How is she; sleeping still Ah thats the laudanum. I cant wait you must watch by her still." The warning not to venture on deck is an afterthought, so I have separated it from the preceding clause with Madox-Brown's preferred punctuation mark, the comma.

The presence of so many apparent errors suggests the presence of the more insidious kind of error I shall call "soiled fish," after the famed misprint in *White-Jacket*. A soiled fish is an error that is not immediately identifiable as an error. Several small differences between *R&H* and *GD* gave me pause.

The most intriguing of these appears on page 95 of *GD*. Following his monumental quarrel with his cousin on the fateful night of the fire, Denver has gone back to moping on the deck and is mulling over the conflicting issues in his life. The text reads, "Then he changed recklessly the arm he was leaning on." *DwB* has him changing his arm "restlessly," as does *A-D.B*. Although, given Gabriel Denver's ardent personality, and Madox-Brown's tendency towards melodrama, there is a possibility that "recklessly" is not the result of a slip of the pen, or of the lapse of a typographer's attention, but is, indeed, the word intended in the version sent to Smith, Elder's printers, I regard this as an outside chance. Even for Madox-Brown, "recklessly" is a remarkably silly reading, so I have emended it in *Gabriel Denver* to

"restlessly."

I was suspicious of the "half-muttered" suggestion that "seemed always dinning in [Denver's] brain" during his operatic quarrel with Deborah (*GD*, 84). The suggestion itself is that of throwing his fiancée overboard. In Rossetti and Hueffer, the suggestion is "half-uttered" (*DwB*, ii, 80) but in the MS, "half unuttered." While there is only the traditional optimist/pessimist dichotomy to affect the choice between a "half-uttered" and a "half-unuttered" suggestion in the brain, a "half-muttered" suggestion is different. Since Denver remains silent, we cannot interpret "muttered" in any physical sense—but, of course, we cannot preclude "half-muttered" on the grounds of common sense alone, as Madox-Brown's revisions were by no means always improvements. I was finally convinced by consideration of Madox-Brown's handwriting and its erratic minims; a typographer may well have read "muttered" for "unuttered." "Half-muttered," then, is another soiled fish and needs emending.

I also emended Rossetti and Hueffer where the narrator of *The Black Swan*, relating Denver's and Laura's blossoming love in the weeks preceding the fire, says, "Things went on thus interruptedly till it fell about as we have seen" (*DwB*, ii, 122). In *GD* and in the MS, the adverb is "uninterruptedly." Of course, in a realistic sense, Denver's and Laura's emotions must have been interrupted from time to time by sensations of hunger or thirst, but *The Black Swan* is not a story in which the prosaic details of everyday life are given much weight. "Interruptedly" must be the result of faulty transcription at some stage.

I let other discrepancies between the printed texts stand, for varying reasons. For instance, in *GD*, the *Black Swan* burns down to a "mastless and emptied hull" (167), but in *DwB* to a "mastless and emptied hulk" (ii, 166). Since Madox-Brown uses "hulk" where he means "hull" throughout the Angeli-Dennis notebooks, I was sorely tempted to emend the reading in *The Black Swan* to "hull," but I refrained, for Madox-Brown's erroneous use of the word "hulk" does not necessarily imply that

his use of the word was never what he meant.

I allowed an odd expression to stand in *Gabriel Denver*. In Chapter V, Denver attempts to explain to Deborah his suffering during the nights he has paced the deck, "going more hopelessly infatuated with [Laura]." Although the corresponding passage in Rossetti and Hueffer reads "growing more hopelessly infatuated," *A-D.A* uses "going" for "growing" (see p. 99). Evidently, Madox-Brown felt that "to go infatuated" was a legitimate expression, perhaps analogous with "to go mad." Elsewhere in the Angeli-Dennis notebooks, he uses the verb "grow" with "infatuated" (see p. 153), so I did not emend Rossetti and Hueffer, as Madox-Brown may have intended "going" and "growing" at different times, possibly feeling some subtle distinction between the two.

Often there was nothing to favour one reading over the other, even when they contradicted one another in meaning, as in a passage describing the first night adrift, when Denver has "roused himself thinking of Deborah" (*GD*, 183). In Rossetti and Hueffer, he has "roused himself *from* thinking of Dorothy" (*DwB*, ii, 178; italics mine). Neither reading is contradicted by the surrounding verbs; neither is supported by manuscript evidence. Both are plausible readings, and it is entirely possible that Madox-Brown, at differing times, meant each of them, as he did with "going/growing more . . . infatuated." Similar reasoning applies to choosing between other conflicting readings, such as "this/his passion and longing," or Dorothy/Deborah's plain/fine features. There may be many soiled fish among these variant readings, but in the absence of a fair-copy manuscript, or corrected proof-sheets, there is simply no way to identify them as such.

A Question of Fact

Finally, I gave some thought to a glaring factual error in both *The Black Swan* and *Gabriel Denver*: the moon's rising in the west. This mistake might be thought to spring from the young author's confusion about the northern and southern

hemispheres, but that theory is undermined by the sun's rising correctly in the east in both texts. Madox-Brown may well have heard, or have conjectured, as a child that the moon rises in the west, and never bothered thereafter to confirm or refute the notion by observation. Many people older than he ever became harbour similar misconceptions about the world—even William Smith Williams, a man in his seventies, apparently failed to notice the mistake.

It has not been my task to make Madox-Brown appear to best advantage, nor even to save him from appearing foolish. My task has been to reproduce his imaginative universe as accurately as possible. Though the celestial mechanics of that universe differ from the ones I am used to, I find myself obliged to let them stand.

Correspondence of Chapters

The variants between *The Black Swan* and *Gabriel Denver* are too numerous and profound to make an apparatus displaying them feasible. The chart below indicates the passages in each that correspond:

<i>The Black Swan</i>	<i>Gabriel Denver</i>
Chapter I: Denver mistakes wife Dorothy for Laura.	Chapter V: Denver mistakes fiancée Deborah for Laura.
Chapter II: Denver's youth and marriage described; he sees Laura for first and second times.	Chapter I: Denver's youth described and engagement explained; he hears Laura's name and remembers having met her. Chapter II: Denver gets his first glimpses of grown-up Laura.
Chapter III: Denver and Laura fall in love and share first embrace; Dorothy's jealousy grows until night of mistaken-identity episode.	Chapter III: Denver and Laura fall in love Chapter IV: Denver and Laura declare love and share embrace; Deborah's jealousy grows.

Chapter IV: Denver meditates fruitlessly; fire breaks out and spreads; Denver brings Laura on deck; fire finally separates bow from stern.

Chapter V: Lifeboat lowered; Denver casts off; Laura asks for water; rainfall begins; ship sinks.

Chapter VI: Denver collects rainwater; night passes.

Chapter VII: Denver attempts to fish; day passes.

Chapter VIII: Another night and day pass; the *Albatross* sails by; day and night pass once more; Dorothy confesses to arson and dies.

Chapter VI: Denver meditates fruitlessly; first symptoms of fire appear.

Chapter VII: Fire spreads until steersman raises alarm; Denver brings Laura on deck.

Chapter VIII: Fire continues to spread until bow and stern are separated.

Chapter IX: Denver swings through flames to return to Laura.

Chapter X: Ten sailors escape; lifeboat lowered; Denver casts off; Laura asks for water.

Chapter XI: Rainfall begins; ship sinks.

Chapter XII: Denver collects rainwater; night passes.

Chapter XIII: Denver attempts to fish; day passes.

Chapter XIV: Another day and night pass; the *Albatross* sails by; Laura weakens dangerously.

Chapter XV: Day and night pass once more; Deborah confesses to arson and dies.

Chapter IX: The *Albatross* seeks and finds the *Black Swan*'s survivors.

Chapter X: Dorothy's body buried at sea; storm breaks out; Laura dies; Denver commits suicide.

Chapter XVI: The *Albatross* seeks survivors and finds the *Black Swan*'s passengers.

Chapter XVII: Deborah's body buried at sea; storm breaks out.

Chapter XVIII: Denver falls ill; Laura regains consciousness; Denver attempts suicide.

Chapter XIX: Denver recovers, and marries Laura; ten sailors from *Black Swan* rescued.

Conclusion: Denver and Laura live happily with their little daughter, Laura.

A Note on the Titling

The two tales that follow are, as their half-titles indicate, *The Black Swan* and *Gabriel Denver*. However, Chapter I of *The Black Swan* is headed "Gabriel Denver," Madox-Brown's own name for the story from the first. (See "Textual Cruxes," p. 62.) Though fitting and convenient, the title "The Black Swan" is an editorial intrusion on Rossetti's and Hueffer's part.

THE BLACK SWAN

GABRIEL DENVER

CHAPTER I.

It was eight weeks since the *Black Swan*, a large merchant brig bound for London, had left her moorings at Port —, in the flourishing settlement of Tasmania; and now, lost in the deep windless night, she floated without sound or stir. The cabin lights were extinguished, and all on board the becalmed vessel seemed enveloped in silence and sleep. Her brown wind-worn sails were all furled in the breathless air; there was no sign or signal of any watch kept over the decks. The torpid ship seemed left entirely to her own control; even the steersman was slumbering, his hand

GABRIEL DENVER *Ed.*] Sonnet for story . . . [*see pp. 540-41.*] . . . Gabriel

Denver *MS*; THE BLACK SWAN. *R&H*

the *Black Swan Ed.*] the black swan *MS*; a vessel *R&H*

a large merchant brig] *not in MS*

at Port —] at P— {rt} —

in the flourishing settlement of Tasmania] an old <the> dutch-built Austral{ean} town

floated without sound or stir] floated with out sound or motion

over the decks. The torpid] over the decks & the torpid

ship seemed left entirely] ship was left entirely

to her own control] to its own control

attached by a string to the wheel, in case of any unexpected movement in the rudder, or sudden rising of the wind. The breeze which had borne the big ship out so far into the ocean had long before nightfall entirely died away from the face of the water, though high overhead, strange to say, it still lasted, so that the few stars seen from the ship, lost in the darkness below, appeared as though slowly drifting past the apertures in the sultry, overhanging, yet unseen clouds. The sea still heaved slightly round the great black hull, agglomerated into the obscurity surrounding it, save where a faint line of light was emitted by the water rippling and splashing round its sides.

At times some unlooked-for lurching of the vessel would cause a wave to

by a string to the wheel] by a string to his wheel
 case of any unexpected movement] case of any movement
 movement in the rudder] movement of the rudder
 or sudden rising of the] or rising of the
 the wind. The breeze which] the wind for the breeze which
 big ship out so far] big ship so far
 had long before nightfall] two or three hours before the night-fall had
 from the face of the water] from the face of the <ocean> {water}
 the few stars seen] the few visible stars seen
 appeared as though slowly drifting] appeared as it were to be slowly drifting
 sultry, overhanging, yet unseen] sultry overhanging unseen
 The sea still heaved] The waves still heaved
 round the great black hull] round the great black hulk
 the obscurity surrounding it] the obscurity of the surrounding sea
 some unlooked-for lurching of the vessel] some unexpected balancing movement in the
 vessel

dash up over the water-line; showering back inflamed into a livid cauldron of glowing phosphoric fire, spreading round in circles of luminous foam, reflected brilliantly in the wet hull, and gleaming in the cabin-windows and on the heavy anchors at the prow; and even, in the utter darkness, playing with a weird flickering reflection on the under sides of the great projecting yards, and the cross-masts and rigging otherwise indiscernible up aloft.

Indeed the sultry tropical water seemed in an unusually excitable phosphoric condition. Every few minutes the water to a distance round the entire hull would be suffused with a pale quivering flame which at times lit up its clear green depths beneath the surface. The spot where floated a piece of drift-timber, dropped overboard during the calm, was shown in the darkness by constantly recurring flashes of light; but where the calm hardly-perceptible swell of the subsiding waves met with no obstruction, they were enveloped in the deepest obscurity.

showering back inflamed into a livid] showering back into a livid
the wet hull, and gleaming] the wet hulk gleaming
cabin-windows and on the] cabin windows <&> on the
projecting yards, and the cross-masts] projecting yards the cross masts
rigging otherwise indiscernible up aloft.¶] rigging indiscernable aloft. *no new paragraph*
Indeed the sultry tropical water] The sultry tropical ocean
distance round the entire hull] distance round the entire hulk
flame which at times lit up its clear green depths beneath] flame lighting its clear
green depth up at times deep beneath
recurring flashes of light] recurring flickers of light
where the calm hardly-perceptible] were the hardly perceptible
met with no obstruction] met with obstruction
deepest obscurity.¶] *no new paragraph*

The whole of the upper outlines of the *Black Swan* to a practised eye may have formed a kind of dark *silhouette*, half blotted out against the night, but for two lanterns burning above the bulwarks. One was a red signal-lamp, pendent over the high old-fashioned fore-castle, struggling feebly with the intense gloom in which it was hung (too high to shed its faint glimmer on the foredeck); the other, more brilliant in light (fastened to the mainmast), threw a glow all over the stern end of the ship (the deck behind being in the densest shadow), and fell on the figure of a man, the only human being visible in the darkness. He was walking to and fro in the sombre

whole of the upper outlines of] whole of the upper {outlines} of
 the *Black Swan* Ed. MS (*but no emphasis*) the Black Swan (for so the vessel was
 named) *R&H*
 to a practised eye may have formed a kind of dark *silhouette*, half blotted out
 against the night] would have been blotted out in the night
 the bulwarks. One was a] the bulwarks. one a
 high old-fashioned fore-castle, struggling feebly with] high old fashioned fore-castle,
 twenty feet above the level of the sea, struggling feebly & half overpowered
 by
 the intense gloom in which] the impenetrable gloom in which
 hung (too high . . . foredeck);] hung <&> was too high ~ fore-deck,
 the other, more brilliant in light (fastened to the mainmast), threw] the other & more
 brilliant in light was fastened to the quarter deck mast beneath the spar of
 the jib boom & throwing
 glow all over the stern] glow over all the stern
 (the deck behind being in the densest shadow), and fell] the deck behind being
 enveloped in the densest shadow; fell
 darkness. He was walking to and fro] darkness walking restlessly to & fro

flickering lamplight, and appeared to be one of the passengers. At intervals he came so close to the steering-wheel that his great black restless shadow, cast by the lamp, covered it, yet without hiding its form, for a dim light burned in the tilted binnacle¹ and reflected a glow on to the brass-bound circle of spokes.

The helmsman from here was just visible in a kind of transparent half-light, still slumbering heavily, and wrapped up in a tarpaulin to keep off the damp night-dew which covered the decks, gleaming in the light, and filling the air with imperceptible mist. At times, the water could be heard faintly bubbling round the stern and rudder; but everything else around and on the ship was silent as death—save the ceaseless movement of this man, who continued his monotonous footsteps up and down the deck, his head sunk on his breast, and without appearing

lamplight, and appeared to be one] lamplight. He was not a sailor, & seemed to be

one

his great black restless shadow] his great black shadow

by the lamp, covered it] cast by the lamp <nearly> covered it

yet without hiding its form, for] not hiding it for

for a dim light burned in the tilted binnacle and reflected] for there was a dim light

<burning> in the tilted binnoce which reflected

a glow on to the] a glow into the

circle of spokes.¶] *no new paragraph*

The helmsman from here was] The sailor was

visible in a kind of transparent] visible in the transparent

and filling the air with] & seemed to fill the air with

At times, the water . . . stern and rudder] The water ~ stern & rudder at times

ceaseless movement of this man] ceaseless footsteps of this man

monotonous footsteps up and down] monotonous {walk} up & down

to notice anything around him, till his action seemed as restless as an excited, restrained, animal's.

Every now and then he interrupted himself, seeming to listen with impatience, and then resumed his walk. He must have been pacing there a long while, with some object in view, for the dew-drops gleamed like silver on his shoulders and tangled curly hair.

It might have been thought at first that his strange sleepless restlessness was the result of the indescribable *ennui* and weariness of a long voyage, but there would on closer consideration have seemed to be a more poignant cause for it.

A slight noise suddenly attracted his attention, and with a deep prolonged

till his action seemed] till his actions seemed

as restless as an excited, restrained] as restive as an excited restrained

animal's.¶] animals. *no new paragraph*

he interrupted himself, seeming] he <stoped> {interrupted himself} seeming

and then resumed his] & then <continuing> {resuming} his

He must have been] He {man} must have been

with some object in view] *not in MS*

curly hair.¶] *no new paragraph*

It might have been thought at first] It might have been {thought} at first

was the result of the] was caused by the

of a long voyage] of the long voyage

there would on closer consideration have seemed] there seemed

a more poignant cause] a heavier cause

for it.¶] *no new paragraph*

suddenly attracted his attention] seemed suddenly to attract his attention

respiration he turned facing the lamp, and looking intently into the darkness behind it.

His sunburnt bearded face (the eyes glittering as he stood with the light concentrated on them, two scintillating points, like stars surrounded by the deep gloom of the night) looked strangely careworn and fevered, like that of a man who has passed long nights without sleep: it seemed, in its anxious, almost haggard look—coinciding with his restless movements—to express some heavy disappointment or burthen under which his mind was labouring. As he paused with raised head, shading his eyes with his hand, a faint sound, like the rustle of a woman's dress becoming audible above the dreary endless splashing of the water, fell on his ear.

There seemed, at this, a gleam of light reflected suddenly through the gloom

a deep prolonged respiration he turned] a deep respiration prolonged almost into a

groan as if his mind were absorbed in some heavy mental trouble, he turned facing the lamp, and looking] facing the lamp looking

behind it.¶] *no new paragraph*

a man who has passed long nights without sleep: it seemed] a man with out sleep & seemed

with his restless movements] with his restless unquiet movements

heavy disappointment or burthen] heavy mental disappointment or dejection

his mind was labouring] his mind was shaddowd

As he paused with raised head] As he <stoped> paused with raised head

woman's dress becoming audible] womans dress becoming distinctly audible

endless splashing of the water] endless plashing of the water

his ear.¶] his ears. *no new paragraph*

There seemed, at this, a gleam of light reflected] There seemed as if a gleam of light was reflected

of his mind; the despondent expression of his face was utterly changed, and though he could have seen nothing, he turned hastily in the direction of the sound, and disappeared in the darkness.

Almost before he could find where he was going, he nearly stumbled against some figure, a woman standing motionless on the deck near the bulwark. She had come silently in the night out of the companion-stairs which led to the cabin, advancing stealthily without noise, and hardly breathing, as if, while hidden herself, she wished to watch the restless figure pacing in and out of the circle of light.

It was not so intensely dark when *in* the gloom, as it had looked to his eyes, dazzled and blinded by the lamp-light, for against the faint glow of the lantern on

of his mind] of his soul

the despondent expression of his face] the desponding expression of his face

the direction of the sound, and disappeared] the direction {of the sound} disappearing
the darkness.¶] *no new paragraph*

Almost before he could find] Before he could find

out of the companion-stairs which led to the cabin] up the cabin hatch way

advancing stealthily without noise, and hardly breathing] advancing stealthily without

{noise & hardly} breathing

as if, while hidden . . . circle of light.¶] up the <cabin hatchway> deck as if she

were watching therestless [*sic*] figure pacing up & dow in the circle of light

she herself being hidden. *no new paragraph*

It was not so intensely dark when *in* the gloom as it had looked] <Things> {It}

were not so intensely dark in{side} the gloom as <they> it had looked

for against the faint glow] for seen against the faint glow

the forecastle he could dimly trace the outline of a woman's form.

She remained perfectly motionless and speechless. But without an instant's reflection, his limbs seeming to act before his mind could direct them, or recover consciousness in the sudden bewilderment of his senses, he went up to her impetuously, uttering the name "Laura!" and, flinging his arms round her neck and shoulders enveloped in the hood of her shawl, he pressed her passionately to his breast, whispering in a low almost trembling voice,

"I knew you'd be certain to come, my love, though I've waited a weary while for you. Why don't you speak to me, Laura? We shan't be overheard here."

Then as he seemed to kiss her face, a sudden tremor stopped his words, and the woman broke away from his embrace with an angry exclamation, while he, starting back from her, appeared to stagger for an instant as if a snake had stung him.

 he could dimly trace the outline] he could dimly make out the silouet
 a woman's form.¶] *no new paragraph*

She remained perfectly] She still remained perfectly
 motionless and speechless. But] motionless & <silent> {speechless} but
 limbs seeming to act before] limbs seeming to act <almost> before
 mind could direct them, or recover] mind could recover
 sudden bewilderment of his senses, he] sudden bewilderment he
 in the hood of her shawl, he pressed] in the hood of a shawl prest
 trembling voice,¶] *no new paragraph*

I've waited a weary while] Ive waited a weary time
 overheard here." ¶Then] overheard here, then
 stung him.¶] *no new paragraph*

All this passed in a moment, hidden in the darkness, and the woman whom he had embraced so passionately began crying out in an exasperated voice,

"So I've found you out at last, Denver! How dare you treat me in this fashion? I'm *not Laura*, I'm your own lawful wife; unwelcome enough, I'll be bound! Ah! you sneak back soon enough now, but you shan't escape me! We two are alone at last. You shall give me an account of your conduct and the way you keep the oaths you swore to at God's altar."

"Damn you, will you never let me have one moment to myself, without poisoning it with your presence? It's bad enough to have to *think* about you," the man answered fiercely.

"You're a liar!" she interrupted in a passionate screaming voice. "I've neither been near you nor spoken to you for six weeks. Good God, what gratitude! I've toiled my life out for you, to sit silent by myself in this dreary stifling ship, neglected by every one, watching you make love to another woman, before my very face, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, till it's driven me mad. I've sat thinking about you and watching you till my brain whirled and my eyes

passed in a moment, hidden in the darkness, and the woman] passed hidden in the

dark in an instant, the woman

the woman whom he had] the woman he had

exasperated voice,¶] exasperated angry voice *no new paragraph*

treat me in this fashion?] treat me in this <way> fashion.

your conduct and the way you] your conduct A fine way you

let me have one moment] let me have a moment

near you nor spoken to you] near you or spoken to you

life out for you, to sit] life out for, to sit

watching you make love to another] watching you making love to an other

grew dizzy, and I could have struck a knife into your hearts! Yet you think because I've taken no notice of you and never spoken to you, that I'm too poor-spirited, or dejected, or callous, to care how you treat me, and that you can do as you like: but you shall find out the difference! You shall know what it is to neglect and scorn a woman's love, and then fall under her power! Every hour of your existences shall be a curse to you and your shameless paramour. *She* shall feel, even if I can't make *you*; and learn what it is to come between a wife and her husband. You've never guessed all that I'm minded to do; but you dread me, and you know that you've reason. You've embittered my entire life from when first I set eyes on you, but I'll be well revenged! I loved you once, Denver, for all you could do to disgust me, as

to you, and never spoken to you] to you & never speak to you

dejected, or callous, to care] dejected & callous to care

You shall know what it is] You shall find what it is

under her power! Every hour] under her power. I've turned upon you at Last Every
hour

She shall feel, even if I can't] *She* shall feel if I can't

You've never guessed all that I'm minded to do; but you dread me] You know what

I can do you're frightened of me You dread me

know that you've a reason. You've embittered] know you've a reason to. When we

come to shore you'll be separated from her in spite of all you can do &

then what will become of her You've embittered

my entire life] my whole life

from when first I set eyes on you] *not in MS*

but I'll be well revenged!] but I shall be well revenged on you—

loved you once, Denver, for all] loved you once for all

only a woman *can* love, till I found out what you'd taken me for, and then I hated you: but sooner than give you up to *her*, I'll strangle you in your sleep! Oh God! after all I've done and suffered for you, to be kissed and embraced in this way for another woman! I could have borne all before; but you've neglected me all my life, and spurned and insulted me now, till you've driven me to distraction. I don't know what I'm doing or saying! It's made me insane to compare the difference between her sickening face and mine, in the glass below, and think what it's cost me. She affects to ignore my existence, but she shrinks from me and dreads me more and more. I wouldn't change my position for hers. Are my feelings to be no more regarded than a dog's, do you think? I've endured hours upon hours of misery, till my mind wandered, and I hardly knew where I was: only to come to myself remembering that you were both within two or three yards of me, hardly out of my sight or hearing; and, thinking of the wrong you've done me, I've had to dig my nails into my breast,

as only a woman *can* love, till I found what you'd taken me for, and then I hated
 you: but sooner] <but> {&} I hate you now I wouldn't take your love now
 if you went down on you knees to me yet sooner
 sooner than give you up to *her*] sooner than she shall have you
 borne all before; but you've neglected] born all before but you shall regret this you
 villain You've neglected
 spurned and insulted me now] spurned & <neglected> {insulted} me now
 in the glass below] in the mirrors below
 She affects to ignore my existence] She affects to treat me with contempt
 dreads me more and more. I wouldn't] dreads me I wouldnt
 hardly out of my sight] hardly out {of} my sight
 and, thinking of the wrong you've done me, I've had] & the wrong you've done me
 till Ive gone wilder & wilder & had

to prevent myself from screaming out, or flying at her and tearing her eyes out and blinding her! Yet I've managed to keep all my resentment to myself, smouldering secretly in my own brain, till the expression of my face makes everybody in the ship shun *me* and pity *you* for having such a wife. Good God! All this has been going on in this cursed ship, minute after minute falling on my brain like drops of water, torturing me till it's driven me to madness! I overheard you asking her to come up here and meet you to-night. I thought to come up and catch you both together, but she wasn't here; and I'd have waited for another opportunity, only you interrupted me with your cursed kiss and drove me out of my senses. What have I done to deserve such treatment? You shall learn what a woman's love turned to hatred is!"

She screamed so at last that her throat seemed quite exhausted with passion, and she broke down into a violent fit of hysterical sobbing. Nothing is more trying to the patience than the convulsive unnatural cries of an hysterical woman; but now in

screaming out, or flying] screaming out & exposing you to all the ship or flying and blinding her!] *not in MS*

it's driven me to madness!] its driven me to distraction.

overheard you asking her to come up here] overheard you <making an appointment>

asking her to come up here

I thought to come up and catch you] & I thought Id come <up> & catch you

with your cursed kiss] with your cursed embracing

deserve such treatment? You] deserve this treatment You

quite exhausted with passion] exhausted with <her violence> passion

more trying to the patience] more painfull to listen to

than the convulsive unnatural cries] than the convulsive {unnatural} crying

of an hysterical woman] of an hysterical <person> woman

this strange position on the deck of the ship, hidden as she was in the gloom of the profound night, her voice exasperated by passion seemed something to shudder at.

Denver had kept perfectly speechless and motionless till her voice broke down: one might not have known of his existence: but now he moved away from her into the circle of light. She seemed by an effort to stifle her cries, and followed him screaming still more passionately than before.

"I've had a fit of this coming on for a long while. I've bitten my lips till my mouth was full of blood, to restrain it and wait till my time came, but I'll have it out now! I thought I'd fling myself overboard into the sea at first, but that I thought how happy it would make you. No I'll not do that; you can't and shan't get rid of me! I'm your lawful wife, you've linked your life to mine. You swore at God's altar to share all my sorrows, and I swear you shall to the last bitter dregs! I'll cling to you to the last hour of your existence, and make every day of your life as great a curse to you as mine are to me! Ah! you feel my words, but I'll make

but now in this strange] but in this strange

hidden as she was] *added between lines in MS*

in the gloom of the profound night] in the midst of the tenebrious gloomy night

had kept perfectly speechless] had kept perfectly <silent> speechless

till her voice broke down.] till <now> <till> her voice broke down.

I've bitten my lips till] Ive bitten my lips through till

and wait till my time came, but] and watch an opportunity but

fling myself overboard into] fling myself into

but that I thought how happy] till I thought how happy

You swore at God's altar] You<ve> swore at God's alter

every day of your life] every <hour> {day} of your life

make you wince still further yet] make you wince further

you wince still further yet, till you're as mad and wretched as you've made me, though you have some one to love you."

Her voice stopped once more as if she were breathless, though his continued silence seemed only to embitter her anger.

Now that they were both come fully into the lamplight, the display of mad passion in the woman's face was something terrible; lit up by the feeble flickering lamp it formed a white angry spot of light surrounded by an immense expanse of darkness. The sky, the sea, and the atmosphere, and the great ship itself, save for a few drifting stars overhead, were here blotted out together and absorbed into the night, and the intense monotonous silence broken by her exasperated voice seemed wishing to diffuse and drown the sound in its breathless immensity.

 were breathless, though his continued silence seemed only] were breathless Denvers

continued silence only seemed

her anger.¶] *no new paragraph*

Now that they were both . . . darkness. The sky] They were both come fully into

the light. It looked perfectly monstrous the display of madness & passion in

the womans face lit by the sombre lamp <ligh> in the one flickering spot of

light in all this immense expanse of surrounding gloom where the sky

the sea, and the atmosphere] the sea the atmosphere

great ship itself, save for] great ship, save for

a few drifting stars overhead] a few dim stars drifting over head

were here blotted out] were all blotted out

and the intense monotonous silence] the intense monotonous silence of which

broken by her exasperated] broken only by her exasperated

seemed wishing to diffuse] seemed to diffuse

breathless immensity.¶] *no new paragraph*

It was as the self-centred madness of Humanity contending vainly with the solemn undeviating dignity of Nature, for no soul on board the ship appeared to hear her.

There was a fierce constrained look about Denver's eyes, but he still said not a word: *her* face looked perfectly hideous in her mad temper. The hood of her cloak had slipped back on her shoulders, leaving her unbound black hair to fall in wreathing tangles about her face and neck. She had thrown the shawl over her night-gown, and her feet and throat were bare. Her face was very dark in complexion, and her livid lips quivering back over her teeth showed them glistening at times. Her deep-set eyes glittering with the revengeful reckless light of madness, under her high cheek-bones and dark eyebrows, gave to her naturally plain features a devilish expression, such as only the blind mad vindictive jealousy which was goading

It was as the self-centred madness] It was the self centered madness
 the solemn undeviating dignity] the solemn <unceasing> {undeviating} dignity
 of Nature, for no soul] of nature. No soul
 to hear her.¶] *no new paragraph*
 leaving her unbound black hair] leaving her scanty black hair
 to fall in wreathing tangles about] to fall about
 had thrown the shawl] had thrown {the<r> shawl
 her nightgown, and her feet] her nightgown her feet
 dark in complexion, and her] dark in complexion her
 her livid lips quivering back] her lips drawn back
 showed them glistening at times.] showed them {at times} glistening beneath <it>.
 light of madness, under her] light of madness behind her
 cheek-bones and dark eyebrows] cheek bones & contracted black eye brows
 jealousy which was goading] jelousy that was goading

her could give to the divinely intended face of woman—hers looked more like the head of an enraged venomous snake.

Most men would have been cowed and silenced by such temper; this man, in the life of danger and toiling stamped upon his features, had gone through too much to be a coward. But the sudden and extreme transition from the sweet expression, the answering embrace, the warm beauty and soft utterance, of the girl who loved him, to this woman his wife, whom he detested—(hated, even more violently, from the lingering consciousness that in his blind desperate love for her rival, he was wronging her undeservedly),—the change, from the almost ecstatic happiness he had felt for one

to the divinely intended face of woman—hers looked] to the face of a woman. It looked

venomous snake.¶] *no new paragraph*

this man, in the life of danger and toiling stamped upon his features, had] Denver in

his life of danger & toiling in the colonial wilderness had
the sudden and extreme transition] the sudden extreme transition
the sweet expression, the answering embrace, the warm beauty and soft utterance] the
sweet expression beauty & soft utterance

the girl who loved him] the girl who secretly loved him

whom he detested . . . the change, from the almost] whom he detested & hated

even more violently perhaps from the {lingering} consciousness which clung
about him in his blind desperate love for her rival that he was doing wrong
to her; from the almost

he had felt for one instant] he had felt for an instant

instant, to this hateful reality, utterly deadened and sickened his heart, and unnerved his brain. His head felt giddy, as he thought of the irrevocable hold she had on him; but of all the conflicting passions which beset him at that moment nothing made him hate her more than the consciousness of his broken oaths, and of the great wrong he was doing her, which could drive her to this. He could hardly bear to look at her, yet his mind flooded by his blind reckless passion for her rival was utterly incapable of pity for *her*. For he could only feel the tantalized never-satiated longing of his heart, and see that his wife, indifferent to him before, and whom he now shrank from, attempted to stand in the way of the only happiness which seemed left to him in the world. He could no more struggle against the fate which had led

this hateful reality, utterly deadened] this hateful realisme, it utterly deadened
 hold she had on him; but of all] hold she had over him. {But} Of all
 beset him at that moment] beset him in that moment
 more than the consciousness] more than his self consciousness
 broken oaths, and of the great wrong] broken oaths <as of some> {& of the} wrong
 doing her, which could drive her] doing her in breaking him, to drive her
 look at her, yet his mind] look at her. His mind
 utterly incapable of pity for *her*. For he could] utterly incapable of self restraint or
 of pitty for *her* He could
 the tantalized, never-satiated longing] the tantalized unsatiated longing
 to him before, and whom he] to him before whom he
 whom he now shrank from] whom he now shrunk from with disgust
 attempted to stand in the way of the only] stood in the way of <t>his attainment
 of the only
 in the world. He could] in the world. No wonder inflamed as he was by the {brief}
 half stolen secret interviews {he could get} with his love yet {being} always in

him on board this ship to fall in love with the beautiful girl (who as blindly reciprocated his passion) than a tired spent swimmer in a whirlpool could contend with it.

And could his wife always cling to him all his life as she had threatened? it seemed like some intangible spell laid on him. His brain felt bewildered, as if his reason were going: all his mental struggling only seemed to leave his love more clearly defined and tenacious—his hatred for his wife more bitter and loathing.

What could be expected of him? he was only one man guided by the same instincts which ever sway the minds of all humanity.

her society, his heart haunted indelibly by the fore knowledge that they must {inevitably} be seperated when the voyage ended, while life seemed <but> {to him} a frozen cloudy chaos whithout her; that he grew more & more desperate with his wife the cause of all his misery. He could beautiful girl (who as blindly reciprocated his passion) than a] beautiful girl he met there, & she as blindly & helplessly to reciprocate his passion; than a in a whirlpool could contend with it.¶] in a whirl-pool. *no new paragraph*

And could his wife] Could his wife threatened? it seemed like some intangible spell laid on him.] threatened There seemed like a spell laid on his <being> existence.

as if his reason were going] as if his reason was going his hatred for his wife more bitter and loathing.¶] his hatred & loathing for his wife more bitter. *no new paragraph*

he was only one man] he was only a man which ever sway the minds] which sway over the minds of all humanity.¶] all humanity, a swimmer struggling among the rocks & breakers desperate for safety & life. *no new paragraph*

One half-uttered irresistible suggestion seemed always dinning in the nerves of his brain. Once it came so strongly as almost to fashion itself into words, but something like a flash of fire in the darkness seemed to bewilder his eyes. It was *too* terrible—he dared not think about it: he felt powerless as a child, and could do nothing. Yet with his wife living, it seemed to him (in his present excitement) that his whole future life would be one blind blank misery to him.

As he stood with his back to the lamp, his gleaming eyes looking restlessly aside into the deep night, like a tiger glancing through its bars, anywhere but at the hateful face before him, in the silence and utter obscurity where all human associations were lost and obliterated, where his mind could meet with no known

 One half-uttered irresistible suggestion] One half unuttered irristible suggestion
 seemed always dinning in] seemed dinned allways in
 Once it came so strongly as almost to fashion itself into words, but something like]

not in MS

It was *too* terrible] it was too horrible
 Yet with his wife . . . one blind blank misery] His whole future life seemed as if it
 would be a blind blank misery
 to him.¶] *no new paragraph*
 like a tiger glancing through] like a tiger's glancing through
 silence and utter obscurity] silence & obscurity
 lost and obliterated, where his mind] lost, were his mind

object to assure itself of its own identity, he could hardly realise his position.

Yet it was unfailingly true. There she stood endeavouring by all the means in her power to taunt and exasperate him out of all patience, while his whole being, well-nigh transmuted to madness by the ordeal it was passing through, was shuddering at and yet irresistibly fascinated by the desperate idea which still haunted and clung to him.

So it was not so much the fear of her unending exasperated reproaches that enervated his limbs and made his brain swim, as the shuddering realities of his own existence.

There was a cold sweat on his brow, despite the fierce look which flitted at times over his features. Nothing could more strangely exhibit the instantaneous extremes between passion and discouragement to which some men's minds are subjected. He

his position.¶] *no new paragraph*

it was unfailingly true] it *was* unfailingly real

by all the means in her power] *not in MS*

whole being, well-nigh transmuted] whole being changed & transmuted

fascinated by the desperate idea] <attracted> {fascinated} by the desperate idea

which still haunted and clung] which still tenaciously haunted & clung

clung to him.¶] *no new paragraph*

So it was not so much the fear] It was not the fear

as the shuddering realities] but the unceasing shuddering realities

own existence.¶] *no new paragraph*

which flitted at times over] which flitted at intervals over

exhibit the instantaneous extremes] exhibit the {instanttainious} extreems

some men's minds are subjected.] some mens minds are subject.

could say nothing and hardly heard what she was saying. She had ceased for awhile as if to gain breath, and now more angered than ever at his silence, or perhaps thinking she had cowed him (for in her wild exasperated state of mind she was utterly incapable of understanding what his silence meant), she went on tauntingly and bitterly.

"Ah! I'm only a weak woman, yet you durstn't look me in the face, coward that you are! It's no use prevaricating; you shall repent your conduct. You think you've kept yourselves so close, but I'll expose you and your shameless paramour to the whole ship. They shall all know what you've made of her and what a villain you've been to me:" and again she broke down into a violent hysterical sobbing and screaming, repeating over and over again, in sob-broken utterance, "I hate you, I detest you!"

"If you hate me as much as I loathe you," said Denver, at last, forcing

 than ever at his silence] than ever at Denvers cotinnued silence
 silence, or perhaps thinking] silence perhaps thinking
 for in her wild exasperated state of mind she was] for her exasperated mind was
 incapable of understanding what] incapable {of comprehending} what
 meant), she went on tauntingly and bitterly] ment, she began again tauntingly at first
 then as angrily as before
 coward that you are!] you coward.
 you and your shameless paramour] you and your shameless creature
 what you've made of her] what she is
 villain you've been to me] villain you are
 down into a violent hysterical sobbing] down into histerical sobbing
 in sob-broken utterance] *not in MS*
 said Denver, at last, forcing] said Denver {at last} forcing

himself to look at her, "why do you come up here at this hour of all hours to madden and tempt me in this way?"

He muttered this almost under his breath as if speaking to himself, but her morbidly acute ear caught the meaning of his words. Her eyes flashed fire and she left off sobbing and gave a taunting laugh, coming still nearer to him on the deck till she could have touched him with her hand, looking defiantly straight in his face. A child could have told she was not in her right senses. Denver went on endeavouring to speak calmly, his tight-clutching hands and lips convulsive with fast accumulating anger.

"What right have you to attempt to make my life a misery to me? We were

to madden and tempt me] to madden me and tempt me

in this way.¶] *no new paragraph*

as if speaking to himself] *not in MS*

caught the meaning of his words.] caught the meaning.

Her eyes flashed fire and] *not in MS*

still nearer to him] still closer to him

to him on the deck till she] to him till she

with her hand, looking] with her hand & staring

defiantly straight in his face] defiantly in his face

A child could have told she was not in her right senses.] *not in MS*

hands and lips convulsive] hands convulsive

with fast accumulating anger] with <his> fast accumulating anger

to attempt to make my life] to make my life

a misery to me?] miserable

never happy together. Your existence has been the curse of my life. You only come up here now to taunt and spite me!"

"What have you done to spite *me*?" she screamed with a fresh outburst of tears.

"Yes you *have* found the truth out and I never tried to conceal it. I do love Laura, I loved her from the first time I ever set eyes on her. I never in my wildest dream saw a face like hers in my life before, and I could no more resist loving her than I could help breathing!—while I *hate* you. You've goaded me now till the devil seems twitching my arms to fling you into the sea—and myself after you! Yes, I do love her, and she loves me in return, in spite of you. She was coming up here to meet me just now. I've been waiting here for two hours and was going wild with impatience till I mistook you for her and kissed you—when I'd sooner have kissed a

Your existence has been] your bad temper<s> {has} been

fresh outburst of tears] fresh {out}burst of tears

Laura, I loved her from] the girl I loved her from

never in my wildest dream] never in the wildest dream

in my life before] before in my life

and I could no more resist] It made my nerves thrill all over. I could nomore [sic]

resist

while I *hate* you] & I hate you

You've goaded me now till] Curse you, youve <goaded> {exasperated} me now

I've been waiting here for two hours and was going] {I've been waiting two hours} I

was going

going wild with impatience] going mad with impatience

till I mistook you] & I mistook you

and kissed you—when I'd sooner] & kissed you & I'd sooner

black bush-snake. Your presence is utterly hateful to me; I'm reckless of you; I don't care what you can do or say. God knows I can't help it if I'm wronging *her*. We can't keep away from each other. On shore we might have been separated; but here in this ship, getting more sick of it every day, I can no more help loving her, or keep from going near her, than iron from a lodestone, or an opium-eater from his laudanum. I'm in heaven when I'm near, and with her, all my life, past and to come, seems obliterated: yet I suffer worse torments than hell's when I'm alone again. I've walked about this deck in the night when she was gone below and nobody could see me, growing more hopelessly infatuated about her every minute (and yet something telling me I could never be really happy with her while you remained my wife), struggling to realize why love such as she and I have for each other must be kept secret or suppressed to break our hearts with—unable to discover or do anything to

black bush-snake. Your presence] rattle snake. Your presence
 wronging *her*. We can't] wronging her {Its as much her fault as mine} We cant
 loving her, or keep from going near] loving her or {keep from} going near
 when I'm near, and with her] when I'm near her
 this deck in the night when] this deck in the nighttime when
 when she was gone below and nobody] when nobody
 growing more hopelessly infatuated] going more hopelessly infatuated
 (and yet something . . . remained my wife)] knowing all the while that I could never
 be married to her or be happy with her because of you being my wife
 already
 struggling to realize why] struggling incapably to realize why
 she and I have for each] she and I feel for each
 kept secret or suppressed] kept secret & suppressed
 unable to discover or do] unable to recognize anything or do

help ourselves, like flies caught in a spider's web!—till I felt as if my brain were entangled in some horrid dream that I should wake from and find a delusion—yet finding it true—till I've gone as wild and desperate as you, and cursed myself, and you, and the God I was taught to believe in, and everything else in the world excepting her. She is as light-hearted, as I'm wretched, as pure and innocent as the sea-foam we're floating on.—Come!" he said, suddenly, and sternly breaking off the desultory disconnected way he had been speaking, and looking straight at her. "Don't begin again. You'd better leave me, Dorothy. I'm wretched enough without you. You may go too far, for it's raised the devil in me talking of *her* in comparison with"

If the light could have been directed on to his countenance, Dorothy his wife would have seen a strange scowl on his brow; but standing with his back to the

flies caught in a spider's web] flies in a spider's web

and find a delusion] and find all a delusion

finding it true--till I've] finding it true & lasting till Ive

and the God I was taught to believe in] *not in MS*

in the world excepting her. She] excepting *her* until my brain reeled & I didnt

know where my feet were—You'd better not have come near me then! Yet
she

is as light-hearted as I'm wretched] seems as <happy> {light hearted} as Im
wretched

Don't begin again. You'd better] <You may go> {Don't begin again} You'd better
too far, for it's raised] too far—It's raised

talking of *her* in comparison with] talking about her

directed on to his countenance] turned onto his features

Dorothy his wife would have] Dorothy Denver his wife would have

lamp as he was, she could only see him shudder and press his clenched hands to his forehead.

She had managed to keep silent with great difficulty, though it could be seen plainly that she was getting more madly exasperated every instant. She seemed hardly able to refrain from flinging herself on him; and she clenched her teeth tight till her head and neck shook in a kind of convulsion—she might have fallen down in a fit, but almost before the last threatening word had left his lips, she interrupted him and said, in a low suppressed voice, "*Fling me overboard, you lying coward, and stain your soul with murder as well.*" At the same time she advanced so close to him that her face was within a foot of his, their eyes glaring straight into each other's pupils, hers

 see him shudder and press] see him shudder visibly & press
 to his forehead.¶] to his <brow> forehead. *no new paragraph*
 though it could be seen plainly that she was] *not in MS*
 getting more madly exasperated] getting more & more madly exasperated
 every instant. She seemed hardly] every instant till she seemed hardly
 able to refrain from flinging] able to restrain from flinging
 on him; and she clenched] on him she clenched
 clenched her teeth tight till] clenched her teeth till
 her head and neck shook] her throat & head shook
 in a kind of convulsion] in a convulsion
 —she might have fallen down] & she seemed as if she would fall down
 interrupted him and said in a low suppressed voice] interrupted shrieking violently
 At the same time she advanced] —advancing
 into each other's pupils, hers] in to each others pupils, <His luminous & fierce as
 any animals {<in the silouet of his head>} reflecting hers blind & mad with
 worked up resentment at the wrongs she had <sustained> suffered> hers

blind and mad with stored-up resentment at the wrongs she supposed herself to have suffered, reflected in his, which showed luminous and fierce as an animal's.

"Fling me overboard, you lying coward and be hung for it! You needn't look at me in that way, you've raised the devil in *me*, and you may quell him if you can. I'll *not* be silent—you shan't intimidate me, I'll scream louder—I'm not frightened to be overheard. She pure! She innocent! Why should a married man be waiting for her up here at this time of night then?" she screamed almost inarticulate with passion and violence, and struggling to express plainly her meaning. Then she retreated back a step from him; shaking her outstretched arm threateningly in his face, while Denver turned to the light, following her movements.

with stored-up resentment] with worked up resentment
 she supposed herself to have suffered] she had suffered
 in his, which showed luminous] in his, luminous
 fierce as an animal's.] fierce as an animals in the silouet of his head
 quell him if you can] quell it if you can
 Why should a married] What should a married
 waiting for her up here] waiting up here for her
 at this time of night] at this hour
 with passion and violence] with her violence
 meaning. Then she retreated back a step from] meaning retreating back {a step} from
 him; shaking her outstretched arm] him & shaking her out stretched arm
 Denver turned to the light, following] Denver turned following
 her movements.¶] her movements. The expression on his face as it came into the
 light looked frightful. *no new paragraph*

The whole of the hatred which for one long month had disputed his soul, as one might say, with his infatuated love, seemed gathered into one look as he listened to her.

"I'll expose and punish the shameless creature! I'll expose and punish your shameless victim, though I'm sent to hell-fire the next instant for it!"

There was a sudden pause, a crisis such as any one looking on at this scene might have shuddered under. She seemed quite unappalled at what she had roused in the man, and stood facing him. He moved, and his face was lost in shadow, and she started back and waited panting and breathless. There was a dead silence, broken only by the placid ripple of the waves, when suddenly a noise like the opening of a shut casement was heard. Previously some undefined sound like the low murmur of a bee had been half-audible; but now some twenty yards from where these two stood, a woman's clear sweet voice rose through the night, in words which could be heard plainly as they issued from her low-strained throat. It was a song the melody of which sounded beautiful beyond expression as the singer sang and pronounced it clearly with her subtle voice—

which for one long month had disputed his soul] which {for a month} had shared &
disputed his <soul> brain
as one might say] *not in MS*
love, seemed gathered into one look] love seemed concentrated & absorbed into that
look
as he listened to her.¶] while he listind to her shrieking <allmost> beside herself
expose and punish your shameless victim though I'm sent] expose her if Ime sent
next instant for it!"] next instant for it. A-D.A *ends here in mid-page*

Alas! who knows or cares, my love,
 If our love live or die,—
 If thou thy frailty, sweet, should'st prove,
 Or my soul thine deny?
 Yet merging sorrow in delight,
 Love's dream disputes our devious night.

 None know, sweet love, nor care a thought
 For our heart's vague desire,
 Nor if our longing come to nought,
 Or burn in aimless fire;
 Let them alone, we'll waste no sighs:
 Cling closer, love, and close thine eyes!²

She ceased and the sweet vibration died swiftly away in the depths of the night. The mind of the singer producing this song must have formed a strange contrast in its utter isolation from the mad flood of passion and hatred and recrimination which swept round those two.

It was as if an utterly windless passionless space of smooth sea and sunlit sky existed, enveloped by a raging black foam-surging ocean—utterly incommunicable with and undisturbed by the surrounding tempest; for the human mind in its variety is like the waves of the sea, one driving on and following another: one strong ripple fashioning a million others to its furthest confines.

Strange was the effect this song produced on both of them,—it was as if the wind had died away in the midst of a storm.

The woman stopped, listening to it with a ghastly look and averted eyes, while Denver turned from his wife trembling all over until it died away, pressing his hands the while wildly over his eyes and brows. When it ceased Dorothy's senses were

suddenly recalled to his presence: she seemed to start and come to herself with a sudden tremor. Her eyes gleamed wildly and cruelly, but her face seemed changed into colourless stone: the next instant she was lost to sight. He saw her face and form recede like a flicker of light vapour into the darkness, and only heard the rustle of her dress on the boards: then all was quiet. He remained a while as if stupefied, without motion, and then he went and leant against the bulwark, looking vacantly out into the night.

CHAPTER II.

Gabriel Denver was one of a party of emigrants to the first attempted colony of Swan River settlement.³ This was as a youth with his parents. His mother, who was Portuguese, by birth, caught fever, and sickened, and died, from the privations consequent upon that well-known and disastrous expedition, where five hundred people were landed and left all but naked in the autumn mists and rain, without covering or shelter. His father was English.

He had lived in most of the settlements of the then wilderness of Australia, before he finally settled down and married Dorothy his wife, in the island colony of Tasmania. He was a young man of five-and-twenty at that time; impetuous and with but slight knowledge of the refinements of a really civilised life. His wife was about the same age, but had till within two or three years of her marriage been in England.

This marriage may be said to have been one more of necessity than of inclination on his part, for he had been engaged deeply in one of the wild speculation manias in which the busy colonists used then so frequently to lose their hard-earned gains, and he had lost, not only his own, but his sister's money, which by marrying he was enabled to pay back.

As might be supposed, Dorothy must have been strongly inclined towards her husband; still young and handsome, the rough people among whom they lived must have deemed him far too good for the wife he found in her after two or three months. But Denver was of a taciturn, almost one might say sombre nature: there was a sprinkling of the old Spanish gravity in his blood maybe, but at any rate he seemed to have accepted his fate passively, though the lines of his face showed the deep and resolute inborn energy of which he was capable when roused or provoked.

In his character the fire and passionate fitfulness of his mother's southern nature were strangely blended with the cold reflecting qualities and energy of the northern blood: one in no way neutralizing the other, for with Denver reflection always came *after* the attainment of his desire, never before.

It was an impossibility to a man of this temperament to love a woman of whose heart and soul he knew, or could tell, nothing, and in whose face was no beauty; and if his wife really loved him or was so inclined at first, she never let him know it, but soon grew callous to the neglect which in the beginning had roused her bitter though unavailing anger. She relapsed into a mere household drudge, while Denver half forgot her existence in the labour of daily toiling and in the sweat of his brow.

Sometimes while away in the bush, surrounded by the wild and awe-striking Australian scenery, he might perhaps have reflected half-bitterly on the disappointed and unrealized dreams of his youth, and on the contrast presented to them by his wife, who would never even so much as inquire, after a three weeks' absence, where he had been. He was a man who, had he been endowed with education and with the power of expressing his thoughts (which as it was he scarcely knew himself to be), might have been a thinker or a poet, but who, as things were, kept solitarily within the circle of his own thoughts. Hidden passion however, in one form or another, will always sooner or later find a means of expression.

I think a sadness was cast across his mind by the death of his last blood relation in the colony—his sister Winifred—for whose sake he had united himself to Dorothy. She died unmarried, so the money came back to him. While his sister was living, he could not really regret his marriage, seeing that it was for her advantage, but now, when owing to her death, the money came back to him, it mentally broke the sole tie that united him to his wife, however much they might remain united in the sight of the law. Still his life was settled: he had chosen his lot rashly, but he

must abide by it. Maybe the patience with which he bore his self-imposed chains was caused by the absence of any inducement to burst them, for he was a man of deep and hidden passion, and of that keen nervous temperament, of which the hot outbursts would have been irresistible, when urging him on to some definite object.

Now for Denver to learn that a thing was banned to him, was enough almost to make him unconsciously long for it, and being truthful as a child it was impossible for him to conceal his wants. This disposition was of that order often to be found in the half-civilized men who begin life in strange and new colonies, and is as it were a sort of protest of nature, or half return to the blind, though in the main, unerringly-right, instincts, from which civilization has originally evolved them.

His nature too was of that peculiar magnetic order which so unaccountably assimilates, as one might say, other minds to itself. This quality of mind is more powerful even than beauty of face; Denver possessed both, and his being so perfectly unaware of their presence made them even stronger. He was indeed a man with whom excitable women fall, sometimes, madly in love.

Now Dorothy callous as she was, on finding that *she* could never be loved by him, determined still that no other woman should; her husband never suspected the deep and patient jealousy she really regarded him with, though a practised physiognomist might have read it clearly enough from her face and deep-set eyes.

Now they had lived together quietly, though without children, for nine years, when on the morning of December 15th, 1824, a letter arrived for Denver dated a full year previously. It had taken all that time to reach him, and was from a London lawyer, informing him of a legacy left him, by which he became possessor of a larger sum than he could have made during his whole life in the island. There was no choice for him but either to hear nothing more for a year or even longer, or to leave immediately for England by the *Black Swan* return emigrant ship, which would start from S— in a couple of days. Denver, who had already been thinking more

than once of taking the journey for other reasons, left hastily to secure a passage for himself and wife, she remaining behind to arrange such things as might be necessary for the long voyage.

After a four hours' ride across the rough roads, Denver reached the small seaport town, two hours before the arrival of the ship from Hobart Bay; and he first saw it as a small speck on the horizon gradually enlarging, till it came within half a mile of the shore. Two women could be seen on the quarter-deck, but they did not attract his notice, for he supposed there would be many other passengers on board.

It was nearly night-time before the *Black Swan* anchored in the shallow waters of the bay, and only the dark silhouettes of her flapping and soon furled sails could be seen against the dying radiance in the western sky, as he was rowed to her side. As may be supposed, such an unusual arrival as an English ship in the undulating waters of the little bay created much excitement in the town, and the shore was thronged with men, women, and children, and noise and light. Denver soon got on board in the darkness to make arrangements with the master, and found the first mate on deck.

The ship sailed the next evening he was told, there would be only two passengers on board beside himself and wife. Had he any family with him?

"None."

Well he hoped they should make a good voyage. Captain Gregory had been out shooting at the Cape and had met with an accident he was sorry to say. They were to pick him up on returning if possible, but it was by no means certain that he would be well enough, so that the speaker himself had had to navigate the ship, and a heavy responsibility it was added to his other duties. They had only touched land to procure fresh vegetables, and it was not an unpleasant surprise to get two more passengers. Who were the two on board? Well, one was a pretty girl with bright brown hair; her name was Laura Conway. The other was her servant, or nurse

or something, he didn't know. They both kept very close to themselves, so he hadn't seen much of them during the five days they'd been on board. He'd heard on shore that she'd lost her parents and was to join some relative in London. At any rate she looked very poorly and he— Oh, the fare! the passage money? Well, it's ninety guineas down in gold per man, no extras and twenty more when you leave the ship— Well, as he was saying, Miss Conway looked poorly and he hoped Mrs. Denver would look after her and freshen her up a bit, she'd want it before long; her old nurse was worse than an encumbrance to her.

This disconnected dialogue took place on the fore-deck, in the dark, so that Denver could barely see the face of the man he was talking to. The idea of being in company with the girl the sailor described to him interested his mind, despite the more important matters he had on hand, and perhaps his compassion was in some slight degree roused by the trifling unconsidered words of the sailor, but at present he had brought his money to pay for the passage, and the mate led him up the obscure lumbered deck and down in to the cabin to sign the printed receipt.

An old woman with a worn wrinkled face sat with her elbows on the table as they entered, and she was coughing. The sailor said, "Mr. Gabriel Denver, your fellow-passenger to be, with his wife." She rose tottering, and looked at him, making a curtsy, and then went away. The man signed the form, not without some consideration, counted the gold which the colonist put down on the table, tested doubtful pieces in his mouth; then finding it all right he put the paper into Denver's hand, asking him at the same moment whether he wished to look into his sleeping-berth; and he went and opened a door at the end of the compartment, disclosing a passage about two feet wide and ten long, which had doors on each side, some open and some shut. Denver was too tired to take much notice of what he saw. He only spoke of the place being filled with the peculiar salt smell to be found in all confined places in the vicinity of the sea: but the mate, with the cheerful

remark, "The stench 'll soon clear off when it's used a little, and we get out on to the open water," walked through and flung back a small window at the end, letting a fresh stream of the sea-breeze flow through in their faces, while Denver prepared to go on shore worn out with the excitement of the day.

When he rose the next morning he had different businesses to transact in the town, which kept him occupied till nearly noon; then he was free to go down to the shore and on board the ship again. There was a slight swell on from the sea, and the brown sand was all wet and dashed with its foam, as he walked down the small picturesque jetty, made of stones and whole tree-trunks bound together with cramps of iron, and covered with green seaweed below high water mark, and stepped into one of the boats moored there. It was dinner hour and there were only two or three listless tamed aborigines to be seen lying idly, out of reach of the sea, like dogs half buried in the hot sand in the sunshine; and he had to row himself.

The *Black Swan* swaying slightly on the waves lay anchored about two hundred yards off shore. She was a large and two-masted ship, Spanish-built about forty years before, and had been most likely captured in one of the numerous sea skirmishes of 1780. Her forecastle was very high and its beak projected prominently over the waves elongated still further by the bowsprit. The prow was very blunt and this showed a dull sailer. The quarter-deck and stern under which Denver first approached, rose about six feet over the middle-deck, but were lower than the forecastle, and four windows cut lozenge-shaped in the sides with little panes of thick glass intended to light the cabin, and resist the sea at the same time, gave the stern of the ship a singularly picturesque appearance. A line of fantastic carving went round these apertures continued from one to another in a line round the stern where the name of the ship was painted in red. This carving was gilded but tarnished and worn by age; the rest of the side was painted simply black as the name seemed to suggest.

Early in the morning she had finished loading what little cargo remained to be taken on board, and now only rode at anchor. The great ship as she swung and lurched tossing her high masts on the slight fluctuations of the waves seemed like a restive horse impatient for action.

There appeared to be no one on deck, the men were most likely resting from their labours at noon. Making his boat fast to a sort of ladder which hung down the side at the gangway, Denver scrambled up on to the deck and looking round him he saw the still uncovered entrance to the hold, a great black chasm, with an iron ladder leading down it which he began descending as if in the hope of finding some one there. Right at the farthest end, a ship-lantern, swinging from the great cross-beam which held the deck up, threw a dim and uncertain light over great heaps of sacks and barrels, secured and lashed together by connecting ropes, while a great blaze of sunshine from the opening above showed him the place was deserted. The smell was so sickening that he was glad to climb out into the fresh sea breeze again.

It was now approaching the height of the Austral summer; the day would have been unendurably sultry but for the cool and fragrant gusts of the wind fresh-scented from the just-blossoming woods off shore. Denver went listlessly and sat down in a patch of blue shadow cast over the stern, as if to wait at his leisure the appearance of any one connected with the ship. He first looked out to sea, perhaps thinking upon the miles upon miles of hidden peril which lay beyond those now smiling horizons. Then after a while he turned his gaze across the cool green glittering waves, heaving and undulating one after another as they stretched away for the shore. There lay the town built chiefly of wood, its white-painted walls bright in the sun, here and there an English red-tiled roof visible and forming a contrast to the rest of the straggling-built houses, of which the planks, painted gaudily bright when first hammered together, were now toned down and neutralized into strangely beautiful harmony by the dust and dirt of a few seasons. The sunbright curtains

dangled at the open windows, the dusty grey-green foliage of the Tasmanian trees (diversified in one place by a group of yellow-flowered laburnums imported by some home-sick colonist) moved tremulously in the wind, all forming a picture unlike anything one can imagine in Europe; a kind of intermingling of tropical and English scenery strange to contemplate; not indeed that the Australian could be supposed to notice such peculiarities as he gazed on the view before him, or the yet more peculiarly tropical way in which the trees towered over and grew amongst the houses, sprung from the gardens and waste places. Since the few short years of the town's existence all had risen as if by magic, from the very same spot he had landed on twelve years before, then a beautiful wilderness; now over the whole place there hung a vapour of blue smoke from the chimneys.

Even the water seemed peculiar to itself in its almost faultless lucidity: the sand in its depths sparkled like gold, and the shadow of the ship cast slantingly through the waves could be seen plainly on it.

The long reaches of the bay or cove were seen winding for miles on each side of the town which lay in its centre, edged always by a continuous line of white-foaming breakers. Denver's keen eyes could see the bright-coloured flowers as they grew scattered on the low furze-covered cliffs, on which, two or three miles off, the dark inland forest grew in places so low down near the sea that it seemed to reach over and cast shadows on the surge; the well-known densely-wooded hills, slightly cultivated at their bases, rose behind. All was crowned by the deep-coloured, sultry, and glorious blue sky, and the whole scene was burning and scintillating beneath the unmitigated splendour of the noon-day sun.

To most of the people who live, or may have lived in this world, any particular scenery recalling impressions of past happiness to the mind, may be said to have satiated it, so as to dull and deaden any feeling of regret on its being exchanged or lost to view. Now this prospect which Denver gazed into so intently, if

it recalled no positive misery to him, at least suggested few ideas of any but the most transient pleasure, and this might account for the half-sad feeling which tinged and invaded his mind as he thought that he might never see it again in this life. Somehow he felt that he had not had all he ought to have had out of so much bounteous profusion; some intangible and unnamable desire in his heart was left unsatisfied, an unpaid debt of nature existed as it were, which he was reluctant to cancel.

As he sat thus, gazing dreamily into the distance, the intense noon-day silence was suddenly broken. A woman's voice was heard singing down underneath him, the sound so faint and inarticulate at first that it seemed half formed out of the plashing of the water, and more like the wild unconscious sighing of the wind in an *Æolian* harp than a human voice, but its sweetness soon intensified into a thrill that held all his nerves in suspense for the moment while it lasted; then it died away.

Denver's brain, dreaming over the associations suggested by the spectacle of the country across the sea, was just in that unconcentrated state which leaves the mind helplessly unprotected from outer impulses or impressions; in fact liable to be overwhelmed by the first pleasurable sensation which stirs its curiosity; and this unexpectedly sweet voice more than startled him, for no doubt he dimly remembered something of what the mate had told him the evening before. He stood up, as if waiting for it to recommence, but only the plaintive, half-hushed, ripple of the water could be heard, until he could have believed he had imagined it into some tune himself. He at last walked across the deck and got down into his boat alongside, determined to row round the ship and find where the sound came from; and he had just pulled round the stern, tossing gently on the waves, as he was arrested by something which apparently fascinated him.

A young girl, nearly grown to womanhood, was leaning with her bare arms on the sill of a cabin casement, looking across the cool green sea, to where it deepened

into blue at its confines. She had a face sad in expression, yet so beautiful, that Denver could hardly believe in what he saw. Her eyes were all luminous and pale with reflected lights from the translucent water, and the warm fragrant wind was blowing her golden brown hair in clustering ringlets across her shoulders and neck, and where the sunlight caught on it, its tangles glowed and sparkled as with red fire. She was combing out its vine-like tendrils, and singing still, though almost under her breath. A linen chemisette hung lightly round the soft curve of her white delicate shoulders and was pressed and modelled to the shape of her breast by the sea breeze. Her throat, where it showed through her streaming hair, was exquisitely tender and well formed.

The oars dropped out of Denver's hands as he looked up at her, and this slight noise attracted her attention. She turned, and seeing the strange bearded face with its keen glistening eyes, watching her, she disappeared but not before a deep blush had suffused her countenance: and he was left staring up at the empty casement like a bird fascinated by a snake, his heart beginning to throb, and his nerves to thrill as if under the influence of some wild burst of music, as indeed at first he had been. Such subtle magic seemed instilled into his brain, that he still remained as if stupefied with his face turned up to the blank window, which, with its gilded carving, looked like a frame from which some wonderful picture had been withdrawn, until an old wrinkled face appeared at the opening and a curtain was drawn across it. This recalled him to himself, and with his brain in a whirl, he again began, but slowly and reluctantly, to pull round the ship.

Denver could not have seen this girl, Laura Conway (for such was her name) above two or three quarters of a minute at the utmost, and yet had she mesmerized him, he could not have separated himself more unwillingly from her (or rather from the spot where he had seen her) or have fallen more completely under her power, had she wished for power over him. Now that he could see her no longer he

seemed to have emerged from some dream the entire meaning, or words, or appearances of which the awakened sleeper tries and longs ineffectually to reconstruct, from such fleeting fragments as remain in his memory.

It was past; and only the red curtain fluttered in the wind.

They say that dreams occur simultaneously with the act of awakening,⁴—this also had been all but instantaneous, and after it, a sort of awakening seemed to have been entailed, though to what, he knew not. Then perhaps, in that first instant, had his soul caught a glimpse down that long vista of entanglement so soon to mislead it. For Laura's beautiful eyes had ensnared his soul with their magnetism though he could hardly remember their colour; still less recall distinctly the shape of her face. An indistinct impression of sun-sparkling wind-blown hair, of her bare arms and white shoulders, was all that was left for his imagination to fill up and complete: or perhaps *assimilate* to some forgotten ideal of its own, and this may account better for his ultimate feelings towards her, than if he had known her from childhood.

Now there is always in the human heart, no matter how bad, or dull, or callous, it may be in other directions, a certain store of conjugal love which can never be wasted by any but legitimate use, however long it may lie unused. Denver had never loved any woman save his dead sister, and now for the first time in his life he had met with a woman he could be satisfied to love as his wife.

Not indeed that the drift of this unspeculative inclination and love was voluntary—for the present he was utterly incapable of analysing or understanding his feelings. He only felt the instinctive yearning, the charm which leads or misleads the brain and heart, and was as incapable of guiding it, or calming himself, as of staying the sun's course in the distant blue heaven above him. The love that ultimately changed his whole nature and being, wound and instilled itself into him before he knew of its existence, and was as it were carried through his brain and nerves with the unconscious circulation of his life-blood, or like wild-fire through the sun-burnt

arid wildernesses he had passed his life in and well-nigh identified his nature with, fire which it takes but a lucifer match to ignite; but which must then burn all before it to the sterile end.

When he did ultimately become aware of what his love must entail in its fulfilment (far out at sea as they then were with nothing else to occupy his attention) he was too much carried away by the passionate wilfulness of his nature to be able to resist his inclination, or even to dream of doing so. But now when scarce six minutes had passed, he loved blindly and helplessly like a child which cries for something it is unable to ask for in words—though his heart's demand was soon to grow articulate. Foreshadowings of all these phases of passion glided past his mind in a sort of reverie, while the boat rolled and quivered in the shifting waves, impelled reluctantly towards the shore, for he would fain have gone back again, could he have found any plausible reason for his doing so. He faced the *Black Swan* as he sat in the boat, and in his eyes the great ship, so matter-of-fact in its picturesque plainness ten minutes before, was transformed into a magic place, each casement, timber or rope of it haunted with strange ineffable fantasies, and all concentrating round one point, the face he had fallen in love with. At last he reached the jetty and stepped out among several men who stood there, scarcely noticing their faces, and stood looking back on the ship as it rode at anchor.

Two or three figures appeared about it, some aloft, and some on deck, and a boat half-filled with cabbages and carrots put off, to go on board, as he stood there, for the ship was taking in such vegetables and greenmeat as would last some time during the voyage; the boat reached it, its cargo was hauled up in a net and it returned empty. Two or three rough carts loaded with potatoes stood on the sand, and the men were all too busy unloading them to notice Denver's abstracted gaze fixed on the stern of the vessel.

A few of the cunning-brained natives stood around, in order to steal wherever they might get a chance in the confusion; one had brought the dead strange-shaped body of a kangaroo to sell to the ship. Boats were employed carrying the vegetables, and the whole crew were engaged getting them on board. Great strings of cabbages were hung round the stern, and strange to say, even in the rigging; after a while the kangaroo itself was hung up under the shrouds, head downwards; the ship's own boat was hoisted up and secured on the deck. At last the present master of the *Black Swan*, the man he had seen the night before, came off on shore and stood talking to Denver for more than half an hour, and giving directions to the men.

It was a remarkable and suggestive thing that Denver never spoke one word of the girl he had seen and knew to be on board. The sailor was inquiring of him when his wife would arrive and what luggage they would have, and he merely replied to the questions; and when the mate returning asked him if he cared to go back with him and dine (for the officers dined an hour later than the men), he made some excuse and refused: it seemed the man was not aware of his having already been on board that day.

He was left to himself again, and he spent the whole afternoon wandering about the little wooden-paved streets of the town, always coming back to examine the ship afresh with unrelaxing vigilance. Now about four o'clock as he came down in front of the vessel for perhaps the eighth or ninth time, he saw a woman standing on the quarter-deck, just where he himself had been that morning; she was leaning on the bulwarks looking at the shore. Denver always had in his coat pocket a small telescope or eye-glass such as was used in those days in the colonies for finding cattle that had strayed; he raised this and looked through it. As if by magic her face came within two or three feet of his eager eyes, making him at first almost start back.

No philosopher, whose seemingly wasted years of labour and unremittent watchfulness have unexpectedly rewarded him with the sight of a new planet, could have gazed on it with more rapture than that which shook Denver's soul, as he looked for the first time unhindered on Laura's face. When once the star is found there is an end of it, who can know or examine it further? but Denver knew he would soon be side by side with Laura, in her presence, hearing the rustle of her dress, almost within sound of her respiration and hearing her speak, and would live near her day by day, a space of time that seemed to him in his blindness a whole eternity.

No words can describe the unutterable longing which fell on his heart as he watched the tender figure (she was clothed in blue serge) balancing gracefully and slenderly with the slight motion of the sea, her face like an unplucked flower, with beautiful curved mouth and drooping eyelids, weighed down by the lashes over large dilated pupils, the irises as blue as heaven, while her hair was now clustered and bound round her forehead; all seeming so near to him that he could have stretched out his hand to touch it, and yet so far off. His lips trembled and in his agitation he moved the telescope, and before he could fix it again she was gone.

This scene was the last stroke in the forging of his passion, from that moment he knew that he loved her irrevocably.

One may perhaps think that this description of the hot outburst of passion in the heart of a grown man all in so short a time is exaggerated, or too imaginary to be true; but one must always remember that every feeling that goes to the making of an ordinary attachment must, to him who loves at first sight, be it as it were condensed into one simultaneous draught: no wonder then that it should intoxicate the mind and senses speedily. There are phases of human passion which, while they last, can never be described in words—only some of our most madly inspired musicians have been divinely gifted with the power to elicit and strike these chords, for which

indeed their art is the only possible utterance.

All the rest of the day as Denver paced about looking on the ship, a divine ecstasy of yearning seemed to have fallen on him such as might have possessed the soul of some ancient martyr as it swept through the darkness of death into the open radiance of its imaginary heaven.

It is strange that all that time he should have shrunk from going on board the ship where she was—until the last moment. I think it was a kind of anticipation of delight, a prolongation of longing to its uttermost limits of desire, which kept him on shore till his wife arrived in the town. Very little of his thoughts had been spent on *her* that day.

The sun was setting in a swift-fading flood of luminosity over the hills, and as the shades of evening fell, veiling the town and the sea in its placid obscurity, they went on board. Before morn the signal-lamps of the *Black Swan* had passed into the gloom over the horizon.

CHAPTER III.

Now in a short time, of the four passengers whom the *Black Swan* carried with her, Denver and his wife Dorothy, Laura Conway and her old nurse, one no longer needed her shelter; for the old decrepit woman sickened and died in the first week of the long and perilous voyage, and the poor girl her mistress was left without a single known friend within many thousand miles of her. When the dead woman was cast overboard by the sailors, Laura as she looked into the fast-receding distance blurred by her tears (where the shotted hammock had been flung into its ocean grave) found and knew that she was alone in the world. The dead woman must have been connected with her earliest associations—the dim consecrated recollections of childhood—and her death was an unexpected loss such as leaves a void indeed in daily life: yet what grief she felt, she seemed to restrain within herself. She must have endured sorrow before, for she was silent over it: but a weariness like

the four passengers whom the] the four passengers the
the long and perilous voyage] the long <&> perilous voyage
poor girl her mistress was left] poor girl {her mistress} was left
without a single known friend] without a single {known} friend
within many thousand miles] with<out> in eight thousand miles
miles of her. When the] miles of her, <&> When the
was cast overboard by the sailors] was cast over {-board} by the sailors
where the shotted hammock] where the <rough coffin> {shotted hammock}
found and knew that she was] found & knew {that} she was
recollections of childhood] recollections of <her> childhood
was an unexpected loss such as] was <such> an {unexpected} loss {such} as
a void indeed in daily life] a void {indeed} in <the> daily life

enervation seemed to have cast its visible shadow over her, and she remained by herself in her own compartment, or went about the confined space in the stern, with pallid face and listless footsteps.

Only by some strong effort of the will could Denver restrain his commiseration from too plainly expressing what was in his heart, and perhaps his first feelings of real hatred for Dorothy arose from the cold unsympathetic manner in which she first looked on at the deathbed and strange funeral:—and then neglected Laura afterwards.

Something must have betrayed him to his wife: she knew that he loved Laura, before Laura knew it herself. She never spoke to him, and seldom even noticed Laura's presence, and said no word to her about the old nurse's death. Perhaps she noticed the flush which came over the pallid features, and the eyes which brightened, whenever the colonist was near, or speaking to Laura, and this seemed perpetually

 but a weariness like enervation] but a weariness <&> {like} enervations
 seemed to have cast] seemed to cast
 strong effort of the will] strong effort of {the} will
 feelings of real hatred for Dorothy] feelings of {2} dislike, or {1} hatred for Dorothy
 arose from the cold] <were created by> {arose from} the cold
 in which she first looked] in which she {first} looked
 the deathbed and strange funeral] the <strange> deathbed & {strange} funeral
 and then neglected Laura] & {then} neglected Laura
 she knew that he loved Laura, before Laura knew it herself] [*added between lines:*

(*she* knew that he loved Laura before Laura <knew or> dremt of it herself)
 seldom even noticed Laura's presence, and said] seldom {even} noticed Laura's presence
 <even>—and said
 about the old nurse's death] about <the death of> her old nurse's {death}
 was, near, or speaking to] was near & speaking to

recurring, yet, strange to say, she appeared to avoid them, and even purposely leave them together: yet in reality she ever stealthily watched them.

It was her pride endeavouring to overcome or hide her jealousy, but it was an unequal strife, for under the veil of affected carelessness, the gnawing care was always in her heart.

One night, in the double cabin in which they slept, lying awake in the darkness, she heard Denver muttering in his slumber like a sleep-talker, and listening intently she heard him, after a while, utter distinctly the words,

"Laura, Laura, I love you."

The next morning she insisted on changing her cabin and having one to herself—another was prepared for her, and in this she seemed to pass all her time.

this seemed perpetually recurring, yet, strange to say, she] <i>this seemed <all the

day long> {ever recurring} yet she

appeared to avoid them] *"appeared" written over "seemed"*

yet in reality she] but in reality she

she ever stealthily watched them.¶] she <always> {ever} stealthily watched. them. *no*

new paragraph

to overcome or hide her jealousy] to overcome {& hide} her jealousy

but it was an unequal] & it was an unequal

the gnawing care was always] the gnawing <of> care was allways

in her heart.¶] *no new paragraph*

muttering in his slumber like] muttering like

heard him, after a while, utter distinctly the words, ¶"Laura, Laura, I love you. ¶The

next] heard him <m>utter the word "Laura". The next

The chief cabin of the *Black Swan* was a low-roofed compartment about twenty or thirty feet long and of the width of the vessel; the companion steps which led to the quarter-deck came down at one end of it; when the door at the top swung open with any lurch of the ship, the sky crossed by the black lines of the rigging was visible, all reflected at the other end in a large mirror, cracked right down the centre and fastened in a tarnished gold moulding: on each side of the frame was a door. A warm red carpet was stretched on the floor-deck, and the long narrow table down the middle, seemed part of the construction. Along each side

a low-roofed compartment about] a low-roofed {compartment} about
 twenty or thirty feet long] twenty feet long
 the companion steps which led] The steps {<of the companion>} which led
 to the quarter-deck] to the {<entrance on the>} quarter deck
 down at one end] down {at} one end
 with any lurch of the ship] *not in MS*
 black lines of the rigging] black lines of rigging
 all reflected at the other] all this was reflected at the other
 in a large mirror] <by> {in} a large mirror
 mirror, cracked right down] mirror <in a tarnished gold <frame> moldind> craked
 right down
 of the frame was a door] of the frame <were two> {was a} door<s>
 A warm red carpet] Aworn [*sic*] red carpet
 table down the middle, seemed] table {down the middle} seemed
 seemed part of the construction] seemd <built in the <center> middle> {part of the
 construction}
 Along each side] Down each side

were the four small windows, so that a constant view of the dreary grey waves could be had, occasionally blurred and diversified by the splashes of white foam which flew past. Through these, a perpetual luminous trembling of green light was reflected on the rafters of the white-painted ceiling, from the waves outside. The whole apartment, with the delusive mirror at one end of it, was very long and dim and shadowy, and might have been said to look, save for the occasional slanting of the roof and sides, like a room in some old country-house.

Of the two doors at the stern end, that on the left led into a collection of small cupboards entitled the "Ladies' compartments," the other to where Denver's cabin was; there was supposed to be accommodation for thirty people in these places. All

 were the four small windows] were four small windows

so that a constant view] so that a view

could be had, occasionally] could be seen occasionally

blurred and diversified by] blurred by

of white foam which] of <gray> white foam which

flew past. Through these, a perpetual luminous trembling] flew past, & a constant

trembling

the rafters of the white-painted ceiling] the {rafters of the luminous} white

<washed> {painted} cieling

with the delusive mirror at one end of it] *not in MS*

was very long and shadowy . . . in some old country house.¶] was very dim &

shaddowy {but for the ocasional slanting of the roof & sides it looked

<exactly> like <a> {some} room in an old country house} *no new paragraph*

that on the left] one on the left

the other to where Denver's] the other <led> to where Denvers

arrangements were very imperfect on board the return emigrant ship, though these three passengers, matured and used to the roughnesses of the early colonial life, but for the confinement, did not feel so uncomfortable as one might think.

Laura and Dorothy were the only two women on the ship; the cabin and passengers were attended to by a boy hardly twelve years old; and the two mates both lived in the high forecastle near to the sailors, who, nineteen in number including the negro cook and the boy, could have been hardly enough to

 very imperfect on board the] very imperfect on the
 passengers, matured and used to] passengers nurtured & used to
 of the early colonial life] of {the early} colonial life
 did not feel so uncomfortable] <were not> {did not feel} so uncomfortable
 one might think.¶] *no new paragraph*

only two women on the ship] only <three> women on the ship
 twelve years old; and the two mates both] twelve years old <whose face & clothes
 & hair appeared to grow dirtier {& more tangled} evry day of the voyage.
 Very little was seen after a few days of the master & part owner of the
 vessle save once his raving in a fit of Delerium Tremens allarmed the whole
 ship in the dead of night for he was a drunkard & seemd to keep down in
 his cabbins the whole day long abandoning the control of the voyage entirely
 to> the two mates <who> both

high forecastle near to the sailors] high forecastle, <with> {near} the sailors
 the sailors, who, nineteen in number including the negro cook and the boy, could
 have been hardly enough to] the sailors. There were nineteen men {with the
 negro cook & the cabin boy} of the crew; hardly enough, it seemed, to

man efficiently the old-fashioned ship, with its crowded sails and multitudinous ropes and spars.

So Laura and Denver were left together in each other's company, hour after hour, without separation or change. It was in the cabin I have described that Laura coming out of her room, in the morning, when they had long lost sight of land, saw Denver standing looking at the door she was opening, and recognised with a tremor the keenly handsome face she had seen so unexpectedly the day before. She blushed: maybe even then some particle of the intense feeling she afterwards came to regard him with was latent in her imagination, for the sun-burned features, the flashing eyes, and the dark curling beard and hair had been caught up as by some vagary of nature and stamped on her brain; she had dreamt about him, and she was thinking about him even when she suddenly came face to face with him at this moment.

man efficiently the old-fashioned ship, with its crowded] man the old fashioned vessel,

with its crouded

ropes and spars.¶] *no new paragraph*

in each other's company] *added between lines (without the apostrophe) in MS*

the cabin I have described that] the cabin that

in the morning, when they had long lost sight of land] the morning after departure

recognised with a tremor the keenly] recognised the keenly

of the intense feeling she] of the feeling she

imagination, for the . . . dreamt about him, and she] imagination, <for> the

{bearded} featured [sic] had haunted her brain while sleeping <that night> &

she

about him even when she] about him {even} when she

with him at this moment.¶] with him. *no new paragraph*

There was a disagreeable-looking woman standing beside him; she was his wife.

Then her old servant friend fell ill, and in the trouble and grief of nursing her (as her life gradually ebbed and sank into stupor till she died), her mind was occupied, and she was almost worn out, as her paleness attested. She could have had no sleep for three days and nights, in spite of the unwilling assistance of the jealous wife. At last she was alone in the ship.

That evening, when Denver met her on the deck and spoke to her, there was some strange-toned fascination in the commiserating words he said to her; and his gleaming eyes seemed to penetrate and quiver into her very soul, leaving a lingering impression, like the vibration of some seldom-struck chord, in some sombre melody, that unexpectedly and inexplicably rouses and perturbs the mind's abstraction

standing beside him; she was his *Ed*] standing beside her; she was his *R&H*;

standing beside him she saw her look sharply at both their faces as they met.

It was his *MS*

ebbed and sank into stupor till] ebbed & sank till

occupied, and she was almost] occupied, almost

She could have had no sleep] She had no sleep

the jealous wife. At last] the jealous wife & at last

in the ship.¶] *no new paragraph*

Denver met her on the deck and spoke] Denver spoke

said to her; and his gleaming] said to her, & in his face; & {his} gleaming

vibration of some seldom-struck] vibration of a seldom-struck

inexplicably rouses and perturbs] inexplicably rouses & stirs

the mind's abstraction] the {mind's} concentration

with inarticulate desire.

Between them both there seemed some hidden connection, a wordless compact, which neither could fathom, comprehend, or resist; it was as if their spirits had met in a dream, or as if they had been brought up together in childhood, but, changed by time, were unable to recognise each other, though their minds formed under the same influences and impressions had still in common the same bond of sympathy between them.

As the girl looked in Denver's face she answered him falteringly, but a heavy load seemed gone from her heart, and her grief and weariness seemed forgotten for awhile. It was as if some oppressive doubt (the origin or meaning of which nevertheless she was utterly ignorant of) had been suddenly solved or dispelled. Every

with inarticulate desire.¶] with its occult {inarticulate} inexpressible desire. *no new*

paragraph

connection, a wordless compact, which] connection a wordless compact <& confidence>

which

it was as if their] as if their

dream, or as if they had] dream, or {that} they had

but, changed by time, were] but changed & transmuted by time

recognise each other, though their minds] recognise each other<'s faces> while their

twin minds

formed under the same influences] formed from the same influences

had still in common the same bond] wore still the same bond

Denver's face she answered him falteringly, but a heavy] Denver's face & answered

him falteringly, a heavy

seemed forgotten for awhile] seemed forgotten for a time

It was as if some . . . solved or dispelled.] *not in MS*

tone of his voice and expression of his features showed that he felt for her and pitied her. Now to have the strong-willed sunburnt colonist's compassion, appeared an unexpected atonement and compensation to her, in a place where she could only have expected to find a pitiless empty void of unknown faces.

Her mind, scarcely developed yet, was innocent as a child's, with the same flow of passionate feeling in its unsounded and unsuspected depths. I say unsuspected, because as yet no particular aspect of thought or passion was stamped on her face, despite a certain dreamy look, which at times seemed as though it might yet develope, at a touch, into something more defined in character; and this united perhaps with that strange fitful energy, under which, when resisted, the weakest woman sometimes grows terrible, and which all women moreover are capable of. Now with

tone of his voice and expression of his features] every <movement> {tone} of his

voice & <look> {movement} of his features

could only have expected to find] could have expected to find only

empty void of unknown faces.¶] empty void. *no new paragraph*

Her mind, scarcely developed yet, was] Her mind was

with the same flow . . . and unsuspected depths] with the same deep unutterable

flow of feelings in its unsounded {&} unsuspected depths

I say unsuspected . . . defined in character;] [*on p. [35] of A-D.B.*] I say

unsuspected <depth> because yet no patticular <side> {aspect} of <her>

passion {of mind} was shwn in her face despite a dreamy look which seemd

at times as if it might <still> {yet} merge {at a touth} into some more

defined carecter

and this united perhaps with that] & yet united with that

fitful energy, under which . . . are capable of] fitful energy which all women are

capable of at times. {& under which when restrained they grow terrible}

two such natures as these, the seeds of compassion and gratitude, could not have fallen in a soil less fitted to restrain them from flowering into more definite expansion.

The commencement and extremes of human passion are dumb, and in speech well-nigh expressionless; only the soul comprehends what the tongue fails to articulate,—the first promptings of love. Notwithstanding that Denver and Laura were together all the day, save for the sullen unseen presence of the wife, yet I think that his heart and will would have failed him had he attempted to say in *words* what he *knew* they were thinking of, for a secret instinct told him she was beginning to love him. Now to love and to be loved was become a new principle in this man's life;

seeds of compassion and gratitude] seeds of compassion & gratefulness
 could not have fallen in a soil less fitted to restrain them] would have fallen in a
 sterile soil indeed that could restrain them
 from flowering into more definite] from flowering into some more definit
 definite expansion. ¶The commencement] definit expression. Between them both there
 was some secret sympathy of mind a mysterious & irresistibile attraction which
 drew them closer & closer from the first time they met, helplessly & almost
 as <it> thorough [*written over "were"*] by the power of some undiscovered
 animal or mental magnetism. The commencement
 yet I think that his heart] yet his heart
 had he attempted to say in *words*] if he had said in words
 what he *knew* they were] what he could guess, almost knew, they were
 they were thinking of] they were both thinking <about> {of}
 for a secret instinct] for some hidden instinct
 told him she was beginning] seemed to tell him she was beginning
 was become a new principle in this man's life] was a new principle in the man's life

before this vague unexplored something all else seemed to dwindle and die away. His life seemed turned into a trance like an opium-eater's, and when dragged from it, he could have turned fiercely on his disturber, only to sink back into its unrealized depths with redoubled longing. At first his wife Dorothy seemed a mere shadow to him, a relic of his former life; but as this antagonism between her and Laura deepened and developed, and the future began to loom up before him, he saw what step he had taken, and apathy turned into dislike and defiance, and then again into fierce smouldering hatred, as he felt the ties which bound him to this woman, unable as he was ever to avoid her presence in the ship. He knew, moreover, that

vague unexplored something all else] vague unexplored existence, all else
 to dwindle and die away] to dwindle & sink away
 like an opium-eater's] *not in MS*
 and when dragged from it] & when <he was> dragged from it
 he could have turned fiercely] he <would> {could} have turned fiercely
 sink back into its unrealized] sink back in its' unrealized
 but as this antagonism between her] but as the antagonism & difference between her
 future began to loom up] future <began to> loom{ing} up
 he saw what step he had taken] <&> he saw what a step they had taken
 taken, and apathy turned into] taken, <so> apathy turned into
 into dislike and defiance] into defiance & dislike
 and then again into] & then into
 into fierce smouldering hatred] into smouldering hatred
 bound him to this woman] bound him to her
 unable as he was ever] & was unable ever

she might at any moment reveal all that was passing to the sailors, though that could do nothing to hurt them, save for the dread and pain Laura would have felt; so always, as by some instinct, they strove to conceal and bury their feelings from every one's sight or knowledge. Their love was not open or confessed, but yet begun; with a shrinking and half-shame on her part, while *he* wilfully shut his eyes to the truth, till the mists and night of passion gathered around and blinded him.

Laura knew Denver was a married man, his wife was in the ship with her day and night; even her very first knowledge of his passion for her was learnt from her conjectures on Dorothy's strange conduct and the way she watched them both,

He knew, moreover, that she might at any moment reveal] She might he knew reveal
sailors, though that could do] sailors but that could do
would have felt; so always] would have felt, for always
always, as by some instinct] always {as} by some instinct
or knowledge. Their love] or knowledge & their love
confessed, but yet begun; with] confessed but begun with
shut his eyes to the truth] shut his eyes to the truth of his life
till the mists and night] till the mist & night
passion gathered around and] passion gathered round him &
blinded him.¶] *no new paragraph*

Laura knew Denver was] She knew Denver was
with her day and night] with her {in her eyes} day & night
for her was learnt from her] for her, came from her
strange conduct and the way] strange conduct, and from the way
way she watched them both] way she always watched them both

so there could have been no ignorance of her position. There was the gulf plain before her, but its very depth apparently lured her and dizzied her brain, for every minute she was nearer the edge!

The utter impossibility of separation, the absence, in the monotonous sameness of the voyage, of anything to cause reflection or distract her attention from the endless meditation that always circled helplessly round the spot it knew not how to avoid, the life on board ship, which seemed entirely a life of its own, lost to all the old limitations, meanings, and responsibilities; with its terrible *ennui* in which the mind seeks vainly over and over again, in the same objects, for something to interest itself in and attach itself to, all helped to ensure that she could no more help pondering over Denver, than a dazzled moth can help fluttering round a lamp: until gradually,

so there could have been] so it could have been
apparently lured her and dizzied] apparently lured & dizzied
her brain, for every minute she] her brain every minute she
the edge!¶] *no new paragraph*

the absence, . . . reflection or distract] the absence of anything to <bring her to

mind> {cause reflection} in the monotonous sameness of the voyage, or distract
attention from the endless] attention from the weary endless

meditation that always circled] meditation <& thinking> that always circled

the life on board ship, which] the life of the voyage which

its terrible *ennui* in which] with its terrible <deadly> ennui; in which

vainly over and over again, in the same objects] vainly {2} <from> {in} the same

{2} objects {1} over & over again

to interest itself in and attach] to interest & attach

all helped to ensure that she could] in which she could

and step by step, she came to love him and to know that he knew it. All these psychological phases occurred during the first three weeks of the voyage, and still they had never spoken one word of their feelings, but love lies in wait and finds at last its fit time.

So all that fourth week the monotonous days passed slowly, while Dorothy watched, kept note of and saw through every subterfuge, as only a jealous woman can; and the *Black Swan* bearing them all, kept her undeviating course—hour by hour and day by day—a dark speck, tossed in the grey stupendous vastness of the ocean, seeming scarcely larger than the white-winged frigate-bird which, fed for good luck by the sailors, followed the foam in her wake.

gradually, and step by step, she] gradually {&} step by step she
 know that he knew it. All] know that he loved her. ¶All
 these psychological phases occurred] these psychological <transmutations> {phases}
 occurred
 had never spoken one word] had never spoken <a> {one} word
 of their feelings, but love] of their feelings <together> but love
 love lies in wait] love <like all its sister elements> lies in wait
 at last its fit time.¶] at last its time *no new paragraph*
 So all that fourth week] So all that week
 watched, kept note of and saw] watched, kept note & saw
 only a jealous woman can; and the] only a jealous woman can see, & the
 kept her undeviating course] kept {2} undeviat<ingly> <on> {1} her course
 course—hour by hour and day by day] course {hour by hour & day} by day
 of the ocean, seeming slightly larger] of the ocean seem<ing>{ed} scarcely larger
 fed for good luck by the sailors] *not in MS*

Lost in the night save for her gliding meteor-like lamps, or seen again in the day, it was a strange contrast that the vessel presented—utterly without evidence as it was of the blinding maddening mist of passion which flooded her decks and absorbed the minds of these three people, wrapped up in themselves, and so oblivious to the vague dumb indifference with which the winds and waves—the limitless forces of Nature (neither pitiless nor compassionate) looked on—and refrained from crushing them,—poor over-bold intruders in their sanctuary. For, if one consider, a ship filled with human beings floating at the will of an ocean is ever a subject of awe.

followed the foam in her wake. ¶[Lost in] followed in her wake & lost in
in the night save for] in {<the variations of>} the pirioidal night
or seen again in the day] *not in MS*
it was a strange contrast that the vessel presented—utterly without evidence as it was
of] <allways without> {it was strange how utterly without} the slightest
evidence of
the blinding maddening mist of passion] the <entangled net-work> {blinding madening
<mist> intoxication} of passion
which flooded her decks] which <stretched> {floated} across her decks
these three people, wrapped up] these three human beings so rapt up
themselves, and so oblivious to the] themselves so utterly oblivious <of> {to} the
the vague dumb indifference with which] the strange vague dumb indifference with
{with which}
the winds and waves—the limitless] the winds & waves & clouds, the limitless
and refrained from crushing] & restrained from crushing
intruders in their sanctuary] intruders in her virgen sanctuary
For, if one consider . . . subject of awe.] {It is an awful thing if one thinks to
consider a vessle filld with humn being floatng at the will of a great ocean}

Yet could Denver have tried afterwards to recall his impressions of this period of the voyage in mid ocean, they would have seemed to him no more definite than the dim uncertain objects he had sometimes seen through an autumn mist, obscuring everything save the red lurid sun—this passion and longing!

One evening as the ship sailed before the wind, just after sunset, Laura stood leaning in the half-dusk over the bulwark of the quarter-deck, watching the dizzy bubbling white foam, always changing shape and always gliding off from under the dark stern, when something moved near her; she turned,—Denver was standing by her side.

She must have been thinking about him, for she blushed deeply, but Denver could not see her face; the warm flush of light was fast fading out of the horizon-sky, the last faint gleams from the sunken sun were dissolving off the

Yet could Denver have tried] ¶If Denver could have tried
 tried afterwards to recall] tried {afterwards} to recall
 recall his impressions of this period] recall the outward impressions
 the voyage in mid ocean] the voyage <on the> {in} mid ocean
 no more definite than the] like the
 objects he had sometimes seen] objects {he had} seen
 mist, obscuring everything save the] mist which had obliterated everything but the
 sun—this passion and longing!] sun—his passion and longing.
 the dizzy bubbling white foam] the dizzy white foam
 shape and always gliding off] shape & gliding away
 by her side.¶] *no new paragraph*
 about him, for she blushed] about him in her reverie for she blushed
 the warm flush of light] the light
 gleams from the sunken sun] gleams <o>{rom} the sunken sun

cloud-rims, and everything was fast growing indistinct, save where the dim circle of the moon brightened behind them as it hung low over the sea.

For a time both stood without speech, so close together that as Laura's arm lay on the bulwark, his touched and pressed against it. In the gathering gloom his eyes seemed to glisten and emit phosphorescent light, like some feline animal's. They stood there and still neither moved nor spoke, when Laura felt the arm tremble against hers, and suddenly with a wild unrestrainable movement he seized her hand and held it, covering the slender fingers with kisses over and over again, and then he paused as if he were fearful of his over boldness; but still clutching it convulsively, while his hot hands sent a perceptible tremor and thrill of their own excitable nerve-electricity up her arm, almost to her shoulder and throat. She left him her hand unresistingly, and the next instant he drew her towards him, and his bearded lips were pressed to her cheek and his arms were closed round her neck, while her

over the sea.¶] over the horizon. *no new paragraph*

both stood without speech, so] both <were> {stood} <silent> with out

speech{<less>} so

arm lay on the bulwark] arm lay on the head of the bulwark

glisten and emit phosphorescent] glisten & <reflect> {emit} phosphorescent

light, like some feline animal's] light like <a cats> {some feline animals}

They stood there and still] They stood there {&} still

boldness; but still clutching it] boldness still clutching it

a perceptible tremor and thrill] a perceptible {tremor &} thrill

to her shoulder and throat.] to her shoulder & neck.

pressed to her cheek and his arms] pressed into the hollow<s> of her throat &

chin & his arms

neck, while her lustrous hair] neck while her hair

lustrous hair fell about him, clinging like vine-tendrils. In the darkness the girl resigned herself to her lover's arms and clung to him as naturally and unaffectedly as a child sinks into slumber, while all the restrained longing that over-filled his heart was poured forth in one impetuous passionate burst of eloquence. He held her unresistingly in his arms, and the inconceivable ecstasy of that moment was like the culmination and climax of an opium-eater's dream. All external nature was lost to him as he still spoke, and to her as she listened, clasped to him in the darkness, like two shadows fused by the twilight as their hearts throbbed in company, till the beat of one seemed almost to regulate that of the other; ignoring everything of their lives but themselves, till they seemed like two blind people clasped together in one perpetual night. The *love* whose secret promptings Laura had dreaded and trembled over had risen and conquered her. She told Denver she loved him.

Now these words fell in a third person's hearing. In the deep shadow

while all the restrained longing] while all the unrestrained longing
 that over-filled his heart] that filled his heart
 burst of eloquence. He] burst of eloquence, while he
 of an opium-eater's dream.] of an opium dream to him.
 nature was lost to him] nature was lost to Denver
 as he still spoke] as he spoke
 and to her as she listened] & to Laura as she listened
 twilight as their hearts throbbed in company] twilight their hearts thrilling {throbbing}
 in company
 regulate that of the other] regulate the other
 third person's hearing. In the] third persons hearing. ¶In the

in which they stood, cast by a large boat hanging just behind them over the opposite bulwark, a second woman was sitting unnoticed by them; when Denver came she got up and approached near enough to overhear them.

Meanwhile the night was come and the moonlight was yet very dim, and she could see nothing save a black patch in the shadow within which they moved, as if to hide themselves; as the ship shifted on her course. They remained as utterly unconscious of her presence as a bird is of the lynx which is hidden in the foliage waiting for a spring.

This hidden figure waited, listening to them stealthily, without a sign of vitality, till the last tremulous words left Laura's lips: then she seemed to quiver as if a tremor passed through her limbs, and she stirred in the darkness as if she would

in which they stood] *added between lines*

cast by a large boat] cast by a boat

boat hanging just behind them over the] boat which {hung just behind them} over the the opposite bulwark] the bulwark on the opposite side of the deck

a second woman was sitting] a woman was sitting

moved as if to hide themselves as] moved {as if to hide themselves} as

ship shifted on her course] ship shifted in her course

course. They remained as utterly unconscious] course, while they were both as

unconscious

lynx which is hidden in] lynx that lies hid in

for a spring.¶] *no new paragraph*

listening to them stealthily, without] listening stealthily to them with out

till the last tremulous words] till the last {tremulous} words

through her limbs, and she stirred] through her body {&} she stirred

have gone right up to them: then she changed her purpose, and turned and stepped noiselessly along the deck and down the cabin hatchway. Laura, as her head hung in a half ecstasy on her lover's shoulder, saw the *silhouette* of some figure emerge from the black mass made by the boat against the luminous sky, and appear with startling distinctness in the moonlight which streamed by on both sides,—a woman with her head turned towards them as she disappeared. Denver too must have seen her, for he moved back suddenly; and Laura could feel a clenching movement in the arms which clasped her, and his fingers tightened in hers, as she started half tremblingly—for it was his wife.

Neither spoke nor mentioned her, but some shadow seemed projected across them. A dark foreboding filled Laura's mind. During that short half-hour Dorothy's very existence had been driven out of her head, but now brought so unexpectedly to her view, she must have foreseen for a moment something of what must follow

them: then she changed her purpose, and turned] them, then <she> turned
 in a half ecstasy] *not in MS*
 against the luminous sky] against the luminosity of the sky
 must have seen her, for] must have seen <it> her, for
 moved back suddenly; and Laura] moved back suddenly, Laura
 as she started half-tremblingly] as she started half trembling
 her, but some shadow seemed] her, but some shadow <or somberness> seemd
 seemed projected across them. A dark] seemd <thrown> {projected} across them
 <minds>. <Some> {A} dark [*"m" in "them" written over "ier"*]
 Laura's mind. During that short] Laura's mind, <in> {for} that short
 so unexpectedly to her view] so unexpectedly to {her} view
 have foreseen for a moment] have seen for a moment

sooner or later, shut up for months in the loneliness of the ship as they were. But it was no use thinking; she had given her love irrecoverably to Denver.

Henceforth he must exist as a part of her being—it seemed to her that she could not live without him—she trusted blindly in him, and it made her shudder as she thought that Dorothy's claim over Denver might necessitate their separation, or prove that they had no right to love each other. God had made them for each other, and was *she* to part them?—it was too *unreal* for her to believe. Could she have really supposed Dorothy capable of holding them apart, she would have turned on her with fierce unrelenting resistance, but as it was, cast-off from them and utterly helpless as she seemed, it was impossible to hate her:—rather never think of

later, shut up for months in the] later shutp [sic] up {for months} in the
 irrecoverably to Denver. ¶Henceforth] irrecoverably to Denver, henceforth
 he must exist as a part] he was a part
 of her being—it seemed] part of her <existence> {being}. it seemed
 blindly in him, and it made] blindly in him. It made
 shudder as she thought] shudder <almost> as she thought
 thought that Dorothy's claim] thought that Dorothy'<s> {<with her>} claim
 might necessitate their separation, or] <could> {might} <endeavour> {<effect> &
 necessitate} <to> {their} sepperat{ion} <them> or
 prove that they had no] proove they had no
 each other, and was *she*] each other was *she*
 it was too unreal for] It appeared something to unreal for
 Could she have really supposed] If she had really supposed
 Dorothy capable of holding them apart] Dorothy could hold them apart
 turned on her with fierce] turnd on her with {a} fierce
 from them and utterly helpless] from them & helpless

her at all. Even she could have half pitied her if she could have believed Dorothy to be actuated by any motive but hatred and revenge;—had not she, who loved Denver, more right to him than Dorothy who hated? Would they never be able to be together without her always haunting them as she did now? Had she not *some* right to him after all,—could he ever have loved her as, it seemed, he must have sworn to do? Impossible! Above all what would they and she do when the ship came up the river to London?

It was useless her attempting to unravel all these unanswerable questionings, as they flitted dimly through her mind and died out again, tangled involved problems, to attempt to solve which created an abyss of doubts which her soul dared not peer into. It was hopeless now; she had taken the draught and must abide by its intoxication, and the girl closed her eyes tight as if to shut out and avoid her mind's dubious speculations, and shrank and clung close to her lover's side again, who

 she could have half pitied] she would half have pitied
 hatred and revenge;—had not] hatred & revenge— {&} had not
some right to him after all] some right after all to him
 as, it seemed, he must have sworn to do? Impossible! Above all] as he had sworn to,
 it seemed impossible—above all

ship came up the river to London?¶] ship came {up the river} to London *no new*

paragraph

her mind and died out again, tangled] her mind, {& died out again} tangled
 created an abyss of doubts which] created an abys of doubting that
 her soul dared not] her <sight> {soul} dared not
 peer into. It was hopeless] penetrate into, it was hopeless
 avoid her mind's dubious speculations] avoid <t>her {minds} dubious speculations
 clung close to her lover's side] clung to her lovers side

kissed her suddenly as if roused out of some fit of abstraction by her movement.
Both as by some common dread avoided mentioning Dorothy: her name never once
passed their lips from the first time they had spoken together.

At last they slowly separated as the ten o'clock bell sounded down the ship
and a sailor came up on the quarter-deck to relieve the steersman. The man brought
a lantern with him which he flashed open on them as he passed. This was hung up
close by on the mast, looking ghastly and lurid in the colourless moonlight, as its
glow fell round them and on their faces.

Dorothy's red and black cloak lay on the bench opposite.

In the flickering light there seemed something so strangely, almost wildly elated
about the expressions of their faces, and Denver's eyes shone with such a glitter, that
the man paused staring curiously at them for a moment: then without a word spoken

kissed her suddenly as if roused out of some fit of abstraction by her movement.]

kissed her as she moved.

Both as by some] Both {as} by some

some common dread avoided] some instinctive dread avoided

name never once passed their lips] name never passed their lips once

spoken together.¶] *no new paragraph*

At last they slowly separated] At last they separated

bell sounded down the ship] bell rang down aft in the ship

The man brought a lantern . . . strode down the ship.¶] <The man brought a

lantern with him which he {<suddenly>} flashed apen on them as he past

{so suddenly as to startle them} this was hung up close by lookg gastly &

lurid in the colourless moonlight as its <light> {glow} fell round them & on

thir {faces} {Dorothys red & black cloak lay on the bench apposite.} There

seemed something so strangely elevated almost to wildness about the <faces>

he went on to his wheel, and the relieved steersman came by them silent too, and strode down the ship.

Laura at last went down to her sleeping compartment while Denver remained in the open air, pacing the decks, enveloped in his own thoughts. There was a slight mist overhead rising from the sea, and two or three white stars hung jewel-like in the vapour too brilliant to be absorbed by the moon, which now seemed to flood the

of these two {& denvers eyes shon so} that the man {paused &} staired curiously at them then without {speaking} a word he went on to the wheal & the releevd stearsman came by {them} silently & went down the <deck> ship> The man brought a lantern with him which he flashed <uppon> open <on> them as he passed so suddenly as to startle them. This he hung up, close by on the mast, looking lurid & gasty in the {colourless} moonlight as its glow fell around them & on their faces. Dorothy's red and black cloak lay on the bench apposite. In the flickering light there seemed something so strangely, almost wildly elated about the expressions of their faces, & Denver's eyes shone so, that the man paused staring curiously at them for a moment then without a word spoken he went on to his wheel & the releived steersman presently came by them silent too & <wend> {strode} down the ship. *no new paragraph*

Laura at last went down] At last Laura went down
open air, pacing the decks, enveloped] open air {pacing the decks} enveloped
mist overhead rising from] mist overhead {rising} from
stars hung jewel-like] stars <seemed to> hung [*written over "hang"*] jewel-like
too brilliant to be absorbed] too <bright> brilliant to be absorbed
by the moon, which now] by the moonlight which now
seemed to flood the] seemd to fill the

whole sky with its light and radiance, and this one figure could always be seen as it emerged from the different shadows cast by the sails across the decks of the vessel.

One of the mates on guard for the night appeared side by side with Denver for a time as if talking with him: then Denver left him and presently came out into the full light on the forecastle where he remained by himself, hanging over the slight chain railing, looking right down the glittering shifting track of the moon over the waves they were traversing, but thinking little of what he saw. Somehow the reality of his life seemed to come back, now that Laura was no longer in his arms. The influence of his almost intoxication was passing away: in whichever direction he turned, the figure of his deserted wife seemed before him, threatening him, and he never

 with its light and radiance] with its <luminosity> {radiance}
 across the decks of the] across the <hull &> decks of the
 the vessel.¶] *no new paragraph*
 appeared side by side] appeared on the quarter-deck side by side
 as if talking with him] as if he were talking with him
 full light on the forecastle] full light on the {high} forecastle
 over the slight chain railing] over the slight railing
 looking right down the glittering] looking down the glittrng
 the moon over the waves] the moonlight & <on> {over} the waves
 traversing, but thinking little] traversing, thinking {but} little
 little of what he saw. Somehow] little about them <for> {<in reality>},. Somehow
 of his almost intoxication] of his {almost} intoxication
 was passing away: in] <seemed> {was} passing away: in
 whichever direction he turned] whichever <way> {direction} he turned
 figure of his deserted wife] figure of his {deserted} wife
 seemed before him, threatening] seemd always before him threatening

seemed able to rid himself of the sickening sensation in his throat and heart, the half-morbid self-accusings which her presence appeared to create in him. Was this all he had got in gaining what he had so longed for? Laura *did* love him.

Denver was a fatalist so far that while no fiat of destiny appeared to oppose his inclination, his soul and body were seemingly passive in the hands of fate; but now that this contradiction to his will, or rather desire, rose before him in the person of his wife, all the latent energy of his nature strove to resist it. Yet the course

the sickening sensation in his throat and heart, the half-morbid self-accusings which]

the <half> sickning sensation in his heart & throat <of> the half morbid self-accusing[s] <conscience> which [*"half" in "half morbid" deleted and restored*]

appeared to create in him.] appeard to create <& give life to> {in him}.

Was this all . . . *did* love him.¶] {Was this all that he had got in gaing what he

had so longd for—Laura did love him} *no new paragraph*

was a fatalist so far that] fatalist <inasmuch that> {<such>} {so far that}

while no fiat of destiny] while no turning point of destiny

appeared to oppose his] apposed his

soul and body were seemingly passive] soul & body were {seemingly} passive

in the hands of fate] in the hand of fate

to his will, or rather desire, rose before] to his will appeard before

in the person of his wife] *not in MS*

strove to resist it. Yet] strove to resist it. ¶Yet

Yet the course of events seemed] Yet <it> {the course of events} seemd

of events seemed hopelessly beyond control and it was palpably not of that kind that could be averted by labour of mind or body.

Then his face turned inadvertently to the deep dark water beneath him. A cold shudder ran through all his limbs and he turned away, hardly daring to look on it, for fear some thought that came through his mind should lay hold of it again.

Dorothy had taken no notice of him for five weeks, yet she never seemed out of his sight. When he was below he could see her white face and dark eyes watching him through the window of her door; when he was on the deck he knew she was following him—she might be there now, and he turned round sharply as a rope flapped near him; and at night she had filled his dreams, till he had got to

hopelessly beyond his control and it] hopelessl[y] <& must be endurd> {beyond
control}, it
was palpably not of that kind that could] was {<tangible>} {palpable} <nothing>
that {nothing} could
or body.¶] *no new paragraph*
water beneath him. A cold] water beneath him & a cold
through all his limbs] through his limbs
for fear some thought that came through his mind should] for fear <the thaught>
{some thought that came through his mind} should
lay hold of it again] lay hold of <him> {it} again
see her white face and dark eyes watching him through] see her face watching
through
was on the deck he knew] was on the decks he knew
and at night she had filled his dreams] *not in MS*
till he had got to] <till> at last he had got to

hate her more bitterly than can be conceived; and always his, till this night, unspoken infatuation for Laura's beauty, increased in proportion.

Suddenly he descended the iron ladder, and passing up the ship, flung himself on his berth, tired out in mind and body; while on deck above him and round the ship, save for the occasional shouting of the mariners on guard and the creaking of cordage and slapping of the waves driven off the bows,⁵ the night silence was unbroken.

When Laura met Dorothy the next morning they were alone in the cabin. Laura trembled, for she saw instantly by Dorothy's white bloodless face that

than can be conceived] than <could have been> {can be} conceived
 his, till this night, unspoken infatuation] his <yet> {till this night} unspoken of
 infatuation
 for Laura's beauty, increased] for Laura's {beauty} increased
 in proportion. ¶[Suddenly he descended] in proportion¶ & {suddenly} he descended
 passing up the ship, flung] passing <down in> {up the ship} to his cabin <where
 he> flung
 while on deck above him and round] while {on deck} above him {<on deck>} &
 round
 on guard, and the creaking of cordage and slapping of the waves driven off the
 bows, the night] on guard, {& the creaking of the straiend cordage & the
 slapping of the waves <driven> gainst the bows} the night
 was unbroken.¶] *no new paragraph*
 in the cabin. Laura trembled] in the cabin, <The girl> {Laura} trembled
 she saw instantly by] she saw by
 Dorothy's white bloodless face] Dorothy's face

she knew everything, but the wife only looked at her pale features for an instant, while her lips quivered slightly, then she turned away, nor was she seen to look at her again. There was something so terrible about this appearance of restrained resentment, that Laura nearly fainted when she was gone.

Now to these two lovers, henceforth each day seemed like the past one. They loved each other secretly, and left together without interruption from the sailors, they passed their time either down in the cabin by day, or on deck in the night-time, hidden in the shadows of the sails, when possible on fine nights. So secretly was their intercourse conducted, that I hardly know if one man in the steerage guessed rightly what was passing at the stern-end of the ship, though that something *was* the

that she knew everything] that she must know everything

but the wife only looked at] but Dorothy only Looked straight at

at her pale features for an] at <Lauras> {her} pale features for an

nor was she seen to look] nor did she seeme to look

There was something so terrible . . . when she was gone.] *not in MS*

Now to these two] To these two

lovers, henceforth each day] lovers {henceforth} each day

seemed like the past one.] <passed> {seemed} like the <last one> past {one};

secretly, and left together] secretly & <when they could be> left together

interruption from the sailors] interruption from the master or sailors

night time, . . . intercourse conducted, that] night time, but <still> so secretly, that

know if one man in] know if any man in

in the steerage guessed rightly] in the <crew> {steerage} guessed rightly

what was passing at the stern-end] what was <occurring> {passing} at the stern end

matter ought to have been visible to all. The two officers of the *Black Swan* were supposed to take their meals in the cabin with them, but they never did so, finding perhaps Denver too morose and unsociable, and the wife never noticing them. Either they took offence at this, or they found themselves unable to converse freely before the women, but at any rate they had got to leave them quite to themselves, and did not trouble their heads about them.

They had now been at sea nearly seven weeks, so slowly did the ship sail, sometimes baffled and beaten back before the wind, sometimes tacking and changing sail, then making smooth headway again for a while, and then again tossed helplessly

though that something *was* the matter ought to have been visible to all] *not in MS*
 The two officers of the] The <three> {2} officers of the
 they never did so, finding] they never did {so}. finding
 finding perhaps Denver too morose] finding perhaps Denver {too} morose
 unsociable, and the wife . . . found themselves unable] unsociable, {—the wife never
 noticing them—or they found themselves} <& being> unable
 the women, but at any rate] the women, at any rate
 they had got to leave them] they <seemd> {got} to leave them
 them quite to themselves] them <quite> to themselves
 themselves, and did not trouble] themselves & {did} not to trouble
 about them.¶] *no new paragraph*
 so slowly did the ship sail] *not in MS*
 sometimes baffled and beaten back] sometimes the Black Swan baffled & beaten-back
 wind, sometimes tacking and changing sail, then] wind, {sometimes} tacking & changing
 {<about>} <sail after> sail, then
 making smooth headway again for a while, and then again tossed helplessly about]
 making head {again and} <then> again tossed {helplessly} about

about on the strong tempestuous waves, drenched half-mast high by their spray. At such moments Dorothy would lock herself up in her cabin, praying perhaps that the ship might founder and engulf them all, and Laura would shrink terrified by Denver's side; and all the crew would be stationed about the ship, letting the ropes fly, or hauling them tight and watching the sails, every bolt and timber creaking, while the great two-masted vessel was tossed and pitched from crest to crest of the waves, a very image and simile of humanity and its restless ruling passions. Always as the sea subsided they sailed on in a straight line for the Cape of Good Hope, still two hundred leagues distant.

spray. At such moments Dorothy] spray. <while> {Thewhile [sic]} Dorothy
 cabin, praying perhaps . . . all, and Laura] cabin {<praying perhaps that the ship in
 which she sailed might sink & drown them>} {praying perhaps that the ship
 might founder & engulf them all} & {but} Laura
 Laura would shrink terrified] Laura {wd} shrink <almost> terrified
 Denver's side, and all the] Denvers side <while> {&} all the
 crew would be stationed] crew {would be} <were> stationed
 ropes fly, or hauling them tight, and] ropes fly {or hawling them tight} & watching
 every bolt and timber creaking, while the great two-masted vessel was tossed and
 pitched] evy bolt {& timber} creaking, while the<y> <were> {<[illegible]
 vessel>} {great ship was tossed &} pitched
 pitched from crest to crest of the waves, a very image] pitched about <like a feather
 till the great ship seemed> a very image
 humanity and its restless ruling passions] humanity & {its restless} passions
 Always as the sea . . . leagues distant. ¶[Denver] They {allways} as the sea subsided
 standing on in a straight line {again} for the cape of Good Hope still 300
 leagues before them. <while> Denver

Denver meanwhile grew more infatuated with Laura and more morbid when she was out of his sight, as he thought of the heaven which would surround him but for the presence and existence of the brooding revengeful woman his wife, who kept so silently to herself and yet seemed to threaten them so continually. So bitter to him at times did all this seem to bear, that he could hardly refrain from expressing his fierce hatred of her whenever she came across him. He knew from her strange silence and behaviour that some act of her resentment would occur before long, as surely as one knows from the sultriness and unnatural calm of the atmosphere that a tempest is brewing; what form the expression of her anger would take he knew not.

Denver meanwhile grew more] Denver {however} grew more
 more infatuated with Laura] more infatuate with Laura
 and more morbid when she] & more {& more} morbid with a kind of misunderstood
 remorse when she
 she was out of his sight] she was <not near him &> out of his sight
 heaven which would surround him] heaven that would <centre> {sur}round him
 him but for the presence . . . seem to bear, that] him <if only dorothy could die
 &> {but for} the presence of the brooding revengefull woman who kept so
 silent to herself, & yet seemed to threatn them continually. <grew> So bitter
 to him {at times did all this seem} to bear, that
 hardly refrain from expressing] hardly restrain from expressing
 fierce hatred of her whenever] fierce hatred {of her} whenever
 whenever she came across him] whenever his {wife} came {<at times>} across her
 He knew from her strange . . . he knew not.¶] *not in MS; no new paragraph*

Strangely and almost fearfully contrasting in his mind was the gentleness of the love with which he regarded Laura, as the half-sublime, half-brute tenderness with which the fierce luminous eyes of a tiger might look on its mate, or on its young; instinctively gentle beyond all conception.

Things went on thus uninterruptedly till it fell about as we have seen, that the wind died away and left the *Black Swan* stagnating in the sultry phosphorescent water. This was on the 9th of February, 1825. At the slow rate the ship sailed they would scarcely reach the Cape for five days yet. All that day the crew took the

Strangely and almost fearfully . . . Laura, as the half-sublime] It was a strange & almost <a> fearfull contrast in his mind, <the gentlesness with which he turnd to Laura>; As the soft blue sky sometimes streams through the {black} drifting storm clouds of the tempest, {or as} <it seemd like> the half sublime
(*"As the soft blue sky sometimes" deleted and restored*)

half-brute tenderness with which] half brute expression <that> with which its mate, or on its young] its mate or its young young; instinctively gentle beyond all conception.¶] young, yet with <some thing> instinctiv<ly> tender{ness} beyond all conception. {so the gentleness with which the he turned to Laura contrasted with his feelings for Dorothy} *no new paragraph*

Things went on thus uninterruptedly *Ed., MS ("thus" added between lines)*] Things went on thus interruptedly *R&H*

wind died away, and left the] wind died away leaving the the sultry phosphorescent water.] the sultry phosphor{iscent} water.

9th of February, 1825] <twenty second> 22{nd} of October /24

would scarcely reach the Cape] woull scarcly <arrive> {reach} <at> the cape for five days yet. All] for nine days yet. All

opportunity of shifting and re-arranging the cargo consigned to the African Colony, in preparation for their arrival. All was confusion throughout the ship, and when the night came still without a breath of air, the men were tired out and exhausted with their labour.

It was intensely dark, the moon would not rise till three in the morning, and the bewildering brilliancy of the stars was veiled and hidden utterly by the pall of dense clouds which hung passively over the ocean. Later in the evening a little wind showed overhead, dispersing the clouds slightly, but the *Black Swan* lay unnoticed below, with all her people slumbering on board her, except two, kept sleepless by their passions. Dorothy, who overhearing Laura promise to meet Denver on deck after nightfall, in a fit of the mad jealousy she could restrain no longer, was resolved to

shifting and re-arranging the cargo] shifting an {re}arranging the part of the cargo
 night came, still without a breath of air, the men were] night came {still without a
 breath of wind} the <crew> {men} were
 tired out and exhausted with] tired out with
 their labour.¶] *no new paragraph*
 till three in the morning] till three o'clock in the morning
 the bewildering brilliancy of the] the brilliancy of the
 was veiled and hidden utterly by] was hidden by
 the pall of dense clouds which hung passively over the ocean.] the thick clouds.
 a little wind showed overhead] a little wind <came on> {showed} high over head
 dispersing the clouds slightly] *not in MS*
 with all her people slumbering] with all slumberig
 on board her, except two, kept] on board her, <but> {except} two people kept
 their passions. Dorothy, who overhearing] passions; <for> Dorothy {who} overhearing

interrupt them, and Denver, who was pacing the deck, wild with impatience, because from some unexplained cause Laura did not come, until he mistook Dorothy for her, and both were inflamed and driven into the paroxysm of mad rage that I have before described.

interrupt them, and Denver, who was] interrupt them; <Now Laura had a bad head
ache &> {and} Denver, <was> who was
from some unexplained cause] from some unexplain<able>{ed} cause
Laura did not come] <she> {Laura} did not come
were inflamed and driven into] were inflamd {& driven} into
into the paroxysm of] into the mutual paroxisme of
of mad rage] of mad<ness> {rage}
that I have before described.] {that} I have {before} described.

CHAPTER IV.

Denver's figure, lost in the blind tenebrous night, still leaned over the bulwarks, with his heart beating wildly and his brain as though entangled in the delirium of some vast fever-dream. Such a convulsion as his innermost soul must have undergone in the just ended altercation with his wife, such a convulsion I say could not easily subside again. Never could such a deed as his reckless maddened temper so narrowly escaped burdening him with, have seemed more degrading and cowardly and antagonistic to any human being than the past few moments now seemed to Denver. He had it is true more than once been unable to restrain the drift of his speculations, yet it had seemed to him that what he had thought of was only a

lost in the blind tenebrous] lost in the {blind} deep tenebrous
 wildly and his brain as though entangled] wildly, & <as if> his <brain> [restored]
 <were> {<soul were>} {as though} entangled
 in the delirium of some vast fever-dream] in <the> [restored] {<a fit of>}
 dilerium <fit> <of some vast fever dream> [restored]
 in the just ended altercation] in the just ended <& violent> altercation
 Never could such a deed . . . of his speculations] <Never <had the> <could
 such> deed {as} his reckless maddened temper {had} so narrowly escaped
 burdening him with, {have} seemed more degrading <more> {&} cowardly,
 <more> {&} antagonistic to {any human being} <his {inmost} nature> {than
 the past {few} moments now seemed to Denver} <He had> <often> {it is
 true more than once} been unable to restr<ain>{ict} himself from {the current
 of his} speculation <on it, as I have shown above>>
 that what he had thought of was only a] that {what} he thought of <it> {was} only
 <as> a

remote *impossible* possibility, something *he* could *never* come to. Now this ordeal he had passed through was a proof of his reckless temper and moral weakness such as made the strong man shudder and shudder again as he thought of what he had escaped from and what a few more days or even hours might still bring him to.

Then, branded with God's curse on his forehead, could he still be Laura's reciprocated lover? how could she kiss him with unscorched lips? Yet it would have been Dorothy's own fault, or why should she have come there to deceive him and drive him mad?

Some of the old stubborn resistance was in his mind, a keen sparkle of fire gleamed in his eyes for an instant, caught from the lamp and dying out again.

What his wife had said concerning Laura's future had driven him beside

Now this ordeal he had passed through] Now this <sceen> {ordeal} he had passed through

reckless temper and moral weakness] reckless {temper &} moral weakness
such as made the strong man] {such as} <which> made the strong man
escaped from, and what a few] had escaped {from} & <of> what a few
still bring him to.¶] {still} bring him to. *no new paragraph*

could he still be Laura's] could he be Laura's

have been Dorothy's own fault] have been his wife's own fault

sparkle of fire gleamed in] sparkle of light {gleamed} in

eyes for an instant, caught] eyes {for an instant} caught

the lamp and dying out] the lamp & <then died> {dying} out

out again. ¶What his wife] out again. <Three more weeks before they came to the

cape & even then if he & Laura left the ship & waited for another, how could he prevent her from following him, how could he lose sight of his conscience, that endless self questioning that always increased as it were in

himself, even more so from the incontrovertible truth of her taunt; he could but acknowledge it as true; it sickened him to think of stealing her affection in the way he had done here at sea, and then taking her off and losing themselves in the world, dishonourably and by stealth. Yet if he could gain the resolution to leave her, to fly from her, loving him as he knew she did, what would his life be afterwards? Only three nights back Laura, casually speaking, had told him she would kill herself if she were separated from him. Yet take advantage of her love for him, a love too entirely created by his own selfishness, he could not. And yet what was not his love for her?

It was indeed something scarcely conceivable, the more than idealised purity with which this rough-nurtured Australian thought of and worshipped the woman he loved. Yet ever as his mind would conjure up her sweet form and face, Dorothy's

proportion with his love.> What his wife
 he had done here at sea] he had done <in this possision> {here} at sea
 to fly from her] *added between lines*
 if she were separated from] if she were ever separated from
 Yet take advantage of] Yet to take advantage of
 a love too entirely created] a love entirely created
 And yet what was not his love for her?] And yet {what was} *his* <own>
 {<illegible>} love for *her*?
 It was indeed something scarcely conceivable] It <is> {was indeed} something
 {scarcely} <in>conceivable
 the more than idealised purity with which] the idealized purity <of mind> with
 which
 his mind would conjure up] his mind <could> {would} conjure up
 her sweet form and face] her form & face

hated countenance distorted by passion seemed to float before his eyes and her threats would ring and vibrate through his brain, making his nerves quiver afresh as he thought of how inevitably he was tied to this woman, so more and more repulsive to him every time he thought of her, and of the utter difference between her and Laura.

Then he changed restlessly the arm he was leaning on, and turned staring blindly and helplessly into the darkness, which, diversified here and there with flashes of light where the waves broke together, was as obscure and devious to look into as his own future life seemed to him. One leap out into it would end all!

Poor helpless waif adrift in the whirlpool of passion, was this the only antidote to the weary futile striving against destiny? Had he been chained to the deck he

her threats would ring] her threats <to> {would} ring
 his brain, making his nerves] his brain making his <quieted> nerves
 so more and more repulsive] so more {& more} repulsive
 he thought of her, and of] he thought about her & of
 difference between her and Laura.] difference between her position & Lauras.
 Then he changed restlessly the arm he was leaning on] {Then} He changed the arm
 he was leaning on restlessly
 which, diversified her and there with flashes of light where the waves broke together,
 was] *not in MS*
 life seemed to him. One leap] life seemed. {to him} {And} <Yet> one leap
 would end all!¶] *no new paragraph*
 passion, was this the] passion was [*over "is"*] this the
 antidote to the weary futile striving] antidote which could ease the weary<ing> futile
 striving

would not have been more powerless to take the leap and leave Laura behind. At last he recoiled from the bulwark, and began pacing heavily up and down the deck. His mouth felt dried up and his throat parched, but he did not heed his thirst; his eyes were hot and dizzy and his hands hung helplessly by his sides.

A single touch of the lips or pressure of the hand might have sufficed to quench and alleviate all this self-torturing care, yet where was she who alone could have given it? Why had she not kept her promise? He hardly dared to think.

to take the leap and leave] to take it & leave

leave Laura behind. At last] leave Laura behind him. <Then again the loved face & haunting fancies of his <indeliab> love imperceptably resumed their sway & mastery over his mind <& brain>, lulling his overtired senses to sleep like an opiate, & the maddening impression of the scene he had just passed through seemed to leave him. But as the wild beating of his heart relieved itself for a time some new self questioning would come into his mind & again the contention would be resumed, till a>At last

pacing heavily up and down] pacing heavily <& wearily> up & down

His mouth felt dried up] His <brain> {mouth} felt dried up

parched, but he did not heed his] parched yet he <appeared not to> heeded {not} his

alleviate all this self-torturing care, yet where] alleviate all <<t>his> <burning

feavour of mind & body> {this anguish} <Y>{y}et where

have given it? Why had] have given <this> {it}. He *only* paced there, why had

dared to think.¶] *no new paragraph*

Then he stopped suddenly, and filled with a vague sense of dread; could Dorothy have seen or spoken to Laura? But scarce an hour ago while his wife was with him, he had heard her singing in a way which showed her to be unconscious of any special uneasiness, and he felt a sigh of relief as he thought she could not have been aware of what had taken place. Would she not still come to him? Ah if she only knew how he suffered! and he stood listening in the sultry unbroken silence as if for some faint indication of her footsteps; but even the rippling of the water was stilled, and the noiseless obscurity became terrible to him. The dull beating of his heart shook through his whole frame, but around the gathered and faultless night-silence seemed as it were to crawl up and envelope him stealthily; to fall like a heavy weight and oppression on his brain as if it would paralyse his limbs if he listened too long in it, and he pressed his hands wildly to his throbbing forehead as

could Dorothy have seen or spoken to Laura?] Could {2} Laura have seen or spoken to {1} Dorothy.

an hour ago while his wife was with him, he had heard her singing in a way which showed her to be unconscious of any special uneasiness] an hour previously he had heard her singing {2} in a way that {2} showed her to be {2} unconscious of any {2} special {2} uneasiness {1} while his wife {1} was {1} with {1} hime

Ah if she only knew] Ah if she knew

of her footsteps; but even] of her footsteps. Even

was stilled, and the noiseless] was stilled, the noiseless

became terrible to him] was horrible to him.

The dull beating of his] The dull {untimable} beating of his

to crawl up and envelope him] to crawl <round> {up} & envelope him

hands wildly to his throbbing] hands wildly <up against> {to} his throbbing

he resumed his desultory footsteps. Yet Laura whom he longed for so ceaselessly was lying under the very spot of the deck on which he stood.

There was a small kind of ground-glass skylight over the sleeping-cabins, halved by the division which separated the two compartments. It was close to the wheel and in the lamplight, and Denver, standing beside it, as he glanced into the impenetrable blackness it covered in, and in which Laura lay sleeping, had for an instant the idea of getting a light and going down to *her*. Only for one sight of her features, to stem and charm away this prolonged flood of morbid anxiety! Only for one moment of forgetfulness! But then again his heart sank within him and its blood seemed all to rush into his head as he thought of going like a thief in the night

his desultory footsteps. Yet Laura] his footsteps, <echoeless despite the stillness.> Yet

Laura

longed for so ceaselessly was] longed for so ceaselessly, <who seemed now for the

present, so utterly sepperated from him> was

deck on which he stood] deck {on} which he stood <on>

kind of ground-glass skylight] kind of {ground glas} sky light

halved by the division] halved <over> {by} the division

sleeping, had for an instant the idea of getting] sleeping, {had} an idea flash<ed>

across his mind for an instant of getting

But then again his heart] But his heart

within him and its blood] within him, its blood

seemed all to rush into his] seemed to rush into his

as he thought of going] as he imagined himself going

a thief in the night] a theif hidden in the night

to gaze stealthily on her where she lay—with shut eyes and dreaming face—in bed, unconscious and sleeping. Her cabin was a place more sacred to him than the holiest sanctuary is to its most blind and bigoted devotee. As he stood still for a moment in the lamplight his face looked strangely careworn, then his figure disappeared again.

To some readers these detailed descriptions of the ceaseless, not to say unnatural remorse which embittered the love that had transfused itself into Denver's nature, may seem to indicate a want of *will*, or power of concentration in him; that

to gaze stealthily on her where she lay—with shut eyes and dreaming face—in bed, unconscious and sleeping.] to [written over "&"] gaz<ing>{e} stealthily on her shut eyes & dreaming face, in the<r> bed were she lay unconsciously sleeping.

more sacred to him than] more sacredly consecrated to him, than

sanctuary is to its most blind and bigoted] sanctuary of a blind bigoted

As he stood still for a moment in the lamplight his face] As he stood {still} in the

<lamp>light {for a moment,} his face

looked strangely careworn, then] looked strangely <hagard & worn> {disturbed} his

eyes had lost their gleam, then

his figure disappeared again.] his form disappeared again behind the lamp.

the ceaseless, not to say unnatural remorse] the uneasy ceaseless even unnatural

vicissitudes of remorse

remorse which embittered the love that had] remorse alternating with, & poisoning the

love which had

transfused itself into Denver's] trans<muted>{fused} its way into Denver's

may seem to indicate] may <serve> {seem} to indicate

a want of *will*, or power of concentration] a strange want of will or concentration

a man capable of such deep and passionate love could not, in the ardency of his attachment to the woman he loved, force himself to forget the ties which bound him to the woman he hated. But Denver's was no *ordinary* nature. He knew he was doing two wrongs, in obtaining Laura's love, and in deserting his wife, but in reality *all* his bewildering trouble was caused by his peculiar relation with Laura Conway, for if he, perhaps, could have loved her less, he would have been less conscientious. To this most utter and perfect, if at root selfish love of his, the idea of wronging her was a thought which made every nerve in his body recoil with abhorrence. He never

a man capable of such] a man {capable} of such
 deep and passionate love] deep & passionate feeling
 could not, in the ardency . . . to the woman he hated. *Ed.*] ~ [*Footnote:*] May seem
 puerile, or untrue to nature. *R&H*; could not forget or force himself to forget
 the ties which bound him to the woman he hated in the ardence of his
 attachment to the woman he loved. *MS*

But Denver's was no *ordinary* nature. He knew] {But Denver's was no ordinary nature}
 <No physical force held him to Dorothy he was free to sepparate his boddy
 from her when he chose. He *could* discard her & he *had* done so, but his
 mind was different.> He knew
all his bewildering trouble was] all his bewildering mental troublement was
 by his peculiar relation with] by his relation with
 Conway, for if he, perhaps, could have] Conway, although if he {perhaps} could have
 To this most utter] But to this utter
 idea of wronging her was] idea of wronging Laura was
 abhorrence. He never dared] abhorence. He never once dared

dared or could, save in the tempestuous condition of mind which I described above and then only in the way of reasoning, admit such a possibility to himself. It was his wife's hinting at this which so maddened him. In truth I am afraid that no idea of

 or could, save in the] or could, <excepting> {save} in the
 tempestuous condition of mind] tempestuous condition of <his> mind
 which I described above and then only in the way of reasoning, admit] which I
 deleniated <at the comencement of this chapter> {above}. admit
 admit such a possiblilty to] admit <this openly> {such a possibility} to
 at this which so maddened] at this, which so nearly maddened

In truth, I am afraid . . . in his self-accusing;] With him, it seemed an understood
 & accepted instinct to believe that all his depression of mind came from {the
 idea that he was wronging} Dorothy {All was his fault} & if he did not say
 this openly to himself yet his instinct believed it, & so his misery & trouble
 falsely analized resulted in the bitter hatred for her which absorbed the whole
 depth of his nature. <Wether she was justified in persectuting him he never
 considered So it was nothing he could do to wrong dorothy for which his
 concence smote him.> On the ship as he was, every association which
 rendered life worthy the having had been formed. On board {of} her his life
 was as if created anew to live in a peculiar separate atmosphere of its own,
 his idea of anything more tangible of coming to Land & taking Laura off
 with him was a dim undefined vision—an undreamt forthcoming dream,
 <yet> something looked forward to with uncertain shrinking dispite the extasy
 with which it enthralled him body & soul. Once out of the ship he would
 soon have forgotten Dorothy & all concerning her, so it seemed to him so in
 reality it would have been, but here how was it possible, how could he escape
 from her sight & so escape the thoughts she occasioned. But <it was not any

anything he might do to wrong Dorothy took much part in his self-accusing; he merely strove to obliterate his own identity, his knowledge of his own position and Laura's, while Dorothy's continued presence rendered this futile and vain. So he hated her.

For to Denver now his old life in the wilderness of forest-tangled hills and half-civilised settlements was as though blurred over and forgotten. He could only remember how he had seen Laura first in the cabin-casement with the wind blowing through her golden hair—an inseparable remembrance which clung to him; his previous existence seemed a dream to him. How the mesmeric influence which hung

 wrong he might do against> {in truth no idea of} Dorothy <or any shame
 of her which held him so conscience stricken> {had part in his self accusings}
 his own identity, his knowledge of] his own identity, <the landmarks of his life>,
 his self-knowledge of

Laura's, while Dorothy's continued] Laura's, <&> {while} Dorothy's continuous
 rendered this futile and vain.] rendered this vain & futile.

he hated her.¶] *no new paragraph*

For to Denver now] To Denver now

wilderness of forest-tangled hills] wilderness of wild forest-tangled hills

was as though blurred over] was blurred over

in the cabin-casement with] in the cabin casement {of the Black Swan} with

clung to him; his previous] clung to him; but all his previous

seemed a dream to him.] seemed a <mith> {dream}.

How the mesmeric influence] <Of> {How} the mesmeric influence

influence which hung unconsciously about Laura had so swiftly usurped his brain]

influence <which> had <thus imperceptably shared> {usurped the dominion
 of} his brain

unconsciously about Laura had so swiftly usurped his brain and filled the till then
 only vaguely felt void in his life, he could recall no more than an opium-eater can
 his first life-influencing vision-sleep. At times he almost felt as if the circumstances
 which environed him had been created at the moment when he first caught sight of
 Laura; so that when he loved her most wildly, he found a wife also already made
 for him, and that then only when baffled and tantalised by injustice beyond
 endurance, he had despised and broken through every restriction of his Maker or

the till then only vaguely felt void] the, till then vaguely felt, void
 void in his life] void of his life

he could recall no more] he could recall or realize no more

opium-eater can his first life-influencing vision-sleep.] an opium eater can tell how

first his system grew inured to its necessary stimulance.

almost felt as if the circumstances which environed him had been created] almost

looked on the events & influences which environed him as if his existence had
 been created

moment when he first caught] moment he first caught

Laura; so that when he] Laura & then when he

loved her most wildly] loved her wildly

a wife also already made] a wife already made

for him, and that then only when baffled] for him; then baffled

tantalised by injustice beyond endurance] tantalized by {thir} injustice <&> beyond all
 endurance

had despised and broken through] had rebelled & broken through

of his Maker or destiny.] of his maker, God. or Destiny.

destiny. Yet along with this, paralysing every effort to evade it, closer and closer the constant unchanging knowledge kept forcing itself upon him that he had married Dorothy,—had sworn to be faithful to her of his own free will,—and that every complication he was involved in was brought about by *himself*, and himself only. This thought maddened him.

Dorothy only remembered the marriage-vows he had sworn to her, to love her till death; how in taking him, then a poor man, she had given up every chance for herself, and how, when she came to him prepared to fulfil her duties, to love him even, for he was strangely handsome in those days, she had been thrust back coldly, and after a time neglected utterly. It seemed as impossible for him to love her as for ice to form under the December sun, and she gave up every thought she might have had of endeavouring to please him. What psychologist can fathom or light up to view

Yet along with this, paralysing] But always paralizing
 kept forcing itself upon him] kept forcing itself on him
 free will,—and that every] free will & of his own wish & that every
 himself only. This thought maddened] himself only. & this maddened
 taking him, then a poor] taking him {then} a poor
 had given up every chance] had given up every {other} chance
 she had been thrust back] she {thought she} had been thrust back
 and after a time neglected utterly] & {2} neglected utterly {1} after a time
 It seemed as impossible] <& found that> it <was> {seemed} as impossible
 form under the December] form under the November [*footnote:*] Australian summer
 sun, and she gave up] sun <& her dream was unrealized &> so she gave up
 every thought she might have] <any> {every} idea she might have
 can fathom or light up] can fathom or [*over* "&"] light up
 up to view the soul of] up the mind & soul of

the soul of a neglected woman, hardened into strange formations of dull callous feelings? sometimes like rocks which strike out flashes of hatred to every footfall, at other times dead and perished as the fallen leaves: love's sentiment and duty all frozen and congealed together, only predominant hate and passionate resentment alive and undying in the midst: truly such an existence is a deserted and sunless chaos that the mind recoils from penetrating into. Other woman have children to engross their attention; under the sunlight of their smiles and their unconscious laughter and happiness, the lowering clouds evaporate, the ice dissolves; but Dorothy had no

neglected woman, hardened into] neglected woman, {<when she knows she has

[*illegible*]>} hardened into

feelings? sometimes like rocks] feelings; sometimes {like} rocks

which strike out flashes] which strike flashes

at other times dead and] at others dead and

as the fallen leaves] *not in MS*

love's sentiment and duty all] Love sentiment & duty all

only predominant hate and passionate resentment alive] only {predominant} hate {&

passionate resentment} alive

in the midst: truly such an existence is] in the midst: <sometimes so choked up in

the thorns that the brain itself is unaware of its <presence> very existence,

but always there.> Truly it is

a deserted and sunless chaos that] a deserted sunless chaos that

that the mind recoils from] that one recoils from

Other women have children] <When> {Other} women have children

attention; under the sunlight of] attention, {under} the sunlight of

smiles and their unconscious laughter] smile, their unconscious

children, nothing tangible to bind her to her husband. Placed in a strange country, in an unformed society where all must fight for themselves, where nobody could sympathise with her (though what mind was ever so strangely formed in this world as not to find its counterpart?) without her husband's love, without hope—how could her breath seem to her but as a waste gift of her Creator? She foresaw, as a kind of fatality, what sooner or later must come with a man of Denver's disposition, in the lawless state of society in which they lived; but strange to say time wore on and nine years had passed, without anything to disturb them: she had almost forgotten her jealousy. Yet now, and where least it might have been expected, out in the dreary

in an unformed society] in an {unformed} society
 world, as not to find its] world, without {finding} its
 husband's love, without hope—how could] husbands love, with out children {whenever
 she considered what her position realy was} how could
 waste gift of her Creator?]} waste {gift} of her creator.
 She foresaw, as a kind of fatality, what] She divined, {as a kind of fatality} what
 what sooner or later must come with] what {would come} with
 Denver's disposition, in the lawless state] Denver's disposition at the first appportunity &
 in the lawless {<healty>} state
 strange to say time wore on] strange to say, time went on
 on and nine years had passed *Ed.*] on and nine years had past *R&H*; on; 9 years
 past *MS*
 without anything to disturb them] with out any thing happening to them
 forgotten her jealousy. Yet now] forgotten her jealousy <when> {yet} now
 and where least it might] & when least it might

central Indian Ocean, with nothing else to occupy her brain, the thing she dreaded had come.

Dorothy knew her husband's character too well to attempt any personal resistance; but was her whole life, and joy in life, to be wasted while she looked on unresistingly? Separate him from her rival she knew she could not; but when she *did* strike she resolved it should be in a way which they little dreamt of.

But what could all this matter to Denver? The man was infatuated, bewitched; even in the deepest reveries of his secret remorse, that one face that filled his soul floated before his sight, mentally blinding him, as the sun does the eyes which have too boldly gazed at it. Even now his imagination was yearning and dilating on it,

the dreary central Indian Ocean] the dreary central ocean

else to occupy her brain] else to occupy her mind & brain

the thing she dreaded had come.¶] <it> {the thing she dreaded} had come. *no new*

paragraph

Dorothy knew her husband's character . . . they little dreamt of.] {She knew her

husbands <passionat> caracter too well to attempt any personal resistance.

When she did strike she resolved it should be at her own time} Was her

whole life & joy in life to be wasted & destroyed while she looked on

unresistingly <with tranquil mind>.

reveries of his secret remorse] reveries of his <hidden> {secret} remorse

one face that filled his soul floated] one face whose form had snared his soul always

floated

him, as the sun does the eyes] him, <like> {as} the sun <in> {does the} eyes

which have too boldly gazed at] which have <gazed> too boldly {gazed} at

imagination was yearning] imagination {was} yearning

as he sat down wearily on a bench just out of the lamplight, resting his tired brow and elbow on the bulwark.

In the half-unconscious lethargy his mind and body fell into, he must have remained some time, when he saw distinctly, but with half-closed unspeculative eyes, a light come out of the cabin doorway, some twenty feet from him and proceed down the ladder on to the foredeck, throwing a brilliant flickering light on everything but the bearer of it, who managed it apparently so as to remain unseen.

It flickered about up and down for several minutes without attracting his attention. There was a slight grating noise as if the hatchway coverings left unbattened by the sailors were being moved up, then the lamp or candle disappeared; there was not the slightest noise of a footfall and everything vanished into the night again. At last his brain grew so drowsy that his head sank completely on his arm and he was overpowered by sleep, though his dreaming brain still dwelt on the one all-absorbing

dilating on it, as he sat] dilating on <it,> {that face} <the fluctuating tempest in

his mind half sank to rest again> <&> {as} he sat

on the bulwark.¶] *no new paragraph*

out of the cabin doorway] out of the cabin hatchway

and proceed down the ladder] & proceed down the companion ladder

brilliant flickering light on everything] brilliant flickerig <of light> {ray} on everything

remain unseen.¶] *no new paragraph*

if the hatchway coverings left] as if the hatchway {coverings} left

into the night again.] into the darkness again.

At last his brain grew] At last he<s> <brain> grew

his head sank completely] his head sunk completely

the one all-absorbing topic] the one absorbing topic

topic of his life.

What a wonderful thing a collection of all the dreams which fill men's minds would be: what a demonstration of how rarely satisfaction ever follows yearning, of all the strange vicissitudes of dreaming and realization in which we ever live! All the illimitable night-silence and obscurity, with the blind yearning and remorse which it had brought to his soul, were no more to him.

He thought he was wandering once again in the arid Australian wilderness, and Laura was in his arms; he knew nothing of how he had gained her and hardly could credit the ecstatic happiness he felt. No hope deferred could baffle or tantalize

of his life.¶] *no new paragraph*

What a wonderful thing] What a strange thing

dreams which fill men's minds] dreams which have ever filled men's minds

what a demonstration of] what an utter proof of

how rarely satisfaction ever follows] how <little actuality> {rarely satisfaction} follows

yearning, of all the strange] yearning <&> of the strange

vicissitudes of dreaming and realization in which] vicissitudes of realization {&

dreaming} in which

which we ever live!] which men live.

All the illimitable night-silence] All the immense illimitable night-silence

the blind yearning and remorse] the {blind} yearning & remorse

which it had brought to] which it brought to

his soul, were no more] his soul became no more

to him. ¶He thought] to him, he thought

was wandering once again in] was wandering once <more> {again} in

wilderness, and Laura was in] wilderness he had just quitted with Laura in

hardly could credit the ecstatic] hardly could credit the unutterably ecstatic

his soul again to madness—*she was his*—and as he gazed on the sweet flushed face which lay, half caressingly and half bashfully, on his shoulder, his arm and hand round her neck, and hidden under the soft profusion of hair, he kissed over and over again the thin transparent eyelids and warm lips. She was inconceivably beautiful.

Now the sun was sinking, and its slanting radiances transmuted everything they fell on into their own transient gold, and the coming night-wind, blowing from across the desolate purple hillsides, flung Laura's loose and tangled hair all glowing about her face and throat, till its clustering tendrils blinded her eyes and she paused disengaging herself from him to push it aside. As she stood with lifted hands, she suddenly disappeared; and he ran wildly over the rocks and in amongst the sage-brambles and alders, seeking her, but always ineffectually, till at last he thought he must have been cheated and deluded by a phantom. Then he sought for the lock of her brown hair she had given him: and next his heart, his hand clutched a bunch of dried leaves. The sun was sinking so low now, that only the extreme summits of

 his soul again to madness] his soul to madness again
 on his shoulder, his arm] on his shoulder, with his arm
 her neck, and hidden under] her neck hidden under
 the soft profusion of hair] the <warm> {soft} profusion of hair
 She was inconceivably beautiful.¶] She was incredibly beautiful. *no new paragraph*
 gold, and the coming night-wind] gold the {coming} nightwind
 blowing from across the desolate purple] blowing across the wild & desolate purple
 Laura's loose and tangled hair] Laura's loose tangled <glowing> hair
 hair all glowing about her face] hair about her face
 in amongst the sage-brambles] in among the sage brambles
 of dried leaves. The sun] of dried leaves. ¶The sun
 only the extreme summits of] only the summits of

the high hills were lit by its glow, and the swift Australian twilight was fast absorbing everything round him. In the climax of his perplexed despair, he resolved to fling himself into the deepening shadow beneath him, from the top of the high rock he had climbed to examine the surrounding and now indistinguishable country. The black night had swept down on him as he prepared to fling himself off—when he awoke with a start, his breast throbbing and his eyes staring blindly into the *real* darkness, with the perspiration starting from his forehead. The circulation of his blood seemed as if it had stopped for a moment.

Just at that instant, as he sat trying to collect his thoughts, he felt something scramble over his feet, and looking down and into the circle of light near him, he saw two or three rats, emerging from the shadow, cross through the light and hurry into the opposite obscurity again. One stood up in the manner so characteristic of its kind, no matter what danger they may be flying from, rubbing its neck and whiskers carefully with its wet paws; then it deliberately inspected the end of its tail and

as he prepared to fling himself off] as he <flung> prepared to fling himself off
blindly into the *real* darkness] blindly into the {real} darkness
had stopped for a moment.¶] had stopped for a<n> <instant>. {moment} *no new*

paragraph

and looking down and into] & looking down, & then into
the circle of light near him] the light near him
cross through the light] cross through it
into the opposite obscurity again]] into the obscurity again
what danger they may be] what danger <it> {they} may be
it deliberately inspected the end of its tail and disappeared] it disappeared

disappeared after them, followed by others. He could see their keen teeth and fierce little eyes glistening as they caught the light. These animals, usually so watchful, did not appear at all attracted by his movement and they were evidently scared already, as if in the presence of some greater and common danger; thus they roused Denver's attention in spite of himself; he could not make out what was the matter with them and had never before noticed a rat in the ship.

Now as he turned his head, looking unconsciously down into the impenetrable darkness from which the rats came he saw the red signal lamp ahead, obscured and

 keen teeth and fierce little eyes] fierce little eyes and keen teeth
 caught the light. These] caught the light in the dark <round him> on the deck.

These

by his movement and they] by his movement, they were
 were evidently scared already they were evidently scared already, as if in the] they

Were {evidently} scared {already} as if they were in the
 danger; thus they roused Denver's attention in spite of himself; he could] danger.

<Denver> {They roused Denver's attention in spite of himself he} could
 matter with them and had] matter with them, he had
 never before noticed a rat] never noticed a rat before
 in the ship.¶] *no new paragraph*

Now as he turned his head] As he turned his head
 looking unconsciously down into] looking {unconsciously} down in to
 the impenetrable darkness from which the rats came he saw] the impenetrable

blackness they came from <he> {Denver} saw
 ahead, obscured and blurred beneath] ahead obscured & hidden beneath

blurred beneath a large luminous mass of vapour which hung round it and was coloured by its light, and staring intently at it for some seconds, he saw that the mist was in front of the lamp about halfway down the ship. The thing looked so unnatural and lurid, and moreover so conspicuous, that even in his half-sleepy surprise he started up with his eyes still fixed and staring on it. He was still trembling and bewildered, and his senses as yet almost benumbed by his interrupted dream.

While he was gazing on this strange appearance, hardly knowing what he was about, or what to think of it, a peculiar but startling and unmistakable smell of burning floated by him, filling and pervading the air. There is something in the smell

a large luminous mass of vapour] a large & luminous mass of vapour
round it and was coloured by] round it, coloured by
staring intently at it for some seconds, he] staring at it he
saw that the mist was] saw the mist was
in front of the lamp about] in front about
the ship. The thing looked] the ship & <it> looked
lurid, and moreover so conspicuous, that] lurid {& conspicuous} there that
even in his half-sleepy surprise] *not in MS*
eyes still fixed and staring on it.] eyes fixed on it.
bewildered, and his senses as yet almost] bewildered his senses almost
by his interrupted dream.¶] by the interrupted dream. *no new paragraph*
While he was gazing] As he was gazing
a peculiar but startling and unmistakable smell] a <strange> {a peculiar} & startling
but unmistakable smell
by him, filling and pervading the air.] by him in the air filling & pervading every
thing.

of fire which alarms more quickly than any other sign of danger, as the hiss of some deadly snake does. Once before in his life, Denver remembered (in the dense interior of the inland forest) waking up uneasily in the night, while the wind passed him tainted with such a smell, and now a vivid recollection of what followed flashed into his mind, as he looked anxiously up at the red smoke-like substance in front of the lamp. He stepped forward and trod on something which gave a shrill scream—it was another rat.

All at once, as he remembered these animals, there seemed no longer room to doubt that something had gone wrong in the ship, and the idea took possession of

which alarms more quickly] which alarms one more quickly

any other sign of danger] any other danger

as the hiss of some deadly snake does] *not in MS*

Once before in his life, Denver] Once befor Denver

waking up uneasily in the night, while] waking up uneasily {in the night} while

now a vivid recollection of what] now the remembrance of what

the red smoke-like substance] the <smoke> red smoke-like substance.

in front of the lamp] *not in MS*

He stepped forward and trod] As he stept forward he trod

which gave a shrill scream] which gave a violent squeak

another rat.¶] *no new paragraph*

seemed no longer room to doubt that] seemed no doubt left in his mind that

something had gone wrong in] something was wrong in

ship, and the idea took possession] ship & [*written over an "A"*] a sudden idea took

possession

him that she must be on fire—somewhere underneath in the fore-hold, and that the heat had driven the rats out of their places of refuge. The smoke, for such it was in reality, still drifted in the light, it even seemed increasing in density. Something was, evidently, amiss, but he still for an instant stood uncertain, when suddenly all uncertainty was driven out of his mind by a fearful crash somewhere down in the ship, soon followed by another. The sound came as from the fore-hold, and in the deep silence which succeeded he could distinctly hear a crackling as of dry wood burning. The sound was enough to make a man of nervous temperament lose his

that she must be on fire] that the Black Swan <must be> {was} on fire
 somewhere underneath in the fore-hold] in the hold
 had driven the rats out] had driven them out
 increasing in density. Something was, evidently, amiss, but he still for an instant stood
 uncertain] increasing in <volume>. {density} {Something was evidently going
 on} What could he do to alarm the men who should have been an guard, he
 stood still uncertain
 when suddenly all uncertainty was driven] when suddenly in an instant all uncertainly
 I say was driven
 his mind by a fearful crash] his mind, for there was a fearful crash
 somewhere down in the ship, soon followed] aft in the ship followed
 came as from the fore-hold] came from the fore-hold
 deep silence which succeeded he could] deep silence & obscurity of the night he
 could
 hear a crackling as of dry wood burning.] hear the crackeling & burning as of dry
 wood which followed.
 man of nervous temperament lose his] man of ordinary nervous temperament turn faint
 or lose his

self-possession, but Denver's weather-hardened frame had never known fear, and this now most positive danger seemed rather than otherwise to rouse his faculties of brain and nerve; and yet still he stood uncertain for an instant whether to rush down and bring Laura on deck, or to abstain from alarming her needlessly and run to the forecastle; when the steersman behind him, unseen and forgotten in the dark, awakened by the same noise, rose to his feet—half dazed for an instant—and nearly tripped himself up with the string he was attached to. This man seemed instantly (as shading the lamplight off his eyes with his hand he caught sight of the smoke) to

Denver's weather-hardened frame] Denver's toil hardened frame
 had never known fear] had {at least} never known fear
 fear, and this now most positive danger] fear, this unknown danger
 seemed rather than otherwise to rouse his] seemed rather to cause him to recover his
 faculties of brain and nerve] faculties of <mind> {<nerve>} <&> brain & nerve
 and yet still he stood uncertain for an instant whether] but as he stood not knowing
 who to alarm first whether
 deck, or to abstain from] deck <& then shrinking> {or to abstain} from
 needlessly and run to] needlessly <he was just going to> {and} run to
 forecastle; when the steersman behind] forecastle; <when> the steersman behind
 unseen and forgotten in the dark] *not in MS*
 awakened by the same noise] <woke up> {awakened} by the same noise
 instant—and nearly tripped himself] instant & nearly tripp<ing>{ed} himself
 attached to. This man] attached to. <The man>
 seemed instantly (as shading the lamplight off his eyes with his hand he caught sight
 of the smoke) to comprehend] seemed in an instant after looking at the
 smoke, shading the lamplight off his eyes with his hand, to comprehend

comprehend what was the matter, and shouted out wildly, "The hold's on fire! Fire! Fire!" and tugging desperately against the cord broke it, and stumbling up against Denver, with a savage oath, he darted by him into the obscurity, shouting over and over again the cry that strikes such terror into the heart—a sound intensified into a nameless horror to the sailor when at sea.

It went all through the vessel; in an instant a confused sound of footsteps and voices became audible; some man shouted out to know what was the matter, and was answered by the cry of "Fire!" again and again repeated in every conceivable tone. If the ship was on fire, it was at least providential that the calm still held out, for they all would be able to concentrate their whole efforts on quenching it without

was the matter, and shouted out wildly] was the matter. He shouted {out} wildly "The hold's on fire! Fire! Fire!"] the "<ships> {holds} on fire" "Fire" "Fire" tugging desperately against the cord] tugging desperately <up> against the chord broke it, and stumbling up] broke it stumbling up savage oath, he darted by] savage oath as he darted by to the sailor when at sea] to a sailor at sea in such a position as this

¶It went all through the vessel . . . every conceivable tone. If the] {¶It went all through the vessle in an instant a confused sound of foot steps became audible. <And> some {men} shouted out "whatwas [*sic*] the matter" & was answered again by the cry of fire from several voices} If the was on fire, it was] was on fire at any rate it was was at least providential that] was fortunate that for they all would be able to concentrate] for thy <men> {all} at least could concentrate their whole efforts on quenching it] thir entire energies on it

interruption; and certainly there *was* burning somewhere, for the crashing and crackling momentarily augmented and it appeared to burst and roll through the whole ship.

The confusion and clamour rose and increased, as Denver breathlessly followed the man down the ship, and a keen fierce glow burst suddenly from the opening in the unbattened hatchway, such as might have come through the chinks in the door of a furnace—fierce rays of light that shot through the darkness, light which flickered on the wildly alarmed faces of the negligent sailors who had all scrambled out, on hearing the terrible alarm—cry as it rose in the night.

certainly there *was* burning somewhere, for the crashing] it certainly was on fire some
 where, the crashing
 crackling momentarily augmented, and it appeared to burst and roll through the whole
 ship.¶] crackling of the unseen {perhaps long} smouldering flames must
 momentarily have augmented in volume & noise, it could be heard all over
 the ship. *no new paragraph*

The confusion and clamour rose and increased, as Denver] The {<illegible>} confusion
 {rose &} increased, other shouts were raised; & as Denver
 followed the man down the ship, and a keen fierce glow burst] followed the man on
 to the fore deck a luminosity & glow burst
 from the opening in the] from the cracks in the
 such as might have come through the chinks] such as comes through the c<l>{h}inks
 a furnace—fierce rays of light that shot out through the darkness] a furnace, keen
 fierce rays of light shot out & emitted into the darkness
 faces of the negligent sailors] faces of the {negligent} sailors
 as it rose in the night.¶] which rose above every thing. *no new paragraph*

There must have been some unusually inflammable material in the hold, for the sudden fire seemed already quite to rage under the deck, and astonishing and incredible was the rapidity with which all this had come about; and mournful must have sounded the unexpected terrible shouting of "Fire!"—and the way the men cried out to each other, in the torpid stillness over the waves, for miles on miles round the ship:—only there were none to hear.

No one who has not witnessed the effects of such an alarm as this can

been some unusually inflammable material] been something unusually inflammable
 hold, for the sudden fire] hold, the sudden fire
 seemed already quite to rage] seemed to rage
 rage under the deck] rage <in side> under the deck
 and astonishing and incredible was the rapidity with which] It was astonishing {the}
 incredible <the> rapidity & confusion with which
 all this had come about;] this all came about.
 and mournful must have sounded the unexpected terrible] It must have sounded
 unexpectedly strange the terrible
 cried out to each other] cried {out} to each other
 other, in the torpid stillness over the waves, for miles on miles round the ship] other
 {for} in the torpid stillness over the waves the sounds must have gone miles
 round the ship
 there were none to hear.¶] there was no one to hear them. *no new paragraph*
 has not witnessed the effects] has not heard or witnessed the effects
 of such an alarm as this] of a sudden alarm <like this> {like this}

comprehend the horror of it, or realize the sensations of those, who failing to baffle the flames, see nothing before them, as they retreat foot by foot, but a choice between two deaths, *Fire* or *Water*; their home a burning furnace, floating tossed about, on the immense sea. The two elements most utterly opposed to each other, combined for the destruction—the pitiless annihilation—of the common enemy, man.

Among these men thus hastily collected on the deck, everything was in uncertainty. None knew how long the fire had burned, whence it came, or how to get at it. The flare through the broad hatchway while it lasted, lit up the rigging and spars overhead like the intertangled branches of a forest by fire-light, but by a common impulse the hatch was slammed down and fastened, for to allow ventilation

can comprehend the horror] can fully <understand or> comprehend the horror
horror of it, or realize] horror of the sound espescially in a night {such as} <it>

{this} was, <or> can realize

to baffle the flames, see nothing] to baffle the clutches of the flame see nothing
Fire or *Water*; their home a burning] fire or water; A burning
each other, combined for the] each other, combimd in unison for the
common enemy, man.¶] *no new paragraph*

these men thus hastily collected] these men hastily collected

whence it came, or how to] whence it came, nor how to

through the broad hatchway] throug the {broad} hatchway

lit up the rigging] lit up all the riging

like the intertangled branches of a forest by fire-light] like a dark chamber in the
firelight

but by a common impulse] but as if by a common instinct & impulse

for to allow ventilation was] for to let ventilation in was

was to destroy one of their few chances of safety, for as the fire was still confined to the entrails of the great hull, it might yet be stifled and suffocated in its own smoke. If they could have seen how among the sacks and barrels in a corner of the hold underneath them, the fire flared up fiercely and increased at every instant, they might have thought differently, but the shutting down of the entrance had reduced and deafened its noise to a dull distant muttering, which was less terrifying, though every now and then a loud crackling gave intelligence as to what was really going on. The imminence of the danger, which had so suddenly invaded their sleep, seemed to bewilder and paralyse the efforts of every one. The men ran against each other in

one of their few chances] one of their chances
safety, for as the fire] safety {<for> {&} as} the fire
entrails of the great hull] entrails of the great hulk
it might yet be stifled] it might still be stifled
stifled and suffocated in its own smoke] stifled {& suffacated} in its own {dense}
smoke
barrels in a corner of] barrels in one corner of
the fire flared up fiercely] the fire smouldered flaired up fiercely
of the entrance had reduced] of the entrance reduced
to a dull distant muttering, which was less terrifying, though] to a dull unintelligible
muttering though
every now and then a loud] every instant a loud
what was really going on] what was {really} going on
The imminence of the danger] The <imincy> {imminence} of the danger
which had so suddenly invaded their sleep] coming so suddenly among them in their
sleep
seemed to bewilder and paralyse] seemed to paralyze & bewilder

the dark swearing as only excited sailors can, all shouting questions at once, which none could answer, and without the slightest discipline in their movements and the utterly black night hid everything they most wanted in their confusion. In these days such catastrophes are often set down to the rats, for it is well known that these animals ravenously excited over phosphorus steal lucifer-matches and carrying them to their nests ignite them with their gnawing; thus setting fire to the things round them:⁶ but in the days of which I am writing the tinder-box was the only means of procuring fire. A man was endeavouring to get a light from one of these (at present) old-fashioned contrivances—why they did not make use of signal lanterns I cannot say—the others all were silent, waiting anxiously round him, for none could see what they were about, and only the sharp chipping of the flint mingled with their suppressed breathing could be heard for a few moments. Then a spark flashed

and the utterly black night hid everything they most wanted in their confusion] & all
the while <it was> the night was black as hell.

it is well known that] *not in MS*

and carrying them to their] & carrying them off to their
gnawing; thus setting] gnawing setting

to the things round them] to every thing round them

of procuring fire. A man] of procuring light & a man

a light from one of these (at present) old-fashioned contrivances—why they did not
make use of signal lanterns I cannot say—the] a light now the

waiting anxiously round him, for none could see what they were about, and only the]

waiting {anxiously} around {for none could see what they were about} & the
the sharp chipping of the] the chipping of the

mingled with their suppressed breathing] *not in MS*

brilliantly in the darkness, the tinder ignited and was blown up by half-a-dozen eager bearded mouths soon illuminated by its glow. The match was lit and then in the flaring effulgence, an unexpectedly wild scene came out, delineated in wildly powerful light and shade, where the breathless silence and obscurity had reigned so supremely scarce ten minutes before. What a study of expression in the faces of these fellows gathered on the deck!—their gleaming eyes, brown features, and bronzed skins—and above all their strange attire. Where in the dark not a single trace of humanity had seemed to exist, a crowd of wildly gesticulating figures were rushing about, all just as they had tumbled out of their hammocks, some in red shirts, others in their trousers and drawers, one man, a negro, with nothing at all of covering to his bare brown skin; his eyes flashing with fright like diamonds.

half-a-dozen eager bearded] half a dozen {eager} bearded
 mouths soon illuminated by its] mouths {soon} illuminated by its
 match was lit and then] match was lit, a lantern lighted & <a half a> dozen
 others hastily added from it & then
 delineated in wildly powerful light and shade, where the] delineated {in wildly
 powerful light & shade} where the
 so supremely scarce ten minutes] so supremely ten minutes
 faces of these fellows gathered] faces of the fellows gathred
 gleaming eyes, brown features] gleaming eyes & brown<ed> features
 skins—and above all their] skins & their
 some in red shirts, others] some in red jumper shirts others
 with nothing at all of covering] with nothing of covering atall [sic]
 to his bare brown skin] to his brown shining skin
 eyes flashing with fright like diamonds.¶] eyes flashing like diamonds. no new

paragraph

Shutting the hatchway down over the fire, seemed as if it had conquered it for an instant, and they stood round it panting with the exertions they had made to batten it; and the wild disorder created in their minds on waking up so suddenly face to face with the violent element began to calm again.

The fire might still be got under, its importance seemed to have been overrated, but the deck was getting hot under their feet as they stood on it, and none knew what to do.

The steersman left them and ran back to get the tarpauling he had covered himself with at the helm; this was taken and stuffed into the chinks of the hatch through which a sudden puff of smoke swirled out in their faces and joined the mist overhead. This proved the fire to be still encroaching, and a fresh burst of alarm

hatchway down over the fire, seemed] hatch way down seemed

if it had conquered it] if it had conquered the fire

up so suddenly face to face] so suddenly from their sleep & finding themselves face
to face

with the violent element] with the <terrible> {violent} glare
calm again.¶] *no new paragraph*

overrated, but the deck was] overrated but still the deck was
what to do.¶] *no new paragraph*

The steersman left them] A man left them

back to get the tarpauling] back & got the tarpauling

into the chinks of the hatch] into the c<l>{h}inks of the hatch

proved the fire to be still encroaching] proved the fire was encroaching
and a fresh burst of alarm] & a fresh alarm

took possession of them. Denver was not to be seen among these men.

A sick sailor unable to move, and carried out of the steerage by two of his fellows, his face and limbs wasted by debility, was taken past and laid on the quarter-deck beside three other figures, two of them women, who stood there. Two of these as far as could be seen in the sombre light which reached them, formed a group, of which one was a slight figure with pale terrified face, standing half supported in the embrace of the other: some man whose features could not be seen. The third was looking on with a half-sullen and half-careless expression on her face, though it might have been curious to watch the sudden start and the *look* which came into her eyes as she heard Denver's voice behind her talking to Laura: but

 was not to be seen among these men.¶] was not among these men. *no new paragraph*
 unable to move, and carried] unable to move <was> & carried
 by two of his fellows] by two of his comrades
 beside three other figures, two of them women] beside the figures of two women
 Two of these . . . third was looking] One as far as could be seen in the sombre
 gleams of light which reached them was a sweet figure with pale terrified face
 & the other looking
 a half-sullen and half-careless] a half sullen half careless
 expression on her face, though] expression on her <face> features though
 it might have been curious] it was curious
 start and the *look* which] start & look <expression> which
 came into her eyes as] came over her, as

apparently she was not in the least concerned at the violent tumult, and the shoutings and lights which had broken out so unexpectedly in the still midnight.

When Denver knew what really was the matter, and that the ship was alarmed, he turned back up the deck, and trembling with haste, sprang down the companion-steps, and groping his way through the pitchy blackness of the cabin, came to Laura's door. I mean the door which led to the inner apartment, for he had never been further inside. He called her name, and the door opened and something pushed

was not in the least] was not in the slightest
tumult, and the shoutings and lights which] tumult of shouting & light which
had broken out so unexpectedly in the still midnight. ¶] had broken out so

inexplicably in the {mid} night. *no new paragraph*

When Denver knew what] When Denver found what
matter, and that the ship] matter & how the ship
ship was alarmed, he turned back] ship was <really> alarmed he left the men & ran
back

up the deck, and trembling] up the deck trembling
with haste, sprang down] with haste. It is no exaggeration to say that perhaps the
unexpected prospect of seeing & talking to Laura for a few minutes & of
having her near him, drove every thing else out of his mind, as he sprang
down

down the companion-steps, and groping] down the steps & groping
through the pitchy blackness] in the pitch blackness
came to Laura's door] came to her door
mean the door which led] mean the <door> {one} which led
never been further inside] never been inside

against him in the dark. It was Laura, for she was already awake standing listening to the trampling of feet overhead, and the confused shouting.

Just now a fresh burst of the sounds was heard as if something new was taking place, and such was Denver's excitement that he could hardly stay to tell her what the alarm was about, but taking her up in his strong arms, he literally carried her out on to the deck, for the perilous fire seemed so deadly and near to them then, that he could not endure to leave Laura out of his sight for even one instant—in the dark cabin—where the flames might, for what he knew, break out at any moment. She was scarcely dressed save for the night-gown she slept in, and its hem fell on her bared and inexpressibly delicate feet: but a heavy cloak was thrown over her shoulders which concealed her form.

Dorothy had been below: in the dark Denver stumbled against his wife, and she now followed them out and up the steps. When they were on deck, the lanterns had been lighted hastily and placed so that they could see what the men were doing.

There was no fire-engine to the ship, but all the available buckets had been brought up and filled over the side. The waves they were dipped into were alive and dancing with phosphorus, and the water that filled them was coated with its pale flame; they were placed on the foredeck which was splashed all over with wet, and gleamed brightly as the lamplight fell on it. No one seemed to know where to fling their contents and they stood there unemptied and disregarded. A still larger piece of tarpauling had been procured so as to stop the draught through the hatch and stifle the fire: it was laid completely over it, but the thick vapour still escaped, endlessly

something pushed against him] she pushed against him

dark. It was Laura, for she was] dark, she was

feet overhead, and the confused] feet over head & the confus A-D.B' cuts off here

pouring through some aperture which they could not discover in the darkness. There must have been some unknown and hidden source of ventilation in the hold, for the sullen hissing and crackling under foot still went on; it even increased and the deck they stood on grew unendurably hot and the water dried perceptibly as it leaked from the buckets.

The opaque white smoke, varied here and there with a swirl of black, now began completely to envelope and hide the rigging overhead; the way the danger thus seemed to increase without anything of it being *seen*, while the flames could be *heard* so plainly, struck more consternation into these men and bewildered them more, than if the fore-castle itself had been blazing with fire.

It was indeed a strange waking for them—to be called out in the midnight on to the deck, to conquer a hidden and dreaded enemy, none the less feared because inanimate, and to have to stand helpless on the hot planks under the blinding smoke, with a presentiment in their hearts that it was too late, and that all their efforts would be useless, even if there still remained time to apply them.

Now while Denver and Laura (he for the moment unable to tear himself away, and she clinging to him) were watching this scene from what used to be called the 'barricado' of the Spanish quarter-deck, not knowing whether the fire were being got under or not, a sailor rushed through the door at the foot of the fore-castle followed by a large ape that he had unchained (probably to give it a chance for its life) and shouted and cried out that the bulk-head which separated the fore-cabin or steerage from the hold was splitting and burning through, so that the compartment was filled with smoke; and this was true, for the vapour began to issue out of the door he had just come through.

There was a sort of recoil among them all as they heard this: those who were filling the buckets by their ropes over the side left their occupation abruptly, and from their action, it seemed for an instant as though they were going to forsake

the deck and leave the ship to its fate. Anything that was said was lost in the confusion and noise; however the first mate persuaded them to form a line with the buckets; but the fact was there were not enough men to the big ship, and the few there were, were quite untrained, and unprepared for so terrible an emergency.

Nevertheless they all now hastily caught up the full buckets and began passing them down to the mate and five of the men who had disappeared after him through the entrance to the fore-cabin, but this they did with a feeling of despair as to any result. A loud hissing and spluttering showed evidently that something had been reached—it was fearful to listen to. Then they heard faint cries as if for help, and all except the fire became quiet. The emptied buckets were not passed back again, and the men, gathered round the entrance with fresh relays, began to grow terribly anxious and to look into each other's faces in consternation. One at last tried to penetrate into the smoke.

The way which led to the steerage under the forecastle was a simple ladder of iron placed so that one came down facing sternwards, and a good way under where the entrance was.

There was no sound for a time, only the subdued noise of the fire—and the smoke blown in the men's faces. In a while the man who had gone in, reeled out among them again, half suffocated with the atmosphere he had endured for half a minute. Hardly able to speak at first, he at length told them that the others must be lying stifling in the darkness, and that it was impossible to breathe below.

One man had meanwhile called the attention of the others to Denver, still standing on the quarter-deck with Laura, but in the dusk it could not be seen whether it was his wife or the other woman. Perhaps these sailors merely thought that the strange self-contained man, with the gleaming eyes and worn face, was a coward, and frightened to come to them, for they none of them could have known the real cause which detained him, and it only looked as if his wife were clinging to

her natural protector; indeed, they had little or no thought for them. The second mate, a black-bearded sailor in a shirt and trousers, did call to him once, but then immediately tried to descend the iron ladder, holding a lighted lantern which brightly illuminated the dense smoke streaming through the aperture. As might have been expected, he was driven back again; it was useless any longer to attempt assistance, the men must have been dead by that time, and it would have been impossible for any one to bring a senseless body up the ladder during the short instants they could have existed there. At length they retreated back out of the clouds and gusts of livid choking vapour, and six out of their number were gone, while they had irresolutely stood by.

It would be difficult to describe the effects of this shock on them, it seemed as if all were lost. One man ran nearer the quarter-deck to get a draught from the water-barrel, and called out apparently to encourage the two women, "There's no danger, we shall get you all off safely if the fire spreads": but his actions belied the assurance of his words, and the next instant another shouted both to him and to Denver to come down and help. Then some other voice shouted, "Get up the cabin-barrel of water on deck"; and these were the only articulate words heard in all the confusion and clamour of sound which rose and fell at intervals, for all speech was now becoming drowned in the noise of the hidden fire.

Denver tenderly separated himself from the arms which still detained him, and followed the first-named man down into the smoke and confusion on the deck. The smoke was getting so thick there now, that the forms of the sailors were all blurred together, and they could be heard coughing as it got into their lungs. These fellows were all strangers to him, with unknown faces and voices, despite his having been confined in the same ship with them for eight weeks. As he got to them he heard one man saying, "It's narry use our stopping here; let's launch the boat while there's time, or our deaths are on our own heads. The fire 'ul burst out in a while and

then it 'ul be too late."

"We can't do nothing," another said.

"We'll wait till that then, and then we shall see what we're about," said a resolute voice. "I've worked in the old ship off and on, man and boy, these forty years since we took her, and *I* don't leave her till I'm driven."

The speaker was a man of about fifty, short and thick-set, and with a grey beard cropped close to his face, and small keen grey eyes; he stood perfectly calm and resolute, his jaws munching a lump of tobacco. The others round him displayed no such presence of mind, and did not scruple to show the alarm and despair which were wildly depicted in their faces. The ship-boy that was cabin attendant was there with frightened eyes and livid face, notwithstanding the half-confidence he must have felt in the sailors around him.

One of these clutched Denver's arm, and his fingers trembled the while.

"What could they do, only twelve men, and the turpentine^s stored below?" he asked. Denver had known of no inflammable material in the hold, and this seemed to explain the virulence with which the fire burned; but he made no reply, his eyes were wandering uneasily through the smoke towards the place he had just quitted.

As I have said before, the fire being hidden only made the danger seem more imminent and to be dreaded. It was impossible to reach it: they had done all they could, they could now only wait till the flames made their appearance, and they all stood pressed together irresolutely as if only waiting for such a pretext to make their escape.

The smoke swirled in long lurid wreaths over their heads, and now there first began to be sparks in it; they all gazed silently upon the first one that appeared, till the zigzag course of this flickering herald of the coming fire went out in the smoke, extinguished for want of air. None of them knew where it came from, nor indeed asked: each looked where the others looked till they all must have seen it, and

Denver alone started slightly as it seemed for an instant inclined to shoot off in Laura's direction.

All their minds must have been made up by this time, and they stood there silent, and probably in despair as far as the safety of the *Black Swan* was concerned. I only wonder they were not already engaged lowering the boat and provisioning it while they yet had time; but a sort of stupor seemed to have fallen on them, a kind of lull which always preludes the most tumultuous efforts in nature or man. Some of these men must have had wives or loved relations in this world, but no man spoke what he thought, only they looked in each other's eyes, and each must well have known what his fellow was thinking about. Indeed the sailors knew only too well what chances of safety there were—nearly a thousand miles off shore, in an open boat on an unfrequented sea.

Soon their sole thought would no doubt be centred on securing their safety: but in the meantime, during the momentary pause, these sailors, so suddenly and awfully reduced to the brink of despair, formed a strange puzzling spectacle of apparent indifference, while their unchained monkey, in weird contrast to their silence, sat on the bulwark, where it screamed and gibbered at the smoke in aimless rage and terror, its face the while looking perfectly devilish in the half-light.

Thus they waited for the unquenchable fire to make its appearance and end their uncertainty; for with something tangible they could at least know what to do. It might even be no exaggeration to state that they wished for the light of the expected flames, to guide and assist their efforts, and they had not long now to wait. Every one of them had procured some covering to protect his feet, or they could never have stood there, so intense was growing the heat of the deck. The bright sparks were now constantly issuing out of the door in the forecastle, but they had become too common to attract notice. Two or three men had suddenly and seemingly without purpose taken the tarpauling off a corner of the hatch, and were endeavouring to

pour the remaining pails through a chink so as to create a volume of steam underneath;—as the liquid splashed on the planks around them, it hissed and vanished away in its own vapour.

They had better have been gone while there yet remained time, instead of trifling thus with the element they had failed to conquer, seeing that nothing they could do now was of any avail, for no doubt the whole interior of the hold was become one volume of fierce immitigable flame. Even now as they stood there, it hissed and spluttered up through the very hole they were trying to pour the water through, like some angry fierce animal enraged at the efforts made to ensnare it. Suddenly the boards of the hatch itself cracked, split, and took fire with the intense heat, the tarpauling shrivelled up, and all finally gave way; one immense mass of flame, first forcing itself past at one corner, rushed and swept clean through the reopened hatchway like an explosion of gas through the shaft of a mine. This reached and flickered high into the air, unexpectedly shooting millions upon millions of sparks, like flakes of fire, into the deep unfathomable blackness overhead; spangling the dark sky like clusters of stars, and falling in fiery showers, spluttering in the waves round the doomed vessel. A kind of hissing like that of the wind through the leaves of a tree, became audible round the ship, resulting from the contact of the sparks with the water, while the instantaneous glare must have been seen for miles, as it fell kindling along the dreary deserted wastes of the midnight sea.

All this happened in an instant. The astonishing transformation of the night, flashed so suddenly on the bewildered brains of the men gathered round, that it made them as mad, and reckless, as a stampede of frightened animals, and they lost what little self-possession remained to them.

Now as the explosion burst upwards with its fiery frightful heat, as though about to rend up the small space of deck between the hatchway and the bulwarks, these thirteen last men, terrified by its snake-like tongues of cruel flame, were, no

doubt, about to rush aft up the deck, there to begin lowering the boat, so as to put off after getting what they could into her. It was scarcely half an hour since the fire was first discovered; but now to their terrified imaginations, the entire entrails of the ship must have been wasted away and gutted, so that the bottom could be but a mere shell ready to split up and sink at any minute: so when the destroyed hatches fell in, or rather were flung out over their heads, the sudden rush of fire in their faces was so scorching that (standing as they were nearest the bows of the vessel) they all scrambled and retreated back to the yet intact forecastle. One man dragged the boy with him, and the monkey followed on all fours howling with terror.

Thus they all disappeared in the smoke which veiled the fore part of the vessel before they knew what they were about. All power of thought was driven out of each man's head, and a nameless simultaneous terror seized them, levelling the human intellect almost to that of the monkey which followed them:—the mere instinctive clutching for life, no matter how delusive or transitory the means of safety.

Meanwhile the edges of the deck took fire and burned up like tinder, making a return past the flaming hatchway all but impossible, after a few seconds. Two men, however, recovering themselves in time, managed to rush back and join Denver on the other side, for he, full of dread anxiety and always looking towards Laura, had remained nearer her end of the vessel, and had so escaped being driven the other way.

The rising fire, with its smoke, prevented anything taking place at one end from being seen at the other end of the *Black Swan*, and prow and stern were prevented from communicating by the centre.

CHAPTER V.

Now there were six people in all assembled on the after part of the ship: the two mariners who had rushed past the terrible heat and flame on to the quarter-deck; Denver and his wife; the sick man who had been brought out and laid there (he was stiff and rigid—dead, for probably the shock of these events operating on some heart-complaint had carried him off); and Laura Conway, in her blue gown which she had apparently got and slipped on: the hem of the night-dress fluttered underneath it, her cloak having dropped off. She stood there too horror-stricken to cry out, or even to tremble. Her clustering hair and her eyes were wildly lustrous with the glow from the flame, but her beautiful face was pallid and her lips as bloodless as the dead man's beside her. As her lover Denver came up the short ladder he heard his name called faintly, and as he sprang to her side uttering some inarticulate exclamation she fell into his arms, and lay there lifeless, but for the low convulsive sobbing with which she drew in her life-breath. She had swooned. I think it must have been more terror for his safety than fear for herself that she suffered from, perhaps both combined.

Denver kissed her dissevered lips, once, long, and passionately, and as he drew his face from her and supported her form in his strong arms, he could feel her heart beating against his breast,—it seemed for the moment to hold his very soul entranced.

At last slowly and reluctantly, he placed her on the deck, her head still resting on his knee; he did not notice his wife looking down on them, for kneeling there as he was, his whole attention was concentrated on his one object. I know not what sentence or word could describe Dorothy's expression and features, as, for that one instant, she glared down on them: then she abruptly turned and stared steadfastly and blindly on the raging flame, her eyes glittering and blazing with a kind of mad

reckless contempt, till they seemed almost to reproduce the fire and light they fronted.

But of this Denver saw nothing, and at last he let Laura sink on the deck, and getting up, looked on the conflagration of which the flames now seemed to envelope the whole middle of the ship, even as a gigantic snake might wreath itself round the limbs of a gazelle. For indeed the whole middle part of the *Black Swan* was by this time burning—seized in the convulsive unrelinquishing grasp of the shuddering element.

The warmth which reached them grew at times almost to furnace-heat, and the stench of the burning tallow and turpentine was becoming sickening and unendurable. It was a scene to enthrall and stupefy the mind with its intense horror, and Denver as he stood over Laura's inanimate form, gazed at it with a sense of his own helplessness, strong as he was, till the feeling became oppressive. It is not merely the eyes of a snake which fascinate its intended victim, but the acute and vivid imagination of the peril which goes with them. Extreme danger has a tendency to paralyse all organizations much in the same manner, and Denver stood for a while unable to withdraw his eyes and to all intents and purposes fascinated.

Could any one from a bird's-eye point of view, high overhead, have seen what was passing on the miles of dark sea below, he might have noticed (for the present, miles away on the face of the unseen ocean, but rapidly approaching) an elongated triangle of pale glimmering fire, sweeping and fusing its way along the surface of the water, the point or apex of it seemingly impelled into the glare which encircled the burning ship. In a while it was lost, as it entered and swept over and round the lurid light. It was the wind, coming direct down on the *Black Swan*! What hope now remained for her?

The elements seemed at last, as if in shame, to have shaken off their torpid contempt, but in all this wilderness of sky and water, strange that fire should have been the one chosen element of destruction. Now, moreover, as I have said, the *wind*

was come to its aid, and what hope could be left them? It was the wild irregularity of *method* by which Nature carries out her most faultless plans, but there was about it a deep wickedness, that seemed like what the human intellect alone could have devised.

Denver feeling almost instinctively, and without looking, that the two sailors were lowering the boat, remained passively over Laura, ready to lift her in when all should be prepared; and so absorbed was his mind in the fire, while he bent over her, that he did not hear (or thought one spoke to the other) when one of them called to him to run down and get up the keg of drinking-water from the corner of the cabin, as mentioned before. It is doubtful, if he had gone to bring it up, that he could have managed it by himself, but just at that moment he had thought he could distinguish faint but incessant cries, coming through the lulls in the crashing of the fire, though nothing could be seen through the smoke. It must have been the men on the forecastle; they could in no way pass to the quarter-deck where the yawl, their only boat was. The pinnace⁹ had been damaged in a storm.

Now at that moment the smoke cleared away from a part of the rigging of the foremast, and the light of the fire giving full that way, two men were plainly seen clinging in the ropes, their faces and hands vividly illuminated by the light from beneath: then the cleared-away smoke swirled down again, and all was hidden of their apparently useless struggles. He saw and heard no more. He could do nothing, and dared not leave Laura; only his blood chilled for one moment as he heard some faint and inarticulate cry of human agony amid the confusion of sounds.

As he glanced up through the rigging above him, for other traces of the crew, he noticed a white speck, turned red by the fire-light, wheeling in long circles round the ship; coming nearer to it at times, then receding, and then, as if unable to resist some unconquerable impulse, it still came nearer to it again, till at last his keen-sighted eyes, strengthened by long practice in the sheep-walks, could, by straining

through the darkness, make out plainly the form of the albatross, which had followed them all the voyage through, and which Laura had been used to throw ship's biscuit to. He could observe by the way it flapped its long wings, that it was disturbed by the unusual sight beneath it, yet still it descended in its wheeling flight. Just then to his surprise he felt in his face one of the first fitful gusts of the now strengthening wind, and simultaneously the fire and smoke swooped and reeled over, and flakes of flame began to be driven down the ship by other than self-agency. Outside the lurid glare over the sea, dimly bringing out in glimmering fire the western verge of the horizon against the dead night, the waves were alive with phosphorus, but faintly, and ghastly pale they seemed, contrasted with the red glare of the conflagration. In the sky, just then, quite suddenly, a few most exquisitely brilliant stars showed themselves, and the wind still gaining force, great vaporous masses of cloud began to float and roll over the firmament. A few of the nearest caught dimly the reflection of the fire and glowed as they passed over the ship, but the greater part being involved in the darkness, the eye could hardly make out if it were not the planets themselves that were moving.

It is impossible to represent the brilliant contrast between these and the utter blackness they seemed fixed in; but no one of them was more cut off from communication with the other worlds, than the *Black Swan* now seemed from all help, in this dreary central sea. Nothing, better than these pitiless unchanging night-jewels, could have typified the utter and stupendous loneliness of the doomed ship. These stars will shine through all eternity, for them time has no existence: but alas! the transitory radiance of the *Black Swan* was soon to be extinguished in the secret depths of the night it floated in.

There could be no doubt that the forecastle was burning, the whole forepart of the vessel was probably being gutted, and the fire would soon have to spread further sternwards, if from mere lack of material. The strong oaken foremast still towered

among the manifold embraces of the flames. One could see, by the intermingled column of fire and smoke, swaying from side to side and driven high into the air, that the hull was moving underneath it, and slowly following the large volumes of smoke which rolled away to windward, illuminated in the darkness by the countless particles of burning matter, and fire-flakes it carried with it. These fiery sparks constantly swarmed off, whirling like legions of fire-flies and falling into the spluttering waves, while the livid and gyratory wreaths of vapour, either dissolved, or driven off too far for the light to fall on them, were lost in the night.

We must now revert to the spectacle presented on the stern of the *Black Swan*, with Denver's strong form standing passively over the prostrate figure of the girl, the dead sailor stretched almost at her feet, and Dorothy, behind, standing close to the mast, and looking so obstinately at the fire. Did we not know the passions which possessed the secret hearts of these people—Denver's intense love as he watched Laura's face, and the fear, almost to agony, which overwhelmed him to see it all unconscious: then the jealous hatred of the wife which seemed to make her accept passively, nay even to welcome, the catastrophe—did we not know all this, these three would have seemed most strangely apathetic to what was going on round them. The two men near them were struggling violently to launch the large boat; in fact they also knew of the state of the other men on the fore-castle and would have attempted to row round to them could they have managed it. Their strength however was insufficient, nearly five minutes had been lost—an incredible lapse of time to men in their position. They had loosened the knots of the ropes, and got everything ready to let go; their long bright knives in their teeth to divide the cords if necessary and save every second of time they could. The lurid fire-light made their faces look fearfully savage and desperate, as they thus toiled away for their lives, but the boat still hung obstinately on the *in*, or deck, side of the bulwark; the davits to which she was slung must have been stiffened with rust; nothing they could do would

move them. One of the men suddenly looked round over his shoulder and seeing Denver, rushed to him and dragged him by the arm, shouting in his ear,

"For God's sake, man, come and bear a hand if you wish to get the girl off alive, or we shall all be burned up like rats! We're on fire under us!"

This mention of saving Laura, struck unconsciously the right chord in Denver to make his whole being vibrate with the strength of a god, and as the three men, united now, rushed at the boat, their shoulders sufficed; the stiff supports moved with a groan and the long curved keel and lines of the boat swung free over the side. The slip-knots were loosened, and with the care of expert sailors, yet with a rush and a plunge that sent the salt spray up in their faces, the great boat was launched beneath them.

Not one instant too soon—for a dense column of smoke and sparks at that very moment burst from the cabin-door and swirled out all round the deck and stern, obscuring everything. Immediate safety of life was all they had time to think of then; with his keen eyes nearly blinded Denver seized up Laura's inanimate form as if it were lighter than a child's, and leapt from the bulwark like a tiger, and into the boat. There was no time to reflect, it was nearly twelve feet under him, and the double-weighted concussion, all but staved the bottom out, and the boat rocked and swayed so that he could not keep his feet as he laid down his precious burden on her rough planks; with less case-hardened sinews than the Australian's, a dislocated ankle would most likely have resulted from the plunge, adding fresh complication to their ill-fate, but wiry as a mountain goat, his limbs escaped unhurt. There was not a moment to be thrown away. Turning back to the lurid suffocating mist he had just leapt from, he perceived the two men left on the deck in the act of lifting Dorothy over the side; the next instant she fell and he caught her in his arms, and almost shrank from her, despite the strong excitement he was under: then there was a complete lull for a time.

He had placed Laura with her head resting on one of the thwarts of the boat, and now he stooped over her and covered her tenderly in the cloak which still clung round her form. She was yet in a state of syncope or swoon, not of unusually long duration, for it was scarcely twenty minutes since she first lost consciousness, and perhaps it was well for her to have thus passed through the dreadful perils she had been exposed to, but Denver who perhaps had never before seen a fainting fit, must have thought she was dead or dying, he could not accept in patience her lifelessness. His limbs trembled, and in his agitation he had to hold on by the gunwale of the boat to steady himself, and as he hung over her dreading lest her soft sweet eyes would never look on him again, he forgot all else. However, when he felt her pulse it was still working, and her heart throbbed and fluttered like a bird's when he pressed his hand against it, and so this somewhat reassured him.

Dorothy had meanwhile sat herself down in the stern-sheets, her elbows on her knees, and her face and eyes covered, and hidden in her thin convulsive hands. The boat lay in deep shadow by the side of the ship, save when the point of some flame leaped and flickered higher than usual and lit them up for a moment, but there was no light from the cabin windows above them, which showed the fire had not reached there yet, though from one which was open a few thin swirls of smoke were issuing. The two sailors had disappeared into the smoke, unnoticed by Denver, having gone to get the water-barrel they had ineffectually shouted to him about.

Now as Denver was bending over the unconscious figure in the bottom of the boat, the light fell full on them without dying out again as before, and looking up he perceived they were no longer alongside of the ship, but that there was a gap which widened even as he looked at it. The wind before this had ceased blowing for an instant, but a fresh gust seemed to have just begun; when it stopped again, the motion of the vessel stopped too, she seemed turning round slightly with the relaxed impetus; this drove the smoke down over the stern as I have described, and now

again the vessel began to veer round in the wind, and thus it happened that they were floating nearly forty feet from the side before he saw what the matter was. The ship of course went before the wind much faster than they, owing to its larger size, but Denver reached to the connecting rope (that sailors call the painter) and pulled it taut. It slackened again, and, slipping from the pulley it passed through, fell with a splash into the waves; and the frail boat, fifty feet from the *Black Swan*, floated out of the shadow it had lain concealed in, and clear of the suffocating smoke into the full glare of the flames.

It could now be seen how completely the ship was mastered by the fire, which burned in fitful convulsive bursts and movements from the centre right down to the forecastle. It was a terrible peril to have escaped from, and as this man in the boat looked up, hardly able to realize and grasp its significance, he saw two black *silhouettes* looming large through the smoke which enveloped the quarter-deck; they were the two sailors who had saved them. They were lost!

When these two luckless men found the boat gone, they seemed to rush to the other side of the deck, as though they might have mistaken where it was left; then they returned and saw where the boat really was, and commenced gesticulating wildly and shouting in a way that reached Denver's ears even through the fearful noise and rush of the spreading conflagration.

He shouted back to them to jump and swim, but could get no reply; then gathering the dripping fifty feet of rope up into a coil, he flung it to them with practised hand as he would have lassoed a refractory horse, but it fell short into the sea. All this while the ship was receding still further from them, and the insupportable vapour of the fire had been growing more dense over the stern, and now it closed down entirely, and hid these two despairing wretches from sight. Nothing could be known of what became of them after.

As I have said the whole of the front part of the ship was burning; in some places the fire had eaten three or four feet down the sides, and the flames from the high forecastle were sometimes towering twenty feet above the reach of the rest. It was singular to watch these great flames shooting up spirally, and twisting like serpents about to spring. The rigging of the foremast was all destroyed, but the great spar still stood with the yards fallen from it, while the fire raged round its foot, and the enormous flames were constantly shooting up, twining and entangling themselves round it. Suddenly it swerved almost imperceptibly, then noiselessly it gave way at the base, and with a loud and startling crash fell by the board, countless fragments of burning rigging and rope dangling from it, and so into the sea on the opposite side of the ship, while showers after showers of its brilliantly flaming splinters flashed up and were driven off in the wind again.

The ship indeed seemed fraught with the very elements of hell. Up till now the stern had appeared intact as far as the fire was concerned, but now through the stifling mist which had enveloped it down to the water-line, the four side windows of the cabin could be seen alight and flaming, then they burst one after another with the heat, and long tongues of fire shot through flaming almost as steadily as jets of gas for a while, and again vomiting the black smoke. The sleeping compartments right in the stern had soon caught, and the dry wood of their partitions burned like tinder; then the skylight near the wheel cracked and shivered in fragments, and the red flame rose steadily through it, turning the smoke lurid and dun-coloured and firing the deck-edges it shot through.

Thus in an incredibly short space of time the fire had spread from end to end of the ship, and what fate had befallen the men, whether they had been suffocated in the smoke, or had jumped over into the sea and been drowned unable to swim,¹⁰ neither Denver nor probably any other human being would be ever able to say. One sight remained for Denver, however, which made him start to his feet with

an irrepressible exclamation of horror. He had been looking at the vessel end on from the stern, but now she began to veer round in the wind, and the great projecting spar of the bowsprit appeared starting out from the blazing forecastle, and on it *were clinging five human beings*—looking strangely dwarfed by the vast extent of fire and luminous smoke which swirled over their heads. They clung in the chains desperately and tenaciously, and the ape mentioned before was crouching at the further end of the spar, but from the way they all seemed to be endeavouring to protect their faces and hands, the heat must have been scorching them. One of them caught sight of the boat, and then they all began to wave their arms and apparently to shout to him, but their cries were drowned. It was impossible to get to them, he had no oars, and he cast his eyes despairingly round the boat they were adrift in. Dorothy was sitting motionless and speechless in the stern; just as Denver saw her face she appeared to catch sight of the men on the bowsprit, and such a wild expression appeared on her features, succeeded by a forced look of indifference, that for the moment he thought she must have gone mad—then he turned again to examine the terrible scene of human agony on the bowsprit, and by an irresistible impulse cast his coat off, as if he meant to jump over and swim to them. A single glance which he took at Laura's face sufficed to paralyse his will. His heart was as brave as a panther's, but where conflicting impulses meet, the strong ones disable the weak, and his love was more powerfully predominant with him at that moment than his humanity, and he shuddered as he thought of being drowned and leaving Laura alone in the boat with his wife. Again he was forced to turn his face to the ship, and his heart started within him as a great tongue of flame flared out, swerving over the spar so as to envelope the men on it in a fiery embrace. Then for a moment it withdrew: but one man had fallen, sucked down under the water without disturbing its surface, and still the others hung in the chains. Through some aperture the flames sprang out now under the bowsprit hardly two feet above the water-line, while blown down by the increasing

wind the fire and smoke swooped over, entirely hiding the spar, and what the men on it did it was impossible to know. Had it lasted a moment longer Denver's irresolution would have passed, and he would infallibly have jumped into the water; but when the spar thrust itself again, as it were, out through the luminous smoke, it was bare and the chains underneath were empty.

The fire was now at its brightest, its glow seemed to fall from horizon to horizon, and to light up the very clouds above it, and it was now strange to watch the albatross, which, as I have described, was at first so high overhead, but now wheeling nearer and nearer to the ship. The bird made longer and wilder circles, as if wishing all the while to escape, but always coming nearer again to the heat, flapping its long wings wildly, and swerving from right to left in its fright, until at last it was scarcely fifty feet above the flames. Finally with a wild but unheard shriek, it approached so close that the feathers of its long wings seemed to shrivel up, and it fell helplessly and headlong into the lurid smoke.

Thus at last of all the living beings, human or animal, which had existed between the horizons of this desolate ocean, only these three people were left living and unseparated. It was as if the ties of passion, the hatred and love which entangled them mentally, had physically held them together, and with the safety of one, the lives of the two others were assured. The *Black Swan* still blazed, but it must not be supposed that the glow from its fire lighted everything equally, for the swirling smoke-wreaths intercepted the light constantly, projecting great black flaring shadows for hundreds of yards over the surface of the waves, the heavens above being black as ink and impenetrably amalgamated with the verge of the sea at the horizon; only at intervals, a few glittering stars were seen as the openings in the cloud-rack drifted by. In the direction where the smoke was carried off by the wind an elongated trail of luminosity swept, gradually lessening through the darkness. Altogether it was a spectacle with nothing of mediocrity in it, everything visible being brought out by the

preternaturally wild light of the conflagration, or hidden in the still wilder shadows of the opposing night and from a great height, in proportion to all this awful vacuity of space and blackness, the flaring and burning of the deserted ship might have appeared little more than the dim light shed by some glow-worm in a dark plain, while the boat containing the three in whose fate this story is concerned, seemed but a dim speck lost in a circle of lurid radiance and tossed at will by the invisible wind: and yet what human utterance can sufficiently describe the rapture in Denver's heart, as Laura gradually began to come back to consciousness? With his eyes blinded and his brain lost to all that was going on round them, he was supporting her head, chafing her soft hands and sprinkling the salt water on her forehead, when her arms and shoulders moved convulsively, though slightly, the clenched eyelids half opened, and her lips moved, muttering faintly something he could not hear at first—then more distinctly,

"Water, water, give me some water: my throat's parched."

Till that instant no thought of want had entered his mind, everything had been forgotten: but the word "water" made his blood recoil on his heart. They had none—and he remembered *now* in his despair how he had heard the men calling out to him about the barrel, and how he had neglected it. He had endured thirst before in his life, and knew but too well what it was, and a terrible train of probabilities rushed through his mind, all in that one instant, as he dashed up his hand against his forehead with an action which had all the wildness of desperation in it.

Dorothy had turned her face to them with a fierce gleam in her eyes, unwomanly and fearful to behold. Again Laura repeated her demand faintly. He bent down over her and said firmly, yet in a voice so strangely altered that it seemed not to come from his own lips,—

"We have no water. We're adrift in the open boat; adrift on the sea,—you, Dorothy, and I; and unless we're soon found and picked up,—may God be merciful

to us!"

As he spoke lifting her up in his arms, he pointed across the half-mile of sea, which gleamed brightly with reflections from the fire, still burning and flaring but so low down now, that it seemed in places to be springing from the very waves. Even at present its warmth fell in their faces like August sunshine. He felt Laura shudder as he supported her, then her consciousness began more fully to return and she muttered faintly.

"I remember now, Denver, I fainted when I thought you'd been burnt or injured. There was a great flash of fire in my eyes and I could see nothing: but I don't want to drink now. Oh it's terrible to look at!" she said as a full burst of the red flame broke out, lighting the waves round their boat more luridly than ever.

In reality her throat was parched if she would only have admitted it; but with her quick womanly perception, her denial was merely following out the instinctive wish not to give pain to him in whose keeping she had entrusted her most secret heart, and even now she knew by the tone of his voice, and the expression of his features, that she had put him in an agony by her half-conscious request. Not having seen all that had passed, she could not understand all that was in his mind, and could not know the keen pang he winced under as she lifted her face and pressed her soft lips with trembling fondness to his rough bearded chin, saying again,

"It's not your fault, love, that we've been driven out here. We're still together. Don't look in that way,—it pains me more to see you in pain than to be so myself."

The man pressed her figure to his breast, and his eyes lightened, and the moustaches which concealed his lips parted with a kind of ghastly smile in answer to hers, but he kissed her only and said nothing: a strange and memorable sight it would have been for any one who could have watched them thus by the light of the fire, and yet a stranger thing would be a world formed without love!

Laura turning her face suddenly from her lover's passionate gaze, uttered an involuntary exclamation, for there was the figure of another woman in the stern of the boat,—a solitary muffled figure in a long red cloak, with face entirely hidden. There was something suggested by the attitude, which made the absence of any features in the covered countenance (despite the form of the nose and forehead faintly visible) more terrible to be imagined than any actual face. Her attitude might have served as a model for I know not what statue of passion or madness, as she thus crouched with her elbows on her knees, her face low down between her hands and pressed into the folds of the shawl. It was as though she could not bear to look upon something near her, and yet as though her hidden eyes still saw it, causing her to shrink from it in imagination.

It was Dorothy her lover's wife; Laura's first impulse was to withdraw herself away from him, and she half rose on her knees, although the wife could not see her, and seemed to be disregarding her presence. I think it turned her blanched face even paler, as she noted the gleaming expression in Denver's eyes, as *he* also glanced in Dorothy's direction. She knew the character of the man she loved too well, to mistake any sign of his features, and a sickness seized her heart, whenever these two met, face to face; and yet the lovers drew together again, and it seemed almost as if Denver were trying to hide and shut out from Laura all that was passing around them; such a persistent time did he spend kissing and pressing his lips on her eyelids.

Presently they were once more attracted by a greater crashing and hissing than any before. The *Black Swan* by this time might have been half a mile away; in some places the fire had burned down to the water's edge and the great black side timbers projected upwards, from the back-bone of the ship, as it were, and into the flames, like the charred ribs of some skeleton when the flesh has been burnt away. Two or three blackened and shattered spars, one with its cross-trees still intact, were

all that remained of the great forecastle. The sudden crash and hissing had been caused by the fall of the main-mast clean by the board, and by the volumes of bright sparks which fell into the sea in consequence. The decks themselves were eaten through and destroyed, save for two or three of the heaviest rafters still reaching from side to side of the timbers I have before described as looking like human ribs, and the whole of the once stately vessel was fast dwindling to a mastless and emptied hulk.

This shattered, fire-spurting, hissing mass of blackened timbers, tossing hither and thither on the waves, was once the place in which the whole principle of their lives had been changed, and now well-nigh incredible it seemed as they looked on the fragments of what had once been a powerful emigrant vessel, to which the hopes and lives and destinies of multitudinous men women and children had been confided.

There is, perhaps, nothing in nature more strange to reflect on, than this magic transmutation by fire which we witness daily with so little thought or comment. To see a substantial object take light and vanish away in flame before our very eyes, not dying invisibly as our souls or lives do, but simply vanishing from sight, while only an utterly disproportionate sediment of its ashes remains behind, is miraculous, but never was this perplexing problem brought more thoroughly before the human mind, than at present with these two people.

Alas! what could these ill-fated lovers do but sit helplessly clasped in each other's arms? now left dependent on themselves; all human or earthly aid apparently withdrawn from them. But for a man like Denver, it was impossible to remain long in utter despair; it was incredible to him that they could be left to drift to death through the desolate ocean without food or succour, it was *incredible*. Rain would fall from the clouds above them,—they would be picked up by some ship, or would reach land somewhere: all these hopes he whispered hurriedly to Laura in the light of the now receding fire, for though far off, it was plain that the fitful flames were

lessened in violence, probably from pure lack of attainable fuel, and the glare, save for a few struggling fits and starts which at odd moments it would resume, was growing less bright minute by minute.

Now Denver looking searchingly into the deepening shadows round the boat, saw to his surprise, two or three great splashes of phosphorus struck from the waves here and there—one big drop fell on his forehead, and a slight pattering shower began all round. It was rain!

He started up with an indescribable feeling of relief, and began hastily considering the best way to collect it when it should pelt down as he knew it presently would, for the first drops were large and violent, as if presaging a storm; but his heart sank as suddenly again in disappointment, for there was not a single utensil capable of holding water in the boat.

All he could do would be to spread out their clothes on the planks in the bottom, and wait till they were sopping: it would be only a temporary supply, but he had no time to think of that. His own jacket lay where he had cast it down, it was caught up and spread out flat, then he pulled Laura's cloak off her, doubled it fourfold and placed that also. His figure could be seen hastily at work by the decreasing light of the fire. Next his waistcoat out of which something fell clinking was taken off and placed in the bottom near the rest, and after this was done he turned to Laura, who had been watching him mutely, hardly understanding what he was about. His eyes gleamed with excitement as he put his arm round her neck and said quickly, "You shall have some water, my darling, if you'll only wait awhile, but I don't know how to get much of it in this damned place; if we were on land it would be different. I wish to God it would lighten," he went on turning round to look at the remains of the fire—destroyed ship. "The rain's left off, but it'll begin again I know, by the dampness of the wind. If the fire goes out there'll be no light to see what we're about—I wish to hell it would rain now! Why I believe the ship

is sinking. Good God! Laura, look at the steam—everything's against us!"

CHAPTER VI.

Just as he spoke a dreadful hissing and spluttering became audible, or rather burst on their ears, swelling up into a hideous sound like the distant muttering of thunder. There was one last glare of flame, an almost instantaneous flash which permitted them to see a vast rolling volume of steam for an instant. It was the water which appeared to be penetrating into the sinking hull and to be quelling the fire as it reached it; then suddenly the darkness fell all around them, for the remains of the burning ship were sucked down and stifled under the waves.

Two or three sparks were left for a while travelling about overhead, and then died out in the gloom. The vortex created over where the *Black Swan* had gone down, gleamed and flashed with phosphor-fire, reflected dimly on a few dissolving wreaths of hot steam left whirling over it: but soon the darkness settled again, and everything connecting the boat and its occupants with the lost ship, was blotted out in the night.

Laura had shut her eyes and turned her head away, as if fearing to look upon this last episode in the destruction of their safety, only she crouched closer to Denver's side on the bench where they sat. The eyes, dazzled as they must have been by the sudden change, would have made but slight difference to her open or shut in the sudden intense blackness they were floating adrift in. The simultaneous loneliness and silence, unbroken by any noise or light whatever, was awful to listen to, or look into. Denver also sat speechless and motionless with his arm still clasping and caressing her neck. For awhile they both kept the most complete silence, as if utterly overwhelmed with the beginning of the end of the catastrophe. At length she opened her eyes and looked round timorously into the darkness, just as the stillness and gloom were both at once disturbed by a heavy plunge of the boat. A gleaming circle of phosphorescent ripples showed all round the prow, faintly lighting up Denver's

face for an instant in strange contrast to the wild glow their faces had been in only one minute before, while Dorothy's form showed at the end outlined dimly against the faint glimmer.

Denver feeling perhaps the girl tremble against him, took her hand in his as if to reassure her, but still he said nothing, and seemed as if waiting with breathless impatience for something important to happen. She looked in his face, but though touching her own she could not see it, and then as it were instinctively she passed her hand over his features, to *feel* his expression as if she were blind.

Meanwhile a peculiar hissing and murmuring began to steal softly to her ears, almost inaudible at first, but intensifying by degrees until once more they began to feel the heavy drops of the rain falling splash, splash after splash, in both of their faces, all over the boat and into the sea around them.

This was what Denver had been waiting so silently for: and now a most unusual and singular phenomenon appeared, a wildly poetical paradox among phenomena such as Nature sometimes mocks our perceptions with, for the waves of the sea caught fire and were lit up by the wet incessant pelting of the shower, and the white water-flames spreading from confine to confine seemed at first as though they would have consumed the frail black boat which drifted in their midst. The whole surface of the water, as far as could be seen through the blind pelting of the rain, was covered with circles and flashes of bright flaming phosphorus; and the storm still increasing, it began to dart up in showers from the waves in all directions and soon was lashed into seemingly incredible fury.

It was as if the sea in its wildly tempestuous triumph and mockery were mimicking the fire it had quenched with a display of its own mock-fire, and Laura's fear-filled eyes, soon tired by the tumultuous and infinite shiftings and dancings of the weirdly livid flame-showers, almost began to convert the different shapes taken by the impetuous outbursts of the ghastly luminosity, into forms of fiends or demons,

thus revelling in their ungodly glee, over the ruin and desolation they had achieved.

The countless lines of the rain itself, the causer of all this strange disturbance, pelting everywhere into the blind darkness, were compelled to reflect the vivid sea illumination high up into the gloom they emerged from, and a soft delicate trembling of light was emitted everywhere.

At the stern-end of the boat Dorothy could again be seen dimly, crouching over as she had been from the first, save that the cloak which she had pulled over her face, as if to avoid the sight of the men on the bowsprit of the burning ship, was fallen off and the luminous rain was pelting on her shoulders and dripping off the loosened locks of her hair.

In a while everything in the boat was drenched through; Laura's cloak lay in the bottom, where Denver was collecting the rain in its folds, and her uncovered hair was sodden and streaming with the wet, though strange to say and as if by some occult sympathy with the flame of the sea, its dripping tangles were filled with electric sparks and it crackled as if it were burning.¹¹ The soft wet peculiar smell of the fresh rain tantalised her thirst, and unable to wait for Denver, she was putting the locks one by one to her lips as if she were sucking them for the moisture they contained, as she mutely watched where he was bending over in the middle of the boat. He had left her side and was groping about on his hands and knees, spreading out the cloth to catch as much of the rain-shower, while it lasted, as he could. This time he was resolved that nothing should escape them, in their precarious position, merely through *his* negligence, and he worked with trembling diligence; but even now, it having scarcely lasted three minutes, the turbulent rain began to beat less violently and then fail, till at length it ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun, and the lashed surface of the sea calmed down again, though it was still suffused in places by detached sheets of its own luminosity.

All this scene that I have described as taking place in the boat, was lit up by the weird lights and tremulous reflections that came from the water, but now that those were gone, all became dark again. Denver intent as he had been on his occupation, had now got what he wanted for the time, the shawl was drenched through and dripping, and this he brought to Laura, making her hold her head back while he tried to squeeze some of it into her mouth.

The greater part of this precious liquid was, as might be imagined, wasted over her face and throat, but he managed in some degree to quench her thirst, and then he tried to squeeze some into his own dry lips. No idea ever came into his head of attending to his wife, he knew she could collect the water for herself quite as well as they did, if she chose; but so it was that Dorothy got none of it.

The shawl was at length wrung dry and Denver let it drop; they were safe from thirst, but only for a few short hours and both knew that well; as to any thought of saving water it was out of the question. He sat down wringing his wet hands dry, before he could touch Laura with them, while she was wringing the remnants of the wet out of her damp hair, which still emitted the sparks of electricity. It would be difficult to define the complication of thoughts and feelings that possessed them both, in a position so utterly unexpected and strange to them. It was not despair, though it might have been akin to it, and it certainly was not hope. Everything had come about in so short a time, while events were passing, that little room for thought had been left. Denver had done all that he was capable of, simply from necessity at the moment, but now that they were left with time to consider what to do, neither of them could tell. Utterly strange to the sea, Denver was well-nigh as helpless as Laura herself.

They sat together with their clothes wet through, not indeed that this was much thought of, Australian-bred as they both were: for strange though it may appear to us, it would perhaps never have occurred to them to seek shelter from

such a slight shower as this had been. They were composed, but neither seemed to like to utter the thoughts and doubts that oppressed them. Terrible stories they had heard long since concerning the survivors of shipwrecks, floated, half realised, through their minds; and neither cared to speak of them to the other. It was a dire combination of doubt and uncertainty that they struggled in, and their mutual love, perhaps, made it all the more terrible; their existences had as it were, been suddenly from a disquieting dream, merged into a terrible reality.

The fickle wind had fallen away once more, though such clouds as had not dissolved into the rainfall had been driven off from the sky, so that the depths of the heavens were jewelled all over with piercingly brilliant stars. The atmosphere above, seemed first as though spread with a web of luminosity, but it being now close upon two o'clock, it was the quarter-moon about to rise, and a faint haze of light preceding its appearance was mingling with the night over the western horizon,¹² and spreading gradually up to the deep zenith. The face of the calm sea was utterly dark and lost, so that the boat, save for the traces of phosphorus emitted round it, was unseen. Denver and Laura sitting together, had both begun to talk in a low voice, as if they feared Dorothy would overhear them. Laura listened with terror as he narrated how he had first seen the fire, and how the men lost their senses: all this she remembered dimly herself, but knew nothing of what followed, of how he had leapt off the burning ship with her in his arms, and how the men were left behind. As he spoke she could tell plainly by the tone of his voice, how utterly overcome he was by the dreadful position they were in, although more no doubt on her account, than his own, and come what might, she resolved to die, rather than utter one word of complaint to him. A terrible gloom had succeeded the light halo of forgetfulness which their mutual love had cast around them, and yet their passion only seemed to burn more brightly in contrast with it, as they sat clasped side by side on the boat-bench, out on the lonely sea: and thus, neither of them caring to move or

think, they sat silent for a while; till it was evident that Laura was quite worn out, and gradually, in spite of everything, her head sank against her lover's breast, and she ceased replying to him, her breathing grew more regular and prolonged, and at length he sat with his arms round her, knowing that she was asleep, and hardly daring to draw a full breath, lest the motion of his chest should disturb her. If she had seemed something to worship and wonder at while waking and moving, how sacred must she have appeared now fallen asleep for the first time in his arms!

The warmth of their bodies, aided by the sultry atmosphere, had by this time nearly dried their clothes, and the boat was fast drying too, and both were lost in the stillness of night.

The dreaming sweetness of the smile on Laura's face was unseen by Denver—she was sleeping and utterly unconscious of all that was around her.

It was impossible for a man of Denver's temperament to give way to utter despair without knowing why, and he had no real knowledge of what their position might turn to ultimately, or how they were to exist for long. It is a terrible thing waiting to learn whether despair or hope must prevail, and Laura was as a weight which dragged him down continually, he dared not think what might become of her, and what she, so physically weak, might have to undergo; he remembered his own sufferings from thirst now long ago, and his heart turned sick within him as he looked forward to what three or four days might bring them to. There was no chance for them on which he dared to calculate sanguinely: he indeed had heard the men in the *Black Swan* talking of a colonial vessel they expected to cross, and a glow of hope rose within him for a moment, but only to sink to a deeper despondency as he thought how slight the chance was of their meeting, or how likely that they might pass each other in the night unnoticed. How he longed for something to make a signal with (knowing all that while that the boat was utterly empty) or at least for the dark night to clear away, that he might see what he was about!

It is clear that no physical suffering could have broken this man's spirit, but only an intense mental strain: the body is slow to act on the mind, however swift the mind may be to paralyse the body. Thus thrown without warning amid so strange a complication of bodily trouble, and mental bewilderment, he required all the strength of his will to keep himself in courage, and thus a wild alternation of sanguine hope, and bitter despondency, beset him all that night; though I think the tendency of his character was to discard hope.

But through all these fluctuations, his intense love for Laura was still uppermost (like the unchanging key-melody in one of Wagner's most wonderful storms of music), giving him ever greater pain, and ever mixing up her one image with endless plans of escape, or pictures of destruction; till sitting in the boat pondering over these dreadful eventualities, her placid and regular breathing always in his ears, began strangely to beat time with his own thoughts, and gradually a benumbing drowsiness stole over his brain, giving strange aspects to the evolutions of his mind. And once again he roused himself from thinking of Dorothy as she sat at the other end of the boat, and of the fate that bound them, with some of the old unreasoning headstrong resentment—despite the dread circumstances they were in: for Nature holds in her hands a wonderful and faultless chain of types and sequences; and one deep magnetic current of passion of hatred and love, from which all sensation springs, pervades all things equally, whether displayed in the dumb tumult of wind, rain, sunshine—of the clouds and the sea which travel with the tempest, or displayed in that which is Nature's highest expression, the inner consciousness of the human mind.

Before the drifting of this magnetized passion-storm all resisting influences must perish. Instinct is the lode-star of humanity, by following which, man is brought to a certain point of civilization: then, alas! comes self-consciousness, and resistance to everything not accepted by his own reason, and so much gain perishes and falls to dust; for reason as a mirror which too often images straight and fair things crookedly,

creates falsity, and wrongful instinct in the impossibility of the attainment of its desire, creates despair, and despair is death to the creative faculty. Then out of the disorder and ruin of the relapsed night, the weary task begins again of evolving the good from the bad. How many separate criteria of right and wrong have risen and passed utterly away, let history attest; but surely the nature which creates man, knows best how to nurture him. To her the individual has no existence, and though men say truly that each of them is capable of experiencing individually every sensation which may exist, yet in reality the individual is only able to give expression to one side of his nature at once, and one man is like a drop of water taken from the ocean.

Thus far I claim that Denver and Laura, in loving each other, merely broke the false laws of humanity, obeying those which nature originally intended them for, although, being but units, they trembled at the fulfilment of the blind instinct which led them on—for what was to explain and show them the wrongfulness of the human law they had transgressed?

They themselves thought they had done wrong and were guilty, and Laura's sense of this was expressed in her fear and trembling whenever her lover was out of her sight—his, in passionate resistance to any self-suggested remonstrance and in blind hatred of his wife who reminded him of what he had done. Added to this I know not what nameless suspicion seemed now to enthrall—almost to stupefy him—but Dorothy kept herself quiet in the stern of the boat and gave no token of her presence.

Laura's breathing always came regularly, and listening so long to the sound which was so sweet to him, he grew at length tired out with unproductive thinking and planning,—tired out in body and brain and thought, till he almost began to slumber himself. Indeed it was no use keeping awake, always turning over and re-examining vain conjectures as to what fate had in store for them, and feeling the terrible uncertainty I have spoken of, in not knowing whether to hope or to despair,

all he could do would be to endeavour to keep off such tangible peril as really did present itself. He knew that he required sleep now to enable him to begin the next day with sufficient energy and courage. He had been reflecting how he could fish, and thus save them all for awhile, and had arranged a plan to carry this out by the daylight; and a warm glow of hope seemed rising over the horizon of his mind.

His tired head sank lower and lower till at last he roused himself with an effort, and lifted Laura's unconscious form into the bottom of the boat, and still leaving his arm round her neck to serve as a pillow, lay down beside her. Her thin hands still clung lightly round him and her sleeping face fell against his own; and so in the deep night, on the dark face of the ocean, swaying gently on its waves, these two fell asleep, together for the first time in their lives:—and the glittering stars looked down into the darkness.

Denver's sleep was dreamless, yet he was always conscious of some kind of oppression weighing him down, as there always is with a man who slumbers between the pauses of difficulty and trouble which beset him. There is nothing sadder than to wake up from this condition, and lie awake striving vainly to recall the causes of the depression and sorrow which hang over the spirit, until suddenly the reason dawns on the remembrance, enlarged and intensified by the effect of dim twilight in which the mind then is.

Denver experienced this saddening sensation before a full hour was passed, and lay in a state of semi-consciousness, looking up at the starry heavens, now turned faint and pallid by the risen moon. Hearing the usual sleepy wash of the water, he could half have believed himself on board the destroyed ship again, and indeed this was his first impression. Laura was sleeping in his arms, and her face was leaning on his, and a lock of her hair was fallen across his forehead. Then he lifted his head slightly and saw Dorothy's figure dimly discernible in the night, still sitting by the stern. Her body was all dark, but her unveiled face formed a blanched spot lighter

than the half-luminous sky beyond, and through the black hair which fell over on one side of her shoulders a dim star shone like an emerald.

For any one not in Denver's position, this might have formed a scene full of strange interest and weirdly beautiful night phantasy, but at the sight of Dorothy a terrible half-awakened exaggeration of the destruction of the *Black Swan* swept through all his nerves, and the full knowledge of the position a few short hours had served to reduce them to, rushed over his mind, like a tempest over a calm sea, dispelling the shadows and delusions of his brain with a sudden burst of terror such as all men feel on awakening from the slumber they have begun at night, with hearts over-confident for the morrow's trouble. I think an awakened sleeper always sees his last thoughts in a kind of inversion. Beyond this however he made no sign, but lay still with his heart beating violently, sick with perplexity and knowing not what to do. But soon, once more, his natural weariness asserted itself, and lulled by the soft soothing of the waves, he fell to sleep again, and this time utterly and dreamlessly.

In the meantime, casting its shadow through space, the great earth spun swiftly on its course in the eternal flood of sunlight it revolves through, and on the surface which came nearest the sun, the night and the glimmering moonlight began slowly to give way before the dawn. Gradually a kind of pale reflection of daylight diffused itself over the sea, and where the conflicting waves splashed, their tropical flame became hardly visible: only the bubbles of foam created here and there, looked white and brilliant even to weirdness, contrasted with the grey extent of water they were sprung from. The deep dark colour where the sides and hollows of the restless waves reflected the sky above, gave a quite immeasurable idea of the depth of the ocean on which the old-fashioned boat could be seen dimly adrift. Everywhere this pale and colourless ocean extended, dark in the centre and towards the north-west, where even now the verge of the horizon could be scarcely distinguished from the sky, while towards the south-east the sky was brightening perceptibly with a faint resplendence of

pallid light. The clouds as I have said were all blown off in the wind or dissolved into the late rainfall, and round the cleared zenith the heavens were heavy with night and shadow; here the clustering stars still shone resplendent, but growing less bright as they neared the greyness of the coming dawn, and the dim quarter-circle of the moon grew more vaporous than ever as it still rose over the southern sky.

Beyond these faint indications there were still no absolute signs of the coming of the sun, save always that the same increasing paleness now began gradually to detach such objects as were to be seen, out of the oblivion the night had plunged them into; and that the defined circle of dark in the upper sky perceptibly receded. For more than an hour the light in the east had gone on concentrating, until without any previous warning a profuse irradiation and flush of yellow effulgence was emitted over the horizon, spreading all over the heavens to the very zenith, changing everything; while an intensely brilliant point of light from whence all this radiation proceeded, shone out over the confines of the palpitating waves like a touch of fire, lighting up the ocean simultaneously from glittering crest to crest in a long line towards the desolate boat. Only one figure, that of Dorothy, was visible in it, looking at the sunrise which glowed on her pale face, and shading her eyes with her arm.

Strange was it to note this lonely boat abroad on the waters with just this one figure visible, cut off from all human help and so utterly dependent on the wild play of the elements, but if not stranger, yet more terrible, was it to note the way she turned, watching the faces of the two sleepers in the bottom.

The wild light of sunrise went on increasing, a red globe of glowing fire was now half detached from the dim verge of the horizon, and soon it had consumed the last lingering evidence of night. The sea was turned to a deep blue, and the pale sky, harmonizing with it, was inexpressibly lovely in its different cadences and modulations of tone and colour.

Soon, still hanging low above the waves, the full disk of the sun, glittering in its blinding effulgence, shone over everything, and in half an hour more its light fell slantingly over the gunwale of the boat. It gleamed on Denver's face and reached his pupils through his shut lids. He awoke and separating himself from Laura's arm without awakening her, he got up on his feet, looking round on the dreary scene. So the longed-for day broke over the salt waves of the glistening ocean.

CHAPTER VII.

Laura still seemed to sleep, and he did not wake her, but after standing awhile examining the sky and the sea, he bent down and picked up the cast-off cloak which had lain disused during the warmth of the night, and began searching its plaits and folds carefully as if with some set purpose. It was quite dry now and stiffened with the salt which had got into it from the atmosphere. Then he felt in his pockets for his knife, but it was gone, and he began picking the thread out as well as he could with his fingers, and teeth, and in this way by knotting, and plaiting fragments together, he made shift to get four or five yards of strong pack-thread.

This was to form a fishing line. Once while his work was going on, he bent over the side of the boat peering down into the depths of the blue water beneath, but he could see nothing there: the morning sea was as clear as crystal, and his sight plunged deeper and deeper into the weltering flood, till all became hazy and he could see no further. The line was made fast to one of the pegs that the oars move in, and then he began to look about him; a hook must be made. He noticed some object glittering in the folds of the shawl, and leaning down to it he found a small silver brooch with a strong pin to it. This he plucked out and fashioned with his teeth, until it was bent into the form required and then it was made fast at the end of the line.

In the meantime so intent was he on this work that he had not noticed that Laura Conway was awake; she was roused by his movements, for every step he made caused the boat to quiver from stern to prow, as it hung suspended on the clear waves. He was just trying to think what he should bait the hook's point with, when he looked up and saw her just rising in a bewildered manner as if she did not at first know where she was—then she saw Dorothy half lying and half sitting in the

stern. There was a kind of empty doorless locker, the top of which formed a bench that her face and head lay on supported by her left arm, the other hung down passively, the fingers twitching at intervals; the rest of her body was on the planks, and she was just high enough to look over the low gunwale.

The girl's face resumed the paleness which seemed habitual to it now, as she came and sat down by her lover on one of the thwarts in the boat: she still however watched Dorothy, as though unable to take her eyes off her. Denver all the while looking about him, could think of nothing better for a bait than to tear pieces off his woollen shirt-sleeve and to prick his arm, so as to soak them in blood: this he did with the sharp hook, so that a few drops of the red liquid fell on each, staining them through. It must be remembered that sea-fish will bite almost at the bare hook itself, and that the lure he had provided for them ought to have sufficed to attract swarms from the water around.

Fastening the rag on he next dropped the line over the side, but it only floated there, and he had to pull it back and fasten the broken brooch on above it before it would sink.

Then with his finger trembling on the line, his heart beating with anxiety while he waited the result, he turned round to Laura. She was still gazing half in amazement and half in fear at Dorothy, but she that was looked at neither moved nor looked back, only her dark eyes gazed vacantly with a kind of half-smothered fire in them, out across the glittering waves, and her lips moved occasionally, but without sound coming from them. It seemed indeed as if her own frantic words had come true, and that the events she had passed through, really *had* reduced her to insanity.

There seemed something in her presence, which always acted like a spell over poor Laura whenever they met, just as the wild singing ceases through the woods and all is hushed, because a hawk sweeps overhead in decreasing circles; yet it seemed as

if fate were never tired of bringing these two nearer and more in literal contact with each other, every day of their lives. But Dorothy took no notice of her, and seeing this she began to regain confidence; feeling besides that Denver's strength of will was so near to protect her, she at last threw off all restraint; at least all such I mean as was not self-imposed by her own natural modesty and bashfulness; though I believe if the wife had once looked her in the eyes for a few moments, the same influence would have been resumed. She however, far from being able to look them in the eyes, seemed hardly able to bear being looked at herself; some strange instinct seemed to tell her whenever her husband's face was turned in her direction, and even if he were not looking at her, she seemed as ill at ease as some wild animal. Once or twice an involuntary impulse had caused him to turn round to her as if fascinated and with a kind of unyielding repugnance in his face, but otherwise he seemed to accept her presence passively, as a kind of fate, that must be dumbly endured without reasoning or resistance.

As I have said, Laura timidly at first, but with gathering confidence as she observed Dorothy's lassitude and apathy, began to talk with Denver, and allow him to caress her and wind the fond fingers of his free hand through the ripples of her hair, yet God knows it seemed to neither of them a time for triviality:—they both knew well that their lives hung upon a straining cord; literally upon the line Denver was fishing with, and despite the mutual love which at times asserted itself, transmuting everything in their faces and voices into its own shape and tone, despite this, neither could hide from the other the trouble and anxiety on their minds.

Nearly a full hour must have passed and Denver had made with Laura's assistance another line, getting the necessary thread from the skirt of her dress, and making the hook from a hair-pin. Laura held it, and so they waited a longer while yet, neither of them speaking and still without success. Suddenly (not having seen how her hook was baited and perhaps wishing to recall his mind from the gloom his face

must have shown it was harbouring) she asked him what they had at the ends of the lines.

"A rag stained with blood," he replied.

"*Your own blood!*" she exclaimed looking at him with such intense fear that he almost smiled in despite of the sickening anxiety that was increasing in his heart, but he only made a motion with his head in reply.

Twenty or thirty minutes more passed, he with one line, she with the other, and both silent until again Laura spoke.

"There's nothing on my line, Denver: has nothing touched yours?"

"Nothing."

After a while she again spoke to him.

"Put some of my blood on the hooks, perhaps it may attract them more than yours, Gabriel."

There was something almost ludicrous in the feminine simplicity and confidence with which she spoke, and in the way she bared one of her beautiful arms, and held it out to him, but in the place in which they were uttered, there was a significance in them and in her action which made them terrible. As to Denver, he merely smiled in her face, half bitterly, half tenderly, and then the lines of his countenance relapsed into their somewhat more than serious expression, while he took her outstretched hand in his own, pressing it at intervals with his fingers, and went on silently and intently watching the water in which the line drifted. She noticed that his hand trembled at times, and there was something so strangely anxious added to the habitual earnestness of his features, that she hardly dared to take her eyes off as they sat together.

He was thinking over the preceding day's excitement and terror which had thus rendered them castaways, and I know not what it was that caused him to look up suddenly at Dorothy in one of those impulses before described; but Laura's face and eyes assumed a look of terror at the fierce expression shown in his, for as I have

said, she dreaded him to meet Dorothy's eyes, even more than she herself did, and she laid her hand anxiously on his arm, as if to try and distract, and break up his reverie. The reality of their position was growing on them.

It must now, by the sun's position, have been near noon, an almost imperceptible breeze blew over the surface of the sea in slight wave-ruffling gusts, and only served slightly to atone for the flame-heat on their bare heads and lightly clad bodies, but it brought no cloud with it. The sky was utterly denuded and empty, save for a faint white speck just touching the waves where the moon was sinking, and the paleness at dawn was now changed to colour as deep and brilliant as the manifold tones of the ocean beneath: not the slightest hint of the morning greyness remained. The waves themselves seemed palpitating with the heat, and whenever the boat plunged slightly as it did now and then, a slight dash of lukewarm spray was cast in their faces.

Now that the full noontide glare showed the vast proportions of the water and firmament, the boat with those in it, Dorothy lying or leaning in the stern, Denver with his careworn features, and the other girl with her beautiful face and golden hair flaming red in the sun, looked fearfully diminished and lonely; while to Denver and Laura the imprisoning walls of the blue horizon and the still bluer sky became perfectly awful, in their unbroken monotony, and a soul-benumbing sensation of utter helplessness gained on them as the tedious day wore on.

They were absolutely without anything in the boat save their clothes. Denver's watch, his knife, and his telescope, things that he invariably had with him, were all left behind in the cabin of the destroyed ship, only out of one of his pockets, nearly twenty guinea pieces and some old Spanish pieces of eight still in circulation,¹³ had fallen and lay unheeded and valueless in the bottom of the boat.

How many times Denver stood up, gazing all round the smooth unchanging horizon, always hopelessly and futilely, it would be impossible to say. Multitudinous

times his heart started within him, and his head turned dizzy again with the recoil of his sudden hope, as some horizon-wave bearing its crest of foam white in the sun, took for an instant the semblance of a sail, and then subsiding again was lost, and how many times did his eyes, foiled, and haggard, and desperate, return baffled to Laura's face again! It indeed would be hard to say how often his eyes, totally unused to scanning the sea and its signs, were thus deluded by some strange transitory appearance, and ever his inward despair grew with each successive disappointment.

The day always wore slowly on, the sun was over their heads at the zenith, and then long past them on the other side again. Every three or four minutes they had to wet their heads to assuage the heat, longing all the while that they could only dare to put the cool moist sea-water between their dry thirst-bitten lips, for thirst, at first an inconvenience, now began to grow intolerable. Denver at last bethought him of stretching the cloak like an awning from thwart to thwart in the narrow prow so as to obtain shelter for Laura under it. This was done, but first some whispered conversation took place between them, he seeming unwilling to do something she told him, until at last she said in a voice strangely decided for her, "If you don't do as I tell you, I will myself." Then he stepped reluctantly to where his wife was and spoke to her.

She took no notice of him the first time. Then again when he reiterated, "The sun will scorch you to death unless you come under the shelter," she looked round at him with a face that made him start, so dreadful was the contempt it seemed to express.

"Die where you like," she only said; "die where you will, *I* choose to die here." Then both he and Laura saw that it was useless to address her again, for she was mad. Denver himself refused positively to lie down under the cloak, and sat silently in the hot open air. He was too used to the sun to fear sun-stroke. Presently the fitful gusts of wind beginning to strengthen, and blowing for awhile, though from

the hot north, cooled somewhat the sultry atmosphere.

The two lines were always slack, several times he had gashed the brown hair-covered skin of his arm to resoak the baits with his blood, but all exertion seemed useless and the deep water deserted by all animal life. Again and again the stains were washed out of the rags, and at last he grew hopeless, and gave up attending to them. Since the daylight had really permitted him to think and act without prejudice, a deep soul-benumbing sense of despondency had taken hold on him and begun to enervate his whole moral being. His strong keen eyes were worn out, and blinded, with trying to pierce the blank confines where the faultlessly modelled dome of the sky seemed to rest on the waves. The pallid day-moon, that hung so like a fleck of cloud in the mid-air, was now no longer to be seen, and the scorching sunlight blinded and maddened him. He remained silent for a while, motionless, with his brown sinewy wrists and hands knitted over his face, but after a time, he got up, and unable to resist some inner impulse, he lifted gently a corner of the shawl so as to look on Laura's face and figure for an instant.

She lay half sleeping with closed eyes, and a frightened look on her features, which were slightly stained by the sun into a complexion which in no way diminished her beauty. Just at her neck a button was undone, and over the apple of her throat, otherwise whiter than ivory, a brown rim showed where the sun had reached. The whole head lay framed in its rich profusion of warm golden hair, which glittering where the sunbeams reached it, lay spread out, and rippling round her face on the concave boards like an aureole.

As the lover bent over this spectacle of his mistress's beauty, a tumult of wild agony mastered his soul, and showed visibly in all his features, as he realized the slow and lingering death which might be, even now, environing her. He covered the cloak down without seeming to wake her, and once more sat down twisting his hands over his face as if in a spasm of internal pain. All his blind infatuated tenderness

and still blinder love, unless help came soon, could do nothing for her, but was come to this, to sit watching her die a death of lingering pain, and all he could do would be to kiss her uselessly, and wait helplessly by her side. This time yesterday on board the becalmed ship, he would have shuddered, and turned pale at the mere imagination of such a prospect, but now with it visibly before him he sat as if he were stupefied or stunned.

By the position of the sun, it must have now been about six in the evening, in another hour the sun would set, and leave them in total darkness again, but for the present there were no signs of the evening, and everything glittered still with undiminished, though slightly mellowed power of light. Laura still lay motionless and Denver sat watching by her, always revolving idle conjectures which ended in nothing, save in producing a still gloomier view of their situation every time that he considered it. At times he strained his eyes into the cloudless, now yellowing, sky, in the vain hope of discovering any mist or vapour which might indicate rain, for his thirst tortured him and made it terrible for him to look on the tantalizing sea-water. Everywhere he was baffled; the depths of his own heart, the sky, and the unbroken horizon lines, brought nothing but discouragement and deeper dejection to him; and yet at times, it seemed so impossible that such a fate could envelope him and Laura after all the protestations that had passed between them, and the mutual love and hope they had for each other, that once he began inadvertently to laugh—it was a mere twitching of the facial muscles, but to any one who could have seen this it would have appeared as if the workings of madness were in his brain,—caught from Dorothy's.¹⁴

Meanwhile the sun sank lower and lower, and its rays slanting horizontally across the waves showed the workings of Denver's face, lowering out in intense glow and deep shadow, till it became fearful to look at. The shadow of the boat stretched further and further along the waves, till at last the burning rim of the sun touched,

joined, and dipped into the sea, and began to disappear slowly and steadily, and so palpably it seemed, that one might almost have looked to see the steam of boiling water rise in the sky. Over the western horizon, the sky became all ablaze with lustrous yellow, and all the width of surface in the ocean turned green with its reflection.

A long trail of scintillating glitter travelling over the foam and greenery of the sea, arrived dancing and flashing up to the boat, as in mad glee and mockery of the two figures (the man and woman) clasped together in its prow, Laura with her hair spread over his neck, and two or three tangles of it, bright with the dying sun, blown and streaming in the wind, their lips and faces pressed one to another, and lit up into a kind of enthusiasm.

For awhile they had forgotten even their wretchedness in their great love, for with nothing else in the world they had at least this to satiate them. It was a beautiful and yet a terrible picture, taken with its inward meanings and outward surroundings. Their faces were set to the light and Dorothy being behind them received their shadows full over her. She had turned, and was looking at them clasped as they were together; there was a kind of fiercely sinister smile on her lips, and in her dark deep-set eyes such a look of exulting malice and mockery, that I know no words to describe it with,—then the expression changed into one of intense hatred, and she sank back again into her old position.

It is peculiar to this latitude that darkness swiftly and almost simultaneously comes with the sinking of the sun,¹⁵ and even now the night, hardly kept back by the radiation of the last glittering fire-point visible, began to sweep in long reaches of gloom over the hollows made by the profoundly heaving ocean, and once more the faint clusters of stars gleamed forth, slowly brightening down from the dark depth of the zenith, till they reached the verges of the sea. Soon the limitless surface of the sea, still hot with the sun, was bathed and enveloped in the coolness and secrecy of

night,—and for that whole day these three had touched no nutriment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nothing new happened during the evening, all was dark and silent over the sea. The boat always drifted with the wind, to what point of the compass it would be impossible to tell till moonrise; undulating slightly and splashing the waves, it left a glimmering half-seen trail of phosphor behind it like a line drawn in the dark by a wet lucifer-match. Just after sunset a thick band of clouds rose all over the sky, veiling such dim light as was shed by the stars, and everything was in utter obscurity. Miles away from them in one place the sea grew all alive with pale fire, and the clouds opened far away overhead, as if one of them had dissolved into rain, but neither Denver nor Laura noticed this and the stars were soon hidden again. They both sat together straining their eyes into the blind darkness, the fever of thirst burning into their very brains, he wearying his lips with useless kisses on hers, and she leaning passively in his arms. About midnight utterly worn-out and tired, they lay down in the bottom of the boat and tried to sleep. Hunger and thirst had perceptibly weakened Laura, who was naturally of a delicate constitution; whenever he took her hands in his own they were limp and powerless, and the pulses beat languidly and slowly. In a while she began to slumber, but as yet there could be no rest to Denver's sedulous conscience and brain: it was frightful to lie there and feel starvation and death creeping upon them from every side. If his mind had suffered from the confinement of the horizon-lines by day, how still more terrible the same feeling became now that he was shut in and blinded by the darkness! It was a morbid feeling which grew upon him, till he believed at times that he could scarce stretch his hands out without bruising them against the solid confines which environed him, and this feeling so increased that at last it seemed as if he were buried alive with Laura; and he pressed her tight in his arms in a kind of insanity.

Turning his face upwards however with a profound sense of refuge and relief, his eyes always found a resting-place between the narrow sides of the boat, in the countless clusters of constellations, shining and glittering through the openings of the clouds overhead; till watching them, his sight, weakened by too much effort, caused them to swim and dance one with another like fire-flies.

Hunger, endured dumbly for a while, becomes strangely soporific and paralysing on the nerves, and this lack of energy which it causes, is one of the chief reasons why people starve so easily in the midst of great cities. Laura all this while slept uneasily if dreamlessly, for all sleep is dreamless till the moment of waking up they say; but her restless respiration showed the unsettled condition of her mind. Denver himself at intervals caught a little sleep, but no rest or repose, for always some disconnected idea or dream possessed his brain causing him soon to wake with its oppression. Once he was wandering in a burning forest, he had lost the track and got more entangled in its fiery mazes each minute, and was carrying Laura, who was in a swoon, between the great blazing trees. Then again he had lost his way on the "Split Stones"* in a dark starless night, and always Laura was in his arms; and always he woke just as some catastrophe was about to occur: and then feeling that he really embraced her in safety, a wild tumult of joy would possess his soul, but died again swiftly like a flash of lightning, as the knowledge of the reality out of which his dream had formed an allegory, came back to him.

The broken-up clouds once more slowly drifted off in the wind over the horizon, and presently the largely increased quarter moon rose over the sea, with a glittering trail of silver scintillant light, and when it was high enough for its

*An enormous geological formation of shattered rock strata and precipice near where he had lived.¹⁶

brightness to reach the bottom of the boat, it lit up dimly the two apparently sleeping forms. Laura had separated and woven, as it were, two cords out of her golden hair, and wound them round Denver's neck in a lustrous tangle, so as to bind his face still beside her own. It seemed like an exquisitely tender effort to assure him, when speech failed in sleep, of her still unyielding love and cleaving to him till the end; but his face looked worn and haggard; in the moonlight it could be plainly seen that he was not sleeping—each token of her passion for him only served to deepen the profound wretchedness of his soul. It was not the mere sense of compassion created by love for her beauty and youth, or the idea, terrible to us as it is, of such a frail flower as Laura Conway, withering and dying of hunger and drought, because her beauty was a thing all but forgotten and swept away in the mad torrent of his passion—his love was an intense intangible unintelligible worship, of which he could have explained no more than that it existed. It might have been her beauty which ensnared him at first, but now the object of his love was changed to something incorporate and invisible, for it was her soul, her own personal identity transmuted and fused into his own which he loved; it was the idea of this soul, common to each of them, having to sunder and disperse in the mystery of death, which maddened him beyond all measure of control.

He lay there trying to calm himself after each mental outburst of horror and passion, and hardly daring to stir in his position lest it should disturb Laura's sleep, which, as it was, seemed as uneasy as the waves of a placid sea under the sudden gusts of the wind. After a while he carefully left her side, untying the entangled hair without waking her, and stood up in the boat. Two or three more weary hours; at intervals he could be seen getting up and feeling the lines as if by a sort of mechanical impulse, but always without result. He sat with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his hands, looking restlessly into the luminous haze of the moonlight, for a sudden fear had struck him that some ship might still pass them

without sign or knowledge of their presence: and it would be impossible to describe the agony of weariness and despair with which this idea beset him, as he watched uselessly till the faint undefined indications of the dawn, showing greyer and greyer, began to consume the darkness—until the golden sun at length rose, and in its splendour and might changed the bright moon to a faint fleck lost in the delicate purple of the morning sky.

Then he turned hopelessly from the sea and sat watching Laura's face by the increasing light, till presently the wan countenance of the sleeper, as if disturbed by the magnetism of his gaze, turned wearily up to his.

The keen edge of her thirst had quite drowned all sense of hunger, and that again itself after awhile, had turned to a dull kind of somnolent sickness, which seemed to consume her whole frame, making her eyes and brain giddy, so that as she now strove to rise, she fell back again and pressed her hands to her face and brow, while Denver leant down over her. The sight made him apparently desperate, for a sudden thought came to him, and he seized up the line hanging idly from the boat, and taking the hook at the end of it, cut with it a gash in his arm. The red blood came though with feeble flow: then holding Laura's head up with one hand, he tried to set this to her lips. They were covered with red before, in her weak state, she knew what he was doing, for she had closed her eyes to avoid the sudden influx of morning light, but when she really knew what he was about, a fit of irrepressibly violent shuddering seized her, and passed through her whole frame, and she shrank and struggled away from him and fell back in a swoon.

Her lips and teeth were tight closed and he could not dis sever them, and the blood on his arm ceased flowing and congealed after a while. I think that for a time, hanging over her and kissing her wildly, he lost his reason. Once he rose to his feet in a kind of phrenzy and made a couple of steps towards Dorothy, for he fancied he heard a low laugh. There was a terrible fire in his eyes, but his face

turned bloodless and he went back to Laura again and clasped her up in his arms, trembling all over and calling her name piteously, till at length a faint reappearance of vitality stole like a pale flame over her face, and her senses returned to her.

Denver was too sick at heart to be the first to speak till she said faintly,

"Oh my head! my head aches; put some water on my forehead. I'm going to be ill, my whole body's in a fever. Why did you frighten me by cutting your arm? It sends me sick. Gabriel, put me down on the boards."

He laid her down as she asked, and made a pillow for her head out of the jacket and the cloak, and she lay there nearly the whole day; later on, as the sun grew hotter, he took the cloak and spread it so as to shelter her again. All the time he did nothing but hang over her, keeping her forehead wet with the sea water and blowing on to it with his dry lips to keep it cool.

There was nothing to look at in the shining sultry waves of the sea, and he was tired and sick of pulling up the empty useless lines. The pallid moon sank unnoticed at noontide, while he sat over Laura, hardly knowing what he was about, and his face became more and more haggard and wild-looking, as in his despair he saw she grew weaker and weaker hour by hour. She hardly spoke now, her eyes were shut, and a slight—each time fainter—pressure on Denver's hand was the only sort of communication which passed between them for several hours.

The morning had long changed into noon and now at last the red sun dipped again into the waves and sank; this time there was a lurid purple band of mist or vapour flaming all round, and by this a sort of gloomy twilight was prolonged for awhile, and then the night came utterly.

Laura still lay where Denver had placed her: he himself worn out, but sleepless, lay down beside her, but dared not slumber lest she should rouse and speak to him. At last the darkness was a little dispelled by the light of the coming moon reflected over the horizon; their white faces and dark figures could be seen dimly in

the dusk of the boat, while Dorothy remained still visible above the gunwale.

If Denver could have retained the heart and courage to continue looking into the darkness, he would have seen, just as the moon began to rise, the shadowy white form of a ship, all dim and blurred in the night but for its signal-lamps; but with the ever-increasing light on the further side of it, so that its sails braced hard up fore and aft (as if sailing on a wind, as sailors say) showed luminously and half transparent. Presently it crossed the low-hanging moon, on which the light of the sun now fell in a half circle, and, though it may seem incredible, a deep shadow overspread the boat, travelling in a long line across the sea, as if a passing cloud obscured the light, while at the same time the dark *silhouette* of a two-masted vessel appeared plainly defined with its quarter-deck and forecastle against the light sky. Then it passed, shifting its course so that the moonlight fell upon it, in a way to be seen from the boat scarcely a mile away: it was now running right ahead with the light changeable wind. But Denver was too utterly and sullenly hopeless to sit straining his eyes into the darkness on this third night as he had done on the second, and sailing fast, it passed miles and miles away into the tenebrous atmosphere; first its form disappeared, then its lights. Dorothy either could not or would not see it, although her face was turned in its direction.

Truly a decree of destiny seemed to hang over Denver and all connected with him.

The morning's light came silently and found Laura by then well-nigh too weak to move from her position in the bottom of the boat, where she lay like a frail flower thrown down and broken by the wind. It could not be said that she felt now the exact sensations of hunger or thirst in themselves, for, as I have shown, they had in some degree passed away and changed into an intolerable brain-oppressing weight of sickness and dizziness,—ever increasing; so that her weak limbs could scarce have supported her if she had tried to stand. It was a shocking change to have taken

place in one so young and fair as Laura, and all in scarcely three days. The bright eyes were sunken and lustreless, the beautiful oval lines of her face were worn and hollow, her small cheekbones and chin showed sharp through the wasting flesh, and the tangled hair alone preserved its full profusion and beauty.

It was a strangely piteous sight to witness, for with her life her beauty in nowise seemed to ebb; and yet she was so fast weakening now, that as she lay in the bottom of the boat, half under the thwart near the prow, her head and white neck stretched back and supported on a hard pillow made by the coat rolled up on the stretcher meant for the rowers to set their feet to; as she lay there, I say, she was fast becoming incapable of motion, if not insensible.

The approach of death in circumstances like these is so gradual, that in the enervated condition of the body and mind consequent on their exhaustion, the sufferer hardly believes in its presence, until having undermined every stay to vitality, it springs forth swift as a tropical twilight, and all is over. Naturally, weak constitutions give way sooner than strong ones, and this is why in contrast with Laura, Denver still managed to keep his strength, though his spirit was broken, and on his soul a blind unreflecting despair was settled. The sight of her suffering rendered his worn face haggard and fierce as a starving wolf's. But it was no use struggling, all seemed to him the working-out of some predestined fate: only in the deep heart of his fatalistic nature he cursed the pitiless immovable spirit or master of destiny,—cursed and cursed again with a scowl on his brows and a blaze of fire reilluminating his sunken worn eyes, while he hung pressing his lips wildly on Laura's fever-parched forehead.

It was awful to watch the strength of this man's mind, at bay, panting and desperate, with only the dumb inarticulate elements around him to wreak his passion on, forced, writhing and unrelentingly, to turn back on the interior visions of its own imagination.

In the bottom of the boat between Laura and where Dorothy lay, mad, and sullenly alone, there was a cleared space of some seven or eight feet: in this when not hanging over Laura with eyes flaming like a panther's over its dying mate, Denver managed to pace backwards and forwards continually as a caged tameless animal does. It was a procedure which seemed terribly natural to him, for indeed the strain upon his reason had well-nigh broken it, and only his fierce southern animal nature retained its empire over his brain. The girl still uttered no word of complaint, and this made the visible alteration in her strength and life all the more agonising to witness. He shuddered and dared not again offer her his own blood in dread of a second swoon, and he remembered dreadful stories of men whose thirst had been increased to madness, by drinking from each other's veins.

In the course of Denver's life, violent by nature as he was, he might often have thought of suicide as the preferable escape in certain emergencies of suffering or trouble; but it is well known that such men always look on death with dread when it comes by any save their own choice, for suicide has been indeed well defined as "the strongest utterance of desire for life which the human will can evince,"¹⁷ and therefore I say it is no strange thing that Denver looked forwards to the death which awaited them both, with a nameless horror and shuddering. It was terrible to watch the way his mind struggled against its doom, and found reasons to cling to, and yearn for prolongation of life and yet could believe in no possible evasion of their doom. Had he not everything in life to live for,—why then should he die before his time? Looking at his life in the abstract, with all petty restrictions of will or position lost in the far distance where it seemed receding from him, it now made no such unhappy appearance as had seemed in the unquiet dream he had lived in on board the ship: he saw that he loved Laura and she reciprocated his passion with an intensity which few others have experienced in this weary satiated world, and that they could still be happy together—unutterably happy, and that they were now dying

without excuse or reason.

To die—to cease to exist—to look at his arm still with its old useless strength in it, and feel that in a while he would be without power over its movements, to use his vision now but think that in awhile his eyes would darken till they could no longer see Laura's face, that his ears would no longer hear her voice, that voice which once thrilled through his own soul;—to live still, and yet know that his senses were beginning to ebb like a sinking tide, or to dissolve like a pool of water sucked up by the power of the sun. To lie as if paralysed in helpless contemplation of the future un-lived days, the warmth and effulgency of which shone so brightly in front of him, while the present slowly darkened and vanished around him, as the last sobs of his life-breath exhaled into the dreary blank non-existent nothingness which men call death—leaving the life before him so miserably *un-lived*: it made him like some thirst-maddened animal tantalized by a transitory desert mirage. It was too terribly incredible.

Then he started up wildly, gazing on the monotonous blankness of the sky and the horizon-lines, and at the smooth glistening sea, like a man who expects to emerge from some dream which is stifling his very soul to death. All was vacant, the gleaming waves mocked his eyes everywhere, and the horizon stretched endlessly round the sky without hint or signal of the ship its confines had, unknown to him, disclosed the night before. The same old dull inarticulate despair returned on him—it was useless to struggle against destiny, and he went and laid himself down beside Laura with the intention of awaiting his end there.

He had covered her up with a cloak to keep the sun off and she never moved or spoke. After a while he got up suddenly and began pacing the boat again, praying in his heart that he might not die before Laura, not with the mere selfish desire of life to the uttermost, but because his morbid imagination had drawn a terrible picture of his own dead form in the bottom of the boat, with Laura still

living, and perhaps calling to him and he unable to answer her: it made his fevered blood run cold. I know not whether it was owing to his mental condition or the prostration of strength which he suffered from (for his vital power was now fast beginning to ebb and the fever burned hotter and hotter in his veins), but by fits and starts, every object his eyes met was turned blood-red, and his ears rang and tingled with a kind of humming tune while a peculiar dizzy sensation came over him, till he shook as if with the palsy.

Laura seemed in a while as if she had fallen into a deep sleep, uninterrupted save for a slight rattling in her throat. Her eyes looked shockingly shrunken now that they were closed, and the blood had withdrawn from her lips, but they were dark with fever. Yet the spark of her life, though it waned within her, still had its moments when it flickered up, as if striving to rekindle itself, and once or twice she endeavoured to rise and speak to her lover hanging over her, but her words were unintelligible, her brain was become delirious.

Once more the sun had crossed the steep blue sky and sunk, and the night came on, and in this night, either because she was mad, or because she could endure thirst no longer, Dorothy drank the sea-water, long, and deeply, and the effect this bitter draught produced on her was, that when the morning's light came, she was raving. All through the darkness the wind at times rose boisterously, but having nothing to contend with save the passive waves, it was strange to witness how silent its deep gusts were. Owing to some change in the atmosphere there was no phosphor-fire now in the dark sea, and the wind blowing from due south, it was almost cold. Denver sat all night over Laura speaking to her at times, hardly knowing what he was saying, but getting no answers and not daring to disturb her, lest he should turn her sleep into something deeper. The day broke tempestuously over the sea, and in the grey half-light of the dawn, as the boat swung about on the waves, she lay so still that he uttered a terrible exclamation and fell down beside her on his

knees. She opened her eyes and moved her lips slightly for she was still living.

Just then he heard something like a shriek behind him and turning round he saw Dorothy, bending forward and looking at Laura in such a manner that he watched her, unable to turn away.

Once again a point of fire shot out suddenly over the eastern wind-blown waves, and a circle of sunlight radiated through the cloudless but windy sky, and a stormy lurid reflection of the sun suddenly lit up everything, broken and diversified into a thousand shapes on the crests of the strong waves, while the white shifting foam-flecks sweeping up their dark under-sides, conveyed an appalling idea of the black angry sea's profoundness. Every now and then two or three waves uniting together would bear the boat up, half hidden in their flying spray and foam-flakes, high overhead as if to exhibit it in mockery to the rest of the sea, as a cat plays with a bird, letting it flutter up, well knowing that its wings are broken; then again it would be sunken into a deep dark hollow and lost to view. Over all this, to a blind man unable to see the boat, the shriek which had attracted Denver's attention would have vibrated, dominating the hissing and surging of the vexed foam, like the cry of an angry wind-baffled sea-bird.

Suddenly Dorothy saw that he was looking at her, and she made a motion with her hand towards Laura and shrieked out again—

"Not dead yet? is she always to live on and make my eyesight a curse to me? What have I not done to kill and destroy her, that she still lingers there like a starving snake? Oh God! if it's useless after all, and I've given my soul to hell and my body to death only to be cheated! I'll strangle her sooner myself. I fired the ship to drive you out of it—I caused the fire—I—I—I! It's gone on burning in me ever since, I drank out of the sea to quench it, and it's got up into my very throat and brain, and now I'm going to die before you! No! no! no! I'll live to desecrate her grave yet. She'll die in this boat and rot in it, and when it falls to pieces with

decay or gets sunk, her bones will sink with it—*you* can't help her. Ah! you may glare at me! you know whom you owe all this to now. I told you you should learn what a woman's love turned to hatred could do."

She had risen on her feet, and now she choked and gasped in her utterance and set her hand to her throat, as if she were strangling, then staggered and fell back on the stern-seat, and half slipped off it, so that the back of her head caught on the gunwale, with its long dishevelled black hair partly streaming in the water, partly over her throat. The pupils of her eyes contracted as if by a sudden spasm of pain into mere pin-points, and there was a shudder through her frame, and a convulsive grasp of the empty air with her hands. The light of the fully-risen sun fell right on her face, as the boat lifted on the foam-dashed glittering crests of the stormy waves. She gazed back full on it wildly, but unblinded, with wide eyes, their pupils dilated till they occupied the whole of the iris: the bright corresponding image and reflection of the sun flashed back out of them unflinchingly, for she was dead!

CHAPTER IX.

"*BLACK SWA' C.S.C.** My God! Why it's a piece of one of our own ships! She's been on fire—where did you find it?"

"Well, Mr. Newton, the man on watch in the fore heard something strike against the bows. We were tacking again' the wind, and we all heard it come rubbing down along the off side, where the sea washed round: it couldn't get free like, till it was left astern; and then we all see it by the light in the water, and the ship was hove to, while we noosed it up with a slip-knot, and the other piece also—they was heavy enough to haul too."

"It's clear as daylight there's something happened; it's a lump burnt out of the stern-post, with the outer plank let into it—why we were just looking to meet her." And so saying the master of the *Albatross* knelt down on the deck, examining the dripping fragment of charred wood, with the well-known but half obliterated letters on it, which his sailors had found. A second piece lay beside it, also burnt and blackened; he knew they were quite fresh in the water, for there were no sea-shells or marine weeds clinging to them.

Just then the first mate came up on the quarter-deck, saying to the master that there was some story among the men in the steerage, of the cook's boy having declared that while sitting out on the bowsprit, scouring a pot the preceding night, he had seen an apparently empty boat for a moment, and then lost sight of it, and been ashamed to mention this lest he should get into trouble for raising a false alarm, or be disbelieved. All the crew of the large vessel, on some pretext or another, could be seen looking on, gathered round in the dusky grey light before the sunrise: the boy being among them was called forward and reiterated positively his first statement.

*Colonial Shipping Company.

When asked why he had not spoken before, he answered,

"Well, sir, I just see it for an instant like, and wasn't sure whether there was anybody in it or not, and couldn't find it agin. I should have thought a shadow had come over it on'y there were no clouds afore the moon, and while I wasn't certain, I was called forrad— But I did speak of it, sir."

The captain's sun-browed features had grown anxious and troubled, like a man in strong perplexity; and he turned round consulting apart with the two mates, and was heard to say, "Something's clearly gone wrong with poor Gregory's* ship: Johnson ought to know how to manage her though. Why I knew the *Black Swan* well."

"So do I cap'n—I've served in her," interrupted a grey-bearded sailor, coming forward deferentially; "the name ought to be writ in red characters, I can't read myself, but I should know 'em among a thousand. Why I think there's one gone,—there oughter be four to that. It's burnt out," and the man stooped down examining the log, while they all gathered around the pool of water that had dripped from it on the deck, and the steersman near whom they stood craned forward to look over their heads, in the intervals of manipulating his wheel.

The master and his mates again began speaking together. One of them said two or three days more or less could make no ultimate difference to the voyage, and the substance of their consultation was that they determined to return on their course and examine the sea as narrowly as possible to endeavour to make some more certain discovery. This was the more easy inasmuch as the *Albatross* had been for more than a week beating and battling vainly against an adverse if not very powerful wind, which would now entirely favour their plan, which was to sail in a gradually decreasing circle over an extent of nearly seven hundred miles, so as at last to reach

*He had heard of this man's death at the Cape.

the centre of the pivot round which, as it were, they had turned: if nothing were discovered of the ship they supposed burnt, or perhaps was burning now, all they could do would be to resume their course.

The full blinding effulgence of the sun burst presently over the waves, just as the *Albatross* swung heavily round in the trough of the sea, its sails flapping for an instant, till the wind caught and filled them out again, and then the reversed vessel swept back over the no longer opposing undulation of the ocean. All that day they sailed with a careful look-out and towards the evening another spar was discovered floating half submerged in the water with something clinging or fastened to it. On its being neared it was found to be, as was supposed, a long piece of the bowsprit, burned off at the end. A dead, drowned, tailless monkey clung tenaciously to it, and its hairy skin was singed in parts. The man who had been on the *Black Swan* recognised the animal, and said that its name was "Tom Jones," which name had been given it in consequence of its resemblance to a man among the crew, who had always ill-treated it in consequence. Its face was agonised now and stiffened, poor thing, into a strangely human look of fright, which made the men looking at it shudder despite themselves, as they thought of what must have happened to its more human associates. Their fears for the ship were now increased to a dead certainty. It would be impossible for me in the limited space I can spare, to describe correctly the effect that a catastrophe, such as this appeared to have been, has on the mind of a sailor. The dangers of the treacherous sea he expects and is prepared to accept, but amid the limitless expanse of waters that he passes his storm-beaten life on, to have suddenly to battle with such a thing as a rebellion of the fire he carries with him to preserve his life, such a catastrophe, I say, he is absolutely unprepared for, and stupefied at.

The whole of the ship's company felt sobered and went about the reeling decks quietly, or stood about talking in groups when not occupied, for they all knew

the ship well and some of them knew men of the crew. A more anxious look-out than ever was kept, but nothing further happened till the night came over the sea. Speed was slackened, and the *Albatross*, lighted up with lanterns, sailed carefully through the darkness. It is strange how the motions of inanimate substances which obey human guidance appear at times to respond to the different mind-conditions of their masters. The ship seemed to sweep forward, almost as anxiously as those on board of her.

Anxious ears waited for shoutings, many anxious eyes peered into the darkness for signals; but nothing happened, all was dark and silent over the cloud-shadowed sea, only the wind increased, whistling boisterously through the rigging overhead, and the turbid dark water, glistening here and there as it caught the reflections from the passing lamps, seemed, under cover of the darkness, to become more tumultuous every moment. At intervals a hollow thud would be felt on the prow, as it cleft through some strong wave, and a great shower of white foam-spray rose gracefully into the light, blown by the whistling wind, hissing and weltering across the decks, or swept back into the gloom it emerged from. Just dimly discernible in the night, a long trail of white foam seemed always endlessly spun and reeled out from under the dark stern, while overhead, where not obscured by the clouds, the stars shone in brilliant nebulous clusters through the black sky, until the moon rose over the tempestuous ocean, obscuring them and lighting up the wild scene.

"Mad as the sea and wind

When each contends which is the mightier."¹⁸

Before morn the wind shifted and blew from due south, and it became in consequence cold, but this was even the more favourable to the *Albatross*, as she staggered along through the high foaming billows. The grey colourless daylight broke gradually over the sky, reflected back on to the dark water underneath, and just before sun-up, as they called it, an alarm was raised through the ship. Two or three

men could be seen on the forecastle, pointing into the distance and shadow which still lay unconsumed over the ocean towards the north, shouting (half the sound being blown away by the wind), "There they are right away down!" The master and mates and all who could leave their posts hurried up on to the wet decks, and scrambled into the forecastle. A large dark speck, which their keen eyes fashioned into the shape of an oarless rudderless boat with two figures in it, could be seen plainly, tossing about on the white tumultuous waves. The ship was bearing right down on them, straining in all its cords and canvases.

Just then the light of the sun broke radiating over the 'stormy sea, clearing away the dusky half-obscurity, and the master of the ship obtained a spy-glass and brought it to bear on the boat and its occupants. They were about three miles off, but a strange sight was suddenly brought within two or three feet of his eyes, by the telescope. It was a large old-fashioned boat, wide, and flat, and strong. A woman was standing at one end of it, violently confronting and upbraiding a man who knelt down, apparently leaning over some one in the bottom. Suddenly the woman dashed her arms up wildly as though she had been struck with sun-stroke and fell back in the boat. The man rose and clasped his forehead wildly with his hands and looked right in the woman's face, for it still remained visible; and a fearful look, indicative of some incomprehensible feeling (not sorrow as could be seen even at that distance) convulsed his features; then he bent down in the boat and looked up no more, and his face was hidden. They were lost for a moment in a hollow of the sea; and when they rose into the light of the sun again, it gleamed fearfully in the woman's eyes, but she never moved to avoid it.

Meanwhile the ship came nearer and nearer, driven before the still increasing wind. A boat was got all ready to launch into the rough sea and its crew stood near it. The ship-master still looked through his telescope from the forecastle, at times giving it up to the second mate who stood near him; the other officer was about the

decks giving orders. He sent five or six of the sailors swarming up into the rigging, to pull down or clew up some of the sails and put the ship aback, when the proper time came; once owing to the temporary negligence of the two men steering, caused by their curiosity, the fore part of the ship struck so heavily in the sea, that the angry churned spray flew up all over it, and he rushed up rating them soundly. The eagerness and excitement of the men seemed imparted to the very heart of the great *Albatross*, as she swept recklessly dashing the violent waves aside from her prow, and in twenty minutes they were approached nearly within a mile of the boat. At last when the ship was within nearly a hundred and fifty yards of them, one of the men on the forecastle shouted down the wind. The sound must clearly have reached those in the boat (although those behind could hardly hear him), but nothing stirred, no notice was taken although the woman's face was turned just towards them. At last they passed the boat, some forty yards from it, and got to windward. Suddenly some of the great sails fell and were furled up, the two topsails were braced up wedge-wise so as to counteract each other, and the *Albatross* slackened speed, though still moving forward with the impetus of her late motion; and finally all but stopped when within eighty yards past the boat. The launch hanging off the quarter-deck was swung down, with some trouble, into the surf and surge which dashed up the sides as if to devour it, but at last it floated safely on the shifting black water, and five men hanging in the shrouds sprang down into it. One held on preventing its gunwale from fouling the side, while the others with some difficulty, owing to the roughness, managed to unship their oars. Then the boat sprang from under the side, staggering and reeling against the wind, and dashed wildly into the showered spray of the turbid waves, the men pulling lustily. A large can placed at the bottom of the boat steamed and swirled with heat, which floated off in wreaths about their heads.

In the meantime a wall of mist had risen out of the east, even in defiance of the cold south wind: its edge was vaguely defined in places into the shape of

clouds, and presently it rose so high, and grew so thick in its watery impalpability, that it obscured the new-risen sun. Then for a few moments it grew golden-coloured, like a mountain-mist at sunrise, and a part of the sea-water surrounding it turned lustrous and green, though its transitory radiance speedily died out. Always the edges of the clouds kept separating into fleecy fragments and particles which flew across the sky in all directions, and a dull grey shadow fell everywhere; the waves, again turning to a profound blackness, contrasted harshly with the white foam which crowned their ever-forming ridges.

It would have been a strange wild scene to be present at; the straining masts of the great ship rolled from side to side, as the hull underneath swung about on the waves, the foam dashed up, boiling and surging under its dark sides, and it still advanced slowly in the wind. The whole of the men left on board, all save the steersmen, were leaning in a group over the bulwark, under the forecastle, all anxiously watching the progress of the boat, pulling against the wind and sea. Once or twice the boat's crew endeavoured, while resting on their oars, to attract the attention of those they were about to succour, but without success. The noise of the contending wind and water drowned everything, and the sound was driven behind them, and Dorothy's dead face gave no token of sensibility. Denver had thrown himself into the bottom of the boat, and hidden his head in Laura's hair by the side of her cold face, his arm clasping her throat and shoulder tightly. Laura's face lay back uncovered: her eyes shut, her cheeks colourless, and her lips dark with fever, added strange beauty to her wasted features. Her figure was slightly gathered together with the knees drawn upwards, and was clothed in the blue serge she had covered her night-gown with, her white feet were bare, a beautifully modelled ankle showing under the torn hem. Both their figures were covered in places by splashes of salt spray and there was water dashing from side to side in the bottom of the boat. Perhaps Denver expected each minute to be overwhelmed, and was clasping Laura ready to sink with

her.

Here was a scene to impress even the hurried and not over-impressible mariners.

The strength of the wind intensifying to a perfect tumult at times, the spray was driven off the crests of the cowering waves like mist or rain, as the boat with its rowers still struggled manfully through the water: and the foam from their oars dashed in puffs over their heads, wetting their faces and beards till they had to stop to wipe them on their sleeves.

At last they reached the undirected boat, which it must be remembered was being driven towards them by the wind. The waves drove both the boats up together with a heavy shock, and the spray whirled up in a fountain between the sides.

Laura, still living, opened her languid sick eyes, and saw dizzily as in a dream a sailor's sunburnt face leaning over the side looking at her, his red hands holding on by the gunwale. He made a rope's-end fast round the thwart, and turned round for an instant and shouting, "Steady! Steady! Ease her off, lads," he half stepped and half rolled over inside the gunwale, and a confused clamour of human voices rose in the wind, and another concussion struck and shook the boat. Two or three more sailors appeared for one instant, but her brain was so weak and delirious that she could understand nothing, and all became dark to her.

Denver was perfectly stunned with amazement, for two or three minutes he *dared not* believe in the sudden reality. Three strange men stood round him in the boat, which, made fast to another, was being pulled in the direction of a large ship which seemed to have sprung from the waves, he knew not how. Without a word spoken he saw that they had a can of some hot liquid with them, and they all simultaneously turned to where Laura lay. Utterly bewildered with the suddenness of what was passing round him, he asked no questions but held the girl's head up eagerly— There was no time to speak. One of them knelt down and held the rim

of the can to her parched lips. At first she hardly seemed to know what they wanted, but as the smell of the steam blew in her face, she began to sip eagerly from it for a while, then managed to take a draught and sank back exhausted. The can was then held out to him and he drank from it: its heat seemed to infuse sudden hope and vigour through all his nerves, like a thrill of electricity. He knelt down over Laura again and looked up excitedly for the can, and saw that they were trying to force a stream of the liquid in between Dorothy's now rigid lips and clenched teeth, and he got up and sprang at them, trying to get it.

"She's dead, damn her!" he cried fiercely. "Give me the coffee for the girl or her life will go too!" But they resisted and still persevered. The man holding the can said, "No, no, no, my man, wait a while or thou'lt do her an injury." These were the first words which passed between them. One at last muttered, "She must be dead, her teeth and arms are stiff," and they all returned over Laura. Some more of the life-giving liquid was poured down her throat, but she was too weak to make any acknowledgement and lay passively in Denver's arms; a slight flush however came over her cheeks.

The two boats, blown by the wind, were pulled rapidly in the direction of the ship. They arrived under the side, and as the boat swayed up and down on the waves next to the stern, none of the sailors could think how to get Laura's prostrate, half-senseless, form over on to the deck. Now a single rope ladder had been flung over the stern, with its end trailing in the water; and Denver, to the surprise of all, took her up fiercely, and yet as easily as a cat would its kitten, and holding her in one arm so as to have the other free, he climbed up the ladder and on to the deck, into the midst of the group of marvelling sailors. Dorothy was left in the boat alongside, and he heard the men clustering over her call out to the others on deck—"It's no use. She's stone dead!"

Thus once more they were in a position of safety: and seemingly secure in it.

CHAPTER X.

Conceive the sensations of some lost soul, which drawn vainly struggling to the entrance of hell, and when most it gives up all hope, and the lurid flickering flames seem most agape for it,—conceive, I say, the sensations of this fear-benumbed spirit, should the mockery of the devils be changed suddenly to the welcoming smiles of the radiant angels, and it were to feel itself snatched from the dreaded fumes of the

CHAPTER X.] Chap IX

Conceive the sensations of some lost soul] Can one conceive the sensation of some

{man's} lost soul

which drawn vainly struggling] which <in the grasp of the violent fiends> is dragged

vainly struggling

to the entrance of hell] past the entrance of hell <as described by Bunyan>

and when most it gives up all hope] if when most he gives over all hope

hope, and the lurid flickering flames] hope & when most the {lurid flickering} flames

seem most agape for it] are about to suck down his shudderings

—conceive, I say, the] can one conceive I say the

sensations of this fear-benumbed spirit] thought of the fear benumbed brain

should the mockery of the devils be changed suddenly to] if the mockery of the

devils <changed> {were to change} suddenly to

the welcoming smiles of the radiant angels] the {welcoming} voices of radiant

flower-garlanded angels

and it were to feel itself] & he felt himself

abyss, among the flowering sweet-scented blossoms of its despaired-of heaven with all its long luminous prospects. The past would seem like some hideous and incredible dream; the present like the futile imaginings of delirium. A just conception of this, alone, might help to form some idea of Denver's feelings, as jealously carrying Laura in his arms, he stood amid the group of mariners on the ship's deck. He was too stunned by the sudden prospect of life opened out before him to indulge in any premature self-congratulations, or indeed quite to credit the truth of his senses.

Laura was immediately taken below deck into the after-cabin. The stern of the *Albatross* was shaped and fitted up much as the *Black Swan's* had been; the

snatched from the dreaded fumes of the abyss, among the flowering sweet-scented

blossoms] divorced from <the> dread of the flame into the flowerig

sweetscented blossems <& radiance>

of its despaired-of heaven] of {its imaginary & despaired of} heaven

all its long luminous prospects] all its long {luminous} prospects

some hideous and incredible dream] some inconceivable dream

the futile imaginings of delirium] the vain futile imaginings of delerium

A just conception of this . . . his arms, he stood] Carrying Laura Denver stood

amid the group of mariners on the ship's deck. He was] among these men like a

man imerged unexpectedly from hell into heaven & he was

sudden prospect of life opened] sudden prospect opened

in any premature self-congratulations] in premature {self} congratulation

or indeed quite to credit] or even quite to credite

the truth of his senses.] the truth of {his} senses

was immediately taken below deck] was taken imediatly below deck

into the after cabin] into the aft cabin

shaped and fitted up much as] shaped much as

sleeping-berths were placed in the same situation, and there being no passengers, they were occupied only by the master and his mates. She was placed by Denver, who still refused all assistance, in a hammock swinging loose from a rafter in the roof of the main cabin. No questions were asked of Denver, but directly she was laid down, they all began by a common impulse to crowd into the cabin from the outer one. The sailors were ordered out again, and only three men stopped with him helping, as if they understood and sympathized perfectly with the occult causes of his eager breathless anxiety. They began slowly trying to get soup by spoonfuls down her throat: she swallowed at first, and then she seemed to resist and to wish to have no more,

situation, and there being . . . in a hammock] situation & into one of these refusing
all assistance he carried her. There were no passengers & {they were occupied
by} only the master & the mates <occupied them>. She was placed in a
halmock
roof of the main cabin] roof of one of them
asked of Denver, but directly] asked of Denver. directly
laid down, they all began] laid down they {all} began
from the outer one] *not in MS*
men stopped with him helping, as if] men stoped there with him & helping him as
if
understood and sympathized perfectly with] they understood perfectly & sympathized
<perfectly> with
with the occult causes of] with the causes of
his eager breathless anxiety] his eagar {breathless} anxiety
began slowly trying to get soup] began pourig soup
by spoonfuls down her throat] by teaspoonfulls down he [*sic*] throat

but they persisted. It was no use talking to her or entreating her as Denver did once or twice, for she seemed neither to hear nor to be able to answer. By assiduous efforts they managed at last to make her swallow about a cupful. There was brandy and laudanum¹⁹ in it, and it seemed almost immediately to turn her unnaturally lethargic weakness into real sleep. After tossing her thin hands about restlessly on the pillow for a while, she became utterly unconscious.

"There! if she sleeps for two or three hours she will be able to eat safely,—it might have been dangerous now," said one of them, looking closely on her, while Denver took some of the red golden tangles of her hair and laid them over her eyes and face, as if to keep the light off.

Then and then only could they get him to swallow for himself: this was about twenty minutes or even more after the first draught of coffee he had taken in the

or entreating her as Denver did once or twice.] *not in MS*

for she seemed neither to] for she neither seemed to

hear nor to be able to] hear or to be able to

to make her swallow about a cupful.] to cause her to swallow nearly a platefull

it seemed almost immediately to turn] it <at first> seemed {imediately} to turn

After tossing her thin hands] After tossing her hands

about restlessly on the pillow for a while, she] about on the pillow restlessly she

became utterly unconscious] became {utterly} unconcious

sleeps for two or three hours] sleaps for three or four hours

looking closely on her, while Denver took] looking {closly} on her <&> Denver took

her eyes and face, as if to keep] her eyes {& face} {as if} to keep

Then and then only] Then & only then

they get him to swallow for himself: this] get Denver to swallow. This

twenty minutes or even more after] twenty minutes or more after

boat. He ate some salt meat and bread ravenously and drank the strong tea which was prepared as the best thing they could give him (for it was not then a luxury in common use) till his craving for food was satisfied. They looked on wondering at the little he ate, but he was in such a condition of nervous excitement, that it became impossible for him to eat, after the first pangs of hunger were satiated, in spite of all he had gone through. He began to tremble all over; and a small flask of strong cordial was handed to him, and a draught from this somewhat restored him.

As I have said, the cabin they were in was just over the stern-part of the ship, and its windows looked out down the long trail of foam, undulating with the stormy waves which seemed so incessantly forming and following them, as they drifted along. A large seaman's chest was lashed tight under the sills, and the planks under

He ate some salt meat] He ate some meat
 drank the strong tea which] drank some of the strong tea which
 was not then a luxury in common] was then a luxury not in common
 impossible for him to eat] impossible to eat
 after the first pangs of hunger] after his first pangs of hunger
 satiated, in spite of all] satiated despite all
 He began to tremble all over, and] *not in MS*
 small flask of strong cordial] small flask of cardial
 just over the stern-part] just at the stern {post}
 and its windows looked out] & it window looked out
 the long trail of foam, undulating with the] the trail of foam undulating over the
 which seemed so incessantly forming] which seemd incessently forming
 following them, as they drifted along.] following as they drifed slowly along.
 lashed tight under the sills, and the planks] lashed tight just under the sill. The
 planks

foot were bare. A clock which had stopped hung on one side of the wall, and a framed and coloured print of the sinking of the *Royal George*²⁰ faced it, while an old twisted brass lamp swung free from the roof, all overrun with entangling lines of reflection from the stormy water-eddies round the rudder.

Laura now lay placidly enough in the hammock as these four men stood round her. The ship-master was a wind-bronzed sunburnt grey-headed sailor, of perhaps sixty, and seeing Denver had finished, he put the first questions to him.

"It's the mercy of the Almighty that you've been found in this way. But you can't have passed very long without food, if you eat like that."

"We were four days in the boat," he replied, "I and she; if you had not

A clock which had stopped] A clock which has [*sic*] ceased movement
and a framed and coloured print] & a framed print
an old twisted brass lamp swung free from the roof] an old brass lamp hung from
the white roof

the hammock as these four men] the halmock as the four men

The ship-master was a wind-bronzed sunburnt grey headed sailor] The ship master

Andrew Newton was a bronzed sun burned grew [*sic*] headed man
sixty, and seeing Denver had finished, he put the first] sixty & {he} spoke {the} first
questions to him.¶] questions they had asked of Denver. *no new paragraph*

Almighty that you've been found] All mighty that I've found you

have passed very long without] have passed long without

if you eat like that] if you eat like that <way> [*"like" written over "in"*]

in the boat," he replied, "I and she] in the boat. I & she

if you had not seen us] if you hadent found us

seen us we must have been dead in a few hours." He then gave them some short account of the fire, but he was too tired to say much. How the men, one and all, had perished, he told them minutely. When asked if he could tell how the flames had first broken out, they all must have noticed the start and visible change which came over him as he told them how he had seen the fire first, but knew nothing more about it. They asked him who the other woman was and how she had died. He looked at them keenly, with gleaming resolute eyes for an instant and said sternly,

"She was once my wife. She drank the salt water and went mad."

Her death the captain had seen himself, though he said nothing, and he merely asked,

"Do you wish to see her again?"

"No."

we must have been dead] she <would> {must} have {been} dead
 He then gave them some] He gave them some
 the men, one and all, had perished] the men had all perished
 When asked if he could] Then one asked him if he could
 the flames had first broken] the flame had first broken
 noticed the start and visible change] noticed the vissible change & start
 over him as he told them] over him as reppresing all his emottion he just told them
 seen the fire first, but knew nothing more about it.] seen it first & knew nothing
 more.

They asked him who the] They asked who the
 He looked at them keenly, with gleaming resolute eyes for an instant and said

sternly,¶] He said sternly *no new paragraph*

Her death the captain] He death the captain
 and he merely asked,¶] & mearly asked *no new paragraph*

All three looked in each other's faces, but without speaking. They might have imagined something of the truth, strange and dreadful as it was, but whatever they might have suspected was of an inarticulate nature to them and they must have seen plainly from Denver's compressed lips and the resolution his face expressed that it would be more than useless questioning him further.

Meanwhile the movement of the ship seemed to have grown slower and slower, till at last it had almost ceased. The waves could be heard beating and breaking idly round the sides, and the captain looked hastily out of the narrow casement and on to the sea; then he turned round, and saying something to the two others in a low voice, went hurriedly out at the door, without further explanation. His footsteps could

All three looked in] They all three looked in
 They might have imagined something] They must have imagined something
 strange and dreadful as it was] strange <with> to perplexity as it was
 whatever they might have suspected was] what ever they might suspect was
 of an inarticulate nature to them] quite unintelligable to them
 they must have seen plainly from Denver's compressed lips] they must seen [*sic*] from
 his compressed lips
 that it would be more than useless questioning him further] that it would be no use
 questioning Denver
 ship seemed to have grown slower] ship grew slower
 at last it had almost ceased] at last it seemd almost to have ceased
 the captain looked hastily out] the <captain> {ship master} looked haistely out
 the narrow casement and on to] the narrow window & on to
 then he turned round . . . without further explanation. His footsteps could] then said
 something to the two others & without explanation went hurridly out at the
 door & his {steps} could

be heard going out on to the deck, and everything was so still overhead, that they could hear the talk of the sailors.

The whole of the inferior crew were clustered on the quarter-deck, discussing what had happened, and looking over the side, where the two boats still swam, in one of which Dorothy was laid out as she had died, with the cloak wound round her form; could they have known her story, it would have been terrible indeed to watch her lying so helpless now that she was dead, but to them a prostrate figure with a cloak flung over it was perchance no very unusual sight. Two or three men

heard going out on to the deck, and everything] heard runig up on to the deck.

Evey thing

was so still overhead, that they] was so still that they

hear the talk of the sailors] hear the men talking over head

The whole of the inferior crew were clustered on the quarter-deck] The sailors were

all standing about on the deck still

what had happened, and looking] what had just happened: The whole crew were

looking

side, where the two boats still swam, in one] side at the two boats in one

died, with the cloak wound round] died with her cloak wound round

could they have known her story, it] If They could have known her history it

would have been terrible indeed to] would have been a terrible sight to

watch her lying so helpless now that she was dead] wath her now she was dead

to them a prostrate figure] to them the prosterate figure

with a cloak flung over it was perchance no very unusual sight. Two or three men]

with the cloak thrown over it was no very unusual sight, perhaps too some

rumour might have reached them of what Denver had said causing them to

suspect all was not quite right after all. Two or three men

were still in the boats alongside; one of these lifted a fold of the cloth off the dead face, with its wide nostrils, clenched teeth and filmy staring eyes, but dropped it again with a shudder. They none of them wished it on board if it could be helped, for they superstitiously believed its presence would bring misfortune to the ship.

Immediately on his reaching the deck, the captain gave some order which caused the ship's own boat to be hauled up the side and hung temporarily half over the bulwark, all wet and dripping with water. They then asked what they should do with the dead body; and he directed the boatswain to get an auger and bore two or three holes in the bottom of the boat, and this was done.

It presently fell off from the side and lagged behind in the rough waves, but

still in the boats alongside; one] still alongside one

one of these] one of them

lifted a fold of the cloth off the dead face] lifted the cloak of the dead face

its wide nostrils, clenched teeth and filmy staring eyes] its wild nostrils clinched teeth

& staring filmy eyes

They none of them wished it on board] They did not wish it on board

if it could be helped] if they could help it

they superstitiously believed its presence would bring] they believe it would bring

Immediately on his reaching the deck] Immediately he reached the deck

and hung temporarily half over] & hung tight fastened halfe over

all wet and dripping with water] all wet & dripping <on the deck> from the water

and he directed the boatswain] & he directed <them> the boatswain

to get an auger and bore] to get an awl & bore

bottom of the boat, and this was] bottem of the {strange} boat & cast it addrift {&}

This was

It presently fell off from] It fell off from

it took seven or eight minutes before it was twenty feet astern. One could have seen that the boat was filling, for the corpse moved once or twice and the cloak fell off its livid desolate face, and it seemed to rise in the bottom. When about half sunk, it swung round the stern close to the rudder, and Denver standing near the casement, looked out as he heard a splash, and saw the half-floating form, with its pallid face and ghastly eyes, staring, as he thought, right up at his from just under him. At that moment it turned slightly, and a shudder, inconceivable in its horror, convulsed him irresistibly. The boat fell away far behind till he almost lost sight of her, though her form always rose nearer its edge, while his eyes remained following its course, fixed

it took seven or eight minutes] it took more than seven or eight minutes
 One could have seen] It could be seen
 that the boat was filling, for] that <it> {the boat} was gradually filling for
 its livid desolate face, and it seemed] its white gastly face <&> it seemed
 to rise in the bottom] to rise in the <boat> bottem
 When about half sunk, it swung] The boat & its occupant swung
 Denver standing near the casement] denver standing close to the casement
 with its pallid face and ghastly eyes] with its face & its gastly eyes
 thought, right up at his] thought straight up at hiss
 from just under him] *not in MS*
 fell away far behind till he almost lost sight of her, though her form always rose
 nearer its edge, while his eyes] fell away till he nearly lost sight of her but
 his eyes
 remained following its course, fixed and fascinated] remained fixed on it as if
 facinated

and fascinated. Every moment it rose more heavily on the waves and sank deeper in the dark bubbling hollows of the water. At last a quantity of advancing spray splashed over it and sank it instantly; the body was seen for a moment, then, most likely caught under one of the thwarts, it was sucked down out of sight to all eternity, in the vortex created by the boat, while a whirling eddy of white foam, ascending the dark curled under-side of the overwhelming wave, was all that was left to bear witness for a few moments, to the last episode in Dorothy's weary, passion-baffled life and death.

Some inexpressible burst of relief, a wild feeling of freedom such as an imprisoned eagle might be stunned and overwhelmed by, on finding the vainly beaten against, long fastened door of its cage left open, caused her husband to start with

 rose more heavily on the waves] rose on the waves more heavily
 and sank deeper in the dark bubbling] & sank deeped in the bubbling
 sank it instantly; the body] sank it instantly & the boddy
 was seen for a moment, then, most likely caught under one of the thwarts, it] *not in*

MS

sight to all eternity, in the vortex created by the boat, while a whirling eddy] sight
 with the boat An eddy

ascending the dark curled under-side of the overwhelming wave] [*added between*

lines.] ascending the dark {under} side of the over whelming wave

witness for a few moments to] witness to

the last episode in Dorothy's] the <end> {last eppisode} <of> in Dorathey's

burst of relief . . . cage left open, caused her husband to] burst of feeling caused

him to

his heart suddenly beating violently: Laura stirred in her sleep, uttering a low-voiced exclamation but like a moan, and he came hastily to her side: but otherwise her sleep seemed still placid and undisturbed.

There must have been some good reason for the almost indecent haste with which the dead body was consigned to the waves; almost before they had seen the end, the different sailors began to move swiftly about the decks, each carrying out some separate order with all the diligence he was master of. They could be seen constantly directing their looks towards the north-east. Yet the wild fitful violence of the cold south wind seemed to abate every minute, till at last, as I have said,

with his heart suddenly beating] suddenly with his heart beating
 in her sleep, utter a low-voiced exclamation but like] in her sleap & utterd a low
 exclamation almost like
 side; but otherwise her sleep] side but otherway her sleap
 seemed still placid and undisturbed] seemed to <have> <been> {still} placid &
 undisturbed
 have been some good reason] have been some secret reason
 body was consigned to the waves; almost] boddy was resigned to its burrial, almost
 began to move swiftly about] began to go haistely about
 each carrying out some separate] each carrey out some sepperat
 with all the diligence he was master of.] with all haste.
 They could be seen constantly directing] They constantly dirrected
 violence of the cold south wind] violence of the wind

it almost suddenly ceased. There was a too suddenly ominous hush, and warmth and calm spread over all the visible face of Nature, too much resembling the invariable lull which precedes its wildest and most frantic efforts. Something unnatural was about to take place, and the sailors knew it and were preparing for it.

From horizon to zenith the once blue sky was completely covered and whitened with the dull fleecy remnants of the morning mist, which had risen so unaccountably in the east. Here and there at intervals through small momentary apertures, the gleaming sun and the blue sky still showed, and their transient rays and beams speckled the all-livid surface of the palpitating sea with strangely shifting spots of tremulous green, too soon dispelled and divested of their magic radiance as the

said, it almost suddenly ceased] said it had almost suddenly seemd to <have>

cease<d>

There was a too . . . preparing for it.¶] Something unnatural was about to take place
& the sailors knew it. There was a too suddenly ominous hush & calm spread
over all the vissible face of nature like the lull which invariably proceds it's
wildest & most frantic effarts. *no new paragraph*

From horizon to zenith] From the hurizing to the zenith
with the dull fleecy remnants] with the dull gray broken up remnants
the gleaming sun and the blue sky] the sun & the gleaming blue sky
still showed, and their transiet rays and beams speckled the all-livid surface] shone
through in transient rays & beams speckeling the dull livid surface
strangely shifting spots of tremulous green, too soon] radient spots of green. too soon
dispelled and divested of their] dispeled {again} & devisted of thier
radiance as the clouds blew over each other] *not in MS*

clouds blew over each other. But under all this transitory flower-like greenery, the treacherous sea concealed its purpose as a snake lies hid in the grass, ready to lift its head and sting when the time comes. Presently the mists overhead all joined together, shutting the sun out everywhere.

Covered in all directions with detached patches and long continuous lines of white dissolving foam from the crests of the subsided waves, the salt bitter ocean, livid and panting, appeared like some furious animal regaining its wasted energy and dissipated strength before the final effort of its fierce rage. Where it chafed round the black sides of the ship, it seemed like a lion which purposely lashing its flanks with its tail, grows angry under the self-infliction. At length, however, all was absorbed into the smooth calm undulations which rolled seemingly from horizon to horizon: on them the *Albatross* rose and fell without further movement. The canvas aloft was all furled; but the sailors still hung about the dizzy heights in the rigging obeying the

But under all this . . . the sun out everywhere.] But under all this {flower like}

greenery the sea hid its purpose like {a snake whihc [sic] lies {in the grass}

ready to lift its head & sting whih the time comes.}

white dissolving foam from the crests] white foam from the crests

waves, the salt bitter ocean] waves, the {salt bitter} ocean

regaining its wasted energy and dissipated strength] regaing {its lost} energy &

{dissipated} strength

the final effort of its fierce rage] <the> {a} final effort of <its> feirce rage

purposely lashing its flanks with] pourposly lashing its flank<s> with

At length, however, all was absorbed] At last however all receded

rolled seemingly from horizon to horizon] roled from hurizzen to hurrizen

on them the *Albatross* rose] on them the ship rose

shouts from the deck. The sea had grown so calm that the shadow of the reversed hull and the great masts fell darkly and languidly reflected deep down in the grim water.

It was strange how anxious the sailors all looked; what had happened during the morning, seemed now forgotten and passed away from their minds. Down below the two officers had quitted the cabin where Laura was laid, and Denver was left alone with her. She still lay in the hammock, but she was now no longer sleeping despite her eyes being closed, for her feverish hands moved up and down continually, sometimes pressed on her head sometimes entangled and wound in her long tresses, and her lips moved deliriously though she could scarcely articulate.

The sense of utter escape, as from some soul-poisoning spell, which had penetrated Denver's mind and nerves when he saw Dorothy sink, would be of itself

The sea had grown so calm] The sea at last grew so calm
 shadow of the reversed hull and the great masts fell] shaddow of the mastes fell
 deep down in the grim water.] deep down in the water.
 the morning, seemed now forgotten] the mornig seemd allbut [sic] forgotten
 Down below the two officers] Down bellow the two inferior officers
 cabin where Laura was laid] cabin where Laura was lain
 she was now no longer sleeping despite] she was not sleaping now despite
 her eyes being closed, for] her eyes being tight closed, for
 sometimes pressed on her head] sometimes pressed on to her head
 wound in her long tresses] wound in her {long} tresses
 though she could scarcely articulate.¶] through [sic] she could scarcely articulate. *no*

new paragraph

The sense of utter escape] The sense of utter releese [*"releese" written over "releef"*]
 penetrated Denver's mind and nerves when] fallen on Denver when

difficult to describe in all its acuteness, but now, watching over Laura's strange mental and bodily condition, a terrible heart-sickening sense of some doubt or dread which he dared not analyse, returned on him again; made all the darker and heavier by contrast with his previous relief. He felt himself quite alone in the world with her now, with none to come between them; his whole being shaken and convulsed to its innermost recesses, at the slightest sign, or look, or touch from her, and yet she lay there before him unable to recognise him even, and had not even the strength necessary to give utterance to the delirium of her brain. At times he pressed his hot lips wildly on hers, but she never opened her eyes,—spoke to her piteously and

 would be of itself difficult to describe in all its acuteness] would be impossible to
 describe in its tumultuosity

a terrible heart-sickening sense] a terrible heart rending sence

of some doubt or dread] of some sickening doubt or dread

returned on him again; made all the darker and heavier by] returd on him made

more <dreadful> {terrible now} by

contrast with his previous relief.] contrast with the joy he had felt before.

He felt himself quite alone] He was quite alone

with none to come between them; his whole being shaken and convulsed to its

innermost] with no one betwene them & his mind & soul {were} shaken &

trembeling to their inermost

slightest sign, or look, or touch from] slightest signe {or touch or look} from

and yet she lay there before him unable to recognise him even, and had] & yet now

she could not recognise him & had

even the strength necessary to give utterance to the] even the strenght to utter the

he pressed his hot lips] he pressed his lips

to her piteously and entreatingly] to her {piteously &} entreatingly

entreatingly, but she gave no sign of recognition,—clasped the hot hands which always tossed about so wearily,—only to have them withdrawn, until at last he went to a distance and stood looking on her, perfectly sick to the heart with terror and perplexity.

There is nothing more unnatural or even more awful than to be forgotten or unrecognised by a loved friend, when delirious with sickness and fever. Such meaningless words as are uttered serve only to depress the mind which seeks to gather vain consolation from them: Denver had endeavoured long and vainly to connect and disentangle Laura's moanings. Once however he imagined that he heard his name muttered and he went up to her side, but without attracting her notice. Then he took up a wet sponge, left there, and began with trembling hands to bathe her forehead and face and even her feet. His heart beat so that he could hear nothing else.

perfectly sick to the heart] perfectly sick at heart

unnatural or even more awful] unnatural or more allfull

uttered serve only to depress . . . disentangle Laura's moanings.] utterd <convey small

comfort> {serve only to depress the mind which would seek vain consolation

from them} but to Denver <to watch Laura> knowing that Laura not only

was delerious {& could not recognise him} but could no [sic] speak either {&

endeving vainly to conect her meanings} it was terrible

he went up to her side, but] he went up to her again but

Then he took up] <Presently> {Then} he took up

sponge, left there, and began with trembling hands to bathe her forehead and face

and even her feet.] sponge {left there} & began {with trembling hands} to

baith her feet & hands & face.

Suddenly she opened her eyes, looking fixedly in one corner of the cabin as if she saw something she desired there, but whatever it was, she must have caught sight of it before she opened them. She half rose and tried to stretch out her hand and a flame-like smile flickered over her thin wan visage, then exhausted with the effort, she lay back on the pillow, and fell this time really asleep and almost instantly. The smile still remained on her features gradually dying out till it was lost. He stood by watching her, hardly daring to stir, though he longed to clasp her in his arms now, as a little while back he had longed for water to give her; and but for her short quick breathing, the interior cabin grew quite silent and noiseless.

Overhead all was dead silent too, and the men remained looking anxiously out over the smooth livid sea, still flecked with yellow decaying remnants of foam: the fleecy motionless clouds overhead entirely precluded the sunlight. All remained quiet in utter calm for more than ten minutes still, when a slight murmur or rather a hissing

 she desired there, but whatever it] she desired there; what ever it
 caught sight of it before she] caught sight of before
 as a little while back he had longed for] as he had longed before for
 the interior cabin grew quite silent and noiseless.¶] the {interir} cabin becam quit

silent & noisless *no new paragraph*

and the men remained looking] & the sailors remained looking
 livid sea, still flecked with] livid sea still couvered with
 remnants of foam; the fleecy] remnants of foam-blossem; the fleecy
 motionless clouds overhead entirely] motionless cloud over the sky entirely
 the sunlight. All remained quiet] precluded the sunlight. ¶All remaind quiert
 a slight murmur or rather a hissing sound] a slight hissing {or rather puring} sound

sound, suddenly became audible to them from towards the north-east. The master and first-mate rushed at the wheel and grasped its spokes in readiness, and then turned looking sharply and anxiously in that direction: it seemed to act on the sailors like the warning hiss of some dreaded serpent.

A very slight ruffling of wind seemed to play along over the confines of cloud and sea, then it receded behind the horizon: but paltry as it seemed to have been, the waves it had passed over were white and reeling with foam, and the clouds were scattering in clusters. Again it played out to where the becalmed passive ship lay, stealthily and with concealed purpose as it were, just as a wild cat might stretch out its velvet delicate paw into the nest of a brooding bird, and once more withdraw it as fearing lest it might prematurely alarm its intended victim. Then the gathering

The master and first-mate rushed] The master & {first} mate rushed
sharply and anxiously in that direction] sharply & anxiously in the direction
to act on the sailors like] to act on the men like
like the warning hiss of] like the signal of
dreaded serpent.¶] *no new paragraph*

A very slight ruffling of wind] A very faint ruffling of wind
the confines of cloud and sea] the confine [*sic*] surface of the sea
and the clouds were scattering in clusters] *not in MS*
it played out to where] it played out towards were
the becalmed passive ship lay, stealthily] the ship lay passively, stealthely
as it were, just as a wild cat] as it where just as a<n> hungry wild cat
brooding bird, and once more withdraw it as fearing lest it might] brooding bird.

Once more it receded as fearing it might
alarm its intended victim.] alarm its victim.

wind seemed angrily to become aware that the sailors were on the alert. To pursue the simile, where the animal's eyes would have flamed with resentment, two or three black clouds, small but rapidly elongating emerged over the waves—only this, then all was quiet for a while: then when the animal would have risen and sprung and flown at her victim—

What had happened; what was the matter? Everything in the cabin grew suddenly and unexpectedly dark to Denver's wondering eyes. A dreadful pause succeeded in which two or three footsteps rang above him on the deck, like the clashing of iron. He rushed to the casement and looked out.

The whole extent of the eastern horizon had grown black with sudden shadow and cloud, and the foremost fragments of it swirled by over the ship like dark wreaths of smoke, while underneath in strange and splendid contrast, the whole sea grew white as with foaming and furious passion and the spray was beaten out of it mast-high like rain. All swept down on them like a deluge, and the great vessel rose suddenly and drove away before the outburst of tropical tempest.

Then the gathering wind seemed angrily to become aware] Then it angrily became

aware

the waves—only this, then all was] the waves {only this} & {then} all was

then when the animal would] then when the cat would

have risen and sprung and flown] have sprung & flown

swirled by over the ship] swirled by over <i>the ship

smoke, while underneath in strange] smoke, under neath in strange

the whole sea grew white] the whole of the sea grew white

with foaming and furious passion] with foaming <&> furious <rage> passion

Outside she was a black speck driving through the white foam which seemed to sweep foremost everywhere, blown in advance by the violence of the wind; inside the cabin where Denver was, all became quite dark save for the faint traces of light cast on the roof at times, not reflected by the black turbid water, but by the foam which surged over it. The spray showered heavily on the thick glass with a sound like distant thunder, but the strong iron framework withstood its utmost efforts. The violent whistling of the wind could be heard overhead in the strained cordage and the hissing of the water underneath, mingled at times with human shouts and cries. The door swung open heavily with the vibration, and fell to and fro till he went across the sloping floor and latched it.

The hammock always swayed gently: he could just see a glimmering blank spot where Laura's still sleeping face lay, swinging backwards and forwards. He stood by it

Outside she was a black speck] Out side it was a black speck
 seemed to sweep foremost everywhere, blown in advance by the violence] seemed to
 <proceed where> {sweep foremost evey wheer blown {in front} by} the
 violence
 save for the faint traces of light] save for the traces of luminousness
 not reflected by the black turbid water, but by the foam] not from the dark water
 but from the foam
 with a sound like distant thunder] *not in MS*
 but the strong iron framework] but the <thick> {strong} iron frame work
 heavily with the vibration, and fell to and fro till he went across the sloping floor]
 heavily to & fro & he went a cross the {sloaping} floor
 and latched it.¶] *no new paragraph*
 The hammock always swayed] The halmock swayed

awhile, listening to the different noises all complicated one with another until he could be certain that he heard the sound of her faint but continued respiration among them, and then went again and looked out from the casement, blind with splashes of weltering foam and water. He was wildly anxious as to what had happened but he dared not leave the cabin. Through the wet glass he could dimly see a vast trackless extent of foaming waves following the ship, and overhead, the trailing rack of the dark cloud-covered sky, faintly luminous in thin places but unseparated everywhere, drove after. Wherever he could see the long ridge of a wave, it was slightly circular in form; and where the tumultuous water was not white with foam, it was black with itself. The motion of the ship was swift and plunging, and yet, strange to say, so

awhile, listening to the . . . among them, and then] a while listening <to> {till he
 heard the faint sound of her breathing amid} the different noises all complicated
 one with an other & then
 looked out from the casement] looked out at the casement
 of weltering foam and water.] of foam & water.
 He was wildly anxious] He was terribly anxious
 what had happened but he dared] what was happening but he dared
 Through the wet glass he could dimly see] He could just see
 extent of foaming waves following] extent of foaming wave following
 ship, and overhead, the trailing rack] ship & the trailing rack
 cloud-covered sky, faintly luminous] cloud covered sky, {faintly} luminous
 Wherever he could see the long ridge] Whenever he could see the {long} ridge
 form; and where the tumultuous water] form & where ever the water
 yet, strange to say, so even at first that] yet so even that

even at first that although the deck slanted till he leant on the underwale for support, yet Laura's hammock-bed swung so gently that she was never once wakened.

In the hush which came at long intervals he could always hear the sound of her breathing. Once or twice, raising a burst of shouting overhead, a heavy wave caught and struck on the plunging prow with a dull hollow shock, and then the strong-built vessel quivered through all her timbers.

He could hardly see for the darkness, but how to procure a light he could not tell until he thought of groping his way to the chest and searching in it. After a while he forced the lid open and turning over the contents, he managed to find a tinder-box with a long bundle of matches attached to it. By striking the flint over

 although the deck slanted till] though <it> the deck slanted till
 underwale for support, yet Laura's] the under wale for suport at times yet Laura's
 once wakened. ¶In the hush] once wakened & in the hush
 her breathing. Once or twice] <t>her breathing. But once or twice
 raising a burst of shouting overhead] *not in MS*
 on the plunging prow with a dull hollow shock] on the hollow plunging prow
 quivered through all her timbers.] shivered through all its timbers. This was always
 followed by shouting over head.

darkness, but how to procure] darkness & how to procure
 until he thought of groping his way to the chest and searching in it. After a while
 he forced] but in a while he groped his way to the chest & forced
 lid open and turning over the contents] lid open. Then after turnig the contents over
 managed to find a tinder-box] managed to find what he serched for, a tinder box
 with a long bundle of matches attached to it.] with a bundle of prepaired matches.
 By striking the flint] After skriking the flint

and over again he obtained a spark and blew it up and lit the sulphur-tipped match from it.²¹ All this while the prolonged snake-like hisses of the water and the whistling of the wind were intensified. When he had obtained the glimmering of fire and was just about to rise with it, a gust of wind through some draughty crack blew it out again and he had to begin afresh. At length with his lighted match he again reached to the lamp, and it being prepared and charged with oil he ignited the wick, and a trembling reflection of warm light fell all over the cabin-walls, and on Laura's face and throat and golden hair, as the hammock swung to and fro from the hooks in the rafter.

lit the sulphur-tipped match from it] lit a lucifer from it
 of the wind were intensified] of the wind intensified
 When he had obtained] Then he had obtained
 the glimmering of fire and was] the glimering fire & was
 wind through some draughty crack] wind from some draughty crack
 blew it out again and he] blew it out & he
 had to begin afresh.] had to begin over again
 with his lighted match] *not in MS*
 he again reached to the] he reached to the
 and it being prepared and charged] & finding it prepared & charged
 wick, and a trembling reflection of warm light] wick & a warm trembling glow of
 light
 face and throat and golden hair] face {& throat} & golden hair
 as the hammock swung to and fro] as the chords sustaining the halmock swung to &
 fro
 from the hooks in the rafter] *not in MS*

Just then the door opened and a man staggered in holding by the post.

"We've been caught in a hurricane," he said, speaking as if in great haste; "it's carrying us with it, but the sky's lightening in places and the wind will die away presently. How is she? Still sleeping. Ah, that's the laudanum.—I can't wait; you must watch by her still, you'd best not venture on deck," and without waiting for a reply the door was closed. At the same moment the ship rolled heavily on the broken surf of some smaller cross-wave and a burst of shouting broke out overhead. Again and again the bows plunged deeply and the stern rose and fell till the unusual motion made Denver's heart quiver and his head dizzy: then it passed off and in a momentary hush, the dull thudding of men's feet just overhead and the creaking and

holding by the post.¶] holding on at the post *no new paragraph*

he said, speaking as if in great haste] *not in MS*

it's carrying us with it] its carrey us round with it

in places and the wind] in places. The wind

will die away presently] will pass of in a while

How is she? Still sleeping. Ah, that's] How is she; sleaping still Ah thats

her still, you'd best not venture on deck," *Ed.*] her still you'd best not venture on

deck," *R&H;* her still." *MS*

without waiting for a reply] without staying for a reply

was closed. At the same] was closed again & at the same

the ship rolled heavily on the broken surf of some smaller cross-wave] the vessel

<plunged> {roled} heavily on some smaller waves

burst of shouting broke out] burst of shouting b<urst>{roke} out

the bows plunged deeply] the boughs plunged heavily

rose and fell till . . . momentary hush, the dull] rose & fell & the dull

thudding of men's feet just overhead] thuding of feet just over head

groaning of the rudder could be heard, until the sweeping tempestuous wash of the water drowned everything again, with its peculiar heavy foam-scattering stormy splashing of waves,—a sound not to be conveyed in language.

The ship skilfully directed seemed to be slipping out of the circular sweep of the wind and tide, taking advantage of every opening in the ridges of the wind-cloven waves ahead. All they could do was to keep as much as possible straight before the wind and take every opportunity to turn aside. Of course it must not be supposed that they could see themselves going round. In those days meteorology was unknown, so that if they knew it, it must have been by instinct; for the entire circle which would have to be formed by the hurricane might involve some two or three hundred miles in circumference, though the circular inclination, from their point of view, being apparently at the very centre of the cyclone, was so very decided that

until the sweeping tempestuous wash . . . conveyed in language.¶] *not in MS; no new paragraph*

advantage of every opening in] advantage of evry <break> {opening} in
to keep as much as possible straight before the wind and take every opportunity to
turn aside.] to keep straight in front & <not> as much as possible not
before the wind.

going round. In those days meteorology was unknown, so that if they knew it, it must
have been by instinct; for the entire] going round, the entire
which would have to be formed] which would be performed
might involve some two or three] might evolve some two or three
miles in circumference . . . so very decided that any deviation] miles. Any deviation

any deviation too much to the left in their struggle to escape, the tempest's course sweeping to the right, would evidently have destroyed them: the pressure to windward might have thrown them into the trough of the sea and driven the waves surging over the sides and swamped them, or at the least thrown them on their beam-ends. Just a corner of a sail set, and inflated like the hood of a cobra, served to direct the vessel. One man kept his place in the forecastle as it swayed to right or left and rose and fell all wet, grey, and gleaming. He shouted directions to one just behind, and so the steering orders were passed through a chain of mouths to the three men labouring at the wheel. To any but a seaman it would have looked fearful to watch the two or three sailors who still, in spite of everything clung about in the dizzy

to the left in their struggle to escape, the tempest's course sweeping to the right,

would evidently have] to the <right> {left} (the tempest's course swept to the right) would have

them; the pressure to windward] them, for the pressure to leeward

might have thrown them into . . . on their beam-ends.] would have driven the waves clean over <them> the side.

Just a corner of a sail] Just a corner of one small sail

set, and inflated like the hood of a cobra *Ed.*] set, and inflated like the hood of

cobra *R&H*; set & filld out like a {wind} blown bag *MS*

kept his place in the forecastle] clung right on the forecastle

as it swayed to right or left and rose and fell all wet, grey, and gleaming. He

shouted] as it rose & fell & leaned to right & left & shouted

through a chain of mouths to] through a chain to

the three men labouring at the wheel] the two men {labouring} at the wheal.

To any but a seaman it would have looked fearful] It looked fearfull

still, in spite of everything] *not in MS*

rigging, and the great foam-dashed abysses in the hollows of the waves would have been no less dreadful to contemplate, as the great *Albatross* toppled over and fell into them and rose out again perpetually. None had time to think about the two human beings they had picked up in the boat.

When this incessant struggle against wind and sea had lasted about four hours, it began to show signs of relaxation, and the long-shut-out daylight streamed in on the wild waves, through the straggling rifts in the shattered and sombre storm-clouds. A heavy blinding deluge of rain began, and the afternoon sun piercing through in scattered rays, made the showers glance with gleams of golden light: one sunbeam fell right on the ship and caused the wet masts and complicated ropes of the rigging to glow like lines of red shifting fire. It was a magic transformation contrasted with the lowering sombreness of the storm half an hour before. But returning to the cabin, I

rigging, and the great foam-dashed abysses] rigging despite every thing watching the
spars & the great foam dashed <hollows> abysses
would have been no less dreadful to contemplate] were <fearful> {dreadful} to
contemplate

Albatross toppled over and fell into] Albatross {toppled over} fell in to
to think about the two human beings] to think of or attend to the man & woman
in the boat.¶] *no new paragraph*

incessant struggle against wind and sea] incessant struggle of wind & sea
the long-shut-out daylight streamed in on the wild waves through the straggling rifts]
the shut out day light streamed in places on the wild waves through rifts
the shattered and sombre storm-clouds. A heavy blinding deluge of rain] the shattered
{storm} clouds & a heavy {blinding} delug<ing fall> of rain
began, and the afternoon . . . hour before. But returning] began but returng

have no longer time to spare for describing this cessation of the tempest.

During the long raging of the storm, no one as I have said came near them again, and Denver watched Laura Conway's sleep for more than two hours. About that time she woke up suddenly and came at last to self-consciousness as the effects of the opiate wore off, though at first without his knowing it, for he always sat on the box listening to the groaning of the buffeted side-timbers as the strong waves flung themselves up uselessly urged on by the wild sibilant howling of the wind.

What thing gives birth to the strange and unaccountable sensations by which

the cabin, I have no longer time to spare for describing this cessation] the cabin

however I can no longer give space to describe the cessation

During the long raging of] During the raging of

no one as I have said came near them again] no one came near them {again} as I
have said

watched Laura Conway's sleep] watched by Laura Conway's sleep

About that time she woke up suddenly and came at last to self-consciousness as the

effects of the opiate wore off, though at first without] About that time just in

the very midst of the tempest she came to self consciousness {& [?] the

effects of the opium left her} though without

for he always sat on the box] for he sat always on the box

groaning of the buffeted side-timbers] groaning of the <wind> {wave} buffeted side
timbers

as the strong waves flung themselves up uselessly urged on by the wild sibilant

howling of the wind] & the howling of the wind

What thing gives birth to] What creates

strange and unaccountable sensations by which some people are warned, when] strange

& terrible sensation which {sometimes} existes & warn's people when

some people are warned, when about to resign the soul or life-principle which animates the body? In some instances no doubt it may be only the fore-shadowing bodily lassitude acting on a morbidly self-conscious mind, though it is experienced by others even when still in perfectly sound health. She lay still awhile on reawakening trying at first to recollect her wandering thoughts, but vainly and dizzily, for she could in no way recognise the place she was in. The lamp cast weird flickering eddies of shadow over the ceiling and walls as it swung from side to side, and she could feel that her hammock was swinging with it. She heard the liquid splashes of the waves and the loud murmur and hiss of the surge dashed and toiling ever uselessly up along the strong timbers, for then the very heart-beats of the storm were

when about to resign the soul or life-principle] when they are about to <give>

resigne <the mind> <or> {the} soul or life principle

In some instances no doubt it may be only the fore-shadowing bodily lassitude] I

suppose it is boddily lassitude

acting on a morbidly self-conscious mind] acting on the mind

though it is experienced by others when still in perfectly sound health] *not in MS*

She lay still awhile on reawakening trying at first to recollect her wandering thoughts,

but vainly and dizzily] She lay some time dizzily attempting to collect her thoughts

she could in no way] she could in to way

recognise the place she was in] recognise or recolect the place she was in

weird flickering eddies of shadow] strange fitfull flickering shaddows

walls as it swung from side to side] walls as they slanted from side to side

her hammock was swinging with it] her halmock swung with them

She heard the liquid . . . up along the strong timbers] She heard the waves dashing

& toiling uslessly against the strong timbers

throbbing over and around the ship. Then some partial recollection of all she had passed through for the last five days, flitted through her mind and she felt herself shudder. She tried to rise but her will failed her: she found it impossible, and a terrible idea that she was going to die, swept through her mind in a tumult of fear, and she tried to cry out, but uttered no sound. Every episode of her past life seemed to revolve before her, from the most trifling events of her childhood down to the first meeting with Denver, and she saw her first impression of his face floating before her, as if it had been burnt into her brain, and her intense love and desire for him grew like a blown flame consuming her heart. Yet she lay quiet for a little while, and then she collected all her force and energy, and said, "Denver, Denver!" a kind

were throbbing over and around the ship] were raiging & beating over the <sea>
ship

Then some partial recollection of] Some partial recollection of

She tried to rise] Then she tried to rise

but her will failed her; she found it] but found it

impossible, and a terrible idea] impossible A terrible idea

through her mind in a tumult] through her mind in a kind of tumult

fear, and she tried to cry] fear & she lay still & tried to cry

seemed to revolve before her] seemd to revolve slowly before her

from the most trifling events] even to the most trifling times

down to the first meeting . . . burnt into her brain] *not in MS*

her intense love and desire for him grew like a blown flame] her intense love {&

wish} for Denver <was> {grew} like a flame

heart. Yet she lay quiet for a little while] heart & she lay still yet a while

collected all her force and energy] concentrated all her energy & fource

and said, "Denver, Denver!"] & said ¶"Denver Denver"

of instinctive call, for she did not know if he were near her, but he appeared instantly by her side, with startled anxious features. He threw his arms for a long while round her head, kissing her cold temples over and over again and then withdrew to a little distance, bending forwards and looking fixedly on her face, as though he saw something which disturbed him there and asked—

"Do you really know me?"

She answered so faintly that her words almost escaped him,

"Yes; but I shan't for long, my eyesight's grown dizzy and dark."

"You've been delirious for a long while, Laura, and you're weak. You'll soon be better."

a kind of instinctive call, for she did not know if he were near her, but he

appeared] & he appeared

instantly by her side, with] by her side instantly but with

features. He threw his arms for a long while round] features & threw his arms round

kissing her cold temples over and over again] & kissed her just once on her cold

forehead

a little distance, bending forwards and looking] alittle [*sic*] distance looking

on her face, as though he saw something which disturbed him there and asked—]

in her face, then he asked

"Do you really know me?" ¶[She] Do you know me realy? & she

Yes; but I shan't for long] Yes now but I sha'nt for long

my eyesight's grown dizzy] My eyes are growing dizzy

while, Laura, and you're weak] while & your weak Laura

You'll soon be better.] You'l soon be well now.

Her head moved slightly as she lay back, as though to imply disbelief in what he said, and he put his face to hers passionately kissing her cold lips. They quivered slightly beneath his close burning pressure. Some indescribable outburst of the love in her heart caused her to endeavour to raise herself so as to clasp him round the neck—but her strength was not sufficient. There was a flush of blood in her cheek, but it died out and her face grew more pallid than ever. He having no knowledge of her weakness, merely thought she turned to shift her position.

All this while, the noise and tumult of the storm went on, and the wind-tossed vessel shifted and fell about more tempestuously than ever, so that he had great trouble in keeping his feet and grasped the swinging hammock-cords to

 moved slightly as she lay back] moves [*sic*] slightly as it lay back
 as though to imply] as if to imply
 he put his face to hers] he bent his face down to her
 beneath his close burning pressure] beneath his close pressure
 outburst of the love in her] burst of love in her
 raise herself so as to clasp him] raise her self to clasp him
 her strength was not sufficient] her stronght was no sufficient
 flush of blood in her cheek] flush of blood to her cheak
 but it died out and her face grew] but her face then grew
 He having no knowledge of her weakness, merely] He nearly
 thought she turned to shift] thouth she had turnd to shift
 noise and tumult of the storm] noises and tumults of the storm
 the wind-tossed vessel shifted] the {wind} tossed wessel shifted
 about more tempestuously than ever] about {more tempestuosly} worse than ever
 ever, so that he had great trouble in keeping his feet and grasped the swinging
 hammock-cords to steady himself. Then he] ever. He

steady himself. Then he kissed her cold cheek and went on—

"She's gone. We're free now, Laura, free to love each other without shame or mockery. *Dorothy is dead.*"

As the dying wick of a lamp flickers up into sudden light, so a slight momentary strength returned to her limbs, and she managed to rise and hang round his neck, just as his face was receding from hers. Her eyes must have grown very dim, for it was a mere glimmering blank before them. The rich curls of his black hair were grown very long during the voyage, and they fell twining and clustering

kissed her cold cheek and went on—] kissed her {cold} cheek again & then went on

She's gone. We're free now, Laura, free to love each other without shame or

mockery] We're free now freed Laura. Shes gone wecan [*sic*] love each other with out shamefastness or mockery now

Dorothy is dead.] added between lines

As the dying wick of a lamp] Just as the dying {wick of a} lamp [*"the" written over "a"*]

flickers up into sudden light, so a slight] flickers up {suddenly in light} a sligh [*sic*] strength returned to her limbs] strength returned to her body

managed to rise and hang round] managed to rise & hung round

as his face was receding] as his face appeared to be receding

Her eyes must have grown very dim, for it was a mere glimmering blank before

them] Her sight had grown very dim <&> {for} it was a mere glimmering spot before her eyes

The rich curls . . . faltered for breath;] [*added between lines:*] The curls of his

black hair were grown very long & fell twing among her golden ones for a

<while> {[*illegible*]} while she said in voice which faltern for breath

among her golden ones, for awhile, during which she said with voice that faltered for breath;

"I always loved you without mockery, but it's too late now love. It's useless to you or me Denver—I'm dying too."

He felt the arms tremble and relax round his neck as she pressed her silencing lips to him, then she fell back on the pillow, and he recoiled away from her with a sudden cry, piercing and terrible in its soul-drawn agony.

"O God, God! What have I done that you should torture me, Laura?"

Meanwhile outside over the ocean the light had been slowly returning, for the rain was pouring down heavily, and the sombre black drifting storm-clouds were rent asunder with a great rift, so that the grey daylight, bright with the sun, streamed through the narrow casement on to her face, and with the lamp on the other side

but it's too late now love. It's useless to you or me Denver—I'm dying too. ¶He]

but its all usless now Denver. Its too late. I am dying too. <He> ¶He
He felt the arms tremble and relax round his neck as] He felt her arms tremble as
pressed her silencing lips to him] prissed her lips to him
he recoiled away from her] her [sic] recoiled <back> away from her
sudden cry, piercing and terrible] sudden {hert piercing} cry terrible
you should torture me, Laura] "*Laura*" *crossed out and restored*
outside over the ocean the light had been slowly returning] out side the light had
slowly been returing over the ocean
rain was pouring down heavily] rain poured down heavily
the sombre black drifting storm-clouds] the black {sombre} drifting storm clouds
rent asunder with a great rift, so that the grey] rent asunder & the gray
bright with the sun] *not in MS*
her face, and with the lamp] her face so that owing to the lamp

her features were without shadow. It gave a kind of supernatural beauty to her, strange to contemplate. The colourless lips parted slightly as if they quivered, and her eyelids, half transparent, were closed, and their lashes were very long and dark on the pale underlid. A deadly unnatural pallor came over her countenance, and a faint shudder quivered visibly through her throat and shoulders and arms and hands, down even to the nude white feet which were to be seen, under the end of the counterpane which covered her; then she lay utterly quiet. Her face was still and silent, one side of it in the pale daylight, the other golden with the glow of the lamp, while the ripples of her long hair lay streaming in a sparkling mass over the pillow and under her throat and shoulders.

Denver might have remained looking at her for more than five minutes. A terrible expression convulsed and grew into the lines of his face. Suddenly with a

a kind of supernatural beauty to her, strange] a sort of supernatural beauty to her

<face> {vissage} strange

The colourless lips parted] The lips were colourless & parted
her eyelids, half transparent, were closed] the eyelids were shut
and their lashes were very long and dark on the pale underlid] *not in MS*
shudder quivered visibly through . . . which covered her; then she] shudder passed
though [*sic*] her vissibly, then she

lay utterly quiet. Her face was still and silent, one side of it in the pale daylight]

lay utterly quiet one side of her face in the gray strenthening {daylight}
the lamp, while the ripples] the lamp <&> {<amid>} {while} the ripples
her long hair lay streaming in a sparkling mass over] her hair lay streamig {&
sparkilng} over

under her throat and shoulders.] under her throat.

for more than five minutes] for five minutes

strange energy in all his manner, he went up to her quietly, and as if acting under an intense and strenuous effort of the will he took up her hand and felt the pulse, without success, then pressed his hand on where the heart should have throbbed, but there was no sense of movement. His eyes became hot and dizzy, and for a moment the dead face seemed to reel before them.

In the lull which had come over the tempest, her life-principle, her soul, had passed back into the many intertangled elements which the mysterious creative faculty of Nature had first evolved it from; perhaps even now a little swirl of electricity was dividing among the winds; but lying in her death-hammock, her pallid face, with its large shut eyes and dark lashes, seemed so diaphanous, with its mazy golden cloud of

quietly, and as if acting under an intense and strenuous effort of the will he] quietly

as if his will were acting not in concert with his body. He

took up her hand and felt the pulse] took up her cold hands & felt {for} the pulse

success, then pressed his hand] succes, then he pressed his hand

where the heart should have] where her heart should have

seemed to reel before them] seemd to real before them

had come over the tempest] had come over the {outer} tempest

into the many intertangled elements] in to the {intertangled} elements

which the mysterious creative faculty of Nature had first evolved it from] it had been

evolved from

perhaps even now a little swirl of electricity was dividing among the winds] *not in*

MS

but lying in her death-hammock] but lying in the hammock

face, with its large shut eyes and dark lashes, seemed so] face <& form> {with its

large shut eyes} looked so

hair waving round it on the pillow, that one might almost have disbelieved she could ever have required the lost soul to animate her, or ever have been anything but the soul itself.

He gazed intently on her for a while as though stunned or dreaming, then at last one terrible dumb inarticulate exclamation of utter agony burst from his lips, out of the very depths of his nature, as his soul began to comprehend what it had been deprived of. He bent over her wildly as though he would have kissed her, then he paused unable to, and said out loud, "Curse God for making my soul!" and went and

diaphanous, with its mazy golden cloud of hair waving round it on the pillow, that

one] diaphanous {with the {mazy} golden hair {cloud} waving round it} & her
form so slender & fair that one

she could ever have required the lost soul] she could {ever} have required her lost
soul

or ever have been anything but the soul itself] *not in MS*

He gazed intently on her for a while as though stunned or dreaming, then] He

looked at her as if he were stuned or dreaming for a while then

terrible dumb inarticulate exclamation of utter agony] terribe inarticulate exclamation of
grief

out of the very depths of his nature] *not in MS*

as his soul began] as his mind began

what it had been deprived of.] what it had <lost>. had been deprived of.

bent over her wildly as though he would have kissed her] bent over her as if he
would kiss her

then he paused unable to, and said out loud, "Curse God] but paused {unable to} &

then said out loud ¶Curse God

soul!" and went and sat] soul" & then he went & sat

sat down, his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, his whole mind one dark empty soulless chaos, through which the aimless desultory beating of his heart shook ceaselessly, like a perpetual wind through an arid fire-blackened desert. His love had consumed everything that was his, and now its very cause was gone: though its longing and remembrance still consumed his heart, mind, brain, and nerves, as with an insatiable flame. He had nothing more to live for, his object in life was gone.

The attainment of revenge for her wrong had cost Dorothy both sanity and life—she had given them freely, and truly *she had obtained it*.

* * * * *

down, his elbows on his knees] down on the box with his elbows on his knees between his hands, his whole] betwene his hands. <Darathys vengence was

accomplished> His whole

his whole mind one dark empty] His whole mind was one dark empty aimless desultory beating of his] aimless {desultory} beating of his shook ceaselessly, like a perpetual wind] shook {ceaslessly} like a strng wind through an arid fire-blackened desert] acros an arind fire seathed dessert

His love had consumed . . . an insatiable flame.] All mens souls are lighted through the dusk of life by some secret pourpose & which they live for, <Then> his this light was extinguished <gone> {consumed} like a flame {for ever} & he drifted helplessly throug the {mental} darkness.

The attainment of revenge . . . freely, and truly] The attainment of Darathys revenge had cost her, {her} life & sanity but

In a while some footsteps might have been heard coming down through the outer cabin, and the door was softly opened and the captain came in without his hat, his hair and the long oilskin coat worn during the storm saturated and running with wet.

"It's all over now thank God, I couldn't come down till I knew the ship was secure, but I sent the boatswain to you. They've lit the cooking fire in the galley again: everything was interrupted so suddenly. How is she? What, sleeping still!" He came nearer and looked closely on the dead face, then he started back and looked down at Denver who never stirred or moved to answer him, then again at the dead features, and left the small apartment abruptly. He and several others came back again and looked carefully at her, but they saw and knew she was dead.

During the little remaining daylight nothing could induce Denver to leave the cabin, to take food, or to answer coherently—save in monosyllables. He seemed sunk in a kind of lethargy, like that which is said to follow a deadly snake-bite and from which there was no rousing him. His mental faculties were as though drugged or stunned: had he been in full possession of his animal senses he must have done some injury to himself. I think there was something about his appearance that made them fear going near him. lest they *should* rouse him. They respected his sorrow and left him alone: only a platter with some food and water was sent to the cabin, but without attracting his notice.

In a while some footsteps might have been heard coming down through the outer cabin, and the door was softly opened and the captain] In a while two or three of the sailors came down to the cabin door & softly opened it The captain

hat, his hair and the long oilskin coat worn during the storm saturated and running with wet.] hat & {with} his clothes saturated. A-D.C ends at "*saturated*"

I have before alluded to the superstitious dread in which sailors hold a dead body. It would be no exaggeration to say, that more than one among the whole of the illiterate crew before the mast, felt openly inclined to impute the storm which the ship had laboured through, to some mysterious affinity and connection with the death-agony with which it had simultaneously occurred, though none perhaps could have exactly explained his meaning. Directly the news was known through the ship, they began to make such slight preparations as were needed for the burial, but nothing was done to disturb the dead body, and Denver was allowed to remain by it in quiet. The sun sank stormily over the still high-running but subsiding sea, and every now and then as the stern of the *Albatross* shifted and rose and fell on the strong waves, the setting sunbeams, turned red by the mist and vapour in the offing, would pierce through the narrow casements and fall on to the dead girl's face, lighting the hair round it like a radiant halo. After awhile the light faded gradually away. This was about eight, and still the long hours went by, while he sat there motionless, without sign or hope: he had not dared to look on her once, his strong will seemed paralysed.

The lamp burnt on with its fitful gleams and showed him always sitting with his face hidden in his hands, his long fingers twisted in the curls of his black hair. At last he moved and went first to the door, opening it and looking out into the large outer cabin. A dim lantern just expiring in fretful alternations of light and shadow showed him that it was empty, even of furniture. Then he came back to the hammock and stood by it awhile, and as the swinging light fell on his face, it seemed to show the fire and resolution all burnt away. His cheek and brow were still in places all white with the convulsive clutch of his palm and fingers. But a strange wild expression that was unnatural to him, gleamed in his eyes. He looked once wearily on the face, and kissed the shut lids and closed mouth once with his own

quivering lips, then he lifted the helpless form out from the hammock, and with her in his arms, went out at the open door.

About midnight or after, a group of some seven or eight mariners stood talking together in the shelter of the fore-castle on the deck. How many there were could not be seen, for in the dusk their forms were all fused together into a dark indistinguishable mass, with dimly discernible white faces and here and there the gleaming of an eye. A voice like Andrew Newton's, the ship-master, could be heard saying—

"She must be thrown over to-morrow morning at dawn; but I don't know how we shall separate them. He seems to me to be quite mad over her. There's been something wrong there I know. I suppose you've got the hammock all shotted and ready to be sewn up? I gave out the key."²²

"Yes sir, I reckon the shroud's all ready for her. Poor thing! what an end to come to with such a face! Who can she have been? I——"

He was about to say more, when one of them uttered a sudden exclamation of surprise and they all turned looking in the direction he pointed to.

The mist in the western sky was bright with reflection from the rising moon, a watery point of light just grown visible across the rough western waves, hanging there as if loth to part from the horizon and look on the misery of the world

exclamation of surprise] A-D.B *fragment picks up at "exclamation"* [see p. 27]

reflection from the rising moon, a watery point of light just grown] reflexion from the coming moon just grown

across the rough western waves] <over> {across} the restless waves

hanging there as if loth to part from the horizon and look on the misery of the

world below] [*added on facing page:*] as if loth tohe [*sic*] separate itself &

look forth on the misery of the world bellow

below; and over the dark outline of the stern bulwark, near the wheel, they saw a strange black *silhouette* appear and pause for a moment—a man carrying a dead woman. Her head and neck hung back passively, and long hair, bright with the moonlight, streamed from it in the wind, while her hands fell dangling helplessly—this was all seen plainly against the sky, the next instant it was gone.

An alarm was raised and the ship was put about, though the sight which startled them had been so sudden that they half doubted what they had seen, till the cabin and hammock were found empty.

But these and the man steering (who placed them beyond doubt, by describing how he had seen a dark object suddenly emerge close beside him on the deck

of the stern bulwark, near the wheel] of the bulwark near the steering wheel
 Her head and neck hung back passively, and long hair] Her head hung back & the
 hair [*"the" written over "long"?*]
 bright with the moonlight] bright with moon light
 streamed from it in the wind, while] streamed from it while
 this was all seen plainly against the sky, the next instant it was gone] ¶This was all
 seen by them for a moment [*sic*] {plainly against the sky} the next moment
 they were gone
 though the sight which startled them had been so sudden that they] though they
 cabin and hammock were found empty.¶] hammock & cabin were found empty. *no new*
paragraph
 But these and the man steering (who placed them] But {they &} the man steering
 {who} placed them
 dark object suddenly emerge close beside him on the deck against the luminous sky,
 in the form] dark object on the deck which suddenly immerge {close by them}
 on the light sky in to the form

against the luminous sky, in the form of a man carrying a woman; and how passionately he had seen him kiss her throat just as he paused before leaping) were the last who ever set eyes on Gabriel Denver.

 seen him kiss her throat just as] seen him kiss the throat of the slender form her

[sic] carried just as

leaping) were the last who ever] leaping were the last men who ever

set eyes on Gabriel Denver. *Ed. MS (but no period!]* set eyes on Gabriel Denver or

his fellow-passenger from aboard the ill-fated Black Swan. *R&H*

GABRIEL DENVER

*"Le bonheur vient souvent bien tard,—après la mort de toutes nos espérances. Aussi faut-il aux malheureux beaucoup d'esprit pour le reconnaître, et de force pour l'arrêter au passage."*¹

TO MY FATHER

GABRIEL DENVER

CHAPTER I.

As suddenly
 Thou comest as the memory of some dream,
 Which now is sad because it hath been sweet.

Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound*.²

Gabriel Denver was one of a party of emigrants to the first attempted colony of Swan River Settlement.³ This was as a child with his parents. His mother, who was Portuguese by birth, caught fever and sickened and died from the privations consequent upon that well known and disastrous expedition, where five hundred people were landed and left all but naked in the autumnal mists and rain without covering or shelter. His father was English.

This child grew up (among the wild awe-striking scenery, where no single thing resembled the dim reminiscences he may have retained of his native country)

 CHAPTER I.] Chap II

As suddenly / Thou comest . . . Shelley. *Prometheus Unbound*.] *not in MS*
 child grew up (among the] child grew up {<into a man>} (among the
 wild awe-striking scenery, where] wild awe striking {austral} scenery were

into a man who was of a taciturn, almost one might say sombre, nature—one of those men, too rarely met with, who seem to accept their lives passively, and without doubt or enquiry. Yet the lines of his face showed the deep and resolute inborn energy of which he was capable when roused or provoked. In his character the fire and passionate fitfulness of his mother's southern blood was strangely blended with the cold reflecting qualities and energy of the northern nature; one acting and re-acting on the other, and forming a mind in which reflection came always after the attainment of desire, never before. This mind, too, was of that peculiar magnetic order which so unaccountably assimilates, as one might say, other minds to itself—a mental quality which is far more powerful even than beauty of face. Now Denver possessed both: and his being perfectly unaware of their existence made their influence even

native country) into a man who was of] native country.) <Denver> {into a man who} was of

a taciturn, almost one might say sombre, nature] a <sombre> taciturn almost one might say a sombre nature

their lives passively, and without doubt or enquiry.] accept their lives <passively>

<without doubt> <in all simplicity>, {&} without doubt or enquiry.

of which he was capable] of which he was <really> capable

roused or provoked. In his] roused or provoked. ¶In his

nature; one acting and re-acting on the other, and forming] nature; {one reacting on the other and} forming

reflection came always after the] reflection alway [sic] came after the

to itself—a mental quality which is far more] to itself. This mental quality is more

beauty of face. Now Denver] beauty of face: but Denver

made their influence even stronger.] made them <even> {almost} stronger.

stronger. Nothing is more overpowering than extreme simplicity! He was, indeed, one of those men, brave as a lion and truthful as a child, with whom romantic and excitable women sometimes fall madly in love.

When (after a long life) his father died, he was left with his sister and his cousin Deborah Mallinson dependent on his protection, though not on his exertions, for they each of them had a certain sum of money, sufficient to maintain them. Shortly after this, he settled down in Tasmania; where, after a few months, he became deeply involved in one of the wild speculation-manias in which the restless colonists used so often to lose their hard-earned gains. He was only saved from complete ruin by his sister, who lent him all the money she had.

Before two years had passed, his household was broken up by the marriage

Nothing is more overpowering than extreme simplicity!] Nothing is more powerful than simplicity.

He was, indeed, one of those men] He was indeed a man

brave as a lion and truthful as a child] *not in MS*

with whom romantic and excitable] with whom excitable

(after a long life)] at length

cousin Deborah Mallinson . . . to maintain them. Shortly after] cousin Dorothy both

{dependent on his protection} and Shortly after

Tasmania; where, after a few months, he became deeply involved] Tasmania: there he

before long was envolved deeply

wild speculation-manias in which] wild speculation manias with which

the restless colonists used so] the colonists used so

his sister, who lent him] his sister who gave him

Before two years had passed] Then

of this sister; and to repay her he was reduced to borrowing from his cousin—or rather to accepting her own secret offer of a loan to him. This he was unwilling to do at first; but necessity is a hard task-master. Of course Deborah continued to live in his house; but the life he himself led left him but little time to spend in it. Two hundred nights out of the annual three hundred and sixty-five, he slept with no roof to his head but the sky.

Deborah was a woman seemingly without much predilection or sentiment; one of those cold, calculating people who seem to cast a chill over everything they touch. Her dark complexion, cold black eyes and long black hair gave her an almost sinister appearance, though she was far from ugly. She too had the passionate Portuguese blood in her veins. She was certainly not a woman who would have given her whole fortune away from a mere generous impulse, and without expecting any return for it.

The return she expected was that Denver should become her husband; and on the accomplishment of this desire she set her whole mind. Indeed, she loved him; his

marriage of this sister; and] marriage of his sister: and
accepting her own secret offer] accepting her own offer
of a loan to him.] of it to him.

Of course Deborah continued] Of course Dorothy continued
the annual three hundred and sixty-five, he] the annual three hundred and sixty he
no roof to his head but the sky] no roof but the sky to his head

Deborah was a woman] Dorothy was a woman

Her dark complexion, cold black eyes] He [*sic*] dark complexion {her} <cold> black
eyes

She too had the passionate Portuguese blood in her veins.] *not in MS*

The return she expected was] The return she expected for it was

and on the accomplishment of this desire she set her whole mind] *not in MS*

seeming indifference to her only going to increase her passion. She very seldom spoke; she acquiesced passively in all the long absences he made; but she regarded him with a jealousy burning and intense as the sun she lived under. A keen physiognomist might easily have read this passion in her deep-set eyes and in her face; but Denver had no more suspicion of the sentiments she regarded him with than he had afterwards of his reciprocating them, though at length her constant refusal to marry made her real aims obvious enough. They had lived together all their lives, and yet

 she loved him; his seeming indifference to her only going to increase her passion.]

she loved him: and his seeming indifference only went to increase her passion
 for him.

seldom spoke; she acquiesced] seldom spoke; and acquiesced

in all the long absences] in all the absences

he made; but she regarded] he made from home: but she regarded

a jealousy burning and intense as] a jealousy {more} burning and intense as

lived under. A keen . . . but Denver had] lived under— {a jealousy moreover}

which she concealed as effectually as the sun {itself} is concealed at nightfall.

<But> Denver had

had no more suspicion of] had no more idea of

the sentiments she regarded him with than] <this sentiment> {her love for him} than

had afterwards of his reciprocating them] had {afterwards} of reciprocating <them> it

though at length her] though at last her

constant refusal to marry made] constant refusals to marry made

aims obvious enough. They had] aims obvious. Still he did not propose to marry her

himself. ¶They had

she was an utter stranger to him; two people of more absolutely separate tendencies were perhaps never brought together. For a man of Denver's disposition to love a woman of whose heart or soul he knew nothing, and in whose face existed no beauty, was a simple impossibility.

At length a season came in which one of the most prosperous citizens of the colony offered Deborah his hand; but only to be rejected by her. Denver, hearing of this, thought it his duty to remonstrate with his cousin.

Her only reply was to burst into tears.

"*You* are the only man I will ever marry. *You* can do as you like, Gabriel; but I will have no one but you!" she exclaimed suddenly and with great emphasis.

"I! Why I *cannot* love you!" he replied, in some astonishment at her abruptness.

she was an utter stranger . . . never brought together.] they were utter strangers.
 For a man of Denver's . . . a simple impossibility.] <Now> it was an impossibility
 for a man of Denver's temperament to love a woman of whose heart or soul
 he knew {absolutely} nothing and in whose face was no beauty.

At length a season] At last a season
 prosperous citizens of the colony] prosperous citizens in the colony
 offered Deborah his hand; but only to] offered Dorothy his hand—only to
 thought it his duty to remonstrate with his cousin] remonstrated with her
 man I will ever marry] man I will marry
 as you like, Gabriel; but I] as you like; but *I*
 she exclaimed suddenly and with great emphasis] she said
 "I! Why I *cannot* love] "I *cannot* love

"Nobody else shall!" Deborah rejoined, with a sparkle in her black eyes.

What was he to do? His cousin was evidently in love with him; he had incurred great responsibility in borrowing her money, for none of his expectations had been realised, and he was still a poor man. She had refused to marry any one else and was obliged always to live with him; and every time he met her he saw the same speechless importunity in her manner towards him. It seemed an utterly unselfish attachment.

The end of it was that he told her if she still cared for him at the end of a year he would then marry her; but he laid especial emphasis on his words when he said she would be at perfect liberty to change her mind if she chose before the expiration of that period. "*I have had time enough to make it up in,*" was all Deborah said.

Deborah rejoined, with a sparkle] she rejoined with a sparkle

His cousin was evidently in love with him] *not in MS*

for none of his expectations had been realised, and he was still a poor man.] for he

was still a poor man and totally unable to repay hir<m>.

She had refused to marry any one else and was obliged always to live with him;

and every time] {She refused to marry anyone else and was abliged to live in

his house} Every time

It seemed an utterly unselfish attachment.¶] *not in MS; no new paragraph*

that he told her if] that he told her <if> that if

he would then marry her] he would marry her

laid especial emphasis on] laid especial <[illegible]> {emphasis} on

he said she would be] he said that she would be

liberty to change her mind] liberty to alter her mind

before the expiration . . . all Deborah said] *not in MS*

But as the time grew nearer and nearer, and he became more and more acquainted with his cousin's disposition, he still saw nothing that could make him love her more. Indeed, he seemed to like her less every day. Yet he had chosen his lot and must abide by it. His destiny seemed to have formed itself as simply and naturally as a cloud swims in the sky. Sometimes he wondered how he could have pledged himself to such a promise; he could hardly realise it. Maybe the patience with which he bore the chains that were slowly being forged for him was caused by the absence of any inducement to burst through them; for he was a man of deep and hidden passion, and of that keen nervous temperament the hot outbursts of which would have been irresistible when urging him on to some definite object.

Just after this singular engagement his sister died quite suddenly, a circumstance which he felt deeply, for she was the only person he loved in the world, and, save the woman who was so soon to become his wife, was the last relative he had in the colonies.

Now, when within about eight weeks of the day on which the marriage was

Indeed, he seemed to like her less every day.] *not in MS*

His destiny seemed . . . hardly realise it.] *not in MS*

slowly being forged for him] slowly forging themselves on his soul

inducement to burst through them] inducement to break them

Just after this singular engagement] In the meantime

who was so soon to become] who was soon to become

relative he had in the] relative he had <left> in the

within about eight weeks of] within <about> <two> monthes of

the day on which the marriage was to have been consummated] the {day on which

he was to have} married her [*"married" written on same space as "marriage"*]

to have been consummated—on the morning of September 15, 1834—a letter arrived for Denver, dated a full year previously. It was from a London attorney, informing him that he was the next heir to an estate left by a brother of his father, who had died without making a will.

This was a startling piece of news! In a country such as he lived in men make rapid resolutions and soon execute them. There was nothing to do but to leave for England immediately (by the *Black Swan*, return emigrant ship, which would start from S— in a couple of days) or to wait five or six months for another opportunity. He chose the former course. At first, he intended to leave his cousin behind, and promised to return for her; but Deborah was determined to accompany

September 15, 1834] august the 20th 1839

next heir to an estate] next hier to a property

This was a startling piece of news!] *not in MS*

In a country such as he lived in] In that countly

men make rapid resolutions] <the colonists> {men} <made> {make} rapid resolutions

S— in a couple of days)] S— in <a couple of days> {the very next evening})

or to wait five or six months for another] or wait five or six monthes even for an
other

At first he intended to leave his cousin behind, and promised to return for her; but

Deborah was determined to accompany] Dorothy was to accompany

him. It was tacitly understood that they should be married in England. It seemed as though she were determined not to lose sight of him until they should be married. Some marriages are bitter, bitter mockeries!

So Denver left hastily to secure a passage for himself and his cousin, she remaining behind to arrange such things as might be necessary for the long voyage. A two hours' ride across an enormous sterile plain, covered with stinging nettles (some of them six feet high, and through which his own sheep were scattered in all directions), brought him to the small seaport town.

He got there some little time before the arrival of the ship from Hobart Bay, and he first caught sight of it as a small speck on the dim horizon, which gradually increased in size till it came within a mile of the shore. Two women were to be

It seemed as though . . . bitter, bitter mockeries!] *not in MS*

himself and his cousin, she remaining behind] himself and Dorothy; who remained
behind

necessary for the long voyage. A] necessary to the long voyage ¶A

across an enormous sterile plain] across a great sterile plain

covered with stinging nettles (some of them six feet high, and through which his own
sheep were scattered in all directions)] (where the sheep scattered before him in
all directions)

seaport town. ¶He got there] sea-port town: {and} he got there

ship from Hobart Bay, and he] Ship from H— Bay. He [*illegible word written on
same space as "Bay"*]

first caught sight of it] first saw it

speck on the dim horizon] speck on the horizon

which gradually increased in size till] gradually enlarging till

Two women were to be] Two women could be

seen on the quarter-deck, but they did not attract his notice, for he supposed there would be many other passengers on board. It was nearly night before the *Black Swan* anchored in the shallow waters of the little bay.

Only the dark silhouettes of her flapping and soon furled sails could be seen against the dying radiance in the western sky as he was rowed to her side. As may be supposed, such an arrival as a "homeward bound" ship in the undulating waters of the little bay created much excitement in the town on its shores. The circular beach was thronged with men, women and children, and filled with noise and light.

He soon got on board in the darkness, to make arrangements with the master, but he only found the first mate on deck.

The ship sailed the next evening, he was told. There would be only two passengers on board beside himself and his cousin. Had he any family with him?

"None."

"Well," said the young man, "I trust we shall make a pleasant voyage, sir. Mr. Gregory (our captain) was out shooting at the Cape, and met with an accident.

of the little bay. [Only] of the bay and only

as a "homeward bound" ship] as an English-ship

in the town on its shores.] in the town.

The circular beach was thronged] The shore was thronged

and filled with noise and] and with noise and

master, but he only found] master; and he found

"Well," said the young man] "Well" said this {young} man

make a pleasant voyage, sir.] make a good voyage Sir.

and met with an accident] and met with an accident ther

We had to leave him for our return, so I have had to navigate the ship myself—a heavy responsibility added to my other duties. We only landed here for water and vegetables. It's not an unpleasant surprise to get two new passengers."

"Who are the two now on board?"

"One of them's a rather pretty girl with bright brown hair: her name is Miss Laura Conway. The — Eh! Did you speak, sir?"

"No," said Denver, who had started suddenly and muttered something.

"I beg your pardon. The other is some relative, I think her aunt; at least, she has the same name. They say the girl has lost her father, and is going to join some of her other relations in Devonshire. I hav'n't seen much of them during the time they've been on board. At any rate they both look very poorly, and— Oh! the fare, the passage-money? It's as in the prospectus, ninety guineas down in gold, and twenty

for our return, so I] for our return; an' I

We only landed here] We only touched land here

for water and vegetables] for fresh vegetables

It's not an unpleasant] —Not an unpleasant

to get two new passengers] to get two <more> <new> passengers in doing so

One of them's a rather] One of them is a rather

Did you speak, sir?] did you speak?

who had started suddenly and] who had started and

I beg your pardon.] *not in MS*

The other is some relative, I think her aunt] The other is her aunt

and is going to join her] and theer are going to join

some of her other relations in Devonshire] some relatives in <England>.

{Northumberland}

It's as in the prospectus, ninety] Well it's ninety

more on quitting the ship. But as I was saying, Miss Conway looks very poorly, and I trust the lady you bring with you will look after her and freshen her up a bit; she'll want it before long. Her old aunt is worse than an encumbrance to her."

This disconnected dialogue took place on the fore-deck, where it was too dark for Denver to see the face of the man he was talking to.

The few trifling, unconsidered words the sailor had uttered could not have induced the sudden start he had given at the mention of the girl's name. In spite of the more important matters he had on hand, Denver could not help the intense feeling of interest and compassion which was awakened in his breast on hearing it. Indeed, he had good reason for his curiosity and surprise, as will presently be shown.

In the meanwhile, the mate led him up the obscure lumbered deck and down

more on quitting the ship] more when you leave the ship
 and I trust the lady] and I hope the lady
 look after her and freshen] look after Sir and freshen
 she'll want it before long] she'll want it & — before long
 it was too dark for Denver to see] it was so dark that Denver could not see
 words the sailor had uttered] words of the sailor
 given at the mention of the] given on hearing
 could not help the intense] could not help an intense
 compassion which was awakened in his breast on hearing it. Indeed] compassion:
 though he said not a word Indeed
 he had good reason] he had <a> good reason
 for his curiosity and surprise] for his surprise
 as will presently be shown] *not in MS*
 up the obscure lumbered deck] up the {obscure} lumpered deck

into the cabin to sign the printed receipt. An old woman, with a worn, wrinkled face, was sitting under the lamp with her elbows on the table: as they entered she was coughing. The sailor said, briefly, "Mr. Gabriel Denver, your fellow-passenger to be."

She rose totteringly, and looked at them as though her sight were dim; then she made a courtesy, and went away.

The man filled up the form (though not without some consideration), counted the gold which was handed to him, tested doubtful pieces with his mouth, and at last, finding it all right, handed the paper to Denver, asking him at the same time if he wished to look at his sleeping berth. He then opened a door at the end of the compartment, disclosing a passage about two feet wide and ten long, which had doors on either side, some open and some shut. Denver was too tired to pass much comment on what he said. The place was filled with the peculiar salt smell to be found in all confined places in the vicinity of the sea; but the mate, with the cheerful remark, "the stench'll soon clear off when it's used a little and we get out into the open water," walked through and flung back a small window at the end, admitting a fresh stream of the sea breeze full in their faces, while Denver prepared to go on shore.

the printed receipt. An old] the printed receipt. ¶An old
with a worn, wrinkled face was sitting] with a {worn} wrinkled face <sat> was
sitting

her elbows on the table] her elbows resting on the table
looked at them as though] looked at him as though
man filled up the form] man signed the <receipt> {form}
all right, handed the paper to Denver] all right, he hand the paper to denver
look at his sleeping] JR.1 ends at "sleeping"

"Are you sure her name is Laura Conway?" he asked, abruptly, as he was stepping down into the boat alongside.

"Of course!"

"Good-night," said Denver; and hearing him say so, the boatman pulled off to the shore.

Denver had good reason for the interest he took in this name "Laura Conway." Some nine years back he had been in the neighbourhood of Sydney—then a wild and but sparsely cultivated district. He lived at the time on an island some five miles from the town, and just at the mouth of the Paramatta river. There were convicts on this island; a strict watch was kept on the water all round it.

One sultry Christmas night, just after sundown, he, with several others, was lying on the shore, throwing pebbles through the hazy line of moonlight which glittered across the harbour, and talking idly, as men do who have no care on their minds. The moon was rising from behind Nan's Point, at the mouth of the river opposite, and a mass of sombre and mysterious shadow lay half across the water, inside which nothing was visible. No sound was audible, save that of their own voices and the ripple of the rising tide.

Suddenly one of the party looked up, saying he could hear the splash of an oar! It was against regulations to approach the island at that hour. They all listened and looked to their pistols; for in those days dangerous characters were about the bush, and it behoved honest men to be on their guard. But the boat which at last pulled out of the shadow of the shore and into the moonlight, in no way verified their fears; for there was only one person in it, and that one seemed to have great difficulty in managing the big unwieldy oars.

They all of them lay watching its approach with great curiosity. At last Denver hailed it.

Still the boat approached nearer and nearer; its keel grated on the shore before any reply came. They all gathered round it with astonishment; for the rower was a girl scarcely eleven years old—a mere child; with a beautiful face and slender figure, with bright blue eyes and brown auburn hair, which fell all over her face and neck, sadly disarranged by the wind. She seemed most singularly inadequate to the labour she must have undergone in crossing from the shore.

Denver lifted her out, asking what she wanted, for she seemed far too startled at their sudden appearance to be able to speak; but there was something in his manner which appeared to reassure her. "Please, sir!" she exclaimed eagerly, and looking full in his face, "I want the doctor. My father has been taken ill—there was *no one* but I to come, and I want help for him."

As she uttered this appeal, there was a sudden and dubious pause. The fact was that these men, used to all descriptions of chicanery and cheating as they were, thought at first that the child's being sent was a mere plot to decoy two or three of them over to the land, and there rob—or perhaps do even worse with them. It so happened that the doctor (who belonged to the prison) was one of the party. He was a Scotchman; and in spite of all his prudence had once been caught and maltreated by a trick of the same nature. At any rate, he now whispered half-audibly "It's a — *ruse*. Yaniker Bill's* at the bottom of it! Let's detain her."

"I wouldn't go alone!" answered another, out loud.

"Who sent you?" said Denver.

"No one! Oh for heaven's sake don't waste time! He may die!" Saying this her strange fortitude seemed half to fail her, and she began almost sobbing. "Pray come, I *dare* not say more! I ran down to the shore and wandered up it to where they keep the boats; and then I rowed over here to where I heard your voices."

*A well-known "bush ranger" of that period.⁴

"Doctor," said Denver, "she *must* be telling the truth! We must go." But the doctor appeared doubtful of the wisdom of such a proceeding. "What's your name?" he said to the child.

"Conway—Laura. For heaven's sake!—"

"What! Conway of Nan's Point? Hasn't your father got his brothers with him?" interrupted the doctor.

To this the child made no reply, for she began crying outright.

"Did he send ye?" pursued the doctor.

"They won't let me go near him!"

"Is there anything wrong then?"

To this question she again made no reply; she only reiterated her entreaties to them to go back with her. There was something so sweet and at the same time so imploring in the sound of her voice that it would have been difficult to listen to it without being moved. It seemed to fascinate them. Even the suspicions of the doctor appeared to be lulled by her last entreaty, for he said no more.

"If you *won't* go I *will*!" said Denver, getting over the gunwale as he spoke. The other three followed him. The child got in, too; but not a word more explicit would she say, save that she repeatedly begged them to row faster. She was in great agitation. Indeed, she seemed in a perfect agony of childish terror and impatience. In spite of her reticence, they saw that something serious must have happened; and, their sympathy being more and more awakened, they pulled with a will, till the sides of the half-rotten boat groaned with the strain put upon them.

They soon plunged into the shadow, and it took but a minute more to reach the shore. There, without a moment's reflection, they left the boat; and, guided by her, they all scrambled along a rough precipitate path on to the summit of the low cliff. This had been cleared through the dense and entangled brushwood which grew close down to the sides of the water.

At the top they found a great triangular patch of ground, all cleared for cultivation—a white gaunt spot hemmed in by a dark and dreary fringe of trees. In the middle of this the outlines of a still more dreary log-hut rose against the sky. It looked a lonely, desolate, unpleasant place enough, seen in the weird moonlight.

A lamp burnt in one of the windows; and as they came nearer they heard groans.

One moment more and they were in the verandah, breathless with their run; for their little guide had managed to infuse some of her own alarm into their breasts. The door was locked. They knocked gently at first, then with force. Still no one answered. One of them called out at last and threatened to break it down, for the child assured them her uncles were still in the house with her father.

Just as they were debating whether to do this or force a way through one of the windows, a light streamed through the chinks and the door unexpectedly opened, while two men appeared blocking up the entrance. There was a lantern on the floor behind, which showed them to be two strong and rough-looking fellows.

They were forced aside before they could speak, and the others pushed by them into the house.

During this short scuffle the child had said not a word. She seized up the lantern which had been overturned in the struggle, and clutching Denver by the hand led the way into another room.

Even in the confusion and hurry of that moment he could not help noticing the extreme beauty and grace of her features, as the light reached and lit them up from underneath—the curved line of the chin and her long tremulous eyelashes—her red-golden hair which curled and flashed as it fell on her shoulders.

The nervous fingers clutching his hand seemed to send a subtle and delicate thrill through his whole arm.

In the room she led them into, a man was stretched on a pallet-bed, writhing about, and with a ghastly face. Seeing all these men enter, he raised himself as though striving to speak; but fell back exhausted and incapable of articulation.

"Oh! father, father! they've killed him!" shrieked the child, darting to his side; "I saw them! I was sure of it!"

The doctor snatched the lantern out of her hand and examined the patient hurriedly.

"Poison," he said coolly.

Then he looked round the rough blank walls of the room. His eye was arrested by a medicine chest (one such as is used by seamen) which stood in one corner. Denver dragged it out into the middle of the floor. The drawers were locked, but there was no time to look for a key, and he broke them open with his clasp-knife.

There seemed to be a fresh supply of drugs in it; one of the packets was labelled "Poison"; there was also a small medical tumbler, stained with the dregs of some greenish liquid, which the doctor smelt and put aside. At his request the child ran out and got another, in which he poured a quantity of white powder, which he also found in the drawer. This he mixed with water and prepared to administer to the sick man. The poor fellow seemed perfectly to understand what was wanted, but he could barely swallow it, and only did so after much effort.

The salts soon produced the desired effect, and after a while he vomited. This seemed to relieve him from the pain he suffered, yet it was two or three hours before he could speak sufficiently to be able to accuse the two men who had been in the house with him, of a desire to poison him for the money he possessed. They were his step-brothers—two incorrigible idlers for whom he had done all in his power. They had come to him some months back in a state of perfect destitution; he had taken them in, and clothed and fed them. Learning at last of his having two

thousand pounds in gold concealed about the premises, they had resolved to rob him of it, but owing to the assistance which came to their brother, they had to make off without it. The most they did was to escape with safety; they were never seen again. Except for the unexpected energy displayed by this mere child (who, seeing her father get ill, and instinctively distrusting the efforts they made to soothe her, had run down to the waterside and crossed it as she explained) they would have carried out their nefarious plan without interference. She was a brave, thoughtful little thing, and had it not been for the relief she brought, her father must have succumbed.

The affair made a slight sensation at the time, but was soon forgotten in the hurry and turmoil of colonial life. Soon afterwards Denver left the district and completely lost sight of them, yet he had never forgotten the beauty of the child's face and the bravery of her action. The impression now remained as vividly in his mind as though the occurrence had happened yesterday, instead of nine years ago.

Was it she? The chance of seeing her once more inspired him with intense curiosity. She was a *child* when he knew her, but she would be a *woman* now. It would be a strange thing to meet her on the ship again.

CHAPTER II.

I am giddy. Expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enthrals my senses.—*Troilus and Cressida*.⁵

During the night he slept very unsoundly, and when he rose the next morning he had different matters to attend to in the town, which kept him occupied till nearly noon; then he was free to go down to the shore and on board the ship again.

There was a slight swell on from the sea, and the brown sand was all wet and dashed with its foam. He walked down the small picturesque jetty (which was made of whole tree-trunks bound together with cramps of iron, and covered with green seaweed below high-water mark), and thence he stepped into one of the small boats moored at its side. It was dinner hour, and there were only two or three listless half-tamed aborigines to be seen lying idly out of the sea's reach, half buried in the hot sand, and basking like dogs in the sunshine. He had to row himself.

The *Black Swan*, swaying slightly on the waves, lay anchored about two hundred yards off shore. She was a large two-masted vessel, Spanish built some forty years before. Her forecastle was very high, and its beak projected prominently over the waves, being elongated still further by the bowsprit. The prow was very blunt, which betokened a dull sailer. The quarter-deck and stern (under which Denver first approached) rose six or seven feet higher than the middle-deck, but was lower than the forecastle. Four windows, cut lozenge shape, in the sides, with little panes of thick glass, intended to light the cabin and resist the sea at the same time, gave to the stern of the ship a singularly picturesque appearance. A line of fantastic carving went round these apertures, joining them one to another. Over the rudder the name of the ship was painted in red, the carving was gilded, though tarnished and worn by age, and the rest of the sides was simply painted black, as the name seemed to suggest.

Early in the morning she had finished loading what little cargo remained to be taken on board, and now she rode at anchor. The great ship, as she swung and lurched, tossing her high masts on the slight fluctuations of the waves, seemed like a restive horse impatient for action.

There appeared to be no one on deck; the men were most likely resting from their labours at noon. Making his boat fast to a rope ladder which hung down the side at the gangway, Denver scrambled on board, and looking round him, he saw the still uncovered entrance to the hold—a great black chasm with an iron ladder leading down it—which he began descending, as in the hope of finding some one. Right at the furthest end a ship's lantern, swinging from the great cross-beams that held the deck up, threw a flickering and uncertain light over the heaps of sacks and barrels, lashed together by connecting ropes, which formed the cargo, while a blaze of sunlight from above showed him that the place was deserted. The smell was so sickening that he was glad to climb out into the fresh sea breeze again.

It was now approaching the height of the Australian summer, and the day would have been unendurably sultry but for the cool and fragrant gusts of the wind, fresh-scented from the just-blossoming woods off shore. Denver went listlessly and sat down in a patch of blue shadow cast across the stern, as if to wait, at his leisure, the appearance of anyone connected with the ship. He first looked out to sea, perhaps speculating over the miles upon miles of hidden peril which lurked beyond those now-smiling horizons. Then, after a while, he turned his gaze across the cool green glittering waves, heaving and undulating one after another as they stretched away for the shore.

There lay the town, built chiefly of wood; its white-painted walls bright in the sun, with here and there an English red-tiled roof visible, and forming a strange contrast to the rest of the straggling-built houses. The planks they were built with had been painted gaudily enough when first hammered together, but they were now

toned down and neutralised into strangely beautiful harmony by the dust and dirt of a few seasons. The sun-bright curtains dangled at the open windows, the dusty grey-green foliage of the Tasmanian trees (diversified in one place by a group of yellow-flowered laburnums, imported by some home-sick colonist) moved tremulously in the wind—all forming a picture unlike anything one can imagine in Europe; a kind of intermingling of English and tropical scenery strange to contemplate.

But the Australian could not be supposed to notice such peculiarities, as he mused over the view before him, or to notice the yet more essentially tropical way in which the trees towered over and grew amongst the houses, sprung from the gardens and waste places. Since the few short years of the town's existence, all had risen as if by magic from the very spot he had landed on some seven years back—then a beautiful wilderness. Now over the whole place there hung a vapour of blue smoke from its chimneys.

Even the water seemed peculiar to itself in its all but faultless lucidity; the sand in its depths sparkled like gold, while the shadow of the ship, cast slantingly through the waves, could be seen plainly on it.

The long reaches of the bay were seen winding for miles on each side of the town, edged always by a line of white foaming breakers. Denver's keen eyes could see the many-coloured leaves of the creepers as they grew scattered over the low sandy cliffs—on which, about four miles off, the sombre inland forest grew in places so low down near the sea that its dark branches seemed to reach over and cast shadows on the surge which broke among its roots.

The well-known densely-wooded hills, slightly cultivated at their bases, rose behind. All was crowned by the deep-coloured, sultry, and glorious blue sky, while the whole scene was burning and scintillating beneath the unmitigated splendour of the noonday sun.

To most of the people who live or may have lived in this world, any particular scenery which recalls impressions of past happiness to the mind is toned with the satiety which colours the happiness itself; and so any feeling of regret on its being exchanged or lost to view is soon deadened. But this prospect, which Denver gazed into so intently, if it recalled no positive misery to him, at least suggested few ideas of any but the most fictitious and transient pleasure. This may, perhaps, account for the half-sad feeling which tinged and invaded his mind, as he thought that he might never again set eyes on these hills and plains, where he had spent so many years of his life. He felt that he had not taken all that was owing to him from their bounteous profusion—some intangible and unnameable desire was left unsatisfied in his heart: an unpaid debt of nature existed, as it were, which he was reluctant to cancel.

As he sat thus, gazing dreamily into the distance, the intense silence of the noon was suddenly broken. A woman's voice became audible, singing softly underneath him; the sound so faint and inarticulate at first that it seemed half-formed out of the plashing of the water. Indeed, it was more like the wild unconscious sighing of the wind in the strings of an *Æolian* harp than a human voice; but its sweetness was soon intensified into a thrill that held all his nerves in suspense for the moment while it lasted; then it died away.

Denver's brain, dreaming over the associations suggested by the landscape he saw across the waves, was just in that unconcentrated state which leaves the mind helplessly unprotected from any outer impulse or impression—in fact, liable to be overwhelmed by the first pleasurable sensation which stirs its curiosity.

This unexpectedly sweet voice more than startled him, for in one instant he remembered every single thought and speculation of the evening before. If the mention of the girl's name had roused him then, what was the effect produced by it compared to that which was now created in his mind by the sound of her voice!

It went through all his nerves like a thrill of electricity.

He stood up, as though waiting for the sound to recommence, but he could hear only the plaintive, half-hushed ripple of the water, which he half believed (so still was everything else) had been woven by his imagination into the music which had enthralled him. At last he strode down the deck and lowered himself into his boat alongside, determined to row round the ship and find where the sound came from. He could have given no reason for so doing, it was a mere instinctive impulse that he was governed by.

Getting the oars out, he had just managed to pull round the stern, tossing gently on the waves, when he was arrested by something which fascinated him.

A young girl nearly grown to womanhood was leaning with her bare arms on the sill of a cabin casement, looking across the cool green sea to where it deepened into blue at its confines. She had a face sad in expression, yet so beautiful that Denver could hardly believe what he saw. Her eyes were luminous and pale with reflected lights from the translucent water, and the warm, fragrant wind was blowing her golden-brown hair in clustering ringlets across her shoulders and neck; where the sunlight caught upon it, its tangles glowed and sparkled as with red fire.

She was combing out its vine-like tendrils, and still singing, though almost under her breath. A linen chemisette hung lightly round the soft curve of her white, delicate shoulders, and it was pressed and modelled to the shape of her breast by the sea breeze. Her throat, where it showed through her streaming hair, was exquisitely tender and well formed.

The oars dropped out of Denver's hands as he looked up at her, and this slight noise attracted her attention. She turned her head, and catching sight of his strange, bearded face, with its keen, glistening eyes watching her so intently, she disappeared, though not before a deep blush had suffused her countenance. He was left staring up at the empty casement like a bird fascinated by a snake, his heart

beginning to throb and his nerves to thrill as though under the influence of some wild burst of music—as, indeed, on first hearing her voice he had been. Such subtle and mesmeric magic seemed instilled into his brain, that he still remained as though stupefied, with his face turned up to the blank window, which with its gilded carving looked like a frame from which some wonderful picture had been withdrawn. At last an old, wrinkled face appeared at the opening, and a curtain was drawn across it. This recalled him to himself, and with his brain in a perfect whirl he once more began (although slowly and reluctantly) to pull round the ship.

Denver could not have seen this girl, Laura Conway (for such was her name), above two or three quarters of a minute at the utmost, yet had she mesmerised him he could not have separated himself more unwillingly from her (or rather from the spot where he had first seen her), or have fallen more completely under her power had she wished for power over him.

Now that he could see her no longer, his mind seemed to have emerged from one of those dreams, the entire duration, meaning, or appearance of which the awakened sleeper tries and longs ineffectually to reconstruct from such fleeting fragments as remain in his memory.

But it was past, and only the red curtain fluttered in the wind.

It is said that a dream occurs simultaneously with the act of awakening.⁶ This also had been all but instantaneous, and after it a sort of awakening had followed, though to what he knew not.

Perhaps for one instant his soul caught a glimpse down the long vista of entanglement, that was so soon to mislead it; for Laura's beautiful eyes had ensnared it with their magnetism—though he could hardly remember their colour, or still less could recall distinctly the shape of her face. A mere indistinct impression of sun-sparkling, wind-blown hair, of bare arms and white shoulders, was all that was left for his imagination to fill up and complete, or, perhaps, *assimilate* to some

forgotten ideal of its own. The utter suddenness of this scene made his very brain dizzy; it might account better for his ultimate feelings towards her, than if he had been with her every day since he had known her in her childhood. For this very girl *was* once the child who had so long ago entreated his assistance. How utterly changed she was, and yet how unaltered! It was like the resemblance of a flower to its bud.

Now there is always in every human heart (no matter how dull or callous it may be in other directions) a certain store of conjugal love which can never be dissipated by any but legitimate use, no matter how long it may lie unawakened. Denver had never loved any woman save his sister, and now, for the first time in his whole existence, he had met with some one whom he could be satisfied to love as his wife.

It must not be supposed that the growth and nourishment of this love were voluntary on Denver's part; just for the present he was utterly incapable of analysing or understanding his feelings. He only felt the blind instinctive yearning; the charm which leads, or misleads, the brain and heart; and he was as incapable of guiding it or of calming himself, as of staying the sun's course in the distant blue heaven above him. The love that ultimately changed his whole nature had instilled itself into his heart before he even suspected its existence; like wild-fire in the sun-scorched deserts he had passed his life among. Great events spring from small causes. The light of the sun striking on a fragment of glass is sufficient to ignite a whole wilderness.

When he did ultimately become aware of what his love must entail in its fulfilment (far out at sea as they were, with nothing else to occupy his attention), he was too much carried away by the passionate wilfulness of his nature to be able to resist his inclination, or even to *dream* of doing so.

But now, when scarce six minutes had passed, he loved blindly and helplessly—almost like a child which cries for something it is unable to ask for in

words; though his heart's demand was soon to grow articulate.

All these foreshadowings of passion glided past his mind in a sort of reverie, while his boat rolled and quivered on the shifting waves, impelled reluctantly towards the shore. He would fain have gone back again could he have found a plausible excuse for so doing, but an instinctive sense of delicacy prevented him, as he remembered the way the curtain had been drawn across the casement.

But he faced the *Black Swan* as he sat in the boat, and to his spell-bound eyes the great ship (so matter of fact in its plainness ten minutes before) was now transformed into a magic place; each casement, timber, or rope of it haunted with strange, ineffable fantasies, all of which were concentrated round one point—the face he had fallen in love with.

At last he reached the jetty, and stepped out among several men who were standing there, scarcely remarking their faces, however, for he stood looking back on the ship as it rode at anchor. Two or three figures now began to appear about it, some aloft and some on deck: a boat landed with cabbages and carrots put off to go on board, and its cargo was hauled up in a net. Two or three carts loaded with potatoes stood in the sand, and the men were too busy unloading them to notice Denver's abstracted gaze fixed on the stern of the ship.

A few of the cunning-brained, tattooed natives stood around, pilfering whatever they might lay their hands on in the confusion; one of them came up to him muttering "Bundaäry! Bundaäry!" in his guttural voice, for he had brought the dead, awkwardly-shaped body of a kangaroo to exchange with the shipmen. Denver repulsed his importunities in a not unkindly manner, but the same man, emboldened by such unexpected treatment, and interrupting one of the other Europeans, only jumped back in time to escape a kick.

Presently the crew were all employed about the rigging. Great strings of green cabbages were hung round the stern, and even in the rigging, till it seemed as if the

ship were being decorated for a Christmas holiday. After a while the kangaroo itself was purchased, and hung up in the shrouds, head downwards. The haggling and bargaining which attended its purchase were prodigious, for all the aborigines considered themselves bound to join in it, while only one of them could express himself in English. Two bottles of rum and four pounds of brown sugar (to make "bull" with⁷) were agreed upon, and then the owner departed; all his friends following him, and evidently vying zealously with each other in their attentions and flattery.

All these singular scenes passed unnoted by Denver, but at last the present master of the *Black Swan* (the man he had seen the night before) came off on shore, and stood giving directions to the men, and talking to him for more than half an hour. It is a singular and most suggestive thing that Denver in no single word alluded to the girl he had seen and knew to be on board. The sailor was enquiring of him when his cousin would arrive, and what luggage she would bring; and he replied in so absent-minded a way that the man seemed quite taken aback. When about to return on board, the mate asked if Denver cared to go back with him and dine. "The officers take their meals an hour later than the men," he explained.

Denver made some excuse and refused; it seemed the man was not aware of his having already been on board that day.

So he was left to himself again, and he spent the whole afternoon wandering feverishly about the little wooden-paved streets of the town—an idler where all were toiling and a dreamer where all were realising. After a short absence of the kind he would return and re-examine the ship with unrelaxing vigilance.

Now about four o'clock, as he came down in front of the vessel, for perhaps the eighth or ninth time that day, he saw a woman standing on the quarter-deck, just where he himself had been that morning; she was leaning on the rail of the bulwark, looking across at the sandy hillocks of the shore. Denver always had about him a small telescope such as was used in those days to trace the cattle that strayed

over the great plains. He raised this with trembling hand and looked through it.

As though by magic, her face was drawn within two or three feet of his eager eyes, making him, at first, almost start back in bewilderment.

No philosopher, whose seemingly wasted years of labour had unexpectedly rewarded him with the sight of a new planet, could have gazed on it with half the rapture which shook Denver's very soul, as he looked for the first time unhindered on Laura's face! When once the star is found, there is an end of it; for who can know or examine it further? But Denver knew he would soon be side by side with Laura, in her presence, hearing the rustle of her dress, almost within sound of her respiration, and even hearing her speak! He was to live near her a space of time, that seemed to him in his blindness a whole eternity.

No words can describe the unutterable longing which fell upon his heart as he thus watched her gracious figure. She was clothed in a robe of blue serge. Every now and then she balanced herself gracefully and slenderly with the slight motion of the sea. Her face seemed to him like an unplucked flower, with its beautiful curved mouth, and its drooping eyelids that were weighed down by their lashes over large dilated pupils, the irises of which seemed bluer than the very heavens.

Her hair was now clustered and bound up round her forehead.

It all seemed so near that he could have touched it with his hand—yet was so far away that he could have thrown himself into the sea to reach it.

She moved at last, and in his agitation he dropped the glass: before he could fix it again she was gone.

This scene was the last stroke in the forging of his passion. From that moment he knew that he loved her irrevocably. No merely human words could describe all the tumultuous longings and thoughts which thronged in his brain; for there are *some* phases of human passion which while they last can never be described in mere words—only some of our most madly-inspired musicians have been divinely

gifted with power to eliminate and strike these chords; for which, indeed, their art seems the only possible utterance.

All the rest of the day, as Denver paced about the sands looking on the ship, a divine ecstasy of yearning seemed to have fallen on him—a yearning such as might have possessed the soul of some ancient martyr as it swept through the night and darkness of death into the open radiance of its expected heaven.

It is a strange thing that during all this time he should have shrunk from going on board to where she was, until the last moment. It was as a kind of anticipation of delight—a prolongation of longing to its uttermost limits of desire—which kept him on shore till Deborah arrived in the town.

Very little of his thought had been spent on *her* that day!

The sun was setting far out to sea in a swift-fading flood of luminosity; and as the shades of evening fell, veiling the town and the water in its placid obscurity, they went on board. Before the return of the sun at daybreak, the signal lamps of the *Black Swan* had passed into the gloom over the horizon.

CHAPTER III.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*¹

Now, in a short while, of the four passengers whom the *Black Swan* carried with her (Denver and his cousin, Deborah Mallinson, Laura Conway and her old aunt), one no longer needed her shelter; for the old decrepit woman sickened and died in the very first week of the voyage, leaving the poor girl her niece without a single known face recognisable within many thousands of miles. When the dead woman was cast overboard by the sailors, Laura as she looked through her tears into the fast receding distance, where the "heavy-shotted hammock shroud" had been flung into its ocean grave, thought and fancied that she was alone—utterly alone!—in the universe. Her's seemed a bitter position to reflect on. The dead woman had been connected with her earliest associations—the dim consecrated recollections of her childhood; and her death created one of those voids in the daily life which time alone can obliterate.

She stood for a long while trying dizzily to retain sight of the spot of foam created by the plunge of the corpse, but it mingled rapidly with the crests of the waves, and her eyes were misled from place to place, till at last she only saw a vague distant expanse of water, and knew that the body of her last friend was sinking under it. It was a hard thing to realise!

Yet what grief she felt she seemed to restrain within herself. She must have endured sorrow before, for she knew how to be silent over it; but a weariness, akin to enervation, seemed to have cast its visible shadow over her, and she either remained by herself in her own compartment, or went about the confined space in the stern with listless footsteps and pallid face. Only by some strong effort of

self-control could Denver restrain himself from too plainly expressing what was in his heart; and perhaps his first positive sentiment of dislike or hatred for Deborah arose from the cold, unsympathetic manner in which she first looked on at the death-bed and funeral, and afterwards neglected Laura.

Something must have betrayed the secret of his infatuation to Deborah; for indeed of all passions, love, next to jealousy, is the least capable of concealment. She knew that he loved Laura before Laura knew it herself.

Ere she had been at sea five days, she entirely left off speaking to Denver, and she seldom even noticed Laura's presence, save when she had occasionally to move aside to let her pass by on the narrow deck. Not one word did she utter on the subject of the death which had just occurred; but she noticed silently how Laura's pallid features flushed, and how her sad eyes brightened, whenever Denver was near or speaking to her. This seemed to be recurring all day long, yet, strange to say, she seemed to avoid them, or even purposely leave them together. But in reality she was ever stealthily watching their motions.

It was the pride of a slighted woman endeavouring to overcome or hide her jealousy—an unequal strife, for under the veil of affected carelessness the gnawing of care was always in her heart.

One night she left the cabin in which she slept, and came up on deck to bathe her hot face in the fresh sea wind.

There she found Denver sitting on a bench inside the glowing circle made by the lamplight. He was apparently sleeping, for his head rested back on the bulwark, and his hands and arms were lying sleep-relaxed by his side. She could hear his deep respiration.

She approached cautiously and began watching him.

Once or twice his hands clenched slightly; then his head turned on one side and he suddenly said out loud, "*Laura! Laura! I love you!*"

Deborah started back into the shadow, for with these words he awoke—looking round him in a bewildered way as though loth to admit that he had been merely dreaming. Then she went down to her berth again.

The chief cabin of the *Black Swan* was a low-roofed dusty compartment, of the width of the vessel, and between twenty and thirty feet long.

The companion-steps from the quarter-deck led down at one end of it. When the door at the top swung open with any lurch of the ship, the sky, all crossed by the black lines of the rigging, would be seen reflected at the other end in a large mirror that was cracked down the centre, and fastened in a tarnished gold moulding, while on each side of its frame was a door. A worn kidderminster,¹⁰ embellished with a pattern-work of flowers, was stretched on the floor-deck; and the long narrow table down the centre seemed part of the construction of the floor.

A constant view could be had out of the small deep windows on each side, of the dreary grey water, occasionally blurred by splashes of white foam which flew past; and through them, a perpetual luminous trembling of green light was reflected on the white-painted rafters of the ceiling, from the grey, glittering waves outside. The whole apartment (doubled by the delusive looking-glass at the end) seemed very long, mysterious, and shadowy. Save for the occasional slanting of the sides and roof, it might have been taken for a room in some old country house.

Of the two doors at the stern end, one led into a collection of small cupboards, entitled the "Ladies' Compartments"—the other into where Denver's cabin was. All arrangements were very imperfect on board the return emigrant ship; though those three passengers, nurtured amid the roughness of the early colonial life, but for the confinement, were not so uncomfortably situated as might be supposed.

Laura and Deborah were the only women on the ship; the cabin and passengers were attended to by a boy hardly twelve years old, and the two mates both lived in the high fore-castle near to the sailors, who, nineteen in number

(including the negro cook and the boy), could have been hardly enough, it seemed, to man efficiently the old-fashioned ship with its crowded sails and multitudinous rigging.

So in this cabin Denver and Laura were left together, hour after hour, and day after day, without separation or change. It was here that Laura, coming out of her room in the morning (when they had long lost sight of land), saw Denver standing looking at the door she was opening. She recognised with a tremor the keenly-handsome face she had seen so unexpectedly the day before.

There was some slight complication in this recognition—it was a *double* one, so to say, for it happened that the old woman whom Denver had been introduced to had mentioned his name to her niece. She remembered it distinctly. Gabriel Denver! It brought the whole scene in which they had met before her mind again; but alas, her father was dead in reality now!

The idea of once more seeing the man she had known during that perilous episode of her childhood raised her interest to the utmost. Her's was one of those rare minds in which gratitude is inherent and always uppermost.

Yet when she saw this man standing before her, she hesitated and blushed deeply. He was not only Denver, but he was the man she had already seen on the previous morning! She had never imagined their identity with each other.

She blushed—maybe even *then* some particle of the intense feeling she afterwards came to regard him with was latent in her imagination; for this man's flashing eyes, sunburnt features, and dark curling beard and hair, had been caught up as by some vagary of nature and stamped on her brain; she had dreamt about him, and she was thinking of him even as she came face to face with him at that moment.

There was a sinister-looking dark-complexioned woman with black eyes and hair standing beside him. She was Deborah Mallinson, his cousin, to whom he was to be married. The girl looked at her with a vague, instinctive sense of dislike, created

she knew not how.

Then her aunt fell ill, and in the trouble and grief of nursing her, Laura's mind was too occupied to entertain any other thoughts: she was almost worn out, as her paleness attested. She could have had no sleep for three nights, in spite of the unwilling assistance which Deborah afforded her. But nothing could avail, and the old woman's life gradually ebbed, and sank into stupor till she died. At last Laura was alone in the ship, for even the corpse was gone.

That evening, when Denver happened casually to meet her on the deck, there was some strange-toned fascination in the commiserating words he spoke which almost startled her. It seemed to penetrate and quiver into her very soul, leaving a lingering impression, like the reverberation of a seldom-struck chord in some sombre melody that unexpectedly and inexplicably perturbs the mind with its occult, inarticulate significance.

Between these two there seemed some hidden connection—a wordless compact, which neither could comprehend, fathom, or resist. It was as though their spirits had met and plighted troth in a dream; or as if they had been brought up together in childhood, and, now changed and transformed by time, were unable to recognise each other's faces, though their minds, formed under the same influences and impressions, had still in common the old bonds of sympathy.

As the girl looked in Denver's face she answered him falteringly; yet a heavy load seemed gone from her heart. For awhile her grief and weariness were forgotten.

It seemed as if some oppressive doubt (the origin or meaning of which she was nevertheless ignorant of) had been suddenly solved or dispelled. Every tone of his voice and expression of his features showed plainly that he felt for and pitied her. Now to have roused the strong-willed, sunburnt colonist's compassion seemed an unexpected atonement and compensation to her, in a place where she could only have expected to find a pitiless, empty void, haunted by unknown faces.

Her mind, scarcely developed yet, was innocent as a child's, with the same flow of passionate feeling in its unsounded, unsuspected depths—unsuspected, because as yet no particular aspect of thought or passion was stamped on her features, despite a certain dreamy look which at times seemed as though it might expand at a touch into something more defined in character. This was united, as we have seen, with that fitful nervous energy under which, when resisted, the weakest woman sometimes grows terrible.

With two such natures as these, the seeds of compassion and gratitude could not have fallen in a soil less fitted to restrain them from flowering into some more definite expression.

The commencement and extremes of human passion are dumb, and, in speech, well nigh expressionless. Only the soul comprehends what the tongue fails to articulate—the first promptings of love.

Denver and Laura were together all the day, save for Deborah's sullen unseen presence; yet it is probable that his heart and will would have failed him had he attempted to say in words what he knew they were both thinking of; for some secret instinct told him that she was beginning to reciprocate his love.

To love and to be beloved was become a new principle in this man's life—a vague, unexplored something, before which all else seemed to dwindle and die away. His life seemed turned into a trance like an opium-dream, and when disturbed from it he would have turned fiercely and shaken off the disturber, and have sunk back into its unrealised depths with redoubled longing.

At first Deborah seemed a mere shadow to him, a faint relic of his former life; but as the antagonism between her and Laura deepened and developed (and the future began to loom up before him), he saw more plainly the step he had taken. Then apathy turned into defiance, and then again into fierce smouldering hatred, as he felt the moral ties which bound him to this woman—unable, as he was ever to

avoid her presence in the ship, where she was as a living sign that he had broken the most binding promise that it seemed to him a man could make! When Laura was with him he forgot everything save his love for her, but when he was alone all these thoughts thronged round his brain like accusing angels.

He knew, moreover, that Deborah, in the wildness of her jealousy, might at any moment reveal all that was passing to the sailors—though that could do nothing to harm them. Always, as by some instinct, they strove to conceal and bury their feelings from everyone's sight or knowledge. Their love was not open or self-confessed; it began with a shrinking and a half-shame on her part, while *he* wilfully shut his eyes to the truth of his position, till the night-mists of passion gathered around and blinded him.

Laura knew well enough that Gabriel was engaged to Deborah: she was in the ship with them night and day. Even her first knowledge of his passion for her was learnt from her conjectures on Deborah's strange conduct towards them both.

So there could have been no ignorance on her part. There was the gulf plain before her, but its very depth apparently served to lure her, for every minute she was nearer the edge.

The utter impossibility of separation; the absence (in the monotonous sameness of the voyage) of anything fit to cause reflection, or distract the attention from the endless meditation that always circled helplessly round the spot it knew not how to avoid; the life on board ship, which seemed entirely a life of its own, lost to all the old limitations, meanings, and responsibilities; with its vague and terrible fits of ennui, during which the mind seeks vainly, over and over again, from the same objects for something to interest itself in, as wildly and vainly as a land-bird, blown out to sea by the wind, seeks for a rock to rest its wings on;—all helped to ensure that she could no more resist pondering over Denver than a dazzled moth can help fluttering round a lamp.

Gradually, step by step, she came to love him, and to know that he knew it. All these changes occurred during the first three weeks of the voyage, and still they had never spoken one word of their feelings; but love, like fire, lies in wait, and finds at last its fit time.

All that fourth week the monotonous days passed slowly, while Deborah, deserted and brooding over her fancied wrongs, watched, kept note, and saw through every subterfuge as only a jealous woman can see. The *Black Swan*, bearing them all, kept her undeviating course, a black speck tossed in the stupendous vastness of the ocean, a speck that seemed scarcely larger in proportion than the white winged albatross which, fed for good luck by the sailors, followed over the foam in her wake.

Lost in the night, save for her gliding meteor-like lamps, or seen again in the daytime, it was a strange contrast this vessel presented, utterly without evidence, as she was, of the blinding, maddening mist of passion which flooded her decks and absorbed the minds of these three people. How utterly wrapt up in themselves they were! how absolutely oblivious of the vague dumb indifference with which the winds and waves, the limitless forces of Nature, neither compassionate nor pitiless, looked on, and refrained from crushing them, poor over-bold intruders on their innermost sanctuary!

Yet could Denver have tried afterwards to recall his impressions of this period of the voyage in mid-ocean, they would have seemed to him scarcely more definite than the dim, uncertain objects he had sometimes seen through an autumnal mist, in which everything was obscured: everything, save the red lurid sun—his passion and longing!

CHAPTER IV.

O be warned!

A fearful sign stands in the house of life.

An enemy. A fiend lurks close behind

The radiance of thy planet.—*Schiller*.¹¹

Yielding with coy submission, modest pride,

And sweet reluctant amorous delay.—*Paradise Lost*.¹²

One evening, as the ship sailed before the wind, just after sunset, Laura Conway stood leaning in the half-dusk over the bulwark of the quarter-deck. She seemed to be watching the dizzy, bubbling white foam, always changing shape and gliding off from under the dark stern, when something moved near her. She turned and saw Denver standing by her side. Perhaps she had been thinking about him, for she blushed deeply, but Denver could scarcely see her face. The warm flush of light was fast fading out of the horizon-sky, the last faint gleams from the sunken sun were dissolving off the cloud-rims, and everything was fast growing indistinct, save where the dim circle of the moon brightened behind them, as it hung low over the sea.

For a time they both stood without speech, and so close together, that as Laura's arm lay on the bulwark, his touched and pressed against it. In the gathering gloom his eyes seemed to glisten and emit phosphorescent light, like some feline animal's. They stood there and still neither moved nor spoke, when Laura felt the arm pressed against hers begin to tremble. Suddenly with a wild, unrestrainable movement he seized her hand, and held it, covering the slender fingers with kisses, over and over again. Then he paused, as if he were fearful of his over-boldness. Yet he still clutched her fingers convulsively, while his hot hands sent a perceptible tremor and thrill of their own excitable nerve-electricity quivering up her arm, almost into

her shoulders and throat.

She left him her hand unresistingly, and the next instant he drew her towards him, and his bearded lips were pressed to her cheek, and his arms were closed round her neck, while her lustrous hair fell all about him, clinging like the tendrils of a vine.

In the darkness the girl resigned herself to her lover's arms, and clung to him as naturally and unaffectedly as a child sinks into slumber, while all the restrained longing that over-filled his heart was poured forth in one impetuous passionate burst of eloquence, as he held her unresistingly in his arms.

The emotion and inconceivable ecstasy of that moment were like the culmination and climax of an opium-eater's dream.

All external nature was lost to him as he still spoke, and to her as she listened clasped to him in the darkness—like two shadows fused by the twilight; their hearts throbbing in company till the beat of one seemed almost to regulate that of the other, ignoring everything of their lives but themselves, till they seemed like two blind people clasped together in one perpetual night. The love whose secret promptings Laura had long dreaded and trembled over had risen at length and conquered her—she told Denver she loved him.

Now these words were uttered in a third person's hearing.

Hidden by the deep shadow (cast from a large boat hanging on the opposite bulwark) within which they stood, a second woman was sitting unnoticed by them. She had been watching Laura, but when Denver appeared at her side she got up and came near enough to overhear their conversation.

Meanwhile the night was come, and the moonlight was, as yet, very dim. She could see nothing of them save a dark patch where they stood within the shadow; but every now and then, as the ship shifted on her course, this shadow changed place. Then she could for a moment catch sight of their faces (lit up as with a

vague and ineffable happiness)—owing to the moonlight falling on them ere they had time to move out of it again. They evidently desired to conceal themselves.

They both remained as utterly and absolutely unconscious of her presence as a bird is of the lynx that lies hidden in the foliage, crouching for a spring.

This hidden figure paused, listening to them stealthily, without a sign of vitality, till Laura spoke; but as the last tremulous words left the girl's lips she stirred in the darkness. It seemed as though a tremor of rage had passed through her limbs. For one moment she appeared about to accost them; then she changed her purpose and turned, stepping noiselessly along the deck, and down the cabin hatchway.

Laura, as her head hung in a half-ecstasy on her lover's shoulder, saw the dark, well-defined outline of some woman's figure detach itself from the black mass made by the boat against the luminous sky, and appear with startling distinctness in the moonlight—a woman with her head turned towards them.

One instant more, and she was gone!

Denver too must have seen her, for he moved back suddenly. Laura could feel a clenching movement in the arms which clasped her, and his fingers tightened in hers as she started half-tremblingly—for it was Deborah.

Neither spoke nor mentioned what they had seen, but some shadow seemed, as it were, projected across them—a dark foreboding filled both their minds. During that short half-hour Laura had forgotten Deborah's very existence; but now brought so unexpectedly to her view, she must have foreseen for a moment something of what must inevitably follow—shut up in the loneliness of the ship for months as they were. But it was no use thinking about it; she had given her love irrevocably to Denver.

Henceforth he must exist as a part of her being—it seemed to her that she could not live without him. She trusted in him blindly; it made her shudder as she thought that Deborah's claim over him might necessitate their ultimate separation, or

prove that they had no right to love each other. God had made them for each other, and was *she* to part them? Could she really have supposed Deborah to be capable of holding them asunder, she would have turned on her with a fierce unrelenting hatred and resistance; but cast off from them and utterly helpless as she seemed, it was impossible to hate her. Rather never think of her at all!

Even she could half have pitied her, if it had been possible to believe her actuated by any single motive save hatred and revenge. Had she, who loved Denver, not more right to him than Deborah, who hated?

Could she ever have had some right to him after all? Had he loved her when he promised to marry her? Impossible! Impossible! The affair *must* have been brought about as Denver had just explained to her.

It was useless her attempting to unravel all these unanswerable questionings as they flitted dimly through her mind—tangled, involved problems, to attempt to solve which created an abyss of doubts that her soul dared not peer into. It was hopeless now—she had taken the draught and must abide by its intoxication.

It was just as if one single instant's disbelief in the reality of her happiness had arisen in her soul—one instant of doubt—then it was gone again. She closed her eyes tightly (as though she would thus shut out her mind's dubious speculations) and once more shrank close to her lover's side.

He kissed her suddenly, as though roused out of some momentary fit of abstraction by her movement.

From that night forth, both, as by some common dread, avoided mentioning Deborah. Her name never again passed their lips.

At last they slowly separated as the ten o'clock bell sounded down the ship, and a sailor came up on the quarter-deck to relieve the steersman. The man brought a lantern with him, which he flashed open on them as he passed. This was hung up close by on the mast (looking ghastly and lurid in the colourless moonlight), and its

glow fell round them and on their faces. Deborah's red and black striped cloak lay on the bench opposite.

In the flickering light there seemed something so strangely, almost wildly, elated about their faces, and Denver's eyes shone with such a glitter, that the man paused, staring curiously at them both for a moment.

Then, without a word spoken, he went on to his wheel; while the relieved steersman came by, silent, too, as he strode down the decks of the ship. Had it not been for the sudden appearance of this light they might have stopped there half the night through, but, as it was, Laura went down to her sleeping compartment, while Denver, reluctantly separated from her, remained pacing the decks enveloped in his own thoughts. It was a singular love, this of theirs, that could be all seemingly dissipated and blown asunder by the flickering light of a ship's lantern!

There was a slight mist overhead, rising from the sea; and two or three white stars hung jewel-like in the vapour, too brilliant to be absorbed into the light of the moon, which, glittering from the centre of a luminous aureola of mist, seemed now to flood the entire sky and atmosphere with its radiance. Denver's figure, coupled with its long spectral shadow, could always be seen as it crossed the different lights which fell through the overhanging sails on to the deck of the vessel.

One of the mates on watch for that night suddenly appeared by his side, as though attempting to enter into conversation with him, but Denver managed to leave him before long, and presently he came out into the full light on the forecastle, where he remained by himself, hanging over the slight chain railing, and looking right down the glittering, shifting track of the moonlight, which fell over the waves they were traversing. Yet he was thinking but little of what he saw. Somehow the reality of his life seemed to have come back to him, now that Laura was no longer in his arms. The influence of his moral intoxication was passing away; in whichever direction he turned the figure of his cousin Deborah seemed always before his eyes,

speechlessly reproaching him with the violation of his promise to her.

What right had she to be there, when Laura loved him?

Denver was a fatalist so far, that while no fiat of Destiny appeared to oppose his inclination, his body and soul were seemingly passive in the hands of Fate; but now that this would-be contradiction to his will (or rather his desire) attempted to assert itself in Deborah's person, all the latent energy of his nature sprang to resist it. Yet the course of events seemed to him hopelessly beyond control; they were palpably not of that kind that could be averted by labour of mind or body.

In all his thinking he could only come to one conclusion—that in marrying Laura Conway he would be doing a great wrong to Deborah. The only restitution he could make would be to give up Laura and marry *her*. The very thought made him shudder and turn pale.

Then his eyes turned inadvertently to the deep, dark water beneath him. A cold shiver ran through all his limbs, and he turned aside, hardly daring to look down on it again, for fear some idea suggested by it should lay hold of his brain a second time.

Deborah had taken absolutely no notice of him for four weeks, yet she never seemed out of his sight. When he was below, he fancied he could see her white face and dark eyes watching him through the window of her door; when he was on the deck he knew she was following him.

She might be there now—and he turned sharply as a piece of cordage flapped against the canvas of one of the sails; and at night she had haunted his very dreams, till he had got to hate her more bitterly than can be conceived. He never could rid himself of a sickening idea that Laura would inevitably come to some harm from her, and he was never at ease save when the girl was in his sight.

He might have stopped up there on the forecastle for some two or three hours, when, suddenly descending the iron ladder, he passed up the ship, and flung

himself on his berth, tired out in mind and body. Above him, on deck, and around the vessel—save for the shouts of the mariners on watch, the creaking of cordage, and the slapping of the waves driven off the bows¹³—the night-silence was unbroken.

When Laura met Deborah the next morning, they were alone in the cabin. Laura trembled, for she instantly saw by Deborah's white, bloodless face, that she must know everything. But Deborah only looked at Laura's pale features for one moment, during which her lips seemed to quiver slightly, then she turned away, nor was she ever seen to look at her rival again.

There was something so terrible about this appearance of restrained resentment, that Laura nearly fainted when she was alone.

Now to these two lovers, henceforth, each day seemed like the past one. Every hour appeared to increase their infatuation. If a flower had sprung up from every footstep which Laura made upon the hard wooden deck, Denver would scarcely have expressed surprise, so blindly did he put his trust and love in her. They passed their time either down in the cabin by day, or up on deck in the evening—hidden in the shadows of the sails when possible on fine nights. But so secretly was their intercourse conducted, that it can scarcely be told if one man in the steerage guessed rightly what was passing at the stern end of the ship, though that something *was* the matter ought to have been visible to them all. This seemingly morose man, walking about the decks all night, and scarce answering when spoken to, was a mystery and an enigma to them all.

The two officers of the *Black Swan* were supposed to take their meals in the cabin with the passengers, yet they never did so—perhaps finding Denver too unsociable, or, perhaps, because they were offended at Deborah's never speaking to them. They were unable to converse freely before them, it may be. At any rate, they had got to leave them quite to themselves, and did not trouble their heads about them. They had now been at sea nearly seven weeks, so slowly did the ship sail.

Sometimes they would be baffled and beaten back before the wind, then making smooth headway again for awhile, and then again they would be tossed helplessly about in the strong, tempestuous waves, drenched half-mast high by their spray. At such moments Deborah would lock herself up in her cabin, praying, perhaps, that the ship might founder and engulf them all; and Laura would shrink terrified by Denver's side; while all the crew would be stationed about the ship, letting the ropes fly or hauling them tight, and watching the sails, as the great ship was tossed and pitched from crest to crest of the waves—a very image and simile of humanity and its restless, ruling passions. Always as the sea subsided, they sailed on in a straight line for the Cape of Good Hope, still some two hundred leagues distant.

Denver saw from Deborah's strange silence and behaviour that some act of her resentment would occur before long, as assuredly as one knows, from the sultriness and unnatural calm of the atmosphere, when a tempest is brewing: but what form the expression of her anger would take, he knew not.

His hatred and distrust for her contrasted strangely in his mind with the gentleness of the love with which he regarded Laura—a love which was as the half-sublime half-brute tenderness with which the fierce luminous eyes of a tiger might gaze upon its young or on its mate—a feeling instinctively gentle beyond all conception.

Things went on thus, uninterruptedly, till it fell about that the wind died away and left the *Black Swan* almost stagnant in the sultry, phosphorescent water.

This was on the 17th of November. At the slow rate the ship sailed, they would scarcely reach the Cape for a week yet, even with the most favourable wind. That whole day the crew took the opportunity of rearranging, in preparation for their arrival, such of the cargo as was consigned to the African colony. All was confusion throughout the ship; and when the night came (still without a breath of air), the men were worn out and exhausted with their labour.

It was intensely dark, and the moon would not rise till three in the morning. The bewildering brilliancy of the tropical stars was veiled and hidden utterly behind a pall of dense cloud, which rested passively over the ocean. Later on in the evening, a little wind showed overhead, dispersing the clouds slightly; but the *Black Swan* lay unnoticed below, with all her people slumbering on board her, except two, kept sleepless by their passions—Deborah Mallinson, who had overheard Laura promise to meet Denver in the open air after nightfall, and Denver himself, who was pacing the dark, gloomy quarter-deck, wild with impatience, because from some unexplained cause Laura did not fulfil her promise to him.

The 17th of November was a day on which these two might well be perturbed in mind, for it was the day on which they *were* to have been married.

CHAPTER V.

Could curses kill as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as better searching terms
 As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
 Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate
 As lean-faced Envy, in her loathsome cave.

*Henry VI, Part 2.*¹⁴

It was eight weeks since the *Black Swan* had left her moorings at Port —; and now, lost in the deep, windless night, she floated without sound or motion. The cabin lights were extinguished, and all on board the becalmed vessel seemed enveloped in silence and sleep.

Her brown, wind-worn sails had all been furled aloft in the breathless air, and, strange negligence, there was no sign or signal of any watch kept over the decks. The torpid ship was left entirely to her own control; even the steersman was slumbering, his hand attached by a string to the wheel, which, in case of any unexpected movement of the rudder, or sudden rising of the wind, would tighten, and so recall him to his duties. The breeze which had borne the big ship out so far into the ocean had long before nightfall entirely died away from the face of the water, though high overhead it still lasted, so that the few stars visible from the ship lost in the darkness below, appeared to be slowly drifting past the apertures in the sultry overhanging yet unseen clouds. The sea still heaved slightly round the great black hull, agglomerated in the obscurity surrounding it, save where a faint line of light was emitted by the water rippling and splashing round its sides.

At times, some unlooked-for lurching of the vessel would cause a wave to dash up over the water-line, showering back inflamed into a livid chaldron of glowing

phosphoric fire, spreading round in circles of luminous foam, reflected brilliantly in the wet hull, and gleaming in the cabin-windows, and on the heavy anchors at the prow; and, even in the utter darkness, playing with a weird flickering reflection on the undersides of the great projecting yards and the rigging, otherwise indiscernible up aloft.

Indeed, the sultry tropical ocean seemed in an unusually excitable phosphoric condition. Every few minutes, the water to a distance round the entire hull would be suffused with a pale quivering flame, which at times lit up its clear green depths far beneath the surface; and the spot where floated a piece of drift timber, dropt overboard during the calm, was illuminated by constantly recurring flashes of the same fantastic light. Where the calm, hardly perceptible swell of the subsiding waves met with no obstruction, they were hidden in the deepest obscurity.

The whole of the upper outlines of the *Black Swan*, to a practised eye, might have formed a kind of dark silhouette, half blotted out against the night, but for the two lanterns burning above the bulwarks. One was a red signal-lamp, pendent over the high, old-fashioned fore-castle, which struggled feebly with the intense gloom in which it hung, but was too high up to shed its faint glimmer on the fore-deck. The other, more brilliant in light, and fastened to the mainmast, threw a glow over all the stern end of the ship (the deck behind being concealed in the densest shadow), and fell on the figure of a man, who had suddenly become visible in the darkness.

He commenced walking to and fro in the sombre flickering lamplight: though he could not have been a sailor, for he appeared from his dress to be one of the passengers. At intervals, he came so close to the steering-wheel, that his great black restless shadow cast by the lamp covered it, yet without hiding its form; for a dim light burned in the tilted binnacle, and reflected a glow on to the brass-bound circle of spokes.

The helmsman from here was just visible in a kind of transparent half-light. He was slumbering heavily, and was wrapped up in a tarpauling to keep off the wet night-dew which covered the decks, gleaming wherever it met the light. At times, the water would be heard bubbling faintly round the stern and rudder—a sound so vague that it could scarce be distinguished from the sailor's placid breathing; but everything else around and on the ship seemed silent as death, save the ceaseless movement of this man, who continued his monotonous footsteps up and down the deck, his head sunk on his breast, and without appearing to notice anything around him, till his action seemed as restless as an excited restrained animal.

Every now and then, he interrupted himself, seeming to listen with impatience, and then resuming his walk. He must have been pacing there a long while with some object in view, for the dew-drops gleamed like silver on his shoulders, and in his tangled curly hair.

It might have been thought at first that his strange, sleepless restlessness was the result of the indescribable ennui and weariness caused by the long voyage; but there would, on closer consideration, have seemed a more poignant cause for it.

A slight noise at last attracted his attention; and with a deep, prolonged respiration, he turned facing the lamp, looking intently into the darkness behind it.

His sun-burnt bearded face, the eyes glittering, as he stood with the light concentrated on them (two scintillating points, like stars, surrounded by the deep gloom of the night), looked strangely careworn and fevered. It was like that of a man who had passed long nights without sleep; and seemed, in its anxious, almost haggard look, coinciding with his restless movements, to express some heavy annoyance or disappointment under which his mind was labouring.

As he paused with raised head, shading his eyes with his hand, an indistinct sound like the rustle of a woman's dress, becoming audible above the dreary endless plashing of the water, fell on his ears. There seemed at this as if a gleam of light

were reflected suddenly through the gloom of his mind. The despondent expression of his face was utterly changed; and though he could have seen nothing, he turned hastily in the direction the sound came from, and disappeared in the darkness.

Almost before he could find where he was going, he nearly stumbled against some figure—that of a woman, standing motionless on the deck near the bulwark. She had come silently in the night out of the companion-stairs that led to the cabin—advancing stealthily, and hardly seeming to breathe, lest her respiration should betray her presence. She evidently desired to watch the restless figure pacing in and out of the circle of light, while she herself remained hidden.

It was not so intensely dark behind the lamp as the light, dazzling and blinding his eyes, had made it seem to him; for against the faint glow of the lantern on the forecastle he could dimly trace the outline of a woman's form.

She remained perfectly motionless and speechless: but without a moment's reflection, his limbs seeming to act before his mind could direct them, or recover consciousness in the sudden bewilderment of his senses, he went up to her, impetuously uttering the name "Laura!"

Then he paused for a moment; and flinging his arms round her neck and shoulders (which were muffled up in the hood of a shawl), he pressed her passionately to his breast, whispering in a low, almost trembling voice:

"I knew you'd be certain to come, my love—though I've waited a weary while for you! Why don't you speak to me, Laura? We sha'n't be overheard here. Ah!"

Then—as he seemed to kiss her face—a sudden tremor stopped his words, and the woman broke away from his embrace with an angry exclamation; while he, starting back from her, appeared to stagger for an instant, as though a snake had stung him.

All this passed in an instant, hidden in the darkness.

The woman whom he had embraced so tenderly and passionately began crying out in an exasperated, angry voice:

"How dare you treat me in this fashion? *I'm* not Laura, *although I occupied her position once!* Ah! you sneak back soon enough now; but you shall not escape me. We two are alone at last. You shall render an account of the fidelity you've shown me."

"Curse you! Will you never let me have one moment to myself, without poisoning it with your presence?" the man answered fiercely. "It's bad enough to have to think about you!"

"You lie!" she interrupted, in a passionate, almost screaming voice; "I've neither been near you, nor spoken to you, for six weeks. Good God! what a return I've toiled my life out for; to sit silent by myself in this dreary, stifling ship, neglected by everyone, watching you make love to another woman before my very face, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, till it's driven me mad! I've sat thinking about you and watching you till my brain whirled, and my eyes grew dizzy, and I could have struck a knife into your hearts. Yet you think, because I've taken no notice of you, and never spoken to you, that I'm too poor-spirited or dejected or callous to care how you treat me, and that you can do as you like; but you shall find out the difference. You shall know what it is to neglect a woman's love, and then fall under her power. Every hour of your existences shall be an everlasting curse to you and your shameless paramour! You shall learn to dread each other's faces! You've embittered my entire life from when I first set eyes on you; but I shall be well revenged. I loved you once, Denver, for all you could do to disgust me. Loved you! I loved you as only a woman *can* love, until I found at what price you held me. I hate you now! But sooner than give you up to her, I'll steal in upon you in your sleep and strangle you. O God! after all I have done and

suffered for you, to be kissed and embraced in mistake for another woman! I could have borne anything before; but you've neglected me all my life, and insulted me now, till you've driven me to distraction. I don't know what I'm doing or saying. It's made me insane to compare the difference between her sickening face and mine in the glass below, and think what it has cost me. She affects to ignore my very existence; but she shrinks from me, and dreads me more and more. Are my feelings to be no more regarded than an animal's, do you think? I've endured hours upon hours of misery, till my mind wandered, and I thought I was a child again, playing in my dead mother's house, only to come to myself, remembering that you were both within two or three yards of me, hardly out of my sight or hearing, and thinking over the injustice you have done me, till I've had to dig my nails into my breast, to prevent myself from screaming out, or flying at her and tearing her eyes out, and blinding her. Yet I've managed to keep all my resentment to myself, smouldering secretly in my own brain, until the expression of my face makes everybody in the ship shun me. All this has been going on in this accursed ship, minute after minute, falling on my brain like drops of water, torturing me till they've driven me to madness. I overheard you asking her to come up and meet you to-night, and I thought to watch you both together; but she wasn't with you, and I meant to await another opportunity, only you interrupted me with your cursed kiss: you scorched my lips with it. Ah, Denver! you shall yet learn what a woman's love turned to hatred is."

She grew so violent at last, that her throat seemed quite exhausted with her passion, and she broke down into a fit of hysterical sobbing. Nothing is more trying to the patience than the convulsive, unnatural cries of an hysterical woman; but now, in this strange position on the deck of the ship, hidden as she was in the profound gloom of the night, her voice, exasperated by passion, seemed something to shudder at.

Denver had kept perfectly speechless and motionless till her voice broke down. One might not have known of his existence even; but now he moved away from her, into the circle of light.

She seemed by an intense effort to stifle her cries, and followed him, exclaiming with still more passion and virulence than before:

"I've had a fit of this coming on for a long while. I've bitten my lips till my mouth was full of blood, to restrain myself and wait till my time came; but I'll have it out now. I thought I'd fling myself overboard into the sea at first, but that I thought how happy it would make you. No, I'll not do that. You can't and sha'n't get rid of me. I *swear* you shall share all my sorrows to the last bitter, bitter, dregs. I'll cling to you to the last hour of your existence, and make every day of your life as great a curse to you as you have made mine to me. Ah! you feel my words; but I'll make you wince still farther yet, till you are as mad and wretched as you have made me, *though you have some one to love you.*"

Her voice stopped once more, as though she were breathless. His continued silence seemed only to embitter her anger.

Now that they were both come fully into the lamplight, the display of mad, reckless passion in this woman's face was something terrible. Lit up by the feeble flickering lamp, it formed a white angry spot of light surrounded by an immense expanse of darkness. It was like a portrait painted with the night for its background. The sky, the sea, and the atmosphere, and even the ship itself, were all (save for a few drifting stars overhead) blotted out together, and absorbed into the deep gloom—only this one distorted face seemed visible, with the light concentrated on it.

The intense monotonous night-silence, broken only by her exasperated voice, seemed wishing to diffuse and drown the sound in its breathless immensity. It was as the self-centered madness of humanity contending vainly with the solemn undeviating dignity of nature, for no soul on board the ship appeared to hear her.

There was a fierce, constrained look about Denver's eyes, though he still said not a word; but *her* face looked perfectly hideous in her mad temper. The hood of her cloak had slipped back on her shoulders, leaving her unbound black hair to fall in writhing tangles about her face and neck. She had thrown the shawl over her night-gown, and her feet and throat were bare.

Her complexion was very dark, and her livid lips quivering back over her teeth, showed them glistening at times. Her deep-set eyes, glittering with the revengeful light of madness, under her high cheek bones and dark curved brows, gave to her naturally fine features a devilish expression, such as only the blind vindictive jealousy which was goading her could give to the divinely-intended face of a woman. Hers looked more like the head of an enraged venomous snake.

Most men would have been cowed and silenced by such temper—a savage might have opposed it by force; but to reason with it was impossible.

This man before her had a certain instinctive elevation and dignity in his bearing. In the life of danger and toiling which had left its signs upon his features, he must have gone through too much to be a coward; but the sudden and extreme transition from the sweet expression, the answering embrace, the warm beauty and soft utterance of the girl who loved him, to this woman (whom he seemed to detest, and even more so perhaps from the lingering knowledge which clung about him, in his blind desperate love for her rival, that he was doing her an undeserved injury), the change from the almost ecstatic happiness he had felt for one instant to this hateful realism, utterly deadened and sickened his heart, and unnerved his brain.

His head felt giddy as he thought of the irrevocable hold she might have had over him in a little while. He could hardly bear looking at her; his mind, flooded by his blind reckless passion for her rival, was utterly incapable of feeling any pity for her. He could only feel the tantalised never-satiated longing of his heart.

He could no more struggle against the fate which had led him on board this ship, to fall in love with the beautiful girl he met there (who as blindly reciprocated his passion), than a tired spent swimmer could contend with the eddies of a whirlpool.

Could this woman always cling to him all his life, as she had threatened? It seemed like some intangible spell laid over him. His brain felt bewildered, as if his reason were going; all his mental struggling only seemed to leave his love more clearly defined and tenacious, his hatred for her more bitter.

What could be expected of him? He was only one man, guided by the same instincts which over-sway the minds of all humanity—a swimmer thrown struggling among harsh rocks and breakers, desperate for safety and life.

He was a wild man, and had been brought up among still wilder associations. One half-unuttered yet irresistible suggestion seemed dinning always in his brain. Once it came so strongly that it almost fashioned itself into uttered and audible words; but something like a flash of light in the darkness seemed to bewilder his eyes. It was *too* terrible. He dared not think about it. He felt powerless as a child, and could do nothing.

But if his conscience forced him to keep the promise this woman had once extorted from him, it seemed to him, in his present excitement, that his whole future life would be one blind blank misery to him.

As he stood with his back to the lamp, his gleaming eyes looking restlessly aside into the deep night, like a tiger glancing through its bars, anywhere but at the hateful face before him, in the silence and utter obscurity around him, where all human associations were lost and obliterated, and where his mind could meet with no known object to assure itself of its own identity, he could hardly realise his position.

There was a cold sweat on his brow, despite the fierce look which flitted at times over his features. Nothing could more strangely exhibit the instantaneous extremes

between passion and discouragement to which some men's minds are subjected.

The woman had ceased speaking for a while, as if to gain breath, and now, more angered than ever at his stubborn silence (for in the wild state of mind induced by her jealousy she was utterly incapable of understanding what his silence meant), she began again railing against him, more wildly and bitterly even than before.

"Ah! I am only a weak woman, yet you durst not look me in the face. You and she think you have kept yourselves so close! but I'll expose you both before the whole ship. They shall all know what you have made of her, and how false-hearted you've been to me. I could have been happy an hundred times over but for you; but you *shall not* ruin my life for *nothing*."

Once more all words failed her, and she broke down into a violent fit of hysterical sobbing. Over and over again she repeated, in sob-broken utterance, "*I hate you! I'll revenge myself on you!*"

"If you hate me, Deborah Mallinson, only half so much as I do you," said Denver, at last forcing himself to look at her, "you'd not come up here at this hour of all hours, to tempt and madden me in this way."

He muttered this almost under his breath; but her morbidly-acute ear caught the meaning of his words.

Her eyes flashed as with fire. She left off sobbing, and gave a taunting laugh, and came still nearer to him on the deck—nearer and nearer, till she could have touched him with her hand, then she paused and looked fearlessly in his face.

No passion is more bitter or maddening than the jealousy which has its root in disappointed love, it destroys the very soul. A child could have seen that this woman was rendered insane by it.

Denver went on endeavouring to speak calmly—though his tight-clutched hands and his convulsive lips displayed his fast accumulating anger.

"What right have you to attempt to make my life a misery to me? I never wished for you! We should never be happy together—even if I had not met with Laura. Your existence would have been the curse of my life! You only come up here now to taunt me—"

"Is *my* life and misery nothing to you?" she cried with a fresh outburst of tears.

"Yes! you *have* found the truth out—though God knows *I* never tried to conceal it. I do love Laura Conway, and have loved her from the first hour I ever set eyes on her. I never, in the wildest dream, ever saw a face like hers before, and I could no more resist loving her than I could help breathing!—while I *hate* you! You've goaded me now, till the devil seems twitching my arms to fling you into the sea and myself after you! Yes, I do love her and she loves me in return, in spite of you. She was coming up here to meet me just now. I had been waiting for two hours, and was going wild with impatience, till I mistook you for her and kissed you—when I'd sooner have kissed a black bush-snake. Your presence is utterly hateful to me, I don't care what you can do or say. God knows I can't help it if I'm wronging *you*. On board this ship, getting more sick of it every day as I do, I can no more keep from going near her than iron from a lodestone, or an opium eater from his laudanum. I'm in heaven when I'm near her, all my life past and present seems obliterated. Before I told her how I loved her I suffered worse torments than hell's! I've walked about this deck in the night time, when she was gone and nobody could see me, going more hopelessly infatuated about her every minute, and yet thinking that I had no right to be happy with her—struggling to realise why love such as she and I had for each other must be suppressed, and kept breaking our hearts in secret, while we remained unable to help ourselves, until I seemed like a fly caught in a spider's web! I felt as if my brain were entangled in some horrid dream that I should wake from and find to be all a delusion. I broke

through it by force at last: I found she loved me as much as I loved her. She is as light-hearted as you were always discontented and sullen—more pure and innocent than the sea foam we're floating on. Come!" he said suddenly and sternly, breaking off the desultory, disconnected way in which he had been speaking, and looking straight at her. "Don't begin again. It's too late to recede, and I'm troubled enough already, without you. You may go too far, for it's raised the devil in me talking of her in comparison to one like *you*."

If the light could have been directed on to his countenance, Deborah would have seen a strange and most sinister look on his brow; but standing with his back to the lamp as he was, she could only see him shudder visibly and press his clenched hands to his forehead.

She had managed to keep silent with great difficulty, though it could be seen plainly that she was getting more insane every moment, her jealousy and passionate resentment had reduced her to a condition in which more than one woman has been known to wind all her hair round her throat and strangle herself.¹⁵ Once she clenched her teeth till her head and neck shook in a kind of convulsion.

But before he could finish she seemed to make a violent effort to regain her self-possession. At last she said, in a low suppressed voice (which nevertheless trembled with such passion that every word of it struck more keenly on the startled senses than if it had been uttered in the wildest tones), "*Fling me overboard, you coward, and stain your soul with murder as well as perjury.*"

At the same time she advanced so close to him that her face was within a foot of his. Their eyes glared straight into each other's pupils—her's, blind and mad with stored up resentment at the wrongs she supposed herself to have suffered, reflected in his, which were wild and luminous as an animal's.

"Fling me overboard—I wish I could move you into doing so! You're not frightened to stab my feelings—to strangle all the pleasure I have in life; but you

don't dare to put yourself under the law. You needn't look at me in that way—you can't intimidate me! She pure as the sea foam! Innocent!" she cried in an ironical voice, which her violence rendered almost inarticulate, though she struggled to express plainly her meaning.

Then she retreated back a step from him and shook her outstretched arm threateningly in his face, while he turned into the light, following her movements. The fire in his heart seemed flashing out through his very eyes.

"I'll punish the shameless creature," she cried, with terrible emphasis; "I'll punish her, though I'm sent to hell fire the next instant for it!"

There was a sudden pause, a crisis such as the soul of any one looking on at this strange scene might have shuddered under, but she seemed quite unappalled at the anger she had roused in the man, and she stood facing him defiantly.

He moved, and his face was lost in shadow, while she started back and waited panting and breathless. The dead silence around them was broken only by the placid ripple of the waves.

Suddenly a harsh noise, like the opening of a rusty-hinged casement, was heard. Previously to that a peculiar and undefined sound like the low murmur of a bee had become half-audible; but now, some twenty yards from where these two stood, a woman's clear sweet voice rose through the night, in words which could be heard plainly as they issued from her low-strained throat.

It was a song the melody of which sounded beautiful beyond expression, as the singer sang and pronounced it clearly with her subtle voice:—

Alas, who knows or cares, my love,

If our love live or die?

If thou thy frailty, sweet, should'st prove,

Or my soul thine deny?

Yet merging sorrow in delight,

Love's dream disputes our devious night.

None know, sweet love, nor care a thought

For our heart's vague desire;

Nor if our longing come to nought,

Or burn in aimless fire.

Let them alone, we'll waste no sighs,

Cling closer, love, and close thine eyes.¹⁶

She ceased, and the sweet vibration died swiftly away in the depths of the night.

The mind of the singer producing this song must have formed a strange contrast in its utter isolation from the mad flood of passion and hatred and recrimination which swept round these two. It was as if an utterly windless, passionless space of smooth sea and sunlit sky existed, enveloped by a raging, black, profound and foam-surfing ocean—utterly incommunicable with, and undisturbed by the surrounding tempest; for the human mind in its manifold forms resembles a sea with its waves, all indissolubly connected together—one driving on and followed by another—one strong ripple fashioning a million others to its uttermost confines.

Strange was the effect this song produced on these two; it was as though the wind had died away in the midst of a storm.

The woman stopped, listening to it with a ghastly look and with averted eyes, while Denver turned from her, pressing his hands wildly over his face and brow, and trembling all over until it died away. When it ceased Deborah's senses were suddenly recalled to his presence; she seemed to start and come to herself with a sudden tremor.

Her eyes gleamed wildly and cruelly, but her face seemed changed into colourless stone, and the next instant she was lost to view. He saw her face and form recede like a flicker of light vapour into the darkness, and only heard the rustle

of her dress on the boards: then all was quiet. He remained a little while as if stupefied, without motion, and then he went and leant against the bulwark, looking vacantly out into the night.

CHAPTER VI.

I can give you inkling

Of an ensuing evil.—*King Henry VIII.*¹⁷

Denver's figure, lost in the blind tenebrous night, still leaned over the bulwarks, with his heart beating wildly, and his brain as though entangled in the delirium of some vast fever dream; for, indeed, the effects of such a moral convulsion as his innermost soul must have undergone in his just-ended altercation with Deborah Mallinson were not such as could easily subside again.

He saw plainly that her love for him had driven her to madness—or, rather, her disappointed ambition and wounded pride, he thought. It was all her own fault; it was she who had deceived herself, not he, who had never loved her, nor pretended to. Some of the old stubborn spirit of resistance was in his mind; a keen sparkle of fire caught from the lamp gleamed in his eyes for an instant, and then died out again.

Yet there *was* incontrovertible truth in her taunting defiance of him; it sickened him to think of a man in his position deliberately stealing Laura's love, here, out at sea, where there was no single friend to advise her—where, in fact, she was as entirely at his mercy as the ship itself was at the mercy of the wind. Yet, if he could gain the resolution to leave her, to fly from her, loving him as he knew she did, what would his own life be afterwards? It was, indeed, something scarcely conceivable, the more than idealised purity with which this rough-nurtured Australian thought of and worshipped the woman he loved.

If he were still to keep his promise to Deborah? after what had passed this night, too!—this night which was once to have been their wedding-night.

Then he changed restlessly the arm he was leaning on, and turned, staring blindly and helplessly into the darkness, which, diversified here and there with quaint

flashes of light where the waves broke together, was hardly more obscure and devious than his own future life seemed to him. One leap out into it would end it all! and he would sooner take it than marry her.

Poor helpless waif, drift in the whirlpool of passion, was this the only antidote to the weary, futile striving against destiny!

Had he been chained to the deck he could barely have been more powerless to take the leap and leave Laura behind him. Only three nights back, casually speaking, she had told him she would kill herself if he were separated from her. Yet to take advantage of her love for him—a love, too, entirely created by his own reckless selfishness.

Even as his mind strove to conjure up her sweet form and face in the darkness before him, Deborah's hated countenance, distorted by passion, seemed to intervene and float before his eyes, while her dissonant threats would ring and vibrate through his brain whenever he tried to recall Laura's plaintive and compassionate voice. Each time he thought of these two in comparison with each other his nerves seemed to quiver—a cold shudder and thrill seemed to vibrate through his whole nervous system.

At last he recoiled from the bulwark, and began pacing heavily up and down the deck. His mouth felt dried up and his throat parched; but he did not heed his thirst. His eyes were hot and dizzy, and his hands hung helplessly by his sides.

A single touch of the lips or pressure of the hand might have sufficed to quench and alleviate all this self-torturing anxiety; but where was she who alone could have given this? why had she not kept her promise?—he was in such a state of mind that he hardly dared to think.

Then he stopped abruptly, and almost staggered; so startled was he by a sudden and vague sense of dread which filled his mind. Could Deborah have seen or spoken to *Laura* before she had met *him*?

It was impossible. Scarce an hour ago (while Deborah was with him) he had heard Laura singing in a way which showed her to be utterly unconscious of any special uneasiness. He felt a sigh of relief as he reflected she would not have been aware of what had taken place.

Would she not still come to him? Ah! if she only knew how he suffered!

He stood listening in the sultry unbroken silence, as though for some indication of her footsteps, so intently that even the faintest noise could not have escaped him.

But even the very ripple of the water was stilled, and, as he strove to listen, the noiseless obscurity became terrible to him. The dull beating of his heart shook through his whole frame, but all around the gathered and faultless night-silence seemed, as it were, to crawl up and envelope him stealthily—to fall like a heavy weight and oppression on his brain, that would paralyse his limbs if he listened too long in it; and he pressed his hands wildly to his throbbing forehead as he resumed his desultory footsteps. There is something in silence which is terribly depressing.

Yet Laura, whose presence he longed for so ceaselessly, was lying under the very spot of the deck on which he stood.

There was a small kind of ground-glass sky-light over the sleeping cabins, which was halved by the division separating the two compartments. It was close to the wheel, and in the lamplight, Denver standing beside this, and glancing into the impenetrable darkness covered in by it (in which he knew Laura now lay sleeping) had for one instant the idea of getting a light and going down to *her*, since she did not come to *him*.

Only for one glance at her features, to stem and charm away this prolonged morbid flood of anxiety! Only one single moment of forgetfulness!

But then again his heart sank within him, and his blood seemed to rush into his head, as he imagined himself going like a thief in the night, to gaze stealthily on her where she lay, with shut eyes and dreaming face, in her bed, unconscious and

slumbering.

What was she dreaming about? Maybe of *himself*; and if he were to go now, and she were to wake, and discover how he was insulting her!

The mere fact of the idea having occurred to him, caused his sun-burnt cheek to redden as with a bitter sense of shame: for her private cabin was a place more sacred to him than the holiest sanctuary of a temple is to its most blinded and bigoted devotee. As he stood still for a moment by this window his face looked strangely careworn, then his figure disappeared again out of the light.

These descriptions of the ceaseless discomfort and remorse which seemed to embitter Denver's love for Laura, may appear to indicate a strange want of will, or power of concentration in him, that a man capable of such deep and passionate feeling, could not (in the ardency of his attachment to the woman he loved) force himself to forget the very slight tie which now bound him to the woman he hated. But Denver's was no ordinary nature. The knowledge that the *only* way of satisfying this utter and perfect, if at root selfish, love of his would be *by wronging another woman*, was enough to make every nerve in his body recoil with abhorrence. Yet, if he fulfilled his promise to his cousin, he would be doing Laura an injury which seemed to him far greater in proportion. It was as though he were placed in a position from which he could make no single step that would not dishonour him; and, with two evils to choose from, he chose the least of the two.

To Denver now, his old life in the wilderness of forest-tangled hills and half-civilised settlements, was as though blurred over and forgotten. One evening long back he *could* recollect—the evening in which he had first seen Laura. But his remembrance of this was after all scarcely more distinct than the light of a will-o'-the-wisp over a dark morass. Then came a long and shadowy blank; and then he remembered how he had seen her once more, leaning on the cabin casement, with the wind blowing through her golden hair.

This was the one inseparable remembrance which clung to him; the rest of his existence seemed to have been effaced like a forgotten dream.

How the mesmeric influence which unconsciously hung about Laura's extreme beauty, had so swiftly usurped his brain, and filled the till then only vaguely-felt void of his life, he could recall no more than an opium eater can recall his first life-influencing vision-sleep.

At times (vainly endeavouring to excuse himself) he almost felt as though the circumstances which environed him, had been created at the moment when, for the second time, he caught sight of Laura; so that when he loved her most wildly, he found a woman already intended for him, in the person of his cousin Deborah. Baffled and tantalised beyond endurance at this injustice, he had broken through every restriction of his destiny.

Yet along with this, paralysing every effort to evade it, closer and closer the constant unchanging knowledge kept forcing itself upon him, that he had promised to marry Deborah *of his own free will*; and that every complication he was involved in had been brought about by *himself*, and himself alone.

Now this maddened him.

Deborah only remembered the marriage vows he was to have sworn to her on that very day, to love her till *death*!—how that very evening was to have been their nuptial-night, and how in preparing to take him when a poor man she had given up twenty better chances in life for herself.

Now, when he had become suddenly rich, and she had come on board the ship to accompany him to England, prepared to fulfil her duties; prepared to *love* him even (for he seemed strangely handsome to her), she had been thrust aside and coldly neglected. She had found it was as utterly impossible for Denver to reciprocate her love as for the ice she remembered in England to form under the Tasmanian December's sun.

Nothing was left for her to do but to give up all thoughts of pleasing him, and to return the disdain with which he treated her.

And all this was brought about by the superior beauty of another woman's face, the deeper redness of her lips, the intenser sweetness of her eyes, and the golden colour of her hair.

What psychologist can fathom or light up to view the soul of a neglected woman?—hardened as it is into strange formations of dull callous feelings, sometimes like rocks which strike out flashes of hatred to every footfall, at other times dead and perished as the fallen leaves.

Life's chill boughs emptied by death's autumn blast.¹⁸

Love, sentiment, and duty all frozen and congealed together—only predominant hate and passionate resentment alive and undying in the midst!

Truly such an existence is a deserted and sunless chaos, which the mind shrinks from penetrating into.

Married women have children to engross their attention: under the sunlight of their smiles and their unconscious laughter and happiness the lowering clouds evaporate, the ice dissolves; but Deborah had nothing.

She had chosen to love Denver whether he would or not, and had tried vainly to *make* him love her. She had failed, and this was the result.

One cannot but admit that it was more her fault than Denver's.

She was one of those people who, when they set their mind on any object, would die rather than relinquish its attainment. If Denver was not to be her husband her breath seemed to her but as a waste gift of her Creator. She had from the first dimly foreseen what sooner or later would be likely to come with a man of Denver's disposition; but the days of their long engagement had passed one after another, and as the longed for November morning came nearer and nearer, she had almost begun to forget her jealousy.

But now—when it might have been expected least of all—out in the dreary central Indian Ocean, where there was nothing else to occupy her brain, the thing she dreaded had come.

Deborah knew Gabriel's character too well to attempt any personal resistance; but was her whole life and joy to be wasted while she looked on unresistingly?

Separate him from her rival she knew she could not; *but when she did strike, she resolved it should be in a way which they little dreamt of.*

But what could all this matter to Denver? the man was infatuated. "Witchcraft had joined to beauty"¹⁹ as it were, and his soul lay under their spell. Even in the deepest and bitterest reveries of his secret self-distrust, that one face which had ensnared his soul, floated continually before his face, inevitably blinding him as the sun does the eyes which have too boldly gazed at it.

Even now his imagination was yearning and dilating on it, as he sat down wearily on a bench just out of the lamplight, resting his tired brow and elbow on the bulwark.

In the half-unconscious lethargy his mind and body soon fell into, he must have remained some time, when he saw distinctly (though with half-closed unspeculative eyes) a light come out of the cabin doorway, some twenty feet from where he was, and proceed down the ladder on to the fore-deck throwing a brilliant and flickering light on everything but the bearer of it, who managed it apparently as though desiring to remain unseen.

It flickered about up and down for several minutes without attracting his attention.

There was a slight grating noise, as though the hatchway, left unbattened by the sailors, were being moved up, then the light or candle disappeared. There was not the slightest noise to indicate a footfall, and everything vanished into the night again.

All this passed unnoticed, and at last he grew so drowsy that his head sank completely on his arm, and he was overpowered by sleep, though his dreaming brain, irritated and worn by over-exertion, still dwelt on the one all-absorbing topic of his life.

What a wonderful thing a collection of all the dreams which fill men's minds would be; what a demonstration of how rarely satisfaction ever follows yearning—of the strange vicissitudes of dreaming and realisation under which we live. All the illimitable night-silence and obscurity, with the blind yearning and remorse which they brought to his soul, were no more to him.

He thought he was wandering once again in the arid Australian wilderness, and Laura was in his arms. He knew nothing of how he had gained her, and hardly could credit the ecstatic happiness he felt. No hope deferred could again baffle or tantalise his soul to madness: *she was his!* and gazing on the sweet-flushed face which lay half-caressingly and half-bashfully on his shoulder (his arm and hand round her neck, hidden under the soft profusion of hair) he kissed, over and over again, the thin, transparent eyelids and warm lips.

She was inconceivably beautiful.

Now the sun was sinking, and its slanting radiances transmuted everything they fell on into their own transient gold. The coming night-wind, blowing from across the desolate purple hill-sides, flung Laura's loose and tangled hair, all glowing about her face and throat, till its clustering tendrils blinded her eyes, and she paused, disengaging herself from him, to push it aside.

As she stood with lifted hands, she suddenly disappeared, while he ran madly over the rocks and in among the sage-brambles, seeking her, but always ineffectually, until, at last, he thought he must have been cheated and deluded by some phantom.

Then he stopped, and sought tremblingly for the lock of red-brown hair which she had just given him.

Next his heart, his fingers clutched a handful of dried leaves—only that.

The sun was sinking so low now that only the extreme summits of the high hills were lit by its glow, and the swift Australian twilight was fast absorbing everything around him. In the climax of his perplexed despair he resolved to fling himself into the deepening shadow beneath him: from the topmost crag of the high rock which he had climbed to examine the surrounding and now indistinguishable country. The black night had swept down upon him as he prepared to fling himself off—when he awoke with a start, his breast throbbing wildly, and his eyes staring blindly into the *real* darkness, with the perspiration starting from his forehead. The circulation of his blood seemed as though it had stopped for a moment.

Just at that instant, as he sat up trying dizzily to collect his thoughts, he felt something scramble over his feet.

Looking down hastily and then into the circle of light near him, he saw two or three rats emerging from the shadow, cross through it, and hurry into the opposite obscurity again. One stood up in the calm and characteristic manner of its kind, supporting itself on its long hairless tail, and cleansing its neck and whiskers carefully with its wet paws; then it deliberately inspected the end of its tail, and finally disappeared, followed by others.

A rat will behave in this cool and methodical way no matter what danger it may be flying from.

Glancing round him, Denver could see their keen teeth and fierce little red eyes glistening, as they caught the light in the obscurity round his feet. He almost fancied he could hear the pattering of their feet, for the tail of a rat is very awkward, and makes a great noise whenever the animal runs.

These animals, usually so alert and watchful, did not appear to be in the slightest attracted by his movements: he even stamped on the deck purposely to frighten them, and none started.

Indeed, they were evidently scared already; it was as though they were in the presence of some greater danger—one which was common to everyone on the ship. Thus they roused Denver's attention in spite of himself. He could not make out what was the matter with them; and he had never noticed a rat on the decks before.

Now, as he turned his head, looking unconsciously down into the impenetrable darkness from which these rats came, he saw that the red signal lamp a-head was obscured, almost hidden, beneath a large and luminous mass of vapour, which hung round it, coloured by its light. Staring intently at it for some seconds, he saw that the mist was in front of the lamp and about half-way down the ship. It seemed swirling round the dim outline of the fore-mast which was just visible against its vague light.

The thing looked so unnatural and lurid, and, moreover, so conspicuous, that even in his half-sleepy surprise he started up with his eyes fixed and staring on it. He was still trembling and bewildered; his senses almost benumbed by his interrupted dream.

What was the matter? What could have happened?

Could this mist have risen from the sea?

CHAPTER VII.

Your mitigations adde but seas to seas,
 Give matter to my fires to increase their burning:
 And I, ere long, enlightened by my anger,
 Shall be my own pyle and consume to ashes.

*Revenge for Honour.*²⁰

While he was gazing on this strange appearance, hardly knowing what he was about, or what to think of it, a peculiar but startlingly unmistakable smell of burning floated by him—just a whiff as it were: but presently it seemed filling and pervading the whole atmosphere.

There is something in the smell of fire, which alarms more quickly than any other sign of danger. Its effect on the mind almost resembles that produced by the unexpected hiss of some deadly snake. Once before in his life Denver remembered (when camping out in a dense inland forest) how he had roused himself in his sleep, while the wind passed him tainted with just such a smell as this. A most vivid recollection of what followed flashed into his mind as he looked up anxiously at the red smoke-like substance in front of the lamp.

He stepped forward to get a nearer view of it; and, doing so, trod on something, which gave a shrill scream—it was another rat.

All at once, as he remembered the behaviour of these animals, there seemed to be no longer room to doubt that something had gone wrong in the ship. A sudden idea took possession of him that she must be on fire—somewhere underneath in the forehold.

The heat had driven the rats out of their places of refuge.

The smoke (for such it was, in reality) still drifted in the light: it even seemed increasing in density.

Something was amiss; but he still, for one instant longer, paused in uncertainty—when suddenly all further doubt was driven out of his mind by a fearful crash down aft in the ship; soon followed by another. The sound came from the forehold; and in the deep silence which succeeded, he could distinctly hear a crackling as of dry wood burning. It was enough to make a man of nervous temperament lose his self-possession; but Denver's weather-hardened nerves had never known fear. This now most positive danger seemed rather to rouse him to activity. Still, he stood irresolute for an instant (debating whether to rush down and bring Laura on deck; or to abstain from alarming her needlessly, and run to the forecandle), when the steersman behind him, who had been unseen and forgotten in the dark, was awakened by the same noise, and rose to his feet. This man seemed half-dazed for an instant, and nearly tripped himself up with the string he had tied to his arm; but in another moment (as, shading the lamplight off his eyes with his hand, he caught sight of the red smoke) he understood what was the matter, for he shouted out wildly, "The hold's afire! Fire! Fire!" and, tugging desperately against the cord broke it—stumbling against Denver with a savage oath, as he darted by him into the obscurity, shouting over and over again the cry which strikes such terror into the heart—a sound intensified into a nameless horror to the sailor at sea. It went all through the vessel.

In an instant, a confused sound of footsteps and voices became audible; some man shouted out to know what was the matter, and was answered by the cry of "Fire!" again and again repeated in every conceivable tone.

Certainly fire was burning somewhere—for the crashing and crackling momentarily augmented. Indeed, it appeared to burst and roll through the whole ship. The confusion and clamour increased. As Denver breathlessly followed the man down the deck, a keen fierce glow burst suddenly from the openings in the unbattened hatchway, such as might have come through the chinks in the door of a furnace—fierce rays of light which shot through the darkness—light which flickered

on the wildly alarmed faces of the negligent sailors, who had all scrambled out on hearing the terrible alarm-cry as it rose in the night.

There must have been some unusually inflammable material in the hold; for the sudden fire seemed already to rage under the deck. No one who has not witnessed such an alarm as this, can comprehend the horror of it; or realise the sensations of those, who, failing to baffle the flames, see nothing before them, as they retreat foot by foot—save a choice between two deaths—fire or water! their only home turned into a burning furnace, floating, tossed about on the immense sea, all the waters of which fail to extinguish it. The two elements most utterly opposed to each other, combined for the destruction, the pitiless annihilation, of the common enemy man!

Among these men thus hastily collected on the deck, everything was in uncertainty. None knew how long the fire had burned, whence it came, or how to reach it.

While it lasted, the flare through the broad hatchway lit up the spars and rigging overhead, like the entangled boughs of a forest by fire-light; but from a common impulse, the hatch was slammed down and fastened. To allow ventilation was to destroy one of their few chances of safety; for as the fire was still confined to the entrails of the great hull, it might yet stand a chance of being stifled and suffocated in its own smoke.

Yet if they could have seen how, among the sacks and barrels in a corner of the hold underneath them, the fire flared up fiercely, and increased at every instant, they might have thought differently; but the shutting down of the hatch had reduced its sound to a dull distant muttering, which was less terrifying—though every now and then a louder crackling than usual gave intelligence as to what was really going on. The imminence of the danger, which had suddenly invaded their sleep, seemed to bewilder and half-paralyse the efforts of every one. The men ran against each other

in the dark, swearing as only excited sailors can—and all shouting questions, which no one could answer, and without the slightest discipline in their movements. In the darkness of the night, utterly black as it was, whatever they most wanted was not to be found.

In these days, such catastrophes are often set down to the rats; and with justice, for it is well known that these animals, getting ravenously excited over phosphorus, will steal lucifer-matches and carry them home to their nests: where they ignite them by their gnawing—thus setting fire to everything around them.²¹ But in those days the tinder box was still the only means of procuring fire. A man was endeavouring to get a light from one of these old-fashioned contrivances at that moment; and one can judge of the state of confusion they were thrown into, by the fact that none of them thought of going to the lamp in the stern. The others all stood silent, waiting anxiously round this man, for none could see what they were about.

Only the sharp chipping of the flint (mingled with their suppressed breathing), could be heard for a few moments. Then a spark flashed brilliantly in the darkness, the tinder ignited, and was blown up by half-a-dozen eager bearded mouths, soon illuminated by its glow; and then in the flaring effulgence, an unexpectedly grand scene came out—delineated in wildly powerful light and shade, where the breathless night silence and obscurity had reigned so supremely scarce ten minutes before. What a study of expression in their faces!—their gleaming eyes, bronzed features, bearded cheeks; and, above all, their strange attire. In a place where not a trace of humanity had seemed to exist, a crowd of wildly gesticulating figures were now rushing about—all just as they had tumbled out of their hammocks: some in red shirts, others in their trousers, and one man (a negro) with nothing at all of covering to his bare black skin; his eyes flashing like diamonds in his fright.

The light fell also upon the mass of white smoke swirling heavily about over their heads.

Shutting the hatchway over the fire seemed as though it had conquered it for a while: and they all stood around, panting with the exertions they had made to batten it. The wild disorder created in their minds began slightly to abate.

The flames, wherever they might be, could still be got under, perhaps. The importance of the danger seemed to have been very much overrated; but still the deck was getting hot under their feet as they stood upon it, and none of them knew what to do.

The helmsman ran back, and got the tarpauling he had thrown down at the stern. This was taken and stuffed into the chinks of the hatch—through which a sudden puff of hot smoke swirled out in their faces, and joined the undulating volume overhead. This proved the fire to be still encroaching, and a fresh burst of alarm took possession of them.

Denver was nowhere visible among these men.

A sick sailor, whose face and limbs seemed wasted by debility, was carried out of the steerage by two of his fellows, and laid on the quarter-deck, near three other figures, two of them women, who stood there. Two of these, as far as could be seen in the dim sombre light that reached them, formed a group; of which one was a slight slender figure, standing half supported in the embrace of the other—some man whose features were indiscernible.

The third was looking on with a half careless, half sullen expression on her face, though it might have been curious to have watched the sudden start and the *look* which came into her eyes, as she heard Denver's voice behind her talking to Laura. Yet she was, to all intents, not in the slightest degree concerned at the violent tumult, and the shoutings and lights which had broken out so unexpectedly in the still midnight.

When Denver knew what really was the matter, he turned hastily back up the deck, and trembling with anxiety, though not for himself, he sprang down the companion stairs into the cabin. Groping his way through the pitchy blackness in which it was all enshrouded, he came to Laura's door—or rather the door which led to the inner apartment for he had never been farther inside. He called her name loudly twice over; the door opened, and someone pushed against him in the dark.

It was Laura herself; she was already awake, standing listening to the trampling of feet overhead, and the confused shouting.

Just now a fresh burst of the sound was heard, as though something were taking place; and such was Denver's excitement that he could hardly stay to tell her what the alarm was about; but taking her up in his strong arms, he literally carried her out on to the deck.

The perilous fire seemed so deadly and near to them, that he could not endure to have her out of his sight, even for an instant, in the dark cabin, where the dreaded flames might, for what he knew, break out at any moment.

She was scarcely dressed, save for the nightgown she slept in, and its hem fell fluttering on her bared and inexpressibly delicate feet. But a heavy cloak was thrown over her shoulders, which sufficed to conceal her form.

Deborah had been below. In the dark Denver had stumbled against her, and she now followed them out and up the steps. When they got on deck they found that five or six lanterns had been lighted, and strewn about the fore part of the ship, so that they could now see what the men were doing.

CHAPTER VIII.

Over head the dismal hiss

Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew.—*Paradise Lost*.²²

There was no fire-engine to the ship, but all the available buckets had been brought up and filled over the side. The disturbed waves they had been dipped into were alive and dancing with phosphorus, and the water that filled them was coated with its pale flame; they were placed on the fore deck, which was splashed all over with patches of wet that gleamed brightly as the lamplight fell upon them. But no one seemed to know where to fling the contents of these pails, so they stood there unemptied and disregarded. A still larger piece of tarpaulin had been procured to stop the draught through the hatch and stifle the fire, completely over this the large fragment of a sail was laid, though the thick vapour still escaped endlessly, evidently pouring through some aperture which they could not discover in the darkness. Some unknown and hidden source of ventilation must have existed in the hold, for the sullen hissing and crackling underfoot continued. It even increased, and the deck they stood on grew unendurably hot, while the water dried perceptibly as it leaked from the buckets.

The opaque white smoke, varied here and there with a swirl of black, now began completely to hide and envelope the rigging overhead. The way the danger thus seemed to increase upon them without anything of it being seen (though the flames could be heard so plainly) struck more consternation into these men and bewildered them more than if the forecastle itself had been blazing with fire.

It was indeed a strange waking for them, to be thus called out in the midnight on to the decks, to conquer a hidden and dreaded enemy—one none the less feared because inanimate—and to have to stand helpless on the hot decks under the blinding smoke, with a presentiment in their hearts that it was too late, and that

all their efforts would be useless, even if there still remained time to apply them.

Now while Denver and Laura (he for the moment unable to tear himself away, and she clinging to him) were watching this scene from what used to be called the "barricado"²³ of the Spanish quarter-deck, neither of them knowing whether the fire were being got under or not, a sailor rushed through the door at the foot of the fore-castle, followed by a large ape he had unchained, probably to give it a chance for its life.

This man shouted and cried out that the bulk-head, which separated the fore-cabin or steerage from the hold, was splitting and burning through, so that the compartment was filled with smoke.

This was true, for the vapour began to issue out at the door he had just come through.

There was a sort of recoil among them as they heard and saw this. Those who were still filling the buckets over the side left their occupation, and from their action it seemed as though, for an instant, they were about to forsake the deck and leave their ship to her fate. Anything which was said was lost in the noise and confusion, but the first mate seemingly persuaded them to form a line with the buckets, for this they did after a while. The water was passed down to the mate and five of the men who had followed him through into the fore-cabin, but this was all done with an evident feeling of despair as to any result.

A loud hissing and spluttering showed presently that something had been reached—it was fearful to listen to. Then they heard faint cries, as if for help, and all except the fire became quiet.

The emptied buckets were not passed back, and the men gathered round the entrance with fresh relays began to look with consternation in each other's faces.

One at last tried to penetrate into the smoke.

The way which led to the steerage under the forecandle was a simple ladder of iron, placed so that one came down facing sternwards, and a good way under where the entrance was.

There was no sound for a time, only the subdued roar of the fire and the smoke in their faces.

In a while the man who had gone in reeled out among them again, half suffocated with the atmosphere he had endured for half a minute. Though hardly able to speak at first, he told them that the others must be lying stifling in the darkness, and that it was impossible to breathe below.

The attention of one or two of these men had been in the meantime called to Denver, who was standing on the quarter-deck with Laura. In the dusk the two figures could hardly be told one from another. These sailors thought perhaps that their strange self-contained passenger was a coward, and frightened to come down near the danger; but they had indeed little time to waste in thinking over the motives of his actions. The second mate—a black-bearded sailor in a red shirt and trousers—tried a second time to descend the iron ladder, holding a lighted lantern which brightly illuminated the dense smoke streaming through the aperture.

As might have been expected, he was driven back; it was useless to attempt resistance. The men must have been dead by that time; and no one could have carried a senseless body up the iron ladder while inhaling the smoke.

At last they retreated back out of the clouds and gusts of livid choking vapour. Six out of their number were gone while they had irresolutely stood by.

It would be difficult to describe the effect of this shock on them; it seemed for a moment as though all were lost.

One man ran nearer the quarter-deck to get a draught from the cistern which stood there, and he called out, apparently to encourage the two women, "There's no danger. We shall get you all off safely if the fire spreads."

But his actions belied the assurance of his words, while the next instant another voice shouted both to him and to Denver, "Come down and help us, there's no time to lose!"

Then a third voice shouted, "*Get up the cabin scuttle—butt on deck!*"

These words were the only articulate sound in all the confusion and clamour which rose and fell—for all speech was now drowned in the noise of the hidden fire.

Denver tenderly separated himself from the arms which would have detained him; and followed the first named man down into the smoke and confusion on the deck. It was getting so thick there now, that the forms of the sailors were all blurred together, while they could be heard coughing as it got into their lungs. These men were all strangers to him with unknown faces and voices—despite his having been confined in the same ship with them for eight weeks. As he got near them he heard one man exclaim:

"It's nary use our stopping here! Let's launch the boats while there's time—or our deaths 'll be upon our own heads!"

"We can't do nothin'!" another said.

"Wait till she burns through, and then we'll see what we're about," interrupted a resolute voice. "Man and boy I've worked in the old ship off and on these forty years, and *I* don't leave her till I'm driven!"

The last speaker was a man of fifty, short and thick-set, with a grey beard cropped close to his face and small keen grey eyes. He stood perfectly calm and resolute, his jaws munching a lump of tobacco. The others displayed no such presence of mind, and did not scruple to show the alarm which was wildly depicted in their faces. The boy who attended on the cabin was not among them; he had probably been forgotten in his berth, so that the smoke must have reached and suffocated him in his sleep.

One of them clutched Denver's arm, his fingers trembling the while. "What could they do" he asked, "only twelve men and the turpentine²⁴ stored below!"

Denver had known of no inflammable material like that in the hold. This explanation served to explain why the fire was burning with such virulence; but he made no reply—his eyes were wandering uneasily through the smoke towards the place he had just quitted.

The fire being hidden precluded all possibility of nipping it in the bud so to speak; they could only wait till the flames made their appearance. They stood pressed together irresolutely like a flock of frightened sheep; only waiting for such a pretext to make good their escape.

The smoke swirled in long lurid wreaths over their heads. Now for the first time there began to be sparks in it.

One appeared, flickering like a red will o' the wisp among the ropes overhead. They all gazed silently upon the zigzag course of this herald of the coming fire. At last it went out in the smoke, extinguished for want of air.

None of them knew where it came from or indeed asked. Each looked where the others were looking, till they must all have seen it.

Denver alone started slightly, as for one instant it seemed inclined to shoot off in Laura's direction.

Soon their sole thought would no doubt be centered on securing their safety; but in the meantime, during the momentary pause they made, these sailors, so suddenly and awfully reduced to the brink of despair, formed a strange and puzzling spectacle of apparent indifference. It was a kind of lull which always precedes the most tumultuous efforts of nature or man. Their unchained monkey, in weird contrast to them, sat on the bulwark, whence it screamed and gibbered at the smoke in aimless rage and terror—its face the while, lit up by a lantern beneath it, looking perfectly devilish.

Thus they waited for the unquenchable fire to make its appearance and end their uncertainty, for with something tangible they could at least know what to do. Even it might be no exaggeration to state that they wished for the light of the expected flames to guide and assist their efforts. It may be added that they had not long to wait now. Every one of them had been obliged to procure some covering to protect the feet, or they could never have stood there, so intense was growing the heat of the deck. The bright sparks were constantly issuing one after another out of the door in the fore-castle; but they had grown too common now to attract notice.

Two or three of them in an excited but purposeless manner, had dragged the tarpauling off a corner of the hatch, and were endeavouring to pour the remaining pails through a chink so as to create a volume of steam underneath.

As the liquid splashed on the planks around them, it hissed and vanished away in its own vapour.

They had better have been gone while there still remained time, instead of trifling thus with the element they had failed to conquer. Nothing they could do now was of any avail; for without doubt the whole interior of the hold had turned into one volume of fierce unmitigated flame. Even now as they stood there, it hissed and spluttered up through the very hole down which they were trying to pour the water—like some fierce animal enraged at the efforts made to ensnare it.

Something like an explosion seemed suddenly to occur, the boards of the hatch itself cracked, split up, and burst into fire with the intense heat, while the tarpauling and canvas shrivelled up, and all finally gave way. One immense mass of flame, first forcing itself past at one corner, rushed and swept clean through the reopened hatchway, like an explosion of gas through the shaft of a mine.

This reached and flickered high into the air, unexpectedly shooting millions upon millions of sparks, like flakes of volcanic fire, into the unfathomable blackness overhead, spangling the dark sky like clusters of shooting stars, and falling in fiery

showers into the waves round the doomed vessel. A kind of sibilant hissing, like that of the wind through the leaves of a tree, became audible round the ship, resulting from the spluttering contact of the sparks with the water; while the instantaneous glare must have been visible for miles, as it fell kindling along the dreary deserted wastes of the midnight sea.

All this happened in one instant.

The astonishing transformation of the night, flashed so suddenly on the bewildered brains of the men gathered round, that it made them more mad and reckless than a stampede of frightened animals, and they lost what little self-possession remained to them.

Now, as the explosion burst upwards with its fiery frightful heat, as though about to rend up the small space of deck betwixt the hatchway and the bulwarks, these thirteen lost men, terrified by its snake-like tongues of cruel flame, were no doubt about to rush aft up the deck, there to lower the boat and put off, after getting what they could into her. It was scarcely above twenty minutes since they had been first alarmed by the discovery of the fire; but now, to their terrified imaginations, the entire entrails of the ship must have been wasted away and gutted, so that the bottom could be but a mere shell, ready to split up and sink them at any moment. When the destroyed hatches fell in (or rather were flung out over their heads), the sudden rush of fire in their faces proved so scorching that, standing, as they were, nearest the bows of the vessel, they all retreated, and scrambled back to the, as yet, intact forecastle. Two men dragged Denver with them in the confusion, and the monkey followed on all fours, howling with terror and pain as its feet touched the hot deck on to which it had sprung.

Thus they all disappeared in the smoke which veiled the fore part of the vessel before they knew what they were about.

All power of thought was driven out of each man's head, and a nameless, simultaneous terror seized them, levelling the human intellect almost to that of the monkey which followed them—to a mere instinctive clutching for life, no matter how delusive or transitory the means of safety.

Meanwhile, the edges of the deck took fire and burnt up like tinder, making a return past the flaming hatchway all but impossible after a few seconds. Two men, however, recovering themselves in time, managed to rush through the flame with their faces hidden in their jackets. Denver, in vain, three times over, attempted to follow them, but, at each effort, he was defeated by the insupportable heat, and driven back.

Flame, in spite of its brilliancy, is more opaque than its own smoke. The rising fire effectually prevented anything taking place at one end of the ship, from being seen at the other end—the stern and prow of the *Black Swan* were prevented from communication by the fire in its centre!

CHAPTER IX.

And from about him fierce effusion rolled
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire.

*Paradise Lost.*²⁵

Denver pressed his hands on his forehead, and gazed in stupefied bewilderment at the red, undulating flames, the hoarse tumultuous roar of which would baffle description.

It was *impossible* to get through them, and Laura was on the other side!

O maddening complication of terror and misery!

It was most likely a mere delusion created by the over-wrought and excited state of his brain—but at that instant his eyes seemed to catch a momentary glimpse of her terror-stricken face through a forked gap in one of the red tongues of flame, as though she were just on the other side. Thinking that he was once more about to attempt to fling himself into the fire—this time to his infallible destruction—several of the men he was among strove to restrain him; but he could not have heard their voices even had he wished to, and he shook them off savagely and disappeared into the smoke.

His heart was palpitating wildly, his head was dizzy with anxiety and terror, and he staggered as he ran. Yet for all this he had a distinct purpose in his mind.

He intended to reach Laura.

Groping his way blindly along the side of the bulwark (for he kept his eyes, lips, and even his nostrils, closed against the dense, suffocating smoke), his out-stretched hands were arrested by the fore-rigging, or rope-ladders, which led to the foremast top. These he began ascending with all the energy of desperation.

He scarce knew where he was going, but clinging tenaciously to the ratlines, he climbed upwards—hardly conscious of what he was about, so sore and painful had

the smoke made his eyes, when he had been once or twice forced to open them; and he dared not breathe, though his lungs craved after the fresh sea air they had been used to.

Presently he reached the fore-top, and found himself able to stand there; but even here the smoke was dense as ever.

He could see nothing beyond the terrible red glare just beneath him, and at times the flames reached up above his head; but his arm came in contact with a thick rope that seemed to lead up obliquely to the mainmast on the other side of the fire. It was one known as the main-topmast-stay.

It was four strands thick, and appeared thoroughly capable of bearing his weight, and in an instant he resolved to trust himself to it; but ere he had got half across—clinging by his hands and feet, and with his body swinging from side to side, he found himself nearly over the flickering points of the flame, while the hot atmosphere and smoke from them swirled about his face.

The heat was too intense for him to proceed, and with great difficulty and trouble he managed to slip backwards to the place he had just quitted.

He was almost dead for want of breathable air. There was not an instant to lose; he must go higher!—higher!

Exhausted as he was, he next commenced scrambling up the fore-topmast rigging till he reached the cross-tree, on which he found two or three rats clinging, their instinct having taught them to evade the fire in the very way he was doing.

Once astride on this, he paused to rest for a second, feeling almost as though about to fall off into the clutches of the conflagration below. Its burning breath reached him still, high up as he had climbed, and its vividness seemed to strike even through his tight-shut eyelids.

There was another rope here—the top-gallant stay this time. By following it he could still cross from mast to mast.

It appeared to be thinner than the others, and it oscillated backwards and forwards as he pressed his hands on it; but there was not a moment for reflection—to take or leave it seemed the only choice left him.

He began crossing it; but he had entirely miscalculated its strength, if he expected it to bear him. Before he had gone eight yards up it, the portion he had just passed over gave way.

He fell with incredible rapidity, but still grasping the end of the rope in his hands, though he half-lost his self-possession. There was a flash, as of fire, all round him—a light in his eyes, and a hissing in his ears—*and he had swung through one of the great red tongues of flame*, that flickered so hungrily up among the outlines of the rigging.

But this was the work of one instant, and the next, his feet, which he had instinctively thrust out in front of him, struck against the shrouds of the maintop mast. He must have fallen nearly twelve feet, right across the fiery vortex, like a pendulum from one mast to the other.

The flames had reached the rope he was hanging to, and the charred strands had given way at some part he had just crossed. He still clung desperately to it, as rebounding from the ropes and mast he had reached, he swung round them in a circle of some seven or eight feet.

Next, the rope got entangled in the main-royal backstays to starboard. He managed to clutch successfully at one of these ropes as he passed it. He was now clear of the smoke which enshrouded the forepart of the vessel; though he still could not breathe without hesitation. Looking down, he saw the quarter deck some forty or fifty feet under him. It seemed an astonishing depth; for he had never been aloft before.

Just one instant he clung there, to rest himself now that his perilous journey was over. Neither his hands nor his face were burnt, strange to say—his black beard

only was a trifle singed.

Then he began cautiously sliding down—holding two ropes at a time, for they were little more than cords. Three of them joining together a little way beneath him made the passage safer.

At last he reached the bulwark, and thence he leapt on to the deck.

CHAPTER X.

To be furious

Is to be frightened out of fear.—*Antony and Cleopatra*.²⁶

Now there were five people in *all* collected on the quarter-deck: the two mariners, who had both succeeded in rushing past the terrible heat and flame; the sick man, who had been brought out and placed there (he was stiff and rigid—dead, for the shock he had received, operating on some heart complaint, had proved fatal)—Deborah Mallinson, and Laura Conway.

Laura was dressed in her old blue gown, which she had apparently got, and slipped over her night-dress; the hem of which fluttered out underneath. The cloak had dropped off her shoulders. She stood there, too horror-stricken to cry out, or even to tremble. One of the sailors had caught her by the arm (just as the men on the other side had tried to hold Denver), seemingly, to restrain her from rushing down into the flames on the deck beneath. It seemed as though she were fascinated by them.

Her clustering hair and her eyes were wildly lustrous with their glow; but her face and lips were more pallid and bloodless than those of the dead man at her feet. She was stretching her hands out imploringly towards the fire, and trying vainly to elude the man's grasp.

She had seen Denver, as she thought, swallowed up in the first unexpected outburst of the conflagration. He had been overwhelmed by the flames; and she struggled madly to fling herself into them, and reach him—even in death.

Another instant, and she might have accomplished her purpose: for there is a terrible nervous energy latent in a woman's despair; but suddenly she heard his voice calling on her name.

It was just behind her.

Another instant, and he had sprung to her side!

Uttering some inarticulate exclamation, she staggered blindly into his arms: and lay in them seemingly lifeless, but for the low convulsive sobbing with which she drew in her life-breath. She had swooned.

But, indeed, it was more terror for Gabriel's safety, than fear for her own which she suffered from. "She tried to fling herself into the midst on't! I had to follow and bring her back; and a spark caught in her hair, and set it afire!" cried the man, who had held her arm. "Take care on her, man—she's gone mad!"

Denver scarcely heard what he said. He kissed her dissevered lips, once, long, and passionately. Then withdrawing his face from hers, he could feel her heart beating against his breast. It seemed for the moment to hold his very soul entranced.

At last, slowly, and reluctantly he placed her on the deck; with her head still resting on his knee. He did not notice his cousin Deborah looking down on him, for kneeling there as he was his whole attention was concentrated on the form he had just been holding in his arms. There is scarcely any sentence or word, that could adequately describe Deborah's expression and features, as for one instant she glared down on them. Then she turned away, staring steadfastly and blindly on the raging flame—her eyes glittering and blazing with a kind of mad reckless contempt, till they seemed almost to reproduce the fire and light they fronted.

This evening was to have been her marriage-night.

Yet of all this Denver saw nothing. At last, he let Laura sink on to the deck, and getting up, looked on the conflagration; of which the flames now seemed to envelop the whole middle of the ship, even as a gigantic snake might wreath itself round the limbs of a gazelle. The whole waist of the *Black Swan* was burning, seized in the convulsive, unrelinquishing grasp of the shuddering element. The warmth which reached them, grew at times almost to furnace-heat; and the stench of the burning

tallow and turpentine was unendurable and sickening. It was a scene to stupefy and enthrall the mind with its intense horror. Denver, as he stood over Laura's inanimate form, gazed at it with a sense of his own helplessness, till the feeling became oppressive and painful.

Could anyone from a bird's-eye point of view, have overlooked what was passing on the leagues of dark sea below, he might have noticed—miles away for the present, yet rapidly approaching—an elongated triangle of pale glimmering fire, sweeping and fusing its way along the surface of the water. The point or apex of it was presently impelled into the glare, which encircled the burning ship. In a while it was lost, as it entered and swept over and round the lurid expanse of light.

It was the disturbance produced in the sea's surface by the action of the wind; which had at last risen, and was coming direct down on the *Black Swan*. Alas! her sails were destined no longer to inflate and palpitate in its embrace! What hope now remained for her?—now that the wind had come to the aid of the fire.

The elements seemed at last, as though in very shame, to have shaken off their torpid contempt; but it was strange that in all this wilderness of sky and water, fire alone should have been the one chosen element of destruction. It was the wild irregularity of *method* by which nature carries out her most faultless plans—yet there was about it an intense deep wickedness, which seemed something that the human brain *alone* could have devised.

Knowing that the two sailors were lowering the boat, Denver remained passively over Laura, ready to lift her in when all should be prepared. So absorbed was his mind in the fire, and so intently was he watching over her, that he did not hear (or thought one spoke to the other) when one of them shouted to him to go down to the cabin and get up the keg of drinking-water which stood in the corner. It is doubtful if he had gone to bring it up, that he could have managed it all by himself, but just at that moment he had thought he could distinguish faint but

incessant cries coming through the lulls in the fitful crashing of the fire, though nothing could be seen through the smoke.

Now just then the vapour cleared away from a part of the rigging of the foremast, and the light of the flames giving full that way, two men were plainly seen clinging to the ropes, their faces and hands vividly illuminated by the light from beneath. They were on the cross-tree.

He just saw this for a moment, then the cleared-away smoke swirled down again, and all was hidden of their apparently useless struggles. To all appearances they must be lost.

Denver could do nothing, and he dared not leave Laura. They evidently failed, for he saw nothing more of them, most probably the ropes had all been burnt through by this time. His blood chilled for an instant as he heard another cry, as of human agony, amid the confusion of sounds.

Glancing up through the rigging above him, as if for other traces of the crew, he noticed a white speck, turned red by the fire-light, wheeling in long circles around the ship, coming nearer to it at times then receding; and then, as though unable to resist some unconquerable impulse, it still sank nearer to it again. At last his eyes, strengthened by long practice in the sheep walks, could, by straining through the darkness, make out plainly the form of the albatross, which had followed them all the voyage through, and which Laura had been used to throw ship's biscuit to. He could observe, by the way it flapped its long wings, that it must be disturbed by the unusual sight beneath, yet still it descended in its wheeling flight.

Just then, to his surprise, he felt in his face one of the first fitful gusts of the now strengthening wind; while simultaneously the fire and smoke reeled and swooped over. Great flakes of flame began to be driven down the ship by other than self-agency. Outside the lurid glare which lay over the sea, the waves had grown alight with phosphor, but faintly and ghastly pale their light seemed, when contrasted

with the red flare of the conflagration. The western verge of the horizon was defined in glimmering fire against the dead night; while in the sky, quite suddenly, a few most exquisitely brilliant stars showed themselves. As the wind gained in force, great vapourous masses of cloud began to float and roll over the firmament. One or two of the lowest and nearest caught dimly the reflection of the fire, and glowed as they passed over the ship, but the greater portion being involved in the obscurity, the eye could hardly make out if it were not the planets themselves that were moving.

It is impossible to represent the brilliant contrast between these stars and the utter blackness they seemed suspended in, but no one of them was more cut off from communication with its brother-worlds, than the *Black Swan* now seemed from all help, in this dreary central sea. Nothing could have served better than these pitiless unchanging night-jewels, to typify the utter and stupendous loneliness of the doomed ship. These stars will shine through all eternity, for them time has no existence; but alas! the transitory radiance of the *Black Swan* was soon to be extinguished in the secret depths of the night it now served to illuminate.

There could be no doubt that the forecastle was burning, the whole of the fore part of the vessel was probably being gutted. The fire would soon have to spread sternwards from mere lack of material.

The strong oaken foremast still towered among the manifold embraces of the flames.

One could see by the intermingled column of fire and smoke, swaying from side to side and driven high into the air, that the hull was moving underneath it, and slowly following the large columns of smoke that rolled away to windward, lit up in the darkness by the countless particles of burning matter and fire flakes, which they carried with them. These fiery sparks constantly swarmed off, whirling like legions of fire-flies, and falling into the spluttering waves, while the livid and gyratory wreaths of vapour (either dissolved, or driven too far off for the light to fall on

them) were lost in the night.

One word of explanation is necessary here. The men left on the forecastle had, with enormous effort, succeeded in repairing and launching a large but damaged boat, which had been stowed away close under the forecastle. They had procured some bread and water, and had leapt off the deck, just managing to escape the flames. There were ten of them in the boat, which was launched to windward. It had begun to blow hard by that time, and having no oars, they were pushed on for some distance under the hull. At last they propelled themselves round the side with their hands, and so were left in the ship's wake.

Their boat was heavily weighted, and its sides plunged deep in the waves, so that they made little progress before the wind; while the ship, lightened by the fire, travelled at the rate of four miles an hour, nearly. So they fell farther and farther behind in the obscurity, nor was anything whatever seen of them again by those left on the deck of the vessel.

We must now revert to the spectacle presented on the stern of the *Black Swan*. Denver was still standing passively over Laura's prostrate figure, the dead sailor was stretched almost at her feet, and Deborah was behind, still standing close to the mast and looking obstinately at the fire. Did one not know the passions which possessed the secret hearts of these people, Denver's intense love as he watched Laura's face, and the almost agony which overwhelmed him to see it thus unconscious, and Deborah's jealous hatred, which seemed to make her accept passively, or even to welcome, the catastrophe, did one not know all this, these three would have seemed most strangely apathetic to what was going on around them.

The two men near them were struggling violently to launch the boat. They supposed their shipmates to be still on the forecastle, and would have rowed round to rescue them could they have managed it; their strength, however, was insufficient.

Nearly five minutes had been lost, an incredible lapse of time to men in their position. They had loosened the knots of the ropes, and got everything ready to let go, their long bright knives in their teeth ready to divide the cords if necessary, and so save every available second of time. The lurid fire-light made their pale faces look fearfully savage and desperate as they thus toiled away for their lives, but, in spite of all their efforts, the boat still hung obstinately on the deck side of the bulwark. The davits to which she was slung must have been stiffened with rust, nothing that could be done would move them.

One of the men suddenly looked over his shoulder. Seeing Denver, he rushed at him and dragged him by the arm, at the same time shouting in his ear, "For God's sake, man, come and bear a hand, an' you wish to get the gall off alive. We shall all be burned up like rats, she's on fire under us!"

This allusion to Laura struck unconsciously the right chord in Denver to make his whole being vibrate with the strength of a god.

As these three men, united now, rushed at the boat, their shoulders sufficed, for the stiff supports moved with a groan, and the long curved keel and lines of the boat swung free over the side. The slip-knots were loosened, then with the care of expert sailors (yet with a rush and a plunge that sent the salt spray up in their faces) the great boat was launched beneath them.

Not one instant too soon, for a dense column of smoke and sparks, at that very moment, burst from the cabin door, and swirled out all round the deck and stern, obscuring everything. Immediate safety of life was all they had time to think of then.

With his keen eyes nearly blinded, Denver seized up Laura's inanimate form, as though it were lighter to him than a child's, and he leapt from the bulwark and into the boat like a tiger. There was no time for reflection, it was nearly twelve feet under him, and the double-weighted concussion all but staved the bottom out. The

boat rocked and swayed in such a way that he could hardly keep his feet while he laid down his precious burden on her rough planks.

With less case-hardened sinews than the Australian's, a dislocated ankle would most likely have resulted from such a plunge, adding fresh complication to their ill-fate, but, wiry as a mountain goat's, his limbs escaped unhurt.

There was not a second to be thrown away. Turning back to the lurid suffocating mist he had just leapt from, he perceived that the two men left on the deck were now in the act of lifting Deborah Mallinson over the side. They shouted to attract his attention, the next instant she fell, and he caught her in his arms, almost shrinking back from her, despite the strong excitement he was under.

Then there was a complete lull for a time.

He had placed Laura with her head resting on one of the thwarts, and he now stooped over, covering her up completely in the cloak which still clung about her form. She was yet in a state of syncope or swoon, not of unusually long duration, for it was scarcely twenty minutes since she first lost consciousness. Perhaps it was well for her thus to have passed through the dreadful perils she had been exposed to; but Denver (who had perhaps never before seen a fainting fit) must have thought she was dying, or even dead now! He could not accept in patience her apparent lifelessness. His limbs trembled so that in his agitation he was reduced to holding on by the gunwale of the boat to steady himself. As he hung over her face, dreading lest her soft sweet eyes should never look on him again, he forgot all else.

Yet when he felt her pulse it was still working, while her heart throbbed and fluttered like a new-taken sparrow's as he pressed the palm of his hand against it, and this somewhat reassured him.

Deborah meanwhile had seated herself in the stern sheets, her elbows on her knees, her face and eyes covered up and hidden in her thin convulsive hands. The boat lay in the deep shadow under the side of the ship, save when the point of

some flame leapt and flickered higher than usual, lighting them up for an instant; but there was as yet no light from the cabin windows above them, which showed that up to the present the fire had not reached there, though from one which had been left open a few thin swirls of smoke were issuing. The two sailors had disappeared into the smoke unnoticed by Denver, having gone to get the barrel of drinking water they had ineffectually shouted to him about.

Now as Denver was bending over the unconscious figure in the bottom of the boat, the light fell full on them without dying out again. Looking up in surprise he found that they were no longer alongside of the ship, but that they were separated by a gap which widened even as he looked at it. The wind just before this had ceased blowing for an instant, but a second gust seemed to have begun; then it stopped again and the vessel stopped too. She seemed turning slightly round with the relaxed impetus, and this drove all the smoke down over the stern.

But once again the vessel began to veer round with the renovated wind, and thus it happened that they were now floating some forty feet from the side.

All this occurred before he could understand what was the matter. The ship of course drove before the wind much faster than the boat they were in, owing to its larger size; but Denver reached to the connecting rope (that sailors call the painter) and pulled it taut.

It slackened again, and slipping from the pulley it passed through, fell with a splash into the waves.

Thus the frail boat (now some sixty feet from the *Black Swan*) had floated out of the shadow it had lain concealed in, clear of the suffocating smoke, and into the full ever-augmenting glare of the flames.

They could see from here how completely the ship was mastered; the fire seemed to burn in its fitful convulsive movements from the centre right down to the forecastle itself. It was a terrible peril to have escaped from.

Now as this man in the boat looked up, barely able to grasp its significance, he suddenly saw two black shadowy silhouettes looming through the smoke which enveloped all the quarter-deck. They were the two sailors who had saved them. If unable to swim (as in all probability they were²⁷) they would be lost irretrievably.

When these two luckless men found the boat absent they seemed to rush to the opposite bulwark, as though they might have mistaken the side where they had left it. When they returned and saw where it really was, they commenced gesticulating wildly and shouting in a fashion that reached Denver's ears even through the fearful roar and rush of the spreading conflagration.

He shouted back to them to jump and swim, but could obtain no reply. Gathering up the dripping fifty feet of rope into a coil, he flung it to them with a practised hand, as he would have lassoed a refractory horse, but it fell short into the sea.

All this while the ship was receding farther and farther away from the boat. The insupportable vapour of the fire had been growing more dense over the stern, and now it closed down, entirely and finally hiding these two despairing wretches from sight. Nothing could be known of what became of them after.

The whole of the ship's bows were burning as has been said, and in some places the fire had even eaten three or four feet down the sides. The flames from the high forecastle sometimes towered twenty feet above the reach of the rest; it was singular to watch them shooting up spirally, and twisting like serpents about to spring, or shuddering like hysterical women. The rigging of the foremast was all destroyed, even the yards had fallen from it, but the great spar still stood, while the fire raged fiercely round its foot, and the enormous flames were constantly shooting up, twining and entangling themselves round it. Suddenly it swerved, almost imperceptibly, next it gave way at the base, and with a loud crash fell by the board; countless fragments of burning rigging and rope dangling from it, and so into the sea on the opposite

side of the ship, while shower after shower of its brilliantly flaming splinters flashed up, and were driven off in the wind.

The ship indeed seemed fraught with the very elements of hell. Up till now the stern had appeared intact as far as the fire was concerned, but now (through the stifling mist which enveloped it down to the water's edge) the four side windows could be seen alight and flaming. At last they burst one after another with the heat, and long tongues of fire shot through, flaring almost as steadily as jets of gas for a while, and then again vomiting their black smoke. The sleeping compartments right in the stern had soon caught, and the old well-seasoned wood of their partitions crackled like dry brushwood. The sky-light in front of the binnacle split and shivered in fragments, and the red flame rose through it, turning the smoke lurid and dun-coloured, and firing the deck-edges it shot past.

Thus in an incredibly short space of time the fire had spread from end to end of the ship. What fate had befallen all her crew—whether they had been suffocated, or whether they had jumped over into the sea and been drowned—Denver could not tell; for he did not know how the ten men on the forecastle had escaped, and the boat they were in was nowhere visible now.

Suddenly Denver started to his feet with an irrepressible exclamation of horror. He had been gazing at the vessel end on from the stern; but now she began to veer round in the wind, and the bowsprit appeared starting out of the blazing forecastle, and on this something that seemed to be a human being was clinging, looking strangely dwarfed by the extent of luminous smoke which rolled over its head. It clung in the chains desperately and tenaciously, crouching at the end of the spar, and from the way it seemed endeavouring to protect its face and hands, the fire must have been scorching it. Then it was hidden for a moment.

In the short glance he obtained, Denver thought it was a human being. It was impossible to attempt a rescue, for he had no oars. He cast off his coat, as if he

meant to jump over and swim. Yet a single glance which he took at Laura's face sufficed to paralyse his will. His heart was brave as a panther's, but where conflicting impulses meet the strong disable the weak. His love was more powerfully predominant with him at that moment than his humanity, and he shuddered as he thought of being drowned and leaving Laura alone in the boat with Deborah.

Again he turned his face to the ship. The figure had once more become visible; but it was not a human being, for looking more carefully this time he saw that it was the ship's monkey.

As he looked, a great tongue of flame flared out, curling round the spar so as to envelop the animal in a fiery embrace. Through some aperture the flames sprang out now, under the bowsprit, hardly two feet above the water line, while blown down by the increasing wind, the fire and smoke swooped over, entirely hiding the spar again. When the smoke cleared off again, the spar itself had fallen, and in the sea the poor animal's pain had come to an end.

The conflagration was now at its brightest; its glow seemed to fall from horizon to horizon, and to light up the very clouds in the heavens above it.

It was strange now to watch the behaviour of the albatross, which again attracted Denver's attention. When he first saw the bird, it was flying high overhead; but it had been whirling nearer and nearer to the ship every moment since then. It made longer and wilder circles in its spiral descent, as though wishing all the while to escape; but all its struggling seemed only to end in its coming still closer to the heat, flapping its long, powerful wings wildly, and swerving from right to left in its fright. At last it seemed suspended scarcely fifty feet above the flames, over the flickering points of which it whirled in a fascinated, bewildered way, for several minutes. Finally, with a wild but unheard shriek, it approached so close that the feathers of its long wings seemed to shrivel up, and it fell helplessly and headlong into the lurid smoke.

Thus, at last (it seemed to Denver), of all the living beings, human or animal, which had existed between the horizons of this desolate ocean, only the three people in the boat were left living and unseparated. It was as if the ties of passion—the hatred and love which entangled them mutually—had physically held them together, so that with the safety of one the lives of the two others were assured.

It must not be supposed that the glow from the fire lighted everything equally, for the swirling smoke-wreaths intercepted the light on all sides; and great black flaring shadows were constantly projected from them for hundreds of yards over the surface of the waves. The heavens above were black as ink, and full of sinister apertures, through which, now and then, a glittering star would make itself visible as the cloud-rack drifted by. Altogether it was a spectacle which in its desolation and grandeur admitted of no mediocrity, everything visible being brought out by the preternaturally wild light of the conflagration, or hidden in the still wilder shadows of the opposing night; but, indeed, in proportion to all this awful vacuity of space and blackness, the flaring and burning of the deserted ship would have seemed scarcely more important than the dim light shed by a glowworm on some dark meadow, while the boat, containing the three people in whose fate this story is concerned, would have seemed a faint indiscernible speck, lost in a circle of lurid radiance, and tossed at will by the invisible wind.

Yet what human utterance can sufficiently describe the rapture and relief in Denver's heart, as Laura gradually began to come back to consciousness. With his eyes blinded, and his brain lost to all that was going on around him, he was supporting her head, chafing her soft hands, and sprinkling the salt water on her temples, when her arms and shoulders moved convulsively, the closed eyelids half-opened, and her lips moved, muttering faintly something that he could not hear at first. Then she said more distinctly, "*Water! water! give me some water; my throat's parched.*"

CHAPTER XI.

O, love, who bewailest

The frailty of all things here,

Why chose you the frailest

For your cradle, your home, and your bier?—*Shelley*.²⁸

Till that one instant, no thought of want had entered his mind; everything had been forgotten, until this word *water* made the blood recoil on his heart. They had none, and he remembered *now* in his despair how he had heard the men calling out to him about the barrel, and how he had neglected to fetch it.

He had endured thirst before in his life, and knew only too well what it was; and a terrible train of probabilities rushed through his mind all in that one instant, as he dashed his hand up against his forehead with an action that had all the wildness and frenzy of desperation about it.

Deborah had turned her face to them with a fierce, harsh gleam in her dark eyes, unwomanly, and fearful to behold.

Once again Laura reiterated her demand faintly. He knelt beside her, and said in a voice so strangely altered that it seemed not to come from his own lips, "*We have no water*. We're adrift on the sea, adrift in an open boat—you, Deborah, and I—and unless we're soon found and picked up—may God be merciful to us!"

As he spoke he lifted her up in his arms, and pointed across the miles of glistening sea, which gleamed with a thousand reflections from the fire. The ship was still burning, though its flames were so low down now that they seemed in places to be springing from the very waves. Even from that distance the warmth fell on their faces like August sunshine. He felt Laura shudder as he supported her; but as her consciousness began more fully to return, she muttered faintly, "I remember now. I fainted when I thought you had been burnt or injured. There was a great flash of

fire in my eyes, but I could see nothing. I don't want to drink now. Oh! it's terrible to look at," she cried, as a full burst of the red flame broke out, lighting up the crests of the waves about their boat more luridly than ever.

In reality, her throat was parched, if she would only have admitted it. But with quick womanly perception she had denied this; following out the instinctive wish that was always uppermost in her mind, not to give pain to him in whose keeping she had entrusted her most secret heart. Even now she knew by the tone of his voice and the look of his features, that she had put him into an agony by her half-conscious request. But not having witnessed all they had gone through, she could not understand the keen pang he winced under, when she lifted her face and pressed her lips with trembling fondness to his bearded chin, saying, "It's not *your* fault that we've been driven out here. *We're still together*. Don't look in that way—it pains me more to see you in pain than to be so myself."

The man pressed her figure to his breast; his eyes lightened, and the moustaches which concealed his lips parted with a kind of ghastly smile in answer to hers, but he kissed her only, and said nothing.

A strange and memorable sight it would have been for anyone who could have watched them thus by the light of the fire, and yet a stranger thing would be a world formed without love.

There was only one other there who could have seen them. Laura turning her face away suddenly from her lover's passionate gaze, uttered an involuntary exclamation, for there was the figure of a second woman in the stern of the boat—a solitary muffled figure in a long red cloak, with her face entirely hidden. There was something suggested by the action of her hands and arms, which made the absence of any features in the covered countenance (despite the form of the nose and brow being faintly indicated) seem more terrible to the imagination than any actual face *could* have been.

Deborah's attitude might have served as a model for one knows not what statue of passion or madness, as she thus crouched with her elbows on her knees, her face low down between her hands, and pressed into the folds of her shawl. It was as though she could not endure to look upon something near her, and yet as though her hidden eyes still reproduced it, causing her still to shrink back from it in imagination.

It was the woman who was to have been her lover's wife.

Her first impulse was to withdraw herself away from him; although the other could not see her, and appeared to be utterly disregarding her presence.

It turned her blanched face even paler, as she noted the gleaming expression in Denver's eyes when *he* also glanced in Deborah's direction. She knew the character of the man she loved, too well to mistake any of the signs of his features; and a sickness seized her heart as she saw the *intense* hatred that was expressed in this one look of his. Yet they both drew together again; and it seemed almost as though Denver were trying to shut out, and hide from her sight all that was passing around them, such a persistent time did he spend kissing and pressing his lips on her eyelids.

Presently, they were once more attracted by a greater crashing and hissing than any that had been audible before. The *Black Swan* might by this time have been over a mile away, though it seemed scarcely half that distance. In some places the fire had burned quite down to the water's edge, and the blackened side-timbers projected upwards from the backbone of the ship, and into the flames, like the charred ribs of some heretic's skeleton, when the flesh is shrivelled away. Two or three blackened and shattered spars (one with its cross-trees still intact), were all that remained of the great forecastle. The sudden crash had been caused by the fall of the mainmast, and the accompanying splutter by the volumes of bright sparks which fell into the sea in consequence. The decks were eaten through and destroyed; and the once vast and stately vessel was now fast dwindling away to a mastless and

emptied hull, half of its strong oaken timbers having melted into smoke, even as water evaporates into steam or mist. This shattered, fire-vomiting mass of timbers, which groaned and fell to pieces with every slight movement of the waves, had once been their home, in which the destiny of those lives had been remodelled.

There is, perhaps, nothing in nature more strange to reflect on than this magic transmutation by fire, which we witness daily with so little thought or comment. To see a substantial object take light and vanish away in flame before our very eyes—not dying invisibly, as our own souls do, but simply vanishing away from sight—while only a disproportionate sediment of its ashes remains behind, *seems* almost miraculous in its way—although to a scientific mind it is simple enough. But never was this perplexing problem brought more abruptly before the human intellect than at present with these two people. Where had the great ship gone to? Neither could tell. It had simply dissolved into flame and smoke.

Alas! what could these ill-fated lovers do, but sit helplessly clasped in each other's arms? Now they were dependent upon themselves; and all human or earthly aid appeared withdrawn from them.

Yet for a man like Denver, it was impossible to remain long in utter despair. That they could ultimately be left to drift to death through the desolate ocean seemed *incredible!* Rain would fall from the clouds above them; they would be picked up by some ship; or they would reach land. All these hopes he whispered hurriedly to Laura, as they sat looking at each other by the light of the now fast-receding fire.

It was plain that the flames were lessened in violence: and their glare, save for a few fits and starts, was growing less bright minute by minute.

Now Denver, looking searchingly into the deepening shadows which surrounded the boat, saw to his astonishment, two or three great splashes of phosphor struck from the waves here and there; one big drop of water fell on his forehead, and a slight pattering shower began all round.

It was rain!

In an instant he had started up, and began hastily considering the best way to collect it, when it should pelt down as he knew it presently would—for the first drops were large and violent, as though presaging a storm. But his heart palpitated with disappointment, for there was not a single utensil capable of holding water in the boat.

All he could do would be to spread out their clothes on the planks in the bottom, and then wait till they were sopping. It would be only a temporary supply, but he had no time to think of that. His own jacket lay where he had cast it down: but he caught it up, and in an instant had spread it out flat. Then he pulled Laura's cloak off her shoulders, doubled it fourfold, and placed it in the most exposed position he could find.

His figure could be seen working hastily by the fast-decreasing light of the fire. Next, he tore his waistcoat off (out of which something fell clinking), and placed that on the thwarts.

After all this had been done, he once more turned to Laura, who had been watching him mutely, hardly understanding what he was about.

His eyes gleamed with excitement as he put his strong arm round her neck, and exclaimed quickly, "You shall have some water, my darling, if you'll only wait a while;—although I don't know how to get at it in this infernal place; if we were only on land it would be different. Would to God it would lighten!" he went on, turning round to examine the remains of the fire-destroyed ship. "The rain's left off; though it'll begin again, I know, by the dampness of the wind; but if the fire goes out beforehand, there'll be no light to see what we're about. I wish it would rain now. Why, I believe the ship *is sinking!* Good God! Laura, look at the steam! *Every chance is against us.*"

CHAPTER XII.

The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of those livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful.—*Paradise Lost*.²⁹

Just as he spoke a dreadful hissing and spluttering became audible, or rather burst on their ears, swelling up into a hideous sound, like the muttering of distant thunder. There was one last glare of light—an almost instantaneous flash, that permitted them to see a vast rolling volume of steam for an instant—then everything seemed to vanish. It was the water, which appeared to be penetrating into the hull, and quelling the fire as it reached it: and then suddenly the darkness fell all around them, for the remains of the burning ship were sucked down, and stifled under the waves.

Two or three sparks were left for a while travelling about overhead, but they soon died out in the gloom. The vortex created over where the *Black Swan* had gone down, gleamed and flashed with phosphor fire, reflected dimly on a few dissolving wreaths of hot steam left whirling over it; but presently the darkness settled again; and everything connecting the boat and its occupants with the lost ship was blotted out in the night.

Laura had shut her eyes, and turned her head away, as if fearing to look upon this last episode in the calamity which had befallen them; only she crouched closer to Denver's side on the bench where they sat. Her eyes (dazzled as they must have been by the abrupt change), would have made a but slight difference to her, open or shut, in the sudden intense blackness they were floating adrift in. The simultaneous loneliness and silence, unbroken by any noise or light whatever, was awful to listen to, or look into. Denver sat speechless and motionless, with his arm still clasping her neck; and for a while they both kept the most complete silence, as

though their minds were utterly overwhelmed with the beginning of the end of the catastrophe.

At last the girl opened her eyes, and looked round timorously into the darkness. The stillness and gloom were both disturbed at once by a heavy plunge of the boat; and a gleaming semicircle of phosphorescent ripples showed all round its prow, dimly lighting up their faces for an instant, in strange contrast to the lurid glow they had been in only one minute before; while Deborah's form appeared at the stern, outlined faintly against the glimmering water. Denver (perhaps feeling the girl tremble against him) took her hand into his own to reassure her; but still he said nothing. He seemed waiting with breathless impatience for something which he expected to happen. She tried to look at his face, but though it was touching her own she could not see it. Instinctively she passed her trembling hand over his features, as though to *feel* his expression, just as a blind person might have done.

Meanwhile, a peculiar hissing and murmuring began to steal softly to her ears, almost inaudible at first, but intensifying by degrees, until once more she began to hear and feel the heavy drops of the rain falling, splash, splash after splash, in both of their faces, all over the boat and into the sea around them.

This was what Denver had been waiting so silently for.

Now, at that moment a most unusual and singular phenomenon appeared, one of those wildly-poetical paradoxes with which nature sometimes mocks our weak perceptions; for the waves of the sea caught fire and were ignited by the wet incessant pelting of the shower; while the white water-flames, spreading from confine to confine, seemed at first as though they would have consumed the frail black boat which drifted in their midst.

Laura uttered an exclamation of perfect terror. The entire surface of the water (as far as could be seen through the blind pelting of the rain) was covered with circles and flashes of bright flaming phosphorus; and the storm still increasing, it

began to dart up in showers from the waves in every direction, and soon was lashed into seemingly incredible fury.

It was as though the sea in its wildly tempestuous triumph and mockery, were mimicking the fire it had quenched with a display of its own mock-fire. Laura's fear-filled eyes, soon tired by the tumultuous and infinite shiftings and dancings of these weirdly-livid flame-showers, almost began to convert the different shapes taken by their ghastly outbursts of luminosity, into the forms of fiends or demons, thus revelling in their ungodly glee over the ruin and desolation they had achieved.

The countless lines of the rain itself, the causer of all this strange disturbance, pelting recklessly down into the blind darkness, were compelled to reflect the vivid sea-illumination high up into the gloom they emerged from; and a soft delicate trembling of light was emitted everywhere.

At the stern end of the boat Deborah again became visible, crouching over as she had been from the first, save that the cloak which she had pulled over her face had now fallen off, and the luminous rain was pelting down on her shoulders and dripping off the loosened locks of her hair.

Before long everything in the boat was drenched through.

Laura's cloak lay in the bottom, where Denver was collecting the rain in its folds. Her uncovered hair was sodden and streaming with the wet; though strange to say (as if by some occult sympathy with the flame of the sea) its dripping tangles were filled with glittering electric sparks, and it crackled as though it were burning.³⁰ The soft wet smell of the rain tantalised her thirst, and unable to wait for Denver, she was pressing the locks one by one to her lips, and sucking them for the moisture they contained.

Her lover had left her side, and was groping about on his hands and knees, spreading out the shawl to catch as much of the rain-shower while it lasted as he could. This time he was resolved that no chance should escape them in their

precarious position merely through *his* negligence, and he worked with trembling diligence. But even now (it having lasted scarcely three minutes) the turbulent rain began to beat in his face less and less violently, till at length it ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun; while the lashed surface of the water calmed down again—though it was still suffused in places by disturbed sheets of its liquid luminosity.

All this scene that has been described was lit up by the weird lights and tremulous reflections that came from the water; but now that these were gone all became dark again. Denver, intent as he had been on his occupation, had now got what he wanted for the time. The shawl was drenched through and dripping.

This he brought carefully to Laura; and he caused her to hold her head back while he endeavoured to squeeze some of the water out of it and into her mouth.

The greater part of this precious liquid was, as might be imagined in such darkness, wasted over her face and throat; yet he managed in some degree to quench and alleviate her thirst. After this he tried to squeeze some into his own dry lips.

No idea ever entered his head of attending to his cousin; he knew that if she chose she could collect the moisture for herself quite as well as they did, but it so happened that Deborah got none of it.

The shawl was at length wrung dry, and he let it fall out of his hands. They were safe from thirst, but only for a few hours, and both knew that well, however hard they tried to disguise their knowledge from each other. As to any thought of saving up the water, it was simply out of the question. He sat down beside Laura, wringing his wet hands dry before he touched her with them, while she sat shaking the remnants of the wet out of her damp hair.

It would be no easy task to define the sinister complication of doubts that possessed them both, as they slowly began to realise their position, so unexpected and terrible did it seem to them. It was not despair, although it might have been akin to

it, and it certainly was not hope. All these events had come about one after another in so brief a space that little room for reflection had been left. He had done all that he was capable of in his bewilderment, simply from instinctive necessity at the moment; but now that they were left with time to consider how they were to act, neither of them could tell. Utterly strange to the sea, Denver was well-nigh as helpless as Laura herself.

They sat together with their clothes wet through—not indeed that this was much thought of, Australian bred as they were; for, strange though it may appear to us English people, it would perhaps never have occurred to them to seek shelter from such a slight shower as this had been. They were composed; but neither seemed to like to utter the thoughts that oppressed them. Terrible stories they had heard long since concerning the survivors of shipwrecks, floated half-realised through their minds, and neither cared to speak of them to the other. It was a dire combination of distrust and uncertainty that they struggled in, and their mutual love perhaps made it all the more terrible. Their existences had as it were been suddenly, from a disquieting dream, merged into a terrible reality!

The fickle wind had now once more fallen away, though such clouds as had not dissolved into the rain-fall had been long since driven off from the sky, so that the depths of the heavens were jewelled all over with piercingly brilliant stars. The atmosphere above seemed at first to be laden with a pallid mist. It being now close upon two o'clock, the quarter moon was about to rise, while a vague haze of light, preceding its appearance, was mingling with the night over the western horizon,¹¹ and spreading gradually up to the deep zenith. The face of the calm ocean was utterly dark and lost; and the boat, save for the weird traces of phosphor emitted round it, was unseen.

Denver and Laura, sitting together, had both begun to talk in a low voice, as though fearing lest Deborah should overhear them. Laura was listening with terror as

he narrated how he had first seen the fire, and how the men had all lost their senses. This she dimly remembered herself, but she knew nothing of what followed—of how he had leapt off the burning ship with her in his arms, and how the two men were left behind.

As he spoke she could tell plainly by the tone of his voice how utterly overcome he was by the dreadful position they were in, although more no doubt on her own account than on his. Come what might, she resolved to die rather than utter one word of complaint to him. A terrible gloom had succeeded the light halo of forgetfulness which their love had cast around them, and yet their passion only seemed to burn more brightly in contrast with it, as they sat clasped side by side on the boat bench, out on the lonely sea. Thus, neither of them caring to move or think, they sat silent for a while, until it became evident that Laura was quite worn out. Gradually, in spite of everything, her head sank against her lover's breast, and she ceased replying to him, while her breathing grew more regular and prolonged, till at length he sat with his arms round her, knowing that she was asleep, and hardly daring to draw a full breath lest the motion of his chest should disturb her. If she had seemed something to worship and wonder at, while waking and moving, how sacred must she have appeared now, fallen asleep for the first time in his arms.

The warmth of their bodies, aided by the sultry atmosphere, had by this time nearly dried their clothes, and the boat was fast drying too. Both were hidden in the night. The dreaming sweetness of the smile on Laura's face was unseen by Denver; she was sleeping, and utterly unconscious of all that was around them.

It was impossible for a man of Denver's temperament to give way to utter despair without knowing the exact reasons for so doing; and he had no *real* knowledge of what their position might ultimately turn to. How were they to support existence? He could not tell; he must wait for the daylight.

Now it is a terrible thing waiting to learn whether despair or hope must prevail. Laura was as a weight which dragged him down continually. He dared not consider what might become of her, and what she, so physically weak, might ere long have to undergo. He remembered his own sufferings from thirst long since, and his heart turned sick within him as he reflected on what two or three days might bring them to.

There was no chance for them on which he dared to calculate sanguinely, though he indeed recollected having heard some of the men on the ill-starred *Black Swan* mention a colonial vessel which they expected to cross, and a glow of hope rose within him for a moment, but only to sink to a deeper despondency, as he thought how slight would be the chance of their meeting, or how likely they were to pass each other in the night unnoticed. How he longed for something to make a signal with (knowing all the while that the boat was empty), or that at least the dark night might clear away so that he could see and think what he was about.

It is clear that no bodily suffering would have broken this man's spirit, but only an intense mental strain. With some men the body is slow to act on the mind, however swift the mind may be to paralyse the body. Thrown without warning amid so strange a complication of physical trouble and mental bewilderment, he required all the resolution and strength of his will to keep himself in courage, and thus a wild alternation of sanguine hope and bitter despondency beset him all that night—though the tendency of his character was to discard hope.

But through all these fluctuations of hope and despair, his intense love for Laura was always uppermost, like the unchanging key-melody in one of Wagner's most wonderful storms of music. He was ever mixing up her image with his own endless plans of escape or pictures of destruction, until, sitting in the boat pondering over these dreadful eventualities, her placid and regular breathing—always in his ears—began strangely to beat time with his own thoughts, and gradually a benumbing

drowsiness stole over his mind, giving strange aspects to the ceaseless evolutions of his brain. Once he roused himself thinking of Deborah as she sat at the other end of the boat, and of the fate that seemed to bind them together, with some of his old unreasoning resentment, despite the dreadful position they were both in. Some nameless suspicions seemed to enthrall, almost to stupify him; but Deborah kept herself quiet in the stern of the boat, giving no token of her presence.

But Laura's breathing always came regularly. Listening to the sound which was so sweet to him, he grew at length utterly tired out with unproductive thinking and planning, tired out in body and brain, till he almost began to slumber himself.

Indeed, it was no use keeping awake, ever turning over and re-examining vain conjectures as to what fate had in store for them, and only realising the terrible uncertainty of not knowing whether to hope or to despair: all he could do would be to endeavour to ward off such tangible peril as really did present itself. He knew that he required sleep now to enable him to begin the next day with sufficient energy and courage. He had been reflecting how he could manufacture a fishing-line, and so procure nutriment that would save them for awhile. He had arranged a plan to carry this out by daylight, and a vague glow of hope seemed rising over the horizon of his mind.

His tired head sank lower and lower till at last he roused himself with an effort, and lifted Laura's unconscious form into the bottom of the boat. Still leaving his arm round her neck to serve as a pillow, he lay down beside her. The girl's thin hands still clung lightly round him, and her sleeping face fell against his own. So in the deep night, swaying gently on the dark face of the ocean, these two fell asleep together for the first time in their lives; and the glittering stars looked down into the darkness.

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Denver's sleep was dreamless; yet he always retained consciousness of an oppression weighing him down, such as there inevitably is upon a man who slumbers between the pauses of difficulty and trouble.

There can be nothing sadder than to wake up from this condition, and lie striving vainly to recall the causes of the depression and sorrow which hangs over the spirit, until suddenly the reason dawns on the remembrance, enlarged and intensified, as it were, by the effect of the gloomy twilight in which the mind then is.

Beyond this, however, he made no sign; he lay still, his heart beating violently, sick with perplexity, and knowing not what to do.

But soon his natural weariness reasserted itself; and lulled by the soft soothing of the waves, he fell asleep again, this time utterly and dreamlessly.

In the meantime, casting its shadow through space, the great earth spun swiftly on its course in the eternal flood of sunlight it revolves through; and on the side which came nearest the sun, the night and the glimmering moonlight began slowly to give way before the dawn. Gradually a kind of pale reflection of daylight diffused itself over the sea, and where the conflicting waves splashed, their tropical flame became hardly visible: only the bubbles of foam created here and there, looked white and brilliant even to weirdness, contrasted with the grey extent of water they were sprung from. The deep dark colour, where the sides and hollows of the restless waves reflected the sky above, gave an almost immeasurable idea of the depth of the ocean, on which the old-fashioned boat could be seen dimly adrift. Everywhere this pale and colourless ocean extended, dark in the centre, and towards the north-west (where, even now, the verge of the horizon could scarcely be distinguished from the sky beyond it); while, towards the south-east, the sky was brightening perceptibly with a faint resplendence of pallid light. The clouds were all blown off in the wind, or dissolved into the late rainfall; but round the cleared zenith, the heavens were heavy with night and shadow; here the clustering stars still shone resplendent, though they were growing

less bright as they neared the greyness of the coming dawn; while the dim quarter-circle of the moon grew more vaporous than ever, as it still rose over the southern sky.

More than these faint indications, there were still no absolute signs of the coming of the sun; save that now the same increasing paleness began slowly and imperceptibly to detach such objects as were to be seen out of the oblivion the night had plunged them into; and that the defined circle of dark in the upper sky perceptibly receded. For more than an hour the light in the east had gone on concentrating, until without any previous warning, a profuse irradiation and flush of yellow effulgence was emitted over the horizon, spreading across the heavens to the very zenith and changing everything; while an intensely brilliant point of light, from whence all this radiation proceeded, shone out over the confines of the palpitating waves like a touch of intense fire, lighting up the ocean simultaneously from glittering crest to crest in a long line towards the desolate boat. Only one figure, that of Deborah, was visible in it, looking at the sunrise, which glowed on her pale face, and shading her eyes with her arm.

Strange was it to note this lonely boat abroad on the waters, with just this one figure visible above its gunwale. Presently this woman turned her face away from the sun, and a terrible expression came over it; for she was watching the faces of the two sleepers who lay on the planks on the bottom.

The wild incessant light of the sunrise went on increasing: a red globe of glowing fire was now half-detached from the dim verge of the horizon, and soon it had consumed the last lingering evidence of night. The sea was turned to a deep blue; while the pale sky, harmonising with it, was inexpressibly lovely in its different cadences and modulations of tone and colour.

Soon, still hanging low above the waves, the full disc of the sun, glittering in its blinding effulgence, shone over everything: and in half-an-hour more its light fell

slantingly over the gunwale of the boat. It gleamed on Denver's face, and reached his pupils through his shut lids. He awoke, and separating himself from Laura's arm without awakening her, he rose to his feet, looking round on the dreary scene.

So the longed-for day broke over the salt waves of the glistening ocean.

CHAPTER XIII.

I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.—*Richard III.*³²

Laura still seemed to sleep, and he did not wake her; but after standing awhile examining the sky and the sea, he bent down and picked up the cast-off cloak, which had lain disused during the warmth of the night, and then began searching carefully through its seams and folds, as though with some set purpose. Next, he felt in his pockets for his knife: but it was gone, and he began picking the thread out as well as he could with his fingers and teeth. In this way, by knotting and plaiting fragments together, he made shift to get four or five yards of strong pack-thread.

This was to form a fishing-line.

Once, while his work was going on, he bent over the side of the boat, peering down into the depths of the blue water; but he could see nothing there. The sea was as clear as crystal, and his eyes plunged deeper and deeper into the weltering flood, until it all became hazy, and he could see no further.

The line was made fast to one of the pegs that the oars move in; and then he began to look about him. A hook must be made.

His eye was caught by some object glittering in the folds of the shawl; and leaning down, he found a small silver brooch there, with a strong pin to it. In an instant he had caught it up, and plucked the pin out of it, and this he fashioned with his teeth, until it was bent into the form required. Then it was made fast at the end of the line.

In the meantime, so intent was he on this work, that he had not noticed how Laura Conway was awake. She was roused by his movements, for every step he made caused the frail boat to quiver from stern to prow, as it hung on the clear waves.

He was trying to think what he should bait the hook's point with, when he looked up, and saw her rising in a bewildered manner.

The poor girl seemed scarcely to know where she was at first; and then she caught sight of Deborah, half lying and half sitting in the stern.

There was a kind of empty and doorless locker, the top of which formed a bench that her face lay on, supported by her left arm. The right hung down passively by her side, the fingers twitching at intervals. The rest of her body was on the planks, and she was just high enough to look over the low gunwale.

Laura's face resumed the paleness which seemed habitual to it now as she came and sat down by his side on the only other bench in the boat; she still, however, watched Deborah, as though unable to take her eyes off.

Denver looking anxiously about him all the while, could think of nothing better for a bait than to tear pieces off his woollen shirt-sleeve, and to prick his arm with the hook so as to soak them in blood. This he did; and a few drops of the red liquid fell on each, staining them through. Now it must be remembered that sea fish will bite almost at a bare hook itself, and that the lure he had provided for them would have sufficed to attract swarms from the water around the boat.

Fastening the rag on, he next dropped the line over the side: but it only floated there. He had to pull it back, and fasten the broken brooch on it before it would sink. Then, with his finger trembling on the line, his heart beating with anxiety while he waited the result, he turned round to Laura. She was still gazing half in amazement and half in fear at his cousin; but she that was looked at neither moved nor looked back, only her dark eyes gazed vacantly (with a kind of half-smothered and sombre fire in them) out across the glittering waves, while her lips moved occasionally, though without sound coming from them. It seemed, indeed, as though her own frantic words had come true, and that the events she had passed through really *had* reduced her to insanity. There seemed something in her presence that

always acted like a spell over poor Laura whenever they met—just as the wild singing ceases through the woods and all is hushed when a hawk sweeps overhead in decreasing circles. Yet it seemed as if fate were never weary of bringing these two in more literal contact with each other every day of their lives. But now Deborah took no notice of her, and seeing this, she began to regain confidence. The dark-complexioned black-haired woman with her jealous face and fiery eyes inspired her with almost the same kind of instinctive terror that one feels on sight of some venomous reptile.

But she felt that Denver's strength of will was so near to protect her, that she presently threw off all restraint in speaking to him; or, at least, all such as was not self-imposed by her own natural modesty and bashfulness; though it is probable that if Deborah had once looked at her, the same influence would have been resumed. Far from being able to look at them, however, she seemed hardly able to bear being looked at herself. Some subtle instinct seemed to tell her whenever their faces were turned in her direction; and even though they were not looking directly at *her*, she seemed as ill at ease as a wild animal. Once or twice an involuntary impulse caused Denver to turn round, gazing at her as though she had fascinated him, and with a look of unyielding repugnance in his face; but, otherwise, he seemed to accept her presence passively—just as a kind of fate, which must be dumbly endured without reasoning or resistance.

So Laura, timidly at first, but with gathering confidence as she observed Deborah's lassitude and apathy, began to talk with Denver, and to allow him to caress her, and wind the fond fingers of his free hand through the ripples of her hair.

Yet, God knows, it seemed to neither of them a time for triviality; they both knew well that their lives hung upon a straining cord, *literally upon the line Denver was fishing with*, and despite the mutual love which at times asserted itself, transmuting everything in their faces and voices into its own tone, despite this, neither

could hide from the other the trouble and anxiety on their minds.

Nearly a full hour must have passed, during which Denver had succeeded in making, with Laura's assistance, another line, getting the necessary thread from the skirt of her dress, and fashioning the hook from a hair-pin.

Laura herself held this one, and so they patiently waited a longer while yet, neither of them speaking, and always without success.

Suddenly (not having rightly seen how the hooks were baited, or perhaps wishing to divert his mind from the gloom his face must have shown it was harbouring) she asked him what they had at the ends of the lines.

"A rag stained with blood," he replied.

"*Your own blood!*" she exclaimed, looking at him with such intense fear, that he almost smiled, in spite of the sickening anxiety that was growing in his heart, but he only made a motion with his head in reply.

Twenty or thirty minutes more passed, he with one line, she with the other, and neither of them said a word.

Again Laura spoke, "There's nothing on my line, Denver. Has nothing touched yours?"

"Nothing."

He was evidently not in a talkative mood, but presently she again essayed to rouse his attention:

"Put some of *my* blood on the hooks, maybe it would attract them more than yours, Gabriel."

There was something almost ludicrous in the feminine simplicity and confidence with which this was said, and in the way she bared one of her beautiful wrists and held it out to him, but in the place in which they were uttered, there was a significance in her words and in her action which made them terrible.

As to Denver, he merely smiled in her face, half bitterly and half tenderly, and then the lines of his countenance relapsed into their somewhat more than serious expression, while he took her outstretched hand in his own, pressing it at intervals with his fingers, and went on watching silently and intently the water in which the line drifted.

She noticed that his hand trembled at times, and there was something so strangely anxious added to the habitual earnestness of his features, that she hardly dared to take her eyes off him as they sat together.

He was thinking over the preceding day's excitement and terror that had thus rendered them castaways. Something caused him suddenly to look up at Deborah, in one of those impulses before described, but Laura's face and eyes assumed a look of terror at the fierce expression shown in his, for she dreaded him to meet Deborah's gaze even more than she herself did, and she laid her hand on his arm as though its touch could distract and break up his reverie.

The reality of their position was growing terrible to them.

It must now, to judge by the sun's position, have been nearly noon. An almost imperceptible breeze blew over the surface of the sea in slight wave-ruffling gusts, and served a little to atone for the flame-heat on their bare heads and lightly clad bodies, but it brought no cloud with it. The sky was utterly denuded and cloudless (save for one faint white speck, just touching the waves, where the moon was sinking) and its paleness at dawn was now changed to a colour as deep and brilliant as the manifold tones of the ocean beneath; not the vaguest hint of the morning's grayness remained.

The very waves seemed palpitating with the heat. Whenever the boat plunged slightly, as it now and then did, a dash of lukewarm spray was cast in their faces.

Now that the full noon-tide glare showed the vast proportions of the water and firmament, the boat with those in it (Deborah lying or leaning in the stern,

Denver with his careworn features, and the other girl with her beautiful face and her hair flaming red in the sun) looked fearfully diminished and lonely. To Denver and Laura, the imprisoning walls of the blue horizon and the still bluer sky beyond, became perfectly insufferable in their unbroken monotony. A soul-benumbing sensation of utter helplessness gained upon them as the tedious day wore away.

They were absolutely without anything in the boat save their clothes. Denver's watch, his knife, and his telescope (things that he invariably had with him) were all left behind in the cabin of the destroyed ship. Only out of one of his pockets nearly twenty or thirty guinea-pieces and some old Spanish pieces of eight, still in colonial circulation,³³ had fallen and lay unheeded and valueless in the bottom of the boat.

How many times Denver stood up gazing intently all round the smooth, unchanging horizon, always hopelessly and futilely, it would be impossible to say. Multitudinous times his heart started within him, and his brain turned dizzy again with the recoil of his sudden hope, while some horizon wave, bearing its crests of foam white in the sun, took for an instant the semblance of a sail, ere it subsided again and was lost, and how many times did his eyes, foiled, and haggard, and desperate, return baffled to Laura's face again!

It indeed would be hard to tell, totally unused to scanning the sea and its signs as he must have been, how often he was thus deluded into false hope by some unusual and transitory appearance, while ever his inward despair grew with each successive disappointment.

The day wore slowly on, the sun was over their heads at the zenith, and then long past them on the other side again. Every three or four minutes they had to wet their heads to assuage the heat, longing all the while that they could only dare to put the cool moist sea-water between their dry thirst-bitten lips, for thirst, at first an inconvenience, now began to grow intolerable. Denver at last bethought him of stretching the cloak like an awning from thwart to thwart in the narrow prow, so as

to obtain shelter for Laura underneath it.

This was done, but first some whispered conversation took place between them, she seemingly urging him to carry out some request, something which he was very unwilling to comply with, until at last she said, in a voice strangely decided for her, "If *you* don't, *I* will!"

At this he stepped reluctantly up the boat to where his cousin was sitting, and spoke some words to her. She took no notice of him the first time. Again he reiterated what he had said, "The sun will scorch you to death unless you come under the shelter we have made."

Then she turned her head and looked at him with a face that made him start, so dreadful was the contempt it seemed to express.

"*Die where you choose,*" she only said, "*Die where you will, I choose to die here.*"

After such a speech as this, both he and Laura saw that it was useless to address her again. She was mad.

Denver himself refused positively to lie down under the cloak, and sat silently in the hot open air. He was too used to the sun to fear sun-stroke, but presently the fitful gusts of wind beginning to strengthen, cooled somewhat the sultry atmosphere.

The two lines were continually slack, several times he had gashed the brown hair-covered skin of his arm to resoak the baits with his blood, but all his exertions seemed thrown away. The blue water appeared to be deserted by all animal life. Again and again the red stains were washed out of the rags, and at last he grew hopeless, and almost gave up attending to them.

Since the daylight had really permitted him to think and act without prejudice, a deep soul-benumbing sense of despondency had taken hold of him, and begun to enervate his whole moral being. His strong keen eyes were worn out and blinded with

trying to pierce the blank confines where the faultlessly modelled dome of the sky seemed to rest on the waves. The pallid day-moon that hung so like a fleck of cloud in the mid air, was now no longer to be seen, and the scorching sunlight blinded and maddened him. He remained silent and motionless for a while, with his brown sinewy wrists and hands twisted over his face, but after some time he got up, and unable to resist some inner impulse, he lifted gently a corner of the shawl so as to look on Laura's face and figure for a moment.

She lay half-sleeping with closed eyes, and there was a frightened look on her features which, moreover, were slightly stained by the sun into a complexion which in no way diminished her beauty. Just at her neck a button was undone, and over the apple of her throat, otherwise whiter than ivory itself, a brown rim showed where the sun had reached. The whole head lay enframed in its rich profusion of warm golden hair, which glittering where the sunlight fell upon it, lay spread out on the concave boards and rippling round her face like an aureole.

As the lover bent over this spectacle of his mistress' beauty, a tumult of wild agony mastered his soul, and showed visibly in all his features, as his imagination realised the slow and lingering death which might be, even now, environing her. He put the cloak back without seeming to disturb her, and once more sat down, twisting his hands over his face, as if in a spasm of internal pain. All his blind infatuated tenderness and still blinder love could do nothing for her, unless help came to them; but he would be reduced to sitting helplessly at her side, watching her die a death of lingering pain, and all he would be able to do would be to kiss her uselessly, and wait till the end. This time *yesterday* on board the becalmed ship he would have shuddered and turned pale at the mere suggestion of such a prospect, but *now* with it visibly before him, he sat as if he were stupified or stunned.

By the position of the sun it must have now been about six in the evening. In another hour it would set and leave them in total darkness again; but for the

present there were no signs of the evening, and everything glittered still with undiminished though slightly mellowed power of light. Laura still lay motionless, and Denver sat watching by her, always revolving idle conjectures which ended in nothing, save in producing a still gloomier view of their situation every time that he considered it. At times he strained his eyes into the cloudless and now yellowing depths of the sky, in the vain hope of discovering any vague particle of mist or vapour which might serve to indicate rain, for his thirst tortured him and made it terrible for him to look on the tantalising sea-water.

Everywhere he was baffled. The depths of his own heart, the unblemished sky, and the unbroken horizon lines, brought nothing but discouragement and deeper dejection to him. Yet at times it seemed so impossible that such a fate could environ him and Laura, after all the protestations that had passed between them, and all the mutual love and hope they had for each other, that once he began inadvertently to laugh.

It was a mere twitching of the facial muscles; but to anyone who could have seen this, it would have seemed as though the workings of madness were in his brain, caught from his cousin Deborah's, for madness *is* infectious, like any other disease.³⁴

Meanwhile the sun sank lower and lower, and its rays slanting, horizontally across the waves, showed the workings in his sunburnt face lowering out in deep shadow and intense glow, till it would have become fearful to contemplate. The shadow of the boat stretched further and further along the golden waves, till at last the burning rim of the sun touched, joined, and dipped into the sea, then began slowly and steadily to disappear, and so palpably, it seemed, that anyone in the boat might almost have looked to see the steam of boiling water rise in the sky.

A long train of scintillating glitter travelled over the foam and greenery of the sea, and arrived dancing and flashing up to the boat, as in mad glee and mockery of

the two figures, a man and woman, who sat clasped together in her prow—Laura with her hair spread over Denver's neck, and two or three tangles of it, bright with the dying sun, blown and streaming in the wind, their faces pressed one to another, and lit up into a kind of wild enthusiasm.

For a while they had forgotten even their wretchedness in their great love, for with nothing else in the world they had at least *that* to satiate them.

It was a beautiful and yet a terrible picture, taken with its inward meanings and outward surroundings!

Their faces were set to the light of the sun, and Deborah, being behind them, received their shadows full over her. She had turned, and was looking at them clasped as they were together. There was a kind of fiercely sinister smile on her lips and in her dark, deep-set eyes—such a look of exulting malice and mockery that one knows no words to describe it with. Then the expression changed into one of intense hatred, and she sank back again into her old position.

It is peculiar to this latitude that darkness swiftly and simultaneously comes with the sinking of the sun.³⁵ Even now the night, hardly restrained by the radiation of the last glittering fire-point visible, began to sweep in long reaches of gloom over the hollows made by the profoundly heaving ocean, while the faint clusters of stars gleamed forth, slowly brightening down from the dark depth of the zenith till they reached the verges of the sea.

Soon the limitless surface of the sea, still hot with the sun, was bathed and enveloped in the coolness and secresy of night; and for that whole day these three had touched no nutriment.

CHAPTER XIV.

I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.—*Richard III.*³⁶

Nothing now happened during the evening, all was dark and silent over the sea. The boat still drifted with the wind, to what point of the compass it would be impossible to say, till moon-rise; undulating slightly, and splashing the waves here and there, it left a glimmering, half-seen trail of phosphor behind it, like a line drawn in the dark by a wet lucifer-match.

Just after sunset, a thick band of clouds rose over the sky, veiling such dim light as was shed by the stars, and everything was in utter obscurity. Miles away from them, in one place, the sea grew all alive with pale fire, and the clouds opened, displaying the sky far away overhead as though one of them had dissolved into rain, but neither Laura nor Denver noticed this, and the stars were soon hidden again. They both sat together straining their eyes into the blind darkness, the fever of thirst burning into their very brains, he wearying his hot lips with useless kisses on hers, and she leaning passively in his arms.

About midnight, utterly worn out and tired, they both lay down in the bottom of the boat and tried to sleep.

Hunger and thirst had perceptibly weakened Laura, who was naturally of a delicate constitution; whenever he took her hands in his own they were limp and powerless, while their pulses beat languidly and slowly. In a while she began to slumber.

But there could be no rest to Denver's sedulous, self-torturing conscience and brain. It was frightful to lie there, feeling starvation and death environing and creeping upon them from every side, and if his mind had suffered from the confinement of the horizon lines by day, how much more acute the same feeling became now that

he was shut in and blinded by the darkness. It was a morbid sensation which grew upon him till he imagined at times that he could scarce stretch out his hands without bruising them against the solid confines which appeared to envelope him, and this nervous feeling so grew upon him at last that it seemed as though he were buried alive with Laura, and he pressed her tight in his arms in a kind of insanity.

Turning his face upwards, however, with a profound sense of refuge and relief, his eyes always found a resting-place between the narrow sides of the boat, in the countless clusters of constellations which glittered at times through the changeful openings of the clouds overhead, till, watching them over-intently, his sight, weakened by too much effort, caused them to swim and dance one with another like fire-flies. Once he caught himself asking almost out loud if it was the stars that were moving or the clouds. It even gave him a dull sort of pleasure to lie there, half overcome by sleep, looking up and speculating as to where they would appear next, while the rack slowly travelled by. Hunger endured for a while becomes strangely soporific and paralysing on the nerves, and this lack of energy which it causes is one of the chief reasons why people starve so easily in the midst of great cities. There is even some slight pleasure to be obtained from it, for a starving man sees visions like an opium-eater's.

Laura all this while slept uneasily if dreamlessly, for all sleep is said to be dreamless till the moment of wakening up, but her restless respiration showed the unsettled condition of her mind. Denver himself at intervals caught a little sleep, but no rest or repose; for always some disconnected idea or dream possessed his brain, causing him to wake with its oppression. Once he was wandering in a burning forest; he had lost the track, and got more entangled in its fiery mazes each minute, and all the while he was carrying Laura in a swoon. He dashed wildly between the great blazing trees, warding off the burning branches with his bare arm; and then again he was wandering in the same wood, before it had been devastated by the fire. He was

pushing wildly through the leaves in search of Laura, whom he had accidentally lost sight of and never recovered. Nowhere could he find the vaguest trace of her, but at last he reached the side of a deep pool or tarn among the rocks, and just as he was bending down over it to quench his thirst, he recognised her sweet flushed face, smiling to him from its depths. Not for one instant remembering that it must merely be the reflection of some person standing behind him, he flung himself into the water and sank as though he were paralysed; and while he was sinking through its depths, he dimly perceived a blurred female figure standing on the bank above wringing her hands. It was Laura, who had been following him all the while, he thought; and he struggled wildly to climb through the water and reach her, but he failed, and seemed to lose all consciousness. When he came to again the scene had changed. He had lost his way on the "Split Stones"* in a dark, starless night, and was once more carrying Laura in his arms, expecting every moment to lose his footing and be dashed to pieces over the rocks below.

But he always woke up just as some catastrophe was about to occur. Then feeling that he really embraced her in safety, a wild tumult of joy would possess his soul, yet dying again swiftly, like a flash of lightning, as the knowledge of the reality, out of which his dream had formed an allegory, came back to him. These short and interrupted dreams became so painful to him at last, that his whole attention was occupied in preventing himself from dozing off again into one of them.

The broken-up clouds once more slowly drifted off in the wind over the horizon, and presently the largely-increased quarter-moon rose over the sea with a

*An enormous geological formation of shattered disjointed rock strata and precipices near where he had lived. A kind of inferior coal (or anthracite) was dug from the side of one of the hills there.³⁷

glittering trail of silver scintillant light. When it was high enough for its brightness to reach the bottom of the boat, it lit up dimly their apparently sleeping forms. Laura had separated and woven, as it were, two cords out of her golden hair, and had wound them round Denver's neck in a lustrous tangle so as to bind his face still beside her own. It seemed like an exquisitely tender effort to assure him (when speech failed in sleep) of her still unyielding love; but his face looked worn and haggard, and in the moonlight it could be plainly seen that he was not sleeping. Each new token of her passion for him only served to deepen his profound wretchedness. It was not the mere sense of compassion created by love for her beauty and youth, or the idea—terrible to us as it is—of such a frail flower as Laura Conway withering and dying of hunger and drought, which moved him so, because now her beauty was a thing all but forgotten and swept away in the mad torrent of his passion. His love was an intense, intangible, unintelligible worship, of which he could have explained no more than that it existed. It might have been her beauty which ensnared him at first, but *now* the object of his love was changed to something incorporate and invisible—for it was her soul, her own personal identity, transmuted and fused into his own, which he loved; and it was the idea of this soul, common to each of them as it was, having to sunder and disperse in the mystery of death which maddened him beyond all measure of control.

He lay there trying to calm himself after each mental outburst of horror and passion, yet hardly daring to stir in his position, lest it should disturb Laura's sleep, which, as it was, seemed as uneasy as the waves of a sea under the gusts of some unexpected wind. After a while he carefully left her side, untying the entangled hair without waking her, and stood up in the boat.

Two or three more weary hours passed thus. At intervals he could be seen getting up and feeling the lines by a sort of mechanical impulse; but his labour was always without result. He sat with his elbows on his knees, and his chin resting on

his hands, always looking restlessly into the luminous haze of the moonlight; for a sudden fear had struck him that some ship might pass them without sign or knowledge of their presence, unless he kept continually on the watch. One might have gone by even while he was sleeping. It would be impossible to describe the agony and weariness and despair with which this idea beset him, while he watched uselessly till the faint undefined indications of the dawn, growing greyer and greyer, began to consume the darkness, until at length the golden sun itself rose, and in its splendour and might changed the bright moon to a faint wan fleck lost in the delicate purple of the morning sky.

Then he turned hopelessly from the sea and sat watching Laura's face by the increasing light. He was glad that she should still be sleeping and unconscious: it was best for her to be so. He did not wish to disturb her.

Denver, perhaps, was not aware that looking intently on a slumbering face will invariably awaken it; but presently the wan countenance of the sleeper, disturbed by the magnetism of his gaze, turned wearily up to his.

The keen edge of her thirst had quite drowned all sense of hunger, and itself after a while had turned into a kind of dull somnolent sickness which seemed to consume her whole frame, making her eyes and brain giddy, so that as she now strove to rise, she fell back again, pressing her hands to her face and brows, while Denver bent down over her.

The sight of this made him apparently desperate; for a sudden thought came to him, and he drew up the line hanging idly from the boat, and taking the hook at the end cut with it a gash in his left arm.

The red blood spurted out, though with feeble flow. Then holding Laura's head up with his right hand, he tried to set this to her lips.

They were covered with red before, in her weak state, she could tell what he was about (for she had shut her eyes to avoid the sudden influx of morning light);

but when she really understood what he wished to do, a fit of irrepressibly violent shuddering seized her, and passed through her entire frame; and she shrank and struggled away from him, and fell back in a swoon.

Her lips and teeth were tightly closed, he could not dis sever them; and the blood on his arm congealed, and ceased flowing after a while.

It might be said that for a time, hanging over her and kissing her wildly, he lost his reason. Once he rose to his feet in a kind of frenzy, and made a couple of steps towards Deborah, for he fancied that he had heard a low stealthy laugh. There was a terrible fire in his eyes, but his face turned all bloodless, and he went back to Laura again, and clasped her in his arms, trembling all over, and calling piteously upon her name.

If she were dead, he resolved to jump over into the sea with her.

But at length a vague and faint reappearance of vitality stole like a pale flame over her face, and her senses returned to her.

Denver was too sick at heart to be the first to speak, until she said faintly, "O! my head, my head aches! put some water on my forehead: I'm going to be ill! Why did you frighten me by cutting your arm? it makes me sick. Lay me down on the boards, Gabriel."

He laid her down as she asked, making a pillow for her head out of his jacket, rolled up with the cloak; and she lay there nearly the whole day. Later on, as the sun grew hotter, he took the cloak away again, and spread it out from gunwale to gunwale, so as to shelter her. All the time he did nothing but hang over her, keeping her hot forehead wet with sea-water, and blowing on it with his dry lips to make it cool.

There was nothing to look at in the shining sultry waves of the sea, and he was sick of hauling in the empty lines. They were useless. The pallid moon sank unnoticed at noontide, while he still sat over Laura, hardly knowing what he was

about: and his face became more and more haggard and wild-looking in his despair, as he saw she grew weaker and weaker hour by hour. She scarcely spoke now, her eyes were shut, and a slight, each time fainter, pressure of the hand was the only sort of communication which passed between them for several hours.

The morning had now long changed into noon; and at last the red sun dipped into the waves and sank.

This time there was a lurid purple band of mist or vapour flaming all round the western horizon; and by the reflections in this, a sort of twilight was prolonged for a while: and then the night came utterly.

Laura still lay where Denver had placed her. He himself, worn out, but sleepless, lay down at her side: but he dared not slumber, lest she should rouse and speak to him. At last, the darkness was a little dispelled by the light of the coming moon. Their white faces and dark figures could be seen dimly in the dusk of the boat, while Deborah still remained in sight above the gunwale. She seemed scarcely to have changed her position from the first.

Now, if Denver could have retained the heart and courage to have continued looking into the darkness, he would have seen (just as the moon began to rise), the shadowy white form of a ship, all dim and blurred in the night, save for its signal lamps. Its sails, braced up fore and aft, showed luminously and half transparent, for the ever-increasing light was on the farther side of it. It looked more like the spectre of a vessel than a real one: but presently, sailing right before the wind, it crossed the low-hanging moon, on which the light of the sun now fell in a semi-circle; and though it may seem incredible, a deep shadow overspread the boat, travelling in a long line across the sea, as if a passing cloud had obscured the light; while, at the same time, the dark silhouette of a three-masted vessel appeared, plainly defined against the light sky. Then it passed, shifting its course so that the moonlight fell on its sails in a way to be seen from the boat. It was scarcely a mile distant, and was

still running right ahead with the light changeable wind.

But Denver was too utterly and sullenly hopeless to sit straining his eyes into the darkness on this third night, as he had done on the second; and sailing fast, the vessel passed miles and miles away into the tenebrous atmosphere: first, its form disappeared, then its lamps. Deborah either could not, or would not see it, although her face was turned in its direction.

Truly, a decree of destiny seemed to hang over Denver and all connected with him!

The morning's light came silently, and found Laura by then well nigh too weak to move from her position in the bottom of the boat, where she lay like a frail flower thrown down and broken by the wind.

It could not be said that she felt now the exact sensations of hunger and thirst in themselves, for, as has been shown, they had in some degree passed away, and been replaced by an intolerable brain-oppressing weight of sickness and dizziness ever increasing, so that her weak limbs could scarce have supported her had she tried to stand.

It was a shocking change to have taken place in one so young and fair as Laura; and all in the space of three days. The bright eyes were sunken and lustreless, the beautiful oval lines of her face were worn and hollow, while her small cheek-bones and chin showed sharp through the wasting flesh. The tangled hair alone preserved its old profusion and beauty.

It was a strangely piteous sight to witness, for with her life, her beauty in nowise seemed to ebb; and yet she was so fast weakening now, that as she lay in the bottom of the boat (her head and neck stretched back, and supported on a wooden block meant for the rowers to set their feet to), she was fast becoming incapable of motion, if not insensible.

The approach of death in circumstances like these is so gradual that in the enervated condition of the body and mind consequent on their exhaustion the sufferer hardly believes in its presence, until, having undermined every stay to vitality, it springs forth swift as a tropical twilight, and all is over.

Naturally, weak constitutions give way sooner than strong ones: and this is why, in contrast to Laura, Denver still managed to keep his strength, though his spirit was broken, and on his soul a blind unreasoning despair was settled. The sight of her sufferings rendered his worn face haggard and fierce as a starving wolf's. But it was no use struggling. All seemed to him as the working out and development of some predestined fate, only in the deep heart of his fatalistic nature he cursed the pitiless immovable spirit or master of his destiny—cursed and cursed again with a scowl on his forehead, and a blaze of fire reilluminating his sunken eyes, as he hung pressing his lips wildly on Laura's fever-parched forehead. Indeed, he was scarcely responsible for his actions.

In the bottom of the boat between Laura and where Deborah lay, mad and sullenly alone, there was a cleared space of some seven or eight feet. In this, when not hanging over Laura (with eyes flaming like a panther's over its wounded and dying mate), Denver managed to pace backwards and forwards continually. It was a procedure which seemed terribly natural to him; for truly the strain upon his reason had well nigh broken it, and only his fierce southern animal nature retained its empire over his brain.

The girl still uttered no word of complaint, but this made the visible alteration in her life and strength all the more agonising to witness. He shuddered, and dared not again offer her his own blood in dread lest he should frighten her into another swoon; and he remembered dreadful stories of men whose thirst had been tantalised to madness by drinking from each other's veins. Indeed, human blood does *not* quench thirst.

In the course of Denver's life, violent by nature as he was, he might often have thought of suicide as the preferable escape in certain emergencies of suffering or trouble; but it is well known that such men always look on death with dread, when it comes by any save their own choice, for suicide has been indeed well defined as "the strongest utterance of desire for life which the human will can evince."³³

Therefore it is no strange thing that Denver looked forward to the death which seemed to await them both with a nameless horror and shuddering. It was terrible to watch the way his mind struggled against its doom, and found innumerable reasons to cling to and yearn for prolongation of life, and yet could believe in no possible evasion of the sentence that had gone forth against it. His soul was as a prisoner pleading for grace at the inexorable bar of destiny. Had he not everything in life to live for?—why should he die before his time? Looking at his life in the abstract with all its petty restrictions lost sight of in the far distance, where it seemed receding from him, it now made no such unhappy appearance as it had seemed to in the querulous unquiet dream he had lived in on board the ship. He saw that he still loved Laura, and that she reciprocated his passion with an intensity which few others have experienced in this weary, satiated world: he knew that they could still be happy together—unutterably happy! and that they were now dying without excuse or reason.

To die, to cease to exist, to look at his brown sinewy arm (still with its old useless strength in it), and feel that in a while he would be without power over its movements! To use his vision now, but think that in a while his eyes would darken till they could no longer see Laura's face, and that his ears would no longer hear her voice—that voice which once thrilled through his whole soul! To live still, and yet know that his senses were beginning to ebb like a sinking tide, or to dissolve like a pool of sea-water left behind by the retreating waves, and sucked up by the power of the sun! To lie as if paralysed, in helpless contemplation of the future unlive days, while the present ones slowly darkened and vanished around him! To

leave the life before him so miserably unfulfilled!—it made him like some thirst-maddened animal tantalised by a transitory desert mirage.

It was too terribly incredible for belief.

Then he started up, gazing wildly on the monotonous blankness of the sky and at the smooth glistening sea, like a man who expects to emerge from some dream which is stifling his very soul to death.

All was vacant: the gleaming waves mocked his eyes everywhere, while the horizon-line stretched endlessly round the sky without hint or signal of any relief for him.

The same dull, inarticulate despair returned on him. It was useless to struggle against destiny, and he went and laid himself down beside Laura with the intention of awaiting his end there.

He had covered her up with a cloak to keep the sun off, and she never moved or spoke. After a while he got up suddenly and began pacing the boat again, praying in his heart that he might not die before Laura—not with the mere selfish desire of preserving his life to the uttermost, but because his excited and morbid imagination had drawn a terrible picture of his own dead form lying in the bottom of the boat with Laura still living at the other end of it—perhaps calling to him while he was unable to answer: and this thought made his fevered blood run cold. It has been said before that he had made up his mind, *if the worst should come to the worst*, that he would jump into the sea with her and drown himself, and now he began to imagine how they would be tossed about in the ground-currents under the green water, dragged through the long oozy seaweed and driven from rock to rock by the restless waves—dead and clasped to each other, Laura's golden hair, drenched with wet and slime, clinging all about his neck and shoulders. If his dead arms should loose their grasp, and some wave should part them one from another? He shuddered as he considered this probability!

He seemed to have lost all command over his imaginative faculties. His brain was too much exhausted by his long fast; and these terrible and morbid pictures rose before him one after another in spite of all he could do to rid himself of them.

It was almost like madness. Whether it was owing to his mental condition or not cannot be said, but by fits and starts every object which met his eyes seemed dyed blood-red, while his ears rang and tingled with a kind of humming tune like the low, vexed murmur of a bee. Every now and then a peculiar dizzy sensation came over him, till he trembled as though with the palsy.

All the afternoon of that day Laura seemed to have fallen into a deep sleep, uninterrupted save for a slight rattling in her throat. Her eyelids looked so thin and shrunken now they were closed, that he almost fancied he could see the blue of their pupils showing through them. The blood had withdrawn from her lips, but they were dark as with fever. He thought he had never before seen her looking so divinely beautiful as she seemed now. Yet the spark of her life, though it waned within her, still had its moments when it flickered up as though striving to rekindle itself; and once or twice she endeavoured to rise and speak to her lover as he hung over her. But her words were unintelligible, her brain had become delirious.

CHAPTER XV.

O it is monstrous, monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,

The winds did sing it me.—*Tempest*.³⁹

My burthened heart would break

Did I not curse them.—*Henry VI, Part 2*.⁴⁰

Once more the sun had crossed the steep blue sky and sunk, and the night came on; and in this night, either because she was mad, or because she could endure thirst no longer, Deborah drank the sea-water long and deeply, and the effect this bitter draught produced on her was, that when the morning's light came she was raving.

All through the darkness the wind at times rose boisterously, but having nothing to contend with save the passive waves, it was strange to witness how silent its deep gusts were. Owing to some abrupt change in the atmosphere, there was no phosphor-fire now in the dark sea, and the wind blowing from due south it was almost cold. All the night through Denver sat watching over Laura, speaking to her at times, yet hardly knowing what he was saying, getting no answers, and not daring to disturb her lest he should turn her insensibility and sleep into something deeper. The day broke tempestuously over the sea, and in the grey half-light of the dawn, as the boat swung about on the waves, she lay so still that he uttered a terrible exclamation and fell down beside her on his knees. She opened her eyes and moved her lips slightly, for she was still living.

At that moment he heard something like a shriek just behind him, and turning round he saw Deborah bending forward and looking at Laura in such a manner that he watched her, unable to turn away.

Once again a point of fire shot out suddenly over the eastern wind-blown waves, a circle of sunlight radiated through the cloudless but windy sky, and a stormy lurid reflection of the sun lit up everything, broken up and diversified into a thousand shapes on the crests of the strong waves, while the white, shifting foam-flecks, sweeping up their dark under-sides, conveyed an appalling idea of the black angry sea's profoundness.

Every now and then two or three of these waves, uniting together, would bear the frail boat up, half hidden in their flying spray and foam-flakes, high overhead, as if to exhibit it in mockery to the rest of the sea; just as a cat plays with a bird, letting it flutter up, well knowing that its wings are broken—and then again it would be sunken into a deep, dark hollow and lost to view.

Over all this, to a blind man unable to see the boat, the shriek which had attracted Denver's attention would have vibrated, dominating the sibilant hissing and surging of the vexed foam like the cry of an angry wind-baffled sea-bird.

Suddenly Deborah saw that Gabriel was looking at her, and she made a savage motion with her head towards Laura, and shrieked out again, "Not dead yet? Is she *always* to live on and make my eyesight a curse to me? What have I not done to kill and destroy her that she still lingers there like a starving snake? Oh, God! if it's useless after all, and I've given my soul to be burnt in hell and my body to death, only to be cheated! I'd strangle her sooner with my own hands! *I* fired the ship, to drive you out of it. It was on the night of the day I was to have married you. I caused the fire—I, I, I!—and it's gone on burning in me ever since. I drank out of the sea to quench it; but it's eaten its way up into my very throat and brain, and now I'm going to die before you. No, no, no! I'll live to desecrate her grave yet. *She'll die in this boat and rot in it*, and when it falls to pieces with decay, or gets sunk, *her bones will sink with it—you* can't help her. Ah! you may glare at me—you know who you owe all this to now. I told you how you should

learn what a woman's love turned to hatred could do."

She had risen on her feet. and now she choked and gasped in her utterance, and set her hand to her throat as if she were strangling, then she staggered and fell back on the stern seat, half slipping off it, so that the back of her head caught on the gunwale, with its long dishevelled black hair partly streaming in the water, partly over her throat. The pupils of her eyes contracted as though by a sudden spasm of pain into mere pin-points, and there was a shudder through her frame and a convulsive grasp of the empty air with her hands.

The light of the fully-risen sun fell right on her face, as the boat lifted on the foam-dashed glittering crests of the stormy waves. She gazed back full on it, wildly but unblinded, with wide eyes, their pupils dilated till they occupied the whole of their irises.

The bright corresponding image and reflection of the sun flashed back out of them unflinchingly, *for she was dead.*

CHAPTER XVI.

And "Fear'st thou?" and Fear'st thou?

And "See'st thou?" and hear'st thou?

And "Drive we not free

O'er the terrible sea,

I and thou?—"

.

While around the lashed ocean,

Like mountains in motion,

Is withdrawn and uplifted,

Sunk, shattered, and shifted

To and fro! —*Shelley*.⁴¹

"*BLACK SWA, C.S.C.** My God! why it's a remnant of one of our own ships! It's been on fire; where did you find it man?"

"Well, Mr. Newton, the man on watch i' the fore heard something strike on the bows. We were tacking again' the wind, an' we all heard it come knocking down along the off side to windward where the seas washed round; it couldn't get free like till it was left astarn, then we all on us see it by the breeming,† and the ship was hove to while we noosed it up in a slip-knot—the other piece along with it—and heavy enough they was to haul, too!"

"It's clear as daylight that there's something happened—it's burnt out of the stern-post, with the outer plank let into it. Why, we were just looking to come up with her."

*Colonial Shipping Company.

†Phosphor-fire.

So saying, the master of the *Albatross* knelt down on the deck, examining the dripping fragment of charred wood, with the well-known but half-obliterated letters on it, which his sailors had hoisted up out of the sea. A second piece lay beside it, burnt and blackened in the same manner; he knew they were quite fresh in the water, for there were no barnacles or marine weeds clinging to them.

Just then the first mate came up on to the quarter-deck, telling the master that there was some story among the men in the steerage, of the cook's boy having declared that (while sitting out on the bowsprit scouring a pot the preceding night) he had seen an apparently empty boat for one moment, and then had lost sight of it again, though he had been ashamed to mention this, lest he should get into trouble for raising a false alarm.

All the crew of the large vessel, on some pretext or another, could be seen looking on eagerly, gathered round in the dusky grey light before the sunrise. The boy being among them, was called forward. He reiterated positively his first statement. When asked why he had not spoken before, he answered—

"Well, sir, I just see it for an instant like, and wasn't sure whether there were anybody in 't or not, and couldn't find it again. I should have thought a shadow had come ower it, on'y there weren't no clouds afore th' moon, an' whilst I wasn't certain I was called forrard. But I did speak of it, sir."

The master's sun-browned features had grown strangely anxious and troubled. He was evidently in great perplexity, and he turned round consulting apart with the two mates, and was heard to say, "Something's clearly gone wrong with poor Gregory's ship; he and Johnson ought to know how to manage her, though. Why, I knew the *Black Swan* well!"

"So do I, sir—I've sarved in her," interrupted a grey-bearded sailor, coming forward deferentially; "the name oughter be writ in red characters. I can't read myself, but I should know 'em among a thousand. Why, there's one gone—ay, ay, there

should be four to that, it's burned out," and the man stooped down examining the log, while they all gathered two or three steps closer around the pool of water that had dripped from it on the deck. The steersman, near whom they stood, craned forwards anxiously to look over their heads, in the intervals of manipulating his wheel.

The master and his mates again began speaking apart. One of them said two or three days more or less could make no ultimate difference to the voyage, and that besides it was their duty to the Company; and the result of their consultation was a determination to return on their course, and examine the surrounding sea as narrowly as possible, until they could make some more certain discovery.

This was the more easy inasmuch as the *Albatross* had been for more than a week beating and battling vainly against an adverse wind, that would now entirely favour their plan—which was to sail in a gradually decreasing circle over an extent of nearly five hundred miles, so as at last to reach the centre or pivot round which, as it were, they had turned; and if nothing were discovered of the ship they supposed to be burnt, all they could do would be to resume their course to the Cape.

The full blinding effulgence of the sun burst presently over the waves, just as the *Albatross* swung heavily round in the trough of the sea—its sails flapping for an instant until the wind caught and filled them out again. Then the reversed vessel swept back over the no longer opposing undulation of the sea. All that day they sailed with a careful look-out; and just towards the evening another spar was discovered, floating half-submerged in the water, with something clinging or fastened to the under side of it. On its being neared, it was found to be, as was supposed, a long fragment of the bowsprit, burnt off at the end.

A dead, drowned, tailless monkey clung tenaciously to it; and its hairy skin was singed with fire in parts.

The man who had served on board the *Black Swan* recognised the animal, and said that its name was "Tom Jones," which name had been given it owing to its resemblance to a man among the crew, who had always ill-treated it in consequence. Its face was agonised now and stiffened, poor thing, into a strangely human look of fright, which made the men examining it shudder despite themselves, as they thought of what must have happened to its more human associates.

Their fears for the ship were *now* increased to a dead certainty.

It would be impossible to describe the effect a catastrophe such as this appeared to have been has on the mind of a sailor. The dangers of the treacherous sea he expects and is prepared to accept; but amid the limitless expanse of water that he passes his storm-beaten life on, to have suddenly to battle with a rebellion of the fire he carries with him to preserve his life—such a catastrophe he is absolutely unprepared for and stupefied at.

The whole of the ship's company felt sobered, and they went about the reeling decks quietly, or stood talking in groups when they were not occupied—for they all knew the destroyed ship well, and some among them knew the men of her crew.

A more anxious look-out than ever was kept; but nothing further happened till the night came over the sea.

Speed was then slackened, and the *Albatross*, lighted up with lanterns, sailed carefully through the darkness. It is strange how the motions of inanimate substances which obey human guidance, appear at times to respond to the different mind-conditions of their masters. The ship seemed to sweep forward with almost as much anxiety as was felt by those on board of her.

Anxious ears waited for shoutings; many anxious eyes peered into the darkness, in the vain hope of discovering any signal as of distress, but nothing happened—all was dark and silent over the cloud-shadowed sea; only the wind increased, whistling boisterously through the rigging overhead, while the turbid dark water (glistening here

and there as it caught the reflections from the dead-lights in the stern windows) seemed under cover of the darkness to become more tumultuous every moment. At intervals a hollow thud would be felt on the prow as it cleft through some strong wave, and a great shower of white foam-spray would rise gracefully into the light, blown by the whistling wind hissing and weltering across the decks, or swept back into the gloom it emerged from. Just dimly discernible in the night, a long trail of white foam seemed always endlessly spun and reeled out from under the counter and dark stern, while overhead—where not obscured by the clouds—the stars shone out in brilliant and nebulous clusters through the black sky; until at last the moon rose over the tempestuous ocean, obscuring them and lighting up the wild scene,

. . . . Mad as the sea and wind

When each contends which is the mightier.⁴²

* * * * *

Before morn the wind shifted, and blew from due south, and the atmosphere became in consequence cold: though this change was even the more favourable to the *Albatross*, as it staggered along through the high foaming billows. The grey colourless daylight broke gradually over the sky, reflected back on to the dark water underneath.

Just before "sun-up," as they called it, an alarm was raised throughout the ship.

Two or three of the watch could be seen on the forecastle, pointing into the distance and shadow, which still lay unconsumed over the northern side of the ocean. One of them shouted (half the sound being blown away by the violent wind), "There they are! Right away down!"

The master and mates, and all who could leave their posts, hurried up the wet decks, and scrambled on to the forecastle.

A large dark speck, which their keen eyes fashioned into the shape of an oarless, rudderless boat, with two figures in it, could be seen plainly, tossing about on

the white tumultuous seas. The ship was bearing right down on them, straining in all its cords and canvas.

Just then the light of the sun broke, radiating over the stormy waters, and clearing away the dusky half-obscurity. The master of the ship obtained his spy-glass, and brought it to bear on the boat and its occupants. They were as yet about three miles ahead, but a strange sight was suddenly brought within two or three feet of his eyes by the telescope. It was a large, old-fashioned boat, wide and flat, and strong. A woman was standing at one end of it, violently confronting and upbraiding a man who knelt down, apparently leaning over someone in the bottom. Suddenly the woman dashed her arms up wildly, as though she had received a sun-stroke, and then fell back in the stern-sheets of the boat. The man rose, clasping his forehead with his hands, and looking right in the woman's face, which still remained visible above the portoise.⁴³ A fearful look, indicative of some incomprehensible feeling (not sorrow, as could be seen even at that distance), convulsed his features: then he bent down in the boat, looking up no more, so that his face was hidden.

They were lost for a moment in a deep hollow of the sea: and when they rose into the sunlight again, it gleamed fearfully on the woman's eyes, but she never moved to avoid it.

Meanwhile, the ship came nearer and nearer, driven before the still increasing wind. A boat was got all ready to launch into the rough sea, and its crew stood near it. The ship-master still looked eagerly through his telescope from the fore-castle, giving it up at times to his second mate, who stood near him, the other officer having descended to the fore-deck to direct the seamen. Five or six of these sailors were presently sent swarming up aloft, to clew up some of the principal sails when the proper time should arrive. Once, owing to the temporary negligence of the two men steering (caused by their curiosity), the bows of the ship struck so heavily in the sea, that the angry churned spray flew up all over it, wetting the men on the

forecastle to the skin, while the mate rushed up, rating the steersmen soundly. The eagerness and excitement of the men seemed imparted to the very heart of the great *Albatross*, as she swept on, recklessly dashing the violent waves aside from her prow.

In scarce more than twenty minutes they were within nearly a mile of the boat, which was still tossing about on the white crests of the angry waves, like a black feather shed from the breast of some sea-bird.

At last, when the ship was within a hundred and forty yards of them, one of the men on the forecastle shouted down the wind.

The sound ought clearly to have reached those in the boat, although the men behind the speaker heard not one word; but nothing stirred in it, no notice was taken, despite the woman's face being turned just towards them.

At last they crossed the boat some fifty yards from where it lay, and got to windward.

Suddenly all the great sails fell and were furled up—all save the two topsails, which were braced up in wedge-shape, so as to counteract each other; the helm was put up, and the *Albatross* slackened speed, though it still made considerable headway with the impetus of its late motion.

The great ship finally all but stopped when some eighty yards past the boat.

The launch, hanging off the counter, was swung down into the surf and surge, which dashed hungrily up the side as if to devour it. It was a work of great difficulty and trouble; but, at last, the boat floated in safety on the shifting black water, and five of the most experienced hands, clinging to the shrouds, sprang down into it. One held on, preventing its gunwale from fouling while the others with some difficulty, owing to the roughness, managed to unship their oars. Then the boat sprang from under the side, staggering and reeling against the wind. It dashed blindly into the showered spray of the wild and turbid waves, the men pulling lustily. A large can placed in the bottom, steamed and swirled with heat, its exhalations floating off in

wreaths about the heads of the rowers.

In the meantime a wall of mist had risen out of the east, even in defiance of the cold antarctic wind which was blowing. Its edges were vaguely defined in places into the shape of clouds, and presently it rose so high, and grew so inflated in its watery impalpability, that it obscured the new-risen sun. Next, for a few moments it became all golden-coloured, like a mountain mist at sunrise, while a circle of the dark sea-water surrounding it, turned lustrous and green with its reflections: but this radiance was transitory, and only lasted a few moments. The edges of these clouds kept continually separating into fleecy fragments and particles, which flew irregularly across the sky in all directions, and a dull grey shadow fell everywhere, the waves again turning to a profound blackness, which contrasted harshly with the snow-white foam that crowned their ever-forming ridges.

It would have been a grand, almost an awful scene to have been present at. The straining masts of the great ship rolled from side to side, as the hull underneath swung about on the sides of the inflated waves; the foam dashed up, boiling and surging under its dark sides; while the wind shrieked through the rigging overhead, growing wilder and wilder at each moment; although, owing to the skill with which the helm and sails were managed, its utmost efforts only served to more effectually decrease the ship's movement. The whole of the men left on board (excepting the two steersmen) were gathered in an excited group against the bulwark under the forecastle, anxiously watching the progress of the launch, pulling against wind and sea as it was.

Once or twice the boat's crew endeavoured, while resting on their oars, to attract the attention of those they were about to succour, but without any success.

The noise of the contending wind and water drowned everything; the sound was driven far behind them, and Deborah's face gave no token of recognition or sensibility.

Denver they had quite lost sight of, for he had thrown himself into the bottom, and hidden his head in Laura's golden hair, by the side of her cold face, while his arm was clasping her throat and shoulder tightly. Her head lay quite back uncovered, with its locks streaming loosely about it, while her cheeks were colourless—though her thin curved lips were red, and dark as with fever; a combination which added strange beauty to her pallid features. Her figure was slightly gathered together, with the knees drawn upwards. She was clothed in the blue serge gown she had covered her night-dress with: her white feet were bare, a beautifully-modelled ankle showing under the torn hem.

Both their figures were covered in places by splashes of briny spray: and there was water dashing from side to side in the bottom of the boat. Most likely Denver expected at each moment to be overwhelmed, and was clasping Laura in his arms ready to sink with her.

Here was a scene wild enough to impress even the hurried and not over impressionable mariners; truth here, indeed, seemed stranger than fiction!

The strength of the wind at times intensified to a perfect tumult; the spray (or spindrift as the sailors called it) was driven off the crests of the speckled and cowering waves like a shower of salt rain. The boat with its rowers struggled manfully through the water, and the foam of their oars dashed in puffs over their heads, wetting their faces and beards, and blinding their eyes till they had to stop, wiping them on their sleeves. At last they reached within two or three yards of the undirected boat, which, it must be remembered, was being driven towards them by the wind.

The sea drove both the boats up together with a heavy shock, and the spray whirled in a fountain between their sides. They met high up on the ridge of a great wave, but the next instant they sank over into the abyss on the other side of it, so that those on board the *Albatross* lost sight of them.

Laura, still living, opened her languid sick eyes, and saw—dizzily, as in a dream—a sailor's sunburnt face leaning over the side looking down at her, with his red hands holding on to the gunwale.

He made a rope's end fast round the thwart, just above her, and then turned round for an instant, shouting "Steady! Steady! Ease her off, lads!"

Without another word spoken he half stepped and half rolled over the side, while a confused clamour of human voices rose in the wind, and a second concussion struck and shook the boat. The forms of two or three other sailors appeared to be hovering over her, but her brain was so weak and delirious that she could understand nothing, and all became dark to her.

Denver was stunned with amazement as these men helped him on to his feet—for two or three minutes he *dared not* believe in this sudden and brain-bewildering reality. Three strangers stood around him in the boat—which, made fast to another, was being dragged in the direction of a large three-masted ship, that seemed to have sprung from the waves he knew not how. Not one word was uttered. He just caught a glimpse of a can they had with them, and saw that it was filled with some hot and steaming liquid, and then they all turned simultaneously to where Laura lay. Utterly bewildered with the suddenness of what was passing around him, he asked no questions, but held the girl's head up eagerly. There was no time to speak, and one of them knelt down, holding the hot rim of the can to her parched lips, which he first moistened by passing his wet finger over them. At first she hardly seemed to know what they wanted; but as the smell of the steam blew in her face, she began to sip eagerly from it for a while, as though she had half forgotten how to drink properly. Then she managed to take a draught, and sank back exhausted. The can was next held out to him, and he drank from it: and its heat seemed to infuse sudden hope and vigour through all his nerves, like a thrill of electricity. Once more he knelt down over Laura, and looked up excitedly for the can. He saw that

they were now trying to force a stream of the black liquid in between Deborah's rigid lips and death-clenched teeth.

He got up and sprang at them, trying to get it.

"She's dead! Give me the coffee for the girl, or her life will go too."

But they resisted him, and still persevered over Deborah. The man holding the can said, "No, no, my man; bide a while, or thou'lt do her an injury."

These were the first words that had passed between them.

One at last muttered, "She must be dead; her neck and arms are stiff," and they all turned to Laura again.

Some more of the life-giving liquid was poured down her throat, but she was too weak to make any acknowledgement of this, and lay passively in Denver's arms.

A slight flush, however, came over her cheeks.

The two boats, blown by the wind, were pulled rapidly in the direction of the ship. Presently they arrived under the side, and as the cast-away boat pitched up and down on the dead water eddy beneath the counter, none of the sailors could think how to get Laura's prostrate, half-senseless form up on to the deck above.

Now a single rope-ladder had been flung over the bulwark with its ends trailing in the water; and Denver, to the surprise of all, took her up fiercely, yet as easily as a cat would its kitten, and holding her on one arm so as to leave the other free, he climbed up the uncertain ladder and over on to the deck, into the midst of the group of marvelling sailors.

Deborah was left in the boat alongside, and he heard the men clustering over her call out to their fellows on deck—

"It's no use; she's stone dead!"

Thus once more they were in a position of safety, and seemingly secure in it.

CHAPTER XVII.

When all the winds fight the enraged billows,
 That rise to imprint on the black lips of clouds
 A thousand brinie kisses.—*Revenge for Honour.*⁴⁴

Conceive the sensations of some lost soul, drawn, vainly struggling, to the entrance of hell—when most it gives up all hope, and the lurid flickering flames seem most agape for it—if the mockery of the devils changed suddenly to the smiles of the welcoming angels and it were to feel itself snatched from the dreaded fumes of the abyss into the midst of the flowering sweet-scented blossoms of its imaginary and despaired-of heaven, with all its long luminous prospects!

The past would seem like some hideous dream—the present like the futile imaginings of delirium.

The conception of this alone might enable one to form some idea of Denver's feelings, as jealously carrying Laura in his arms, he climbed on to the ship's deck and found himself standing amid the group of mariners, like one caught up unexpectedly from hell into heaven. He was too stunned by the sudden prospect of life thus opened out before him to indulge in any premature self-gratulations, or, indeed, quite to credit the truth of his senses.

Laura was immediately carried below deck into the after-cabin. The stern of the *Albatross* was shaped and fitted up much as the *Black Swan's* had been, save that the sleeping-berths were not constructed in the same situation. There being no passengers on board, they were occupied only by the master and his mates. She was placed by Denver, who still refused all assistance, in a hammock swinging loose from a rafter in the roof of the main cabin. This place was right in the stern, and its windows looked out over the wake of the vessel.

No questions were asked of Denver, but directly she was laid in this hammock, they all began by a common impulse to crowd into the cabin from the outer one. The sailors were ordered back again, and only three men stopped with him helping. They seemed to understand and sympathise perfectly with the occult causes of his breathless, eager anxiety. It is singular that men who lead the rough lives sailors do, should be capable of such extreme tenderness as these men manifested.

They had prepared some soup, and they began trying to get it by spoonfuls down her throat. She swallowed it with avidity at first, and then she seemed to resist and desire to have no more; but they persisted, for her life depended on their efforts.

It was no use talking to her, or entreating her to be reasonable, as Denver did once or twice, for she neither seemed to hear nor to be able to answer. By assiduous efforts, however, they managed at last to force her to swallow a cupful. There seemed to be brandy, or more probably laudanum,⁴⁵ in it, and it almost immediately turned her unnaturally lethargic weakness into real sleep.

After tossing her thin sun-burnt hands about restlessly on the pillow for a while, she became utterly unconscious.

"There; if she sleeps for two or three hours she'll be able to eat safely—it might have been dangerous now," exclaimed one of them, looking closely on her; while Denver took some of the rich golden tangles of her hair and laid them over her face and eyes, as though to keep the light out.

Then, and then only, could they prevail upon him to take any nourishment himself.

This was about twenty minutes, or even more, after the first draught of coffee they had allowed him to have in the boat. He now ate some salt meat and biscuit ravenously, and drank the weak tea which was made, as the best and safest thing that could be given him.

His craving for food seemed absolutely unsatiable, and yet he could scarcely eat at all. He was in such a condition of nervous excitement that, in spite of all he had gone through, it became impossible to him, after the first keen pangs of his hunger were deadened and satiated.

They looked on, wondering at the little he ate, for as it was they had only given him food in a very sparse quantity.

At last he began to tremble all over, and a small flask of strong cordial was handed him. A draught from this somewhat restored him.

"You must be careful," said the master, "you seem worse than she is."

As it has been explained, the cabin they had been taken into was situated over the stern part of the ship, and its windows looked out down the long trail of foam, undulating with the stormy waves, that seemed so incessantly foaming and following them as they drifted along. A large seaman's chest was lashed tight under the sills, and the planks underfoot were bare. A clock, which had stopped, hung on one side, a framed and badly-coloured print of the sinking of the *Royal George*⁴⁶ faced it, while an old-fashioned twisted lamp swung free from the roof, all overrun with entangling lines of reflection from the stormy water eddies round the rudder.

Laura now lay placidly enough on the hammock, as these four men stood round her.

The ship master, Mr. Newton, as the sailors had called him, was a wind-bronzed, sun-burnt, grey-headed sailor, who might perhaps have been sixty years of age, though he seemed vigorous and sturdy as a man of forty.

He began at length questioning Denver. "It's through the intervention and mercy of the Almighty alone that you've been found in this way," he began. "But surely you can't have passed very long without food if you eat like *that*."

"We were four days in the boat," Denver answered, "she and I; if you had not seen us we must have perished in a few hours."

He then tried to give some account of the fire, but he was far too exhausted to say much. He explained how the men, one and all, appeared to have perished, for he had no idea of how the ten others had escaped. When asked if he could tell how the flames had first broken out, they all must have noticed the start and visible change which came over him, as he told them how he had seen the fire first, but knew nothing more about it.

Then they asked him who the other woman was, and how she had died.

He looked at them keenly for an instant with gleaming, resolute eyes, and then said sternly, "She was my cousin; her name was Deborah Mallinson; she drank the salt-water and went mad."

Her death the captain had seen himself, so there could be no suspicion of foul play; but he said nothing, and merely asked, "Do you wish to see her again?"

"No."

They all three looked in each other's faces, but without speaking.

Perhaps some dim perception of the truth struck them, strange and dreadful as it was, though whatever they might have suspected was of a quite inarticulate nature to them. They must have seen plainly from Denver's compressed lips and the resolution his face expressed, that it would be worse than useless to question him further.

Meanwhile the movement of the ship seemed to have grown slower and slower, till at last it had almost ceased. The waves could be heard beating and breaking idly round the sides, and the ship-master looked anxiously through the narrow casement and on to the sea. Then he started, and said something to the two others in a low voice, and without farther explanation hurriedly left the compartment. His footsteps could be heard going out on to the deck. Everything was so still above that they could overhear the talk of the sailors.

The whole of the inferior crew were clustered on the fore-deck, discussing what had just happened, and looking over the side, where the two boats still swam. In one of them Deborah was laid out as she had died, with the black and red striped cloak wound round her form. Could they have known her story, it would have been terrible indeed to watch her lying so helpless now she was dead, but to them a prostrate figure, with a sail or a cloak flung over it, was perchance no very unusual sight. Two or three men were still down in the boats alongside. One of them lifted a fold of the cloak off the dead pale face, exposing its clenched teeth and distorted lips, wide nostrils, and dark, filmy, staring eyes. The hair lay all round it in writhing tangles, like a nest of black serpents. During the past two or three weeks it had completely changed its character, for its long waving lines had become all crinkly and shrivelled up, as though her head had been singed with fire.

The man dropped the corner of the cloak again with a shudder.

None of them desired to have the corpse on board if it could be helped, for they superstitiously believed its presence would bring some misfortune to the ship.

There still remained in force at that time the remnants of an old Icelandic sea superstition, which was, that no dead human body could intercept the light, or, in other words, cause a shadow to fall from it.⁴⁷

Now there was a distinct outline of shadow that fell under one of her outstretched hands, and these sailors began pointing it out to each other, half seriously even, as a proof that there was still life in the body.

But immediately on his reaching the deck, the master gave some order which caused the ship's own boat to be hauled up the side and hung temporarily half over the bulwark, all wet and dripping with water. Then they demanded what should be done with the dead body. The boatswain was directed to get an auger and bore two or three holes in the bottom of the boat the corpse was in. This was done.

It presently fell off from the side, and lagged behind in the rough waves, but seven or eight minutes passed before it was twenty feet astern.

One could have seen that the boat was filling with water, for the body moved once or twice, the cloak fell off its livid, desolate face, and it seemed to rise in the bottom.

When about half sunk it swung round the stern close to the rudder. Denver, standing near the casement and hearing a heavy splash, looked out, and saw the half-submerged form, with its pallid face and dark ghastly eyes, staring, as he thought, right up at him from just underneath. At that moment the head, neck, and whole body turned slightly, as though she had come to life again. A shudder, inconceivable in its full horror, convulsed him irresistibly!

The boat fell away far behind, till he almost lost sight of her, though the woman's form always appeared nearer its edge. His eyes remained following its course, fixed and fascinated. Every moment it rose more heavily on the waves, or sank deeper in the dark bubbling hollows of the water.

At last a quantity of advancing spray splashed over it and sank it instantly. The body was seen for one moment, then—caught most likely under one of the thwarts—it was sucked down out of sight to all eternity, in the vortex created by the sinking of the boat. A whirling eddy of white foam ascending the curled and dark-green underside of the overwhelming wave, was all that was left to bear witness for a few moments to the last episode in Deborah's weary, passion-baffled life and death.

Denver started, with his heart beating violently, an inexpressible burst of relief overwhelmed him, such as one feels on starting up from some oppressive and terrible dream, the fascination that had entranced him was removed, and he turned giddily away from the casement.

At the same moment Laura stirred in her sleep, uttering a low-voiced exclamation like a moan, and he came hastily to her side, but otherwise her sleep seemed placid and undisturbed.

There must have been some good reason for the almost indecent haste with which the dead body was consigned to the waves, for almost before the end, the different sailors began to move swiftly about the decks, each carrying out some separate order with all the diligence he was master of. They could be seen constantly directing their looks towards the north-east. Yet the wild fitful violence of the cold south wind seemed to abate every minute, the strength of the gale had quite expended itself, and at last it entirely ceased. There was a too suddenly ominous hush and warmth and calm spread over all the visible face of nature, one which bore far too distinct a resemblance to the invariable lull which ever precedes its wildest and most frantic outbursts. Something unnatural was about to take place; the sailors knew this, and were preparing to receive it.

From horizon to zenith, the once blue sky was completely covered and whitened with the dull fleecy remnants of the morning mist, that had risen so unaccountably in the east.

Here and there, through small momentary apertures, the gleaming sun and the blue sky still shone through, so that their transient rays speckled the livid palpitating surface of the sea with strangely shifting spots of tremulous green, too soon dispelled and divested of their magic radiance as the clouds blew over each other. But under all this transitory and flower-like greenery, the cunning treacherous sea concealed its purpose, even as a snake lies hid in the grass, ready to lift its head and sting when the time comes.

Presently the mists overhead all joined together, blocking the sun out everywhere.

Covered in all directions with detached patches and long continuous lines of white dissolving foam from the crests of the subsided billows, the salt, bitter ocean—livid and panting as it was—appeared like some infuriate animal, regaining its wasted energy and dissipated strength before the final effort of its fierce rage. Where it chafed round the black lines of the ship, it seemed like a lion, which, purposely lashing its flanks with its tail, grows angry under the self-infliction.

At length, however, its surface was entirely absorbed into the smooth glassy undulations which rolled seemingly from horizon to horizon; on them the *Albatross* rose and fell without farther motion. The white, weather-stained canvas aloft was all furled, but the keen-eyed sailors still hung about the dizzy heights in the rigging, obeying the shouts from the quarter-deck and fore-castle.

The sea had grown so calm now, that the reversed shadow of the hull and its three great masts fell darkly and languidly mirrored deep down in the green water.

It was strange how anxious the sailors all looked, the extraordinary scene of the morning seemed forgotten and passed away from their minds, and down below the two mates had quitted the cabin where Laura was laid, so that Denver was left alone with her.

She still lay in the hammock, but she was now no longer sleeping, despite her eyes being closed, for her feverish hands moved up and down continually, sometimes pressed on her head, sometimes entangled and wound in her long tresses, while her lips moved deliriously, though she could scarcely articulate.

The sense of utter escape as from some soul-poisoning spell, which had penetrated Denver's mind and nerves when he saw Deborah sink, would be of itself difficult to describe in all its acuteness, but now, watching over Laura's mysterious mental and bodily condition, a terrible heart-sickening sense of some dread or doubt which he dared not analyse, returned on him again, made all the darker by contrast with his previous relief. He felt himself quite alone in the world with her now, with

none to come between them, his whole being shaken and convulsed to its innermost recesses at the slightest sign, or look, or touch from her; and yet she lay there before his face unable to recognise him, and without even the strength necessary to give utterance to the delirium of her enfeebled brain. At times he pressed his hot lips wildly on hers, but she never opened her eyes; spoke to her piteously and entreatingly, but she gave no sign of recognition; or clasped the hot hands that always tossed about so wearily, only to have them withdrawn, until at last he retired to a distance and stood looking on her, perfectly sick to the heart with terror and perplexity.

There is nothing more unnatural, or even more awful, than to be forgotten and unrecognised by a loved friend when delirious with sickness and fever. Such meaningless words as are uttered serve only to depress the mind which seeks to gather vain consolation from them.

Denver endeavoured long and unsuccessfully to connect or disentangle Laura's meanings.

Once he imagined, however, that he heard his own name muttered, and he went up to her side, though without attracting her notice. After this he took up a wet sponge left there, and began with trembling diligence to bathe her forehead and face, and even her feet. His heart palpitated so that he could hear nothing else.

Suddenly she opened her eyes, looking fixedly in one corner of the cabin, as if she saw something she desired there; but whatever it was she must have seen it before she opened them, for only the bare oaken planks met her view.

She half rose and tried to stretch out her hands, while a flame-like smile flickered over her thin, wan visage, then, exhausted with the effort, she lay back on the hard pillow and fell almost instantly asleep. The smile yet remained on her features, though gradually dying out, till they quite composed themselves, and it was lost.

All this while Denver stood by hardly daring to stir, though he longed to clasp her in his arms now, as a little while back he had longed for water to give her.

Save for her short, quick breathing, the interior cabin grew quite silent and noiseless.

Overhead all was dead silent, too, and the men remained anxiously keeping watch over the smooth livid sea, which was still all flecked with yellow, decaying remnants of foam. The fleecy, motionless clouds in the skies above entirely precluded the sunlight.

Everything remained quiet in absolute calm still, when a slight murmur, or rather a hissing sound, suddenly became audible to them from towards the north-east.

The master and first mate rushed to the wheel, grasping its spokes in readiness, and then turned, looking sharply out in the direction the noise came from. It seemed to act on the sailors like the warning hiss of some dreaded serpent.

A very slight ruffling of wind appeared to play along over the confines of cloud and sea, then it receded behind the horizon again; but paltry as it seemed to have been, the waves it had passed over were white and reeling with foam, while the clouds were scattering in clusters.

A second time it played out to where the becalmed, passive ship lay, stealthily and with concealed purpose, as it were; just as a wild cat might stretch out its velvet, delicate paw into the nest of a brooding bird, and once more withdraw it, as fearing lest it might prematurely disturb its intended victim.

Then the gathering wind seemed angrily to become aware that the mariners were on the alert for it. To pursue the simile, where the animal's eyes would have flamed with resentment, two or three sinister-looking black clouds, small but rapidly elongating, emerged over the waves—merely this, and then all became silent for a while.

Next, when the crouched-up animal would have risen, and sprung, and flown at her victim!—

.

What had happened? What was the matter?

Everything in the cabin grew suddenly and unexpectedly dark to Denver's wondering eyes.

A dreadful pause succeeded, in which two or three footsteps rang above him on the deck, like the clashing of iron.

He rushed to the casement and looked out.

The whole extent of the eastern horizon had grown black with sudden shadow and cloud. The foremost fragments of it swirled by over the frail ship like dark wreaths of smoke, while underneath, in strange and splendid contrast, the whole sea had grown white as with foaming and furious passion, and the spray was beaten out of it mast-high like rain. It all swept down on them like a deluge, and the great vessel rose with a sudden plunge, and drove away before the outburst of tropical tempest.

Outside it was a black speck, driving through the white foam which seemed to sweep foremost everywhere, blown in advance by the tumultuous violence of the wind.

Inside the cabin where Denver was, all became quite dark, save for the faint traces of light cast on the roof at times, not reflected from the black turbid water, but from the foam which surged over it. The spray showered heavily on the thick glass with a sound like the distant rattling of thunder; but the strong iron framework withstood its utmost efforts. The violent whistling of the wind could be heard overhead in the strained cordage and the hissing of the water underneath, mingled at times with human shouts and cries. The door swung open heavily with the vibration, and fell creaking to and fro, till he crept across the sloping floor and latched it. The hammock always swayed gently; he could just see a glimmering blank spot, swinging

backwards and forwards, where Laura's still sleeping face was propped up on its pillow.

He stood by it a while, listening to the different noises all complicated one with another, until he could make certain that he heard the sound of her faint but continued respiration among them; and then he went again and looked out at the casement, blind with weltering splashes of foam and water. He was wildly anxious as to what had happened, but he dared not leave the cabin. Through the wet streaming glass he could dimly see a vast trackless extent of foaming waves, all following the ship, and overhead the trailing rack of the dark, cloud-covered sky (faintly luminous in thin places, but unseparated everywhere) drove after. Whenever he could make out the long ridge of a wave, he noticed that it was slightly circular in form, and where the tumultuous water was not white with foam, it was black with itself. The motion of the ship was swift and plunging, and yet, strange to say, so even that (although the deck slanted till he leant on the under wall for support) Laura's hammock-bed swung so gently that she was never once wakened.

In the hush which came at long intervals he could always hear the sound of her breathing.

Once or twice, raising a burst of shouting overhead, a heavy wave caught and struck on the plunging prow with a dull, hollow shock, and then the strong-built vessel quivered through all its timbers.

He could hardly see for the darkness, but how to procure a light he could not tell.

At last he thought of groping his way to the chest and searching it. After a while he managed to force the lid open, and turning over the contents he found a tinder-box with a long bundle of matches attached to it.

By striking the flint over and over again, he obtained a spark, then he blew it up and lit the sulphur-tipped match from it.⁴⁸

All this while the prolonged snake-like hisses of the water and the whistling of the wind above were intensified.

But just as he had obtained the first glimmering of fire, and was about to rise with it, a sharp gust of wind through some draughty crack blew it out again, and he had to begin afresh. At length with his lighted match he once more reached to where the lamp swung, and it being charged with oil, fortunately, he ignited the wick. A trembling reflection of warm light fell all over the cabin walls and on Laura's face and throat and golden hair, while the hammock swung to and fro from the hooks in the rafter.

Just then the door was flung open, and a man, whose face was unknown to him, staggered in, holding by the post.

"We've been caught in a hurricane," he exclaimed, speaking in great haste; "it's carrying the ship with it, but the sky's lighting in places, and the wind will die away presently. How is she? Still sleeping? Ah! that's the laudanum. I can't wait; you must watch by her. You'd best not venture on deck. There's a butt of drinking-water in this cabin."

Without a word more he slammed the door to, and disappeared.

At the same moment the ship rolled heavily on the broken surf of some smaller cross-wave, while a burst of shouting broke out on the deck above. Again and again the bows plunged deeply, and the stern rose and fell, till the unusual motion made Denver's heart quiver. Then it passed off, and in a momentary hush, the dull thudding of men's feet could be heard just overhead, mingled with the creaking and groaning of the rudder, until the sweeping tumultuous wash of the water drowned everything again with its peculiar heavy foam-scattering stormy splashing of waves—a sound not to be conveyed in language.

The ship, skilfully directed, seemed to be slipping out of the circular sweep of the wind and tide, taking advantage of every opening in the ridges of the

wind-cloven waves ahead. All they could do was to keep her as much as possible before the wind, and take every opportunity to turn aside. Of course it must not be supposed that they could see themselves going round. In those days the law of storm was unknown, so that if they knew the way the storm travelled, it must have been by instinct. The entire circle which was being formed by the hurricane might have to involve a space some seven or eight hundred miles in circumference; but the circular inclination, from their point of view (which seemed to be at the very centre of the cyclone), was so very decided that any deviation too much to the left—the tempest's course sweeping to the left—would inevitably have destroyed them. The pressure to windward might have thrown them into the trough of the sea, and driven the waves surging over the sides, and eventually have swamped them.

Just one corner of a sail, set and inflated like the hood of a cobra, served to direct the vessel. One man kept his place lashed in the forecabin, which swayed to right and left, or rose and fell all wet, grey, and gleaming. He shouted directions to one just behind, and so the steering orders were passed through a chain of mouths up to the three men labouring at the wheel—no easy task, for the very loudest shouts were overpowered and blown away in the wind like whiffs of smoke. To any but a seaman it would have looked fearful to watch the two or three men who still, in spite of everything, managed to cling about in the dizzy rigging, while the great foam-dashed abysses in the hollows of the waves would have been no less dreadful to contemplate, as the great *Albatross* toppled over and fell into them and rose out again perpetually.

None of the crew had time to remember or think about the two human beings they had rescued in the boat that morning.

But when this incessant struggle against wind and sea had endured for over four hours, it began to show signs of relaxation, and the long shut-out daylight streamed in on the wild waves, through one or two straggling rifts in the shattered

and sombre storm-clouds. A heavy, blinding deluge of rain began, and the afternoon sun, which pierced through in scattered rays, made the showers glance and sparkle with gleams of exquisite golden light. One sunbeam fell right on the ship, causing the wet masts and complicated ropes of the rigging to glow like lines of red shifting fire. It was a magic transformation in comparison with the lowering sombreness of the storm half-an-hour before; but, returning to the main cabin, there is no longer time to spare for describing the cessation of the tempest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Wild, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one
 Who staggers forth into the light and sun,
 From the dark portals of a mortal fever. —*Shelley*.⁴⁹

During the prolonged and violent raging of the storm, no one came near them a second time, and Denver watched Laura's sleep with ever-increasing anxiety for over two hours.

He was not aware that the lethargy she lay in was merely the result of the opiate which had been administered to her. After any dangerous shock upon the nerves, sleep—no matter how produced—is the most soothing and beneficial remedy in existence. The sailors were well aware of this; the only mistake they made was in not administering the same opiate to Denver himself. He had not obtained one moment of rest all that day; he was in full possession of his senses: the sudden

Wild, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one] <Bewildered and incapable> {Wild

plal<e> and wonder struck} {Even} as one

the prolonged and violent raging] the long {and violent} raging

for over two hours] for over <three> {two} hours

After any dangerous shock upon the nerves, sleep—no matter how produced—]

Sleep—no matter how it is produced—after a violent shock

the most soothing and beneficial remedy in existence. The] the most benifecial remidy:

{in existence.} The

well aware of this; the only] well aware of this; and the only

He had not obtained one moment of rest all that day; he was in full] <But> he

was now in full

of his senses: the sudden] of his senses: but the sudden

reaction his unexpected rescue had produced in his mind was fast performing what four days' exposure to the sea had failed to do—he had become seriously ill, and every moment he was growing worse.

At times the whole cabin seemed to swim round before his over-exerted eyes, and a constant fit of cold shivering pervaded his limbs. Every now and then he was forced to sit down and rest himself on the box, but after a little while he always got up again to examine Laura's pale slumbering face. A sharp stinging sense of pain now began to shoot through the joints of his limbs at every movement he made, and his brain grew so dizzy that he could barely stand on his feet.

Yet he tried hard to fight against his growing weakness, and he never for one instant admitted to himself that he was ill. Remembering what the man had told him, he groped his way out of the door into the adjoining cabin; and by the reflection of the lamp through the doorway, managed to discover the barrel of drinking-water

 reaction his unexpected rescue had produced] reaction {the unexpected rescue} produced
 to the sea had failed to do] to the sea had failed in
 he had become seriously ill] he was seriously ill
 constant fit of cold shivering] constant fit of shivering
 he was forced to sit down and rest] he sat down to rest
 got up again to examine Laura's pale slumbering face.] got up to gaze upon Laura's
 {pale slumbering} face again.

pain now began to shoot through the joints of his limbs] pain shot through his limbs
 his growing weakness, and he never] his ever increasing weakness and never
 him, he groped his way out of the door into the adjoining cabin] him, he <found>
 {groped} his way through the door in to the <second> {adjoining} cabin
 the barrel of drinking-water] the barrel of water

which was lashed in one corner there.

He knelt down and drank eagerly from the spout, and then returned. Going back a second time, he discovered that he had left the tap turned on, and that all the water, down to the last dregs, was spent.

The dark floor was all wet and slippery, and it reeled so that it was difficult for a man in his condition to keep his feet. Nevertheless, he staggered to the rail of the companion-stairs, which led up to the quarter-deck above. There he remained, holding on for a moment or two.

He was not thirsty, and what he wanted he scarce knew himself, but presently he commenced ascending them, still holding on by the rail. The shrill wind blew wildly through in his face, and a great blinding splash of salt spray fell in his eyes and hair. He just reached the entrance, and caught a dim glimpse of the black

one corner there.¶] *no new paragraph*

and drank eagerly from] and drank from

down to the last dregs] *not in MS*

The dark floor was all wet and slippery, and it reeled] The floor realed
feet. Nevertheless, he staggered to the rail of the companion-stairs] feet but he

managed to stagger to the companion stairs

led up to the quarter-deck above] led to the deck

There he remained, holding on for a moment or two.] *not in MS*

but presently he commenced ascending them, still holding] but he beag to ascend

them holding

The shrill wild blew wildly] The wind blew wildly

through in his face, and a] through on his face and a

splash of salt spray fell] splash of spray fell

He just reached the entrance] He just got to the <top> entrance

foam-dashed decks, with five or six figures clinging about them, and of the raging sea all around, when over all the noise of the wind and waves he heard his own name called distinctly.

"Denver! Denver!"

He clambered hurriedly down the steep staircase, and into the obscure cabin below.

The door of communication had swung to again and latched itself, and he stood listening for an instant. At first he could only distinguish the groaning of the buffeted side timbers, as the waves flung themselves up, urged on by the wild and sibilant howling of the wind, but in a while the sound was repeated faintly, and he rushed to the door—for it was Laura's voice.

the black foam-dashed decks] the {windswept and} foam-dashed decks
with five or six figures clinging about them] with two or three figgers clinging out on
them

of the raging sea all around, when] of the black raging sea and sky ahead, when
over all the noise of the wind] over all the wind

called distinctly. ¶"Denver! Denver!"] called distinctly Denver! Denver.

He clambered hurriedly down the steep staircase, and into the obscure cabin below.¶]

He climbed down the steps again into the cabin *no new paragraph*
had swung to again and latched] had swing to and latched
At first he could only distinguish the groaning] {At first he could only hear} <over>
the groaning

but in a while the sound] but presenty the sond

faintly, and he rushed to the door—for] faintly "Denver!" ¶In an instant he rushed

<to> {through} the door; for

The effects of the opiate had gradually worn off, and she had returned to self-consciousness at last. She had lain still for a while on re-awakening, trying vainly and dizzily to collect her wandering thoughts, for she could in no way recognise the place in which she found herself.

The lamp cast its weird flickering eddies of shadow over the ceiling and walls, as it swung from side to side; and she could feel that her hammock was swinging with it. How had she come into this place?

She could recollect nothing.

She heard the liquid splashes of the waves, and the loud murmur and hiss of the surge, dashed and toiling uselessly against the strong sides; for then the very heart-beats of the storm were throbbing over and around the ship: and she lay listening a long while to the confused and desultory sounds. Next she turned her head and caught a glimpse of the white foam, dashing up against the small window of the casement—and then a partial recollection of all she had gone through flitted through her mind, and she felt herself shudder.

worn off, and she had returned] worn off and she had <gradually> returned
 had lain still for a while] had lain still a while
 place in which she found herself.] place she now found herself in.
 as it swung from side to side] *added between lines*
 dashed and toiling uselessly] dashed and toiling ever uselessly
 against the strong sides; for then] against the {strong} sides <of the ship>: for then
 Next she turned her head and caught] She caught
 small window of the casement] small {window of the} casement
 all she had gone through flitted] all she had passed through for the last five days
 flitted

She tried to rise, but for an instant her will failed her and she found it impossible, and next she attempted to cry out, but could utter no sound. Every episode of her short life seemed to revolve rapidly before her, from the most trifling episodes of the childhood in which she had first seen her lover, down to her second meeting with him. She saw the impression his face then made upon her floating now before her eyes, as though it had been burnt into her very brain, and her intense love for him grew like a blown flame consuming her heart.

Laura had thoroughly recovered consciousness now, and her strength seemed partly to have returned with it, yet for a little while longer she lay quiet; after

rise, but for an instant her will] rise: but her will
 but could utter no sound] but uttered no sound
 Every episode of her short life] <All the most trifling events> {Every episode} of
 her life
 to revolve rapidly before her] to revolve before her
 the most trifling episodes of] the most trifling events of
 the childhood in which she had first seen] <t>her childhood when she had first
 known
 eyes, as though it had been] eyes as if it had been
 into her very brain, and] into her brain: and
 her intense love for him grew] her intense love and desire for him grew
 consuming her heart.¶] *no new paragraph*
 Laura had thoroughly recovered] She had throughly recovered
 and her strength seemed partly to have returned with it] *not in MS*
 yet for a little while longer she lay quiet; after which she] yet she lay quiet for a
 little while and then she

which she raised herself, and looked round the empty compartment, and saw that he was not there.

A vague feeling of dread rose in her heart; she collected all her force and called his name twice over, but she obtained no answer save the desolate conflicting noises of the storm.

A second time she called him, "Denver! Gabriel!"

In another instant he appeared by her side with startled, anxious features. Without speaking a word he threw his arms round her head, kissing her cold temples over and over again.

After this he withdrew to a little distance, bending forwards and looking fixedly in her face. At the same moment a frightened expression came into her eyes, as though she noticed something about his features which disturbed her.

"Where have you been, Gabriel?" she asked. "Why, your hair's all wet, and full of white foam!"

"Do you *really* know me?" he suddenly demanded, in a strange and excited

and looked round the empty compartment] and looked the {empty} compartment

A vague feeling of dread rose in her heart; she collected] Then she collected
the desolate conflicting noises of the] the desulory <[illegible]> <howing> {noises}
of the

Without speaking a word] *not in MS*

After this he withdrew] Then he withdrew

bending forwards and looking fixedly] bending forward and looking fixedly

"Where have you been, Gabriel?" she asked. "Why, your hair's all wet, and full of
white foam!"] *not in MS*

he suddenly demanded] <s>he suddenly demanded

a strange and excited voice] a strange, {and} excited voice

voice. He seemed not to have heard what she said.

"Yes; why should I not?" she answered, but she spoke so faintly that her words almost escaped him, and she had to repeat them.

"It's more than I do; for I scarce know what I'm thinking about. You've been delirious, Laura, and you're very weak still; but you'll soon be better."

Her head moved a little as she lay back, and perhaps he thought this movement was intended to imply disbelief in what he said, for he put his face to hers, passionately kissing her cold lips. They quivered slightly beneath his close burning pressure.

Some indescribable burst of the love in her heart caused her to raise herself so as to clasp him round the neck. There was a flush of blood in her pale frightened face, but it died out again, and her features grew more pallid than ever.

All this while the noise and tumult of the storm increased, so that the wind-tossed vessel shifted and fell about more tempestuously than ever. Denver had

He seemed not to have heard what she said.] *not in MS*

him, and she had to repeat] him. She had to repeat

It's more than I do; for I scarce know what I'm thinking about. You've been] {It's

more than I do for} I {did not a little while back} scarcely seem to know

<myself> {what I'm thing of}—but you've been

Laura, and you're very weak still; but] Laura—you're weak: {still} but

Her head moved a little] Her head moved <slightly> {a little}

lay back, and perhaps he] lay back. Perhaps he

disbelief in what he said] disbelief in what <s>he said

blood in her pale frightened face] blood in her {frighteneg} <cheek> face

storm increased, so that the] storm went on: and the

vessel shifted and fell about] vessel shifted and rolled about

great difficulty in keeping his feet, and he grasped the cords of the swinging hammock to steady himself.

Holding on in this way, he bent over a second time, kissing her cold face again, just as it was receding from his, for her arms had let go their hold upon his neck.

His eyes must have become very dim, for her features seemed to form a mere glimmering blank before them. He looked up dizzily, and then again bent his head down over her. The rich curls of his wet black hair had grown very long during the protracted voyage, and they fell over, twining and clustering among her golden ones.

He tried to speak, but only uttered some inarticulate exclamation, while his hands relaxed their grasp on the ropes.

his feet, and he grasped] his feet and grasped
the cords of the swinging hammock] the swaying hammock cords
Holding on in this way] *not in MS*
kissing her cold face again, just] kissing her her [*sic*] cold <cheeks> <face> just
must have become very dim] must have grown very dim
He looked up dizzily, and then again bent his head down over her.] *not in MS*
curls of his wet black hair] curls of his black hair
during the protracted voyage, and] during the {protracted} voyage and
twining and clustering among her golden ones] twining and <curling> {clustering}
among her rich golden ones
speak, but only uttered some inarticulate exclamation, while his hands] speak and his
hands
their grasp on the ropes.] their hold on the ropes.

The next instant Laura screamed out loudly, for he had staggered, and fallen under the hammock on to the floor.

In a while some hurried footsteps might have been heard coming through the outer cabin. At the same moment, the light of the sun fell all round the ship, and a wild stormy reflection from the glittering waves pierced through the casement on to the ceiling. The door was flung open, and the master of the vessel, followed by two others, came in, their long oil-skin coats running with water.

Laura was leaning out of the hammock crying for help, while Denver was lying insensible on the floor underneath her.

* * * * *

The sun sank stormily over the still high-running but subsiding sea, and the daylight faded gradually away. The men on board the ship had been obliged by that time to fasten a fresh hammock in one of the sleeping-cabins, and watch over it

The next instant Laura screamed] Laura screamed
 for he had staggered and fallen] for he had fallen
 At the same moment . . . on to the ceiling.] *not in MS*
 The door was flung open, and] The door was opened and
 the master of the vessel, followed by two others, came in, their long oil-skin coats
 running] the captain came in without his hat—his hair and <the> {his} long
 oilskin coat all saturated and running
 leaning out of the hammock] leaning out of her hammock
 for help, while Denver was] for help and Denver was
 on the floor underneath her.] on the floor!
 sea, and the daylight faded] sea and the light faded
 obliged by that time to fasten a fresh] obliged to hang up a fresh
 and watch over it carefully] *not in MS*

carefully, for on recovering from his insensibility Denver was discovered to be delirious, and raving under an attack of what they considered to be brain fever.

About midnight, or after, a group of some seven or eight of these sailors stood talking together on the deck, in the shelter of the fore-castle. How many there were among them could not be seen, for in the dusk their forms were all fused together into one dark, indistinguishable mass, diversified by their dimly discernible white faces, or here and there by the sparkle of an eye. But their voices were plainly audible; in fact, they were all talking loudly, and the substance of their conversation may be of interest.

"I never heard anything stranger than the way he goes on. What can the man have on his mind?" exclaimed one in a tone of astonishment.

"And above all, what can his cousin Deborah, as he calls her, have done

for on recovering . . . to be brain fever.] for Denver was suffering under an attack of brain fever

diversified by their dimly discernible white faces or here and there by the] diversified
<in spots> by there {dimly discernible} white faces—and with here and there
{by} the

audible; in fact, they were all talking loudly, and the substance of their conversation
may be of interest.] audible. {—and the substance of their conversation may be
of interest <to the reader>}

What can the man have on his mind?] What can <he be talking about>? {the man
have in his mind}

exclaimed one in a tone of astonishment.] exclaimed one {in a tone of {uneasy}
astonishment.}

"And above all, what can] And <What> can

to him?" interrupted another, who must have been one of the mates. "There's some mystery about him—and *I* can't see to the bottom on't."

"How can he have come to have all that money with him in the boat, and nothing else?" said a third. But no one attempting to answer this question, there was a general pause.

"I *couldn't* have gone near them sooner than I did," exclaimed the voice of the master of the ship, breaking the silence again. "You see the weather gave us no time, really. It was very unlucky, but I never saw such a scene. We might have gone under at any moment. What a trouble there was to persuade her to remain by herself, to be sure! I'm afraid she overheard the way he began raving when he came to again. But I think I've quieted her now. Good Lord!"

He stopped short, for just at that moment a young man came down the deck and joined them.

done to him?" interrupted another] done to him? said a second

mystery about him—and *I* can't see to the bottom on't] mystry about <it> him *I*
can't <get to> {see} the bottom of it

"How can he have . . . was a general pause.] *not in MS*

exclaimed the voice of the master . . . now. Good Lord!"] said the voice of the
ship-master Andrew Newton. {You see the weather really gave us no time to
attend to them properly! There wasnt an instant to spare—I never saw such a
scene: wer might have gone <to bottom> {under} at moment} <What a>
{<There was a good>} troble I had to persuade her to ramain <quiet> {by
her self—Good Lord!} to be sure! ther was! {But I think I've quieted her
now I'm afraid she heard the way he was going on}

He stopped short, for just at] Just at

a young man came down] a man cam down

"Why, Spraggon!" cried the master, with great emphasis. "What the devil have you left him alone for, man?"

"He's been dreadful bad, sir; but he's quite still again now. I reckoned it safe to leave him a moment. I heard the girl give a call; she says she wants you, sir."

"Oh! well, I must come, then; but you should have given a call yourself, and never—"

Whatever the master had in his mind to say was again cut short, for one of the party interrupted him with a sudden and unceremonious exclamation. They all turned, looking in the direction the man pointed to.

The mist in the western sky was bright with reflection from the rising

 "Why, Spraggon!"] Why {Spraggon} <Rogers>!

cried the master, with great emphasis] <said> {cried the master of the ship with
 great emphasis}

What the devil have you left him alone] what {the Devil} have you left {him} alone
 He's been dreadful bad, sir; but he's quite still again now.] {He's been going on
 dreadful but} He's quit still now sir

I heard the girl give a call] I heard the girl {give a} call<ing>

Oh! well, I must come, then: but] O I must come then! —but

should have given a call] should have {given a} call<ed>

yourself, and never—] yourself and {never <have>}} <not have>—

Whatever the master had . . . unceremonious exclamation. They] He was about to say
 more, when one of them <uttered> {interrupted him with} a sudden
 exclamation: and they

moon—a watery point of light just grown visible above the rough waves hanging there, as if loth to part from the horizon, and look on the misery of the world below. Over the dark outline of the stern bulwarks to starboard, a strange black silhouette appeared, and paused for a moment. Some man stood there, holding on with one hand to the shrouds of the mizen-mast. He seemed to be intending to fling himself overboard.

They all of them started in horror, as this figure dashed its arms up wildly—another second, and it would have fallen into the obscurity and disappeared.

But at the same moment a second figure—a slender woman, whose long hair was bright with the moonlight—darting forward, seized the man as he still stood

 rising moon—a watery point of light just] rising moon—watery point just
 grown visible above the the rough waves] grown visible across the rough western
 waves

hanging there, as if loth to part from the horizon and look on the misery of the
 world below.] *not in MS*

a moment. Some man stood there, holding] a moment. {Some man stood there}
 holding

shrouds of the mizen-mast] shrouds of the {mizzen} mast

He seemed to be intending to fling himself overboard.] *not in MS*

They all of them started in horror] They all started in horor

dashed its arms up wildly—another second] dashed its arms {up} wildly—another

<instant> {second}

fallen into the obscurity and disappeared] fallen {into the obscure sea} and disapeed

a slender woman, whose long hair was bright with the moonlight] *not in MS*

darting forward, seized the man] darted forwards siezd the man

poised there, and in another instant had succeeded in dragging him down on to the deck.

A loud, piercing series of shrieks rang through the whole vessel; but by that time they had all rushed up to the place on which these two figures were. They found Laura clinging to Denver, and struggling to restrain him from leaping overboard in his delirium! Overpowered by terror and anxiety for his safety, she had—after sending the message to the captain—managed to leave her hammock, and had got into the outer cabin to wait for a reply. A dim lantern just expiring in fitful alternations of light and shadow showed her the place was empty even of furniture—when suddenly she found Denver standing before her. He made no answer when she spoke to him, and seemed totally unaware of her presence. He was muttering to himself, and seemed to see something before him which he was evidently following and talking to. Had he gone mad? They had not told her really what was the matter with him. Unable to attract his notice, and faint with terror and weakness, she followed him up on to the quarter-deck. She tried to scream, but her speech failed her, for her tongue seemed paralysed—she uttered no sound. Every instant she thought herself about to swoon, but by a violent effort of the will, she managed to retain what little strength was left to her.

Just as he managed to climb up on to the bulwark (still as if following

still stood poised there, and in another instant had succeeded in dragging him down on to the deck.] still stood poised on the bulwark and dragged him down on the deck.

A loud, piercing series of shrieks . . . crew had rushed up to her assistance.

¶[Denver] By that time they {had} all rushed up to <where> {the deck on wh.} these two figger were. They found the stersman had quitted his wheel and siezed upon Denver {and was strugglin to restrain him} just as he was

someone in his delirium) she had thrown herself upon him, seized him, and dragged him back again in her weak arms; while at the same moment the spell on her tongue seemed removed. She uttered scream after scream, till all the startled crew had rushed up to her assistance.

Denver was almost instantly overpowered, and carried down into his berth again. They made arrangements to watch over him more carefully for the rest of that evening.

"I hope to God this wind may last, then we shall bear up for the Cape, and put him ashore; he'll be safe there," exclaimed the master in the hearing of the crew, when the confusion created by this wild scene had calmed down a little. "I'm sure *I* never dreamt to what uses my ship might be put ere ever the voyage was out!"

<in the act of> leaping over board in <a> {his} <fit of> dilerium. ¶They none of them uttered a <word> {single cry} fore fear of giving the alarm to the girl who was lying in the cabin: but Denver was almost instantly overpowered, and carried] was {soon overpowrr} carried into his berth again.] into his <cabin> {berth} acin. They made arrangements to watch over him] They {made arranging} <determind> to watch him for the rest of that evening.] all that night. I hope to God this wind] I <wish> hope to god this wind last, then we shall bear up for the Cape] last—and then we shall reach the Cape exclaimed the master in the hearing of the crew, when] said the master. when wild scene had calmed down a little.] wild sceen was over. ship might be put ere ever the voyage] ship would be put <ere ever> {beforr} the voyage

CHAPTER XIX.

Deeply have I slept;
 As one who hath gone down into the springs
 Of his existence and there bathed, I come
 Regenerate up into the world again.

*Death's Jest Book; or, The Fool's Tragedy.*⁵⁰

It is a terrible thing to experience the first vague struggle of returning consciousness, after a long illness, varied by the delirium and insensibility with which an acute attack of brain fever is accompanied. The brain seems perpetually whirling round, as in a vast sea of grey glittering light; the sufferer gasps for breath like a drowning person, he knows not whether his sensations are those of life or death, and longs vainly for his agony to cease in one or the other; yet he can neither live nor die. He just vaguely recollects his own personality, and that is all. Sometimes a wildly distorted reminiscence of some action of his former life surges up in his mind—then

CHAPTER XIX. . . . *The Fool's Tragedy.*] *not in MS*

illness, varied by the delirium] illness <of> {varied by the} delirium
 insensibility with which an acute attack of brain fever is accompanied] insensibility

<such> as {with which an attack} brain-fever is accompanied <by>

the sufferer gasps for breath] the sufferer *seemes* continually gasping for breath
 like a drowning person] like a drownidg person

death, and longs vainly for his agony to cease in one or the other; yet he can

neither live nor die. He just] death: {he longs {vainly} for his agony to cease

in one or the other and yet he can neither live nor die} he just

a wildly distorted reminiscence] a wildly distored remembrance

he grows delirious and raves over it, making the people watching at his bedside shudder despite themselves. The most absolutely trivial words and events are remembered, and invested with a solemnity and awfulness which is beyond conception.

If death prevails, the struggle is soon over, and the soul leaves the body in peace and goes to seek for peace itself; but if the sufferer is of vigorous constitution, his life will somehow manage to maintain itself. Should this be the case, the more he returns to himself, the severer and more marked grow the alternations of the struggle—till sometimes after a more violent paroxysm than usual, he manages to gain, as it were, a little breathing-space. Then he lies, striving wildly and vainly to piece together his disconnected ideas, and at times, in the midst of his insanity and

over it, making the people watching at his bedside] over it, and makes the people watching over him

The most absolutely trivial . . . beyond conception.] [*added between lines:*] The most trivial words and events or remembrrd and envested with a solemnity and awfulness which is beyond all coception to a healty mind prevails, the struggle is soon] prevails, <all> the struggle<s> is soon to seek for peace itself] "*for*" and "*peace*" originally reversed sufferer is of vigorous constitution] sufferer is young and of good constitution his life will somehow manage to maintain itself] his life will {somehow} manage to maintain its<elf> {position} the severer and more marked grow the alternations of the struggle] the severer {and the more marked} {grow the alternations of the} the struggle <grows> to gain, as it were, a little] to gain a little to piece together his disconnected] to peirce together his disconnected

delirium, he dimly recollects the features of the face he may catch a glimpse of, bending over his. He even tries to speak to it, only he can find no words to utter. Oh! how bewildering to find that after all the mind is *not* a mere particle of agonised sensation, tossing about through space like a sparrow caught up in a whirlwind!

There is an old northern allegory which narrates how Life and Death, after struggling vainly one to overcome the other, at length became friends, and throwing down their weapons, between them created Love.⁵¹ Now Denver, after one of the worst paroxysms of the illness which had attacked him, at length experienced a vague feeling of sensibility; his soul had long hovered over the verge of life and death, but at last some faint recollection of his life returned to him, and with his vitality his love for Laura seemed to re-awaken. A longing, half-sorrowful sensation obtruded itself among the terrors which haunted and beset the visions of his fever-stricken

and at times, in the midst . . . dimly recollects the features] and <sometimes> {at time} he dimly recollects the feathers

face he may catch a glimpse of] face he may sometimes catch a glimpse of over his. He even tries] over his: and even tries

at length became friends, and throwing down their weapons, between them] at length

{threw down their weapons and} <made> became friends between them

Love. Now Denver, after one] Love. Denver, after one

death, but at last some faint] Death: and now some faint

and with his vitality his love for Laura seemed to reawaken] *added between lines in*

MS (with spelling "seemd")

A longing, half-sorrowful . . . while he began dimly to] {a longing half sorrowful

sensation which obtruded itself upon the terrors which seemd beset his vision}

He <seemd> {began} dimly to

brain, while he began dimly to perceive a half-remembered face floating before his dizzy eyes. It was very pale, with a mass of golden hair rippling all round it—its tremulous, red curved lips, moved occasionally, as though they were speaking to him—while its eyes were of a deep intense blue, shadowed and rendered dim by their long lashes.

Then he lost sight of it again, and began dreaming of a deep pool of water he remembered in his childhood, round the margin of which the long tropical grasses used to spring up, waving and quivering in the wind. He thought he was once more wandering round its sides, gazing into the reflection of the lofty blue sky mirrored in its depths. An inexpressible sensation of peace seemed at last to fall upon his agitated soul, and he became utterly unconscious.

a half-remembered face floating before] a {half remembred} known face floating before
 It was very pale . . . speaking to him—while its eyes] It was pale with tremulous
 red curved lips which at first seemd moving as though they were speaking to
 him {a mass of {mazy} golden hair seemd to ripple all round it} —its eyes
 their long lashes.¶] *no new paragraph*
 dreaming of a deep pool] dreaming of a {deep} pool
 round the margin of which the long tropical grasses] round {the margin of} which the
 long {tropical} grasses
 waving and quivering in the wind] waving {and quivering} in the wind
 once more wandering round its sides] once more standing at its sides
 gazing into the reflection] watching the reflection
 blue sky mirrored in its depths] blue sky in its depths
 An inexpressible sensation of peace seemed at last to fall upon his agitated soul, and
 he became] {An inexpressible feeling of peace seemd to fall on his weary
 soul} Then he became

When he caught sight of this face a second time, it was after waking up from a profound and dreamless sleep which he had fallen into.

It happened in this way.

He suddenly found himself lying on a soft bed in the middle of a room, the furniture and appearance of which he was utterly incapable of recognising.

There was an open casement right in front of him, and the wind was blowing through, fluttering the bright curtains which hung at its sides. There were two of these openings, one at each end of the room; and they were literally made upon the principle from which the modern name has been derived—*wind-door*, for there were no sashes or glass to them, and the breeze was free to come or go. The apartment

a profound and dreamless sleep] a sound {and dreamless} sleep

lying on a soft bed] lying on a {soft} bed

in the middle of a strange room] in a strange room

the furniture and appearance of which] the features of which

There was an open casement right in front of him, and the wind was blowing] The

<window> {casement} was open and the wind was <litterally> blowing

fluttering the bright curtains] fluttering the {bright} curtains

which hung at its sides] {which hung <before> at its sides}

one at each end of the room] one on each side of the room

and they were literally made upon the principle] The [*sic*] were {windows} litteraly

made on the principle

from which the modern name] from which the<r> <modern> name

to them, and the breeze was free] to thim and {therefore} the breeze {air} was free

The apartment could not] The appartment could certanily not

could not be one of the cabins on board ship, for there was foliage and vegetation in front of these windows, and he could hear the leaves shaken and rustling with the movements of the atmosphere. The white sultry sunlight shot through, chequering the cool, uncarpeted floor.

The aspect of all these unusual and strange things tired his eyes, and he closed them again. His position was an utter mystery to him. Had he been ill?

Opening them again, he looked at the wall. It was made of wicker-work, like a division intended to separate one large chamber into two. Clinging on it he noticed an extraordinary reptile—a chameleon, such as is kept in all the Cape Town houses to destroy the flies and other vermin. He had never seen such an animal, and gazed at it with amazement. Its eyes were turned up, squinting crookedly at the flies on the

be one of the cabins on board ship, for] be at sea for
there was foliage and vegetation] there was {foliage and} vegetation
these windows, and he could] these windows: <and> he could
atmosphere. The white sultry sunlight shot through, chequering the cool, uncarpeted
floor.] atmosphere: while the {<pure> white} sultry sun-light fell through
<dancing on> {checkering} the {coll uncarpeted} floor.

The aspect of all . . . Had he been ill?] *not in MS*

Opening them again . . . an extraordinary reptile] Looking at the wall {he noticed
that it was made of wicker work, like a division made one large room into
two.} he noticed and extrordny {spotted} <illegible> {reptile} clinging on to it
—a chameleon, such as is kept . . . to a brilliant violet.] {It was a camelian such as
it kept in the cape town houses to destroy the flis and other vermin.

<when> as he looked the beast changed from a dull green to a brilliant

ceiling; and while he watched it, the colour of its skin changed from a dingy green to a brilliant violet. He could not make out whether he was awake or not. Where was he?

Then a bewildering idea flashed across his mind, making his weakened nerves quiver with excitement,

"Where was Laura?"

Hitherto he had moved nothing but his eyes. He now attempted to turn his head, so as to look on the other side of him, and he just managed to lift his neck and catch sight of the ceiling, with a vivid reflection dancing over it, when he fell back helplessly on the pillow, and discovered that he was almost too enfeebled to move.

violet} he had never seen such an animal in his life. and he watched it with amazement.

Then a bewildering idea] Then a vivid idea
 making his weakened nerves quiver with excitement] making his weak limbs quiver
 Hitherto he had moved nothing but his eyes. He now attempted] {Hitherto he had
 not moved} {moved nothing but his eyes} He tried
 his head, so as to look] his head {so as} to look
 of him, and he just managed] of him. He just managed
 to lift his neck and catch sight of] to lift it and catch sight of
 he fell back helplessly on] he fell {helplessly} back on
 and discovered that he was] and found that he was
 almost too enfeebled to move] too weak almost to move

A second time he essayed eagerly, and this effort was successful. He turned right over, and could see the other side of the room.

His sudden anxiety was quieted again. *There* Laura was, sitting at his bedside; she was leaning over, reading from the pages of some large book, bound in sober brown cloth, which lay open on her knees. Her elbow rested on the arm of the chair in which she was seated, her chin was supported in the palm of her hand, and her red-golden hair lay hanging loosely over her shoulders. There was an uneasy, careworn expression in her pale face, but her eyes were fixed so intently on the page she was perusing that she had not noticed his unexpected movements.

In one moment all his bewilderment and doubt and perplexity was quieted, he had lost sight of everything excepting the fact that she was really before him. At first

second time he essayed eagerly, and] second time he essayed {eagerly}, and
He turned right over, and could see] {He managed to turn right over.} He could see
His sudden anxiety was quieted again. *There* Laura] {His {sudden} anxiety was quieted
again, for} *There* Laura

reading from the pages of some] reading {from the pages of} some
bound in sober brown cloth] bound in {sober} brown clothe
Her elbow rested on the arm of the chair in which she was seated] *not in MS*
supported in the palm of her hand] supported on her hand
her red-golden hair lay hanging] her hair was hanging
shoulders. There was an uneasy, careworn expression in her pale face, but her eyes]
shoulders and her eyes

noticed his unexpected movements] noticed his movements

In one moment all his bewilderment and doubt and perplexity was quieted, he had
lost sight of everything excepting the fact] In an instant he had forgotten
every thing, except the fact

he could scarcely articulate; his tongue was parched, and clove to the roof of his mouth. "Laura! Laura!" he exclaimed in a faint voice.

She uttered a cry, and lifted her head up in a startled way, while the bible dropped off her lap and on to the floor with a rustle and crash, and the next instant her arms were round his neck.

Their mutual position seemed completely to have changed now, *he* was the dependant, and *she* was the protector. He was supported in her arms, not she in his.

"Where in heaven's name am I?" he demanded in a feeble voice.

"Hush! the doctor said you were not to talk when you should wake. You've

At first he could scarcely articulate; his tongue was parched, and clove to the roof of his mouth.] [*added between lines:*] At first he could scarcely speak: his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth

he exclaimed in a faint voice] he exclaimed {at last in a faint voice} <faintly>

She uttered a cry, and lifted her head up] She lifed her face up

while the bible dropped] <and> {while} the bible dropped

off her lap and on to the floor with a rustle and crash, and the next] on the

<ground> {floor} {with a rustle and crash} and ¶The next arms were round his neck.] arms were round his head.

mutual position seemed completely to have changed] mutual possitions had completely changed

now, *he* was the dependant, and] now *he* was the dependent now and

Where in heaven's name am I?] Where am I?

he demanded in a feeble voice] he <asked> {demanded in a feeble} faint<ly> voice

"Hush! the doctor . . . under it. There."] Hush Gabriel {the doctor says} you're not to talk. {when you woke} {—You've been asleep all the night till now} Put

been asleep all the night till now. Lay your head back, so—but no, I'll put the pillow under it. There."

So saying, she propped his head up on the pillow, and placed her hand on his lips, enjoining silence in a more practical fashion.

"Are you thirsty?" she asked after this.

"A little. But for God's sake tell me how——"

Again he felt the hand, interrupting his speech by its soft affectionate pressure on his excited lips.

"If you speak another word I shall be compelled to leave the room," he heard her answer, "but as it is," she continued, in a more tender voice, as though fearful of having spoken too harshly, "I must go down for your drink. O my God!

your head <so> {back So}—— {but} no, I'll put a pillow under it. There!
 she propped his head up on the pillow, and placed] she {propped his head up with
 the pillow and} placed
 in a more practical fashion] in a more practical <way> fashion
 But for God's sake tell me how——] ——but tell me——
 Again he felt the hand, interrupting his speech by its soft affectionate pressure on his
 excited lips.] [*added between lines:*] Again he felt the hand pressing his lips.
 I shall be compelled to leave] I shall be obliged to leave
 he heard her answer] she said
 she continued, in a more tender voice, as though fearful of having spoken too
 harshly] *not in MS*
 O my God! to think that he should have recovered after all," she exclaimed to
 herself, half audibly.] [*added between lines:*] O my God to think he should
 have recovered after all! she exclaimed to herself he heard he [*sic*] exclaim to
 herself

to think that he should have recovered after all," she exclaimed to herself, half audibly.

Then he felt her kiss him two or three times over. He was too weak and dizzy to be rebellious, and lay quietly enough.

After this, seeing how motionless he remained, she crossed to the other side of the room, and next he heard her open a door and go out.

The mists which hid his memory from him were beginning to clear away a little, but in what fashion he had come to this place he knew not. He dimly recollected how the ship had rescued them, but between that time and this a great blank space of utter deathlike forgetfulness intervened. Yet it could be scarcely two or three hours ago since he had been in the storm watching over Laura's hammock.

It was late in the day *then*, almost evening, and *now* it was morning. How was he to account for the lapse of time which must have occurred?

It was an utterly unanswerable problem.

It was no use thinking, and he lay still, waiting patiently for Laura to return.

Presently he heard her footsteps coming up a flight of stairs outside, but there

two or three times over] *not in MS*

After this, seeing how motionless he remained, she crossed] <Then> She crossed of the room, and next he heard] of the room: he heard

The mists which hid . . . for Laura to return.] [*added between lines:*] The mists

{which hid his memory <away> from him} were beging to clear away a little—but how he had come into this place he knew not He recollected how the ship had rescued them: and then a great blank occured. what had filled it up? {occured since then} It was an utterly unanswerable problem—

heard her footsteps coming up a flight of stairs outside, but] heard {her} footslips returning: but

were two or three others with her, and they all came to his bedside.

One was a stout, elderly woman, with sun-freckled features, who began smiling at him; she was apparently German or Dutch by birth, for she spoke English very imperfectly. She was followed by a half-naked woolly-headed negress, who carried a stone jug. The third was a tall, burly man, in a nankeen jacket, and with a straw hat on his head.

This man leant over him and took up his wrist, as though feeling the pulse.

"How are you?" he asked suddenly; "has your sleep refreshed you?"

"I feel very weak," answered Denver, hardly knowing what he meant.

"Hem! Well, yes, you had to lose a good deal of blood. It lowers the system,

two or three others with her] tow or three others <returning with> {accompanying}
her

One was a stout, elderly woman] One was an {stout} elderly woman
with sun-freckled features] with sun-<burnt> {freckled} {kind-hearted} features
who began smiling at him; she was apparently German or Dutch by birth, for she
spoke English very imperfectly.] who smiled at him, though without saying a
word.

She was followed by a half-naked woolly-headed negress, who carried a stone jug.]

[*added between lines:*] A half naked wooly headed negress followd carrying a
{stone} jug

The third was a tall] The other was a tall
a nankeen jacket] a white nankeen jacket
and with a straw hat on his head] *not in MS*

This man leant . . . in a cheerful tone.] [*added between lines:*] This man leant over
him and took up his wrist as though feeling this pulse. ¶How are you? he
asked suddenly ¶"I feel very weak" answered Denver. ¶Hm! Well yes—youve

of course. Oh! you'll do very well with a little more care," exclaimed the doctor (for such he was) in a cheerful tone.

But Denver's whole attention was riveted on Laura, who now again stood beside him.

He watched her filling a glass out of the jug which was held by the negress, and when it was full she came to his bedside with it. Then, supporting his head with one hand, she held the glass to his lips with the other, and she only removed it when she had persuaded him to drain off its contents to the very dregs. When he had done this, she allowed him to fall back on the pillow again.

He heard them all whispering together at the foot of his bed, and tried vainly to make out what they were saying. He only caught the words "*sleep is everything to*

had to lose a good deal of blood It lowers the system {of course} Oh, you're all right now! exclaimed the doctor (for such he was) in a cheerful tone him. ¶He watched . . . with it. Then, supporting] him, holding a mug in her hand.

Supporting

with one hand, she held the glass] with one <arm> {hand} she held this other, and she only removed it] other—only removing it when she had persuaded him to drain off its contents] when {after many attempted, she had persuaded him} drained it

to the very dregs. When he had done this, she allowed him to fall back on the pillow again.] to the very dregs. {It was some medicin, though it was not unpleasant in tast.} {Laura had let him sink back}

at the foot of his bed] *not in MS*

tried vainly to make out] tried to make out

saying. He only caught the words "*sleep is everything to him,*" and two or three

other disconnected sentences, for he had become so drowsy now that] saying

him," and two or three other disconnected sentences, for he had become so drowsy now that their voices seemed to have no more meaning to him than the low vexed humming of the insects on the ceiling over his head.

In a few moments he had fallen fast asleep.

More than eleven hours passed ere he awoke; the room was in candle-light by that time, for the night had come on. The chameleon was still clinging on the walls, but it was shrivelled up and sound asleep, dreaming perhaps of some one among its antediluvian comrades.

He felt ravenously hungry, and entreated for something to eat. Laura was no longer in the room, the woman whom he had seen in the morning had now taken

<but> {and} hr had grown so drowsy that
 voices seemed to have no more meaning] voices had no more meaning
 the low vexed humming of the insects] the humming of the fris {insects}
 ceiling over his head. ¶In a few moments he had fallen fast asleep.] ceeling. ¶{In a
 few moment he had fallen} He fell fast asleep again
 More than eleven hours . . . night had come on] It was nine hours before he woke
 <again—> {He was} ravenously hungry and longing for food. The room was
 in candle-light for the evening had come on
 He felt ravenously hungry, and entreated] He entreated
 was no longer in the room] was no longer by his side
 the woman whom he had seen in the morning had now taken] the woman he had
 seen before had {now} taken

her place. Seeing that he was awake, and hearing his entreaties, she went out, and returned with a basin of warm chicken broth, which she began good-naturedly to put into his mouth with a large spoon.

Suddenly he asked for Laura.

"She's sound asleep; it's the first rest she has had for six days," answered his new nurse, in her strange pronunciation.

"Do not disturb her on any account," exclaimed Denver.

He was allowed to finish the broth, and soon after this he fell asleep again.

It was broad daylight before he roused himself. His sleep had refreshed and invigorated him, and the change which had taken place in his strength was extraordinary, for he could sit up in his bed almost without aid. He still had not the

Seeing that he was awake, and hearing his entreaties, she went out, and returned with

a basin of warm chicken broth] She gave him {In answer to his entreaty she

went out and returned with a bason full of warm} <some> chicken soup

which she began good-naturedly to put] which she put

with a large spoon] with a spoon

Suddenly he asked for] Suddenly {he} asked for

"She's sound asleep; it's the first rest she has had for six days," answered his] Why;

she's sound asleep like every other reasonable person" said his

in her strange pronunciation] in her bad prounciaten

Do not disturb her on any] Don't disturb her on any

exclaimed Denver] exclaimed Gabriel

He was allowed to finish . . . she held for him to smell.] He had a {some} vague

idea that she <would> {might perhaps} forbid him the food he was longing

vagueſt idea of how he had come into his preſent poſition. Trying to reflect on the myſtery which ſurrounded him only made his brain giddy, and none of the people who entered the room would answer any queſtions, they all ſeemed more ignorant than himſelf even.

The doctor came two or three times a day, and under his treatment Denver grew ſtronger and ſtronger. At length, after ten days he was able to leave his bed and ſit looking out at the windows of his room. He ſeemed living in a dream. Another week paſſed, and he was able to walk by himſelf.

It was then that for the firſt time he was told how he had fallen down in a ſwoon while on board the ſhip which had ſaved him. He had remained delirious up to the time when he had ſuddenly found himſelf lying on the bed, with Laura watching over him.

Laura told him how he had been placed in a hammock, while they had been obliged to keep guard over him moſt carefully, until he loſt all his ſtrength. They had never expected him to live. What had taken place during the firſt night ſhe ſaid not a word about—indeed, many years paſſed before ſhe informed him of *that*. After ſome days they had reached the Cape, but that part of the voyage had been ſtormier than ever. She was ſtill very ill herſelf; but he had been with great difficulty

for—juſt as ſhe had forbid him the uſe of his tongue ¶He finiſhed the broth and fell aſleep again; and it was broad day light ere he <woke> {rouſed himſelf} up <again>. {His ſleep had reſreſhed him and the parced feeling was no longer in his mouth He found himſelf able to ſit up in his bed almoſt with out effort The alteration which had taken place in his ſpirits was extraordinary} ¶He ſtill had not the vagueſt idea of how he had come into his preſent poſition: {But everytime he tried to reflect he grew giddy again and none of the people about him would answer any queſtions. The doctor

transferred ashore in his hammock, and placed under medical care in the house he was now an inmate of. What kindness and hospitality they had been treated with he himself knew.

"The angels in heaven itself could not have behaved more tenderly to us than the sailors on board the *Albatross*," exclaimed Laura. "When we reached here they gave all your money up, and refused any payment whatever. The master came several times to see you, but the ship has sailed now. Ah! one little knows of the kindness which is to be met with in this world, if one only needs it."

While they were talking they had both been seated in the verandah of the house. This place was all overgrown by the entangled clinging foliage of a luxuriant grape-vine. They had been sitting there so long without disturbance that the night had stolen down upon them, and they had not perceived it. The dark outlines of the trellis-work, interlaced with the curled tendrils and fluttering leaves of the plant, were dimly visible against the faint-coloured African sky, and the wan stars were slowly

came two or three times a day till at last he began to cease coming. It was only after many days when his strength was almost retured to him In the mean while the she had gradually recure [?] him [?] with great difficut and while he was sitting in an arm chair at the open window} but at Lengthed Laura consented to tell him how he had fallen down in her cabin and had been delirius ever since. What had occured during the {firt} night {of his illness} she did not mention: {many years passed away before she told him of *that*} she only told him that they had been oblygd to watch over him very carefully ulltill he had lost all his strength. They had reached Cape in safety and he had been transferred ashore in his hammock and placed under medical care, in <the> {a} house he was now {an inmate} in. The only diffuculty was to know which house to choose for theer shelter—so many had been

brightening over the dark fringe of palm-trees which rose against the horizon just in front of the house.

Both had remained without speaking for some little time, when they suddenly rose and went out into the open air. Denver still seemed to require Laura's arm to support him.

They appeared to be in a cultivated garden. The sweet fragrance of flowers seemed to fill the whole atmosphere, though the ground round them was all dark and obscure, so that nothing could be seen on it.

They still wandered to and fro in the dusk without speaking, when Laura suddenly knelt down in the dusk and plucked some flowers, which she held for him to smell.

"Laura," he exclaimed abruptly, as though roused out of some reverie he had fallen into, "when we are married we must live in England."

She made no reply. Perhaps she blushed, but he could not see her face

offered. ¶The angles in heaven itself could not have behaved more tenderly to us, than the sailors on board <that> {the} ship" <said> {continued} Lau
" <and> they gave me all your money up, and refused any remuneration
whatever: the master came here several times to see you—but they've sailed
now. {<O> What a little one knows of the kindness of the kindness one can
meet with if one only knows wheer} *line of asterisks follows*

"Laura," he exclaimed . . . see her face distinctly.] {Laura} {Yes} We can be marreid
<here> {now, Laura}" here exclaimd Denver abruptly, on the {day} he had
been allowd to get up for the first time {<He had completly recover thoug he
was still weak>} ¶Laura said nothing: {perhaps she blushed but} he could not
see her face: for the night had stolen up on them, while they were sitting in
the verdadah of the house {Who were the relatives you were to have joint

distinctly.

"When I reach London I shall be comparatively rich," Denver resumed, after a pause. "I was coming to England to secure some money that has been left me by an uncle—eighteen or nineteen thousand pounds, I think it is."

"Only that!" remarked Laura, apparently in a tone of amusement. He thought she was laughing at him.

"*Only!*" he exclaimed.

"Why, *I* must be richer than you are."

"You!" said Denver, in an almost disconcerted tone, "why, you never told me so."

"But it never occurred to me—it's my poor father's money which is settled on me," said Laura in perfect simplicity. "How singular! When I come of age it will be at my disposal."

<in> when you got home I have but very little idea—My father said very little good of them ever}

When I reach London] When I get to London

I shall be comparatively rich] I shall be rich and able to keep you as you deserve

I was coming to England . . . pounds, I think it is] I have had <nearly forty>

<20> <twenty> {nearly 18 or 19} thousand pounds left me

Why, *I* must be richer than you are] Why! *I*<*m* richer than *that*> {am richer than you}

But it never occurred to me—it's my poor father's money which is settled on me]

{I} It {never occurred to me dear} <forgot it> {It was my poor fathers money}

singular! When I come of age . . . been married, and were] singular!" ¶In another

fortnigh they had been marred {—had taken leave of them friends} and were

At this moment they were joined by two or three other people, who became dimly visible in the dusk of the night, and presently they all went into the house together.

In another fortnight they had been married, and were on their way to England.

* * * * *

It was long before the excitement caused by the narration of their wild and extraordinary adventures died out, although Denver had concealed the details of it as much as was possible. The master of the *Albatross* had left a written statement behind him as to how the boat had been found, and of the third person in it. No one guessed the origin of the fire; Denver said not a word on that subject, and his wife said nothing either, whatever she might have known or suspected.

Before many months the story had penetrated even into the colony Denver had

line of asterisks] not in MS

before the excitement caused by] before the wild sensation caused by
 their wild and extraordinary adventures] their weird and extraordinary adventures
 died out, although Denver had concealed the details of it as much as was possible]

died out again: {All} all the colonial <news> papers were supplied {with its
 details} for many weeks. Denver concealed as much of it as he could; <for

he had to under go a long examination> {before the colonial magistrate}

and of the third person in it] *not in MS*

No one guessed the origin . . . might have known or suspected] No one knew how
 the ship had caught fire. {Denver said not a word: and what ever Laura might
 have suspected he [*sic*] knew nothing}

Before many months the story had penetrated even into] Before {many months} The
 news <even> penetrated {even} into

just quitted. The only thing new was the fact that a boat containing ten men was picked up by a Russian ship in S. Lat. 51°, E. Lon. 45°. These men were half insensible from hunger and thirst, and they were afterwards surmised to have belonged to the ill-fated *Black Swan*. They all of them disappeared in different quarters of the world, however. The whole story was distorted into a series of the most extravagant rumours, which grew wilder and wilder as time went on—increasing like the ripples in a pool of still water, which widen out till at last one utterly loses sight of them, and the agitated water grows placid again.

the colony Denver had just . . . agitated water grows placid again.] the colony the ship had sailed from: but none of the colonists {there} ever saw Denver again. The news was distored into the <wildest> {most extravagant} rumors which {grew wilder and wilder as time went on} increased like the ripples in a pool of still water which {widen out} <grow larger and large> till at last one utterly loses sight of them end the {agitated} water grows placid again. The only new thing was that ten sailors were picked up, insensible with starvation (in lat [*illegible*] Loag. —) by a russion ship who were afterwards {rumoured <[*illegible*]>} to {have} beflong to the ill fated Black Swan Thy all of them disappd howevr in differet quarters of the world. *MS fragment ends here, with room to spare on page*

CONCLUSION.

The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home return.—*Richard II.*⁵²

Late in the afternoon of the 24th of June 1841, the sun sank stormily among the clouds over the sea, in front of the craggy precipitous cliffs of Combe-Martin, on the north coast of Devonshire. All day long the atmosphere had been threatening rain; but the clouds still lingered in the heavens, unwilling as it were to waste their substance over the sterile hills.

While the sun declined, a little wind arose, moaning fitfully among the

CONCLUSION] Chapter XX *JR.4B*; *untitled JR.4A*

The sullen passage of thy weary steps. . . —*Richard III.*] The sullen passage of

<your> {thy} weary steps . . . Richard III. *JR.4B*; *not in JR.4A*

in front of the craggy precipitous cliffs of Combe-Martin, on the north coast of

Devonshire.] in front of the <shaggy> {craggy} precipitous cliffs of

Combe-Martin, on the north coast of Devonshire. *JR.4B*; in front of Combe

Martin. {on the Devonshire coast} *JR.4A*

the atmosphere had been threatening rain *GD*] it had been threatening rain *JR.4B*

JR.4A

unwilling as it were to waste their substance over the sterile hills *GD JR.4B*]

unwilling to waste theerr substance over the sterile hills as it were *JR.4A*

While the sun declined, a little wind arose, moaning fitfully among the *GD JR.4B*]

As the sun declined a little wind arose <whistling> moaning fitfully <along>

{amng} the *JR.4A*

thin distorted trees which fringed the wild crags of the cliff-side. The rims of the piled-up clouds over the horizon were lined as with fire, and where the sky was visible through them, it could be seen dissolving tenderly into those efflorescent hues which are only to be noticed in the most brilliant sunsets. Far under the difficult foot-path, which wound fearlessly along the face of the projecting rocks, the desultory

the thin distorted trees which fringed the wild crags of the cliff-side] the thin

distorted trees which grew along the wild crags of the cliff-side *JR.4B* the

{distorted} trees which grew along the sloping cliffs *JR.4A*

the rims of the piled-up *GD JR.4B*] the <calm sky> rims of the piled up *JR.4A*

horizon were lined as with fire] horizon were fringed as with fire *JR.4B*; horizon

<dissolved tenderly into all the efflorescent hues of the sunset> {were all as}

—fringed with fire *JR.4A*

was visible through them, it *GD JR.4B*] was visible it *JR.4A*

into those efflorescent hues] in to <all> those efflorescent hues *JR.4B*; into {all} the

efflorescent hues *JR.4A*

hues which are only to be noticed in the most brilliant sunsets. Far under] hues

{which are only <noticed> {to be noticed} in the most brilliant} <one may

sometimes notice in a winter> sunsets. Far under *JR.4B*; hues one may

sometimes notice in a winter sunset when the <inviolable> undefiles [sic] snow

lies over the plains. ¶Far under *JR.4A*

which wound fearlessly along the face of the projecting rocks *GD JR.4B*] which would

fearlessly along the {<face>} <cliffs> sides of the projecting cliffs *JR.4A*

beating of the waves could be heard as they seethed among the half-submerged stones of the sea-shore, and over this path the half-sad, half-solemn tolling of a church bell, from some distant village far inland, made itself audible, the sound coming indistinctly across the hills, well-nigh drowned in the echoes it created. The whole scene was indescribably peaceful and still.

At last the twilight commenced, and the trees and rocks along the wild headland slowly disappeared in its dusky, lingering obscurity. The sea at the same time

the desultory beating of the waves could be heard *GD JR.4B*] the <sea could be

heard> desultory beating of the waves could be heard *JR.4A*

among the half-submerged stones of the sea-shore *GD JR.4B (but no hyphens)*]

among the half <sunken> {submerr} stones on the sea shore *JR.4A*

and over this path the] and from this path the *JR.4B*; From there path the *JR.4A*

the half-sad, half-solemn tolling *GD JR.4B (with comma before "tolling")*] the {half

sad half regular} {solemn} tolling *JR.4A*

of a church bell *GD JR.4B*] of a {Church} bell *JR.4A*

from some distant village far inland made itself audible] from some {distant} village

far inland made itself audible *JR.4B*; from in land at Combesbury {made itself audible}*JR.4A*

well-nigh drowned in the *GD JR.4B*] <half> {well nigh} drowned in the *JR.4A*

At last the twilight commenced] At last the {twilight} commenced *JR.4B*; At last the

twilight commended *JR.4A*

the trees and rocks along *GD JR.4B*] the trees {and} rocks along *JR.4A*

the wild headland slowly disappeared] the wild headland {slowly disappeared} <began

to disappear> *JR.4B*; the wild cliffs began to dissappear<ed> *JR.4A*

its dusky, lingering obscurity] its dusky obscurity *JR.4B JR.4A*

The sea at the same . . . prelude to a storm.¶] The sea at the same time began to

began to emit faint sparkles and flashes of phosphor-fire—its invariable prelude to a storm.⁵³

But just before the sun had utterly disappeared, the intense silence was disturbed, for two figures became visible in the obscure half-light. One was a man, well-dressed, and with a swarthy, dark-complexioned face, the other, who was walking arm-in-arm with him, was in all probability his wife. The last dying gleams from the sunset continually caught and glowed in the tangles of her hair, while her face seemed to be very pale and beautiful.

They were both quite silent. Sometimes they looked down on the sea beneath them, or even stood still for a moment, gazing at the bright-rimmed clouds in the western sky, but it was always without speaking. There seemed, indeed, an intense pathos in their speechlessness; their minds sympathised too deeply with the obscurity and loneliness which environed them to care to disturb its solitude.

emit faint flashes of phosphor-fire—<the> {its} invariable prelude to a storm.

JR.4B; {The sea at the same time began to flash with phosphor fire <as>

—the invariable prelude to a storm} *no new paragraph JR.4A*

But just before the sun had utterly disappeared] But before long *JR.4B JR.4A*

intense silence was disturbed *GD JR.4B*] intense silence was broken *JR.4A*

for two figures became visible in the obscure half-light. *GD JR.4B*] for a <couple>

{two} appeared round the angle of one of the rocks. *JR.4A*

One was a man, well-dressed, . . . only sound audible.] One was a man,

well-dressed and with a swarthy dark-complexioned face; the other {—who

was walking arm in arm with him—} <might have been> {was most likely}

his wife. The last dying gleams from the sunset continually caught and glowed

in the tangles of her hair, <but> {while} her face seemed to be very pale

{and beautiful}. They were both quite silent: sometimes they looked down on

Close at their feet a child of some five or six years old was following them. This child's face seemed to be strangely lovely, and she had ruddy golden hair, although in the dusk (save for the sparkle in her eyes) her features were scarcely distinguishable, so that only a mere indistinct impression could be formed of them. Her quick vivacious movements formed a strange contrast to their silence and quietude.

They all continued walking for some time yet up the obscure devious pathway. The bell had ceased tolling for a long while now, the vague and desolate moaning of the sea under the deep cliff was the only sound audible.

"Laura," exclaimed the man, stopping suddenly, "it's going to rain; we must turn back."

the sea, or {even} stood {still for a moment}, gazing at the bright-rimmed clouds in the western sky—but always without speaking. <In such a situation as they were in>, <t>Their minds sympathized too deeply with the obscurity {and loneliness} around {them}, to care to disturb its solitude. ¶Close at their feet a child {of some five or six years old} was following them. This child seemd to have a beautiful face: although {in the dusk} its features were scarcely distinguishable. {Its vivacious movements formed a strange contrast to their silence and quietude.} ¶They all continued walking for some time <in silence> {up the obscure path}. The bell had ceased tolling {for some time now} and the desultory beating of the sea beneath was the only sound audible. *JR.4B*; They were walking along the path in silence, looking <out on> {down on to} the sea occasiony—but always without speaking ¶There were followed round the path by a child of some five or six years old, but it was impossible to see any of theeir faces in the dusk. *JR.4A*

"Laura," exclaimed the man *GD JR.4B (but no comma)* "Laura" said the man *JR.4A* we must turn back] we must turn back homewards *JR.4B JR.4A*

But almost at the moment he spoke, two or three drops fell in their faces, and next the rain commenced pouring down in a torrent, although it chiefly fell over the sea beyond the land. The lady relinquished her husband's arm, and hastily caught up the child, covering it with her shawl.

Then they hurriedly began to retrace their steps round the projecting masses of earth and stone.

Presently they came to a great overhanging rock, which appeared capable of affording shelter, and they stopped under its side. The lady sat down on a smaller

two or three drops fell in their faces, and next] *not in MSS*

fell over the sea beyond the land] fell over the sea *JR.4B*; fell in over the sea

JR.4A

The lady relinquished her husband's arm, and hastily caught up the child, covering it

with] The lady {relinquished her husbands arm, and} hastily caught {up} the child <up in her {own} arms>, covering it <up> with *JR.4B*; The lady caught the child up in her arms covering it with *JR.4A*

with her shawl. ¶Then they hurriedly began to retrace their steps round the projecting masses of earth and stone.] with her shawl. Then they hurriedly began to retrace their steps <along the path>. {round the projecting masses of earth and stone.} *JR.4B*; with her cloak and they both tured [*sic*] walking hastily along the cliff. *JR.4A*

Presently they came to *GD JR.4A*] Presently they <all> came to *JR.4B*

which appeared capable of affording shelter] which seemed able to afford shelter

JR.4B JR.4A

and they stopped under *GD JR.4B*] they all stopped under *JR.4A*

fragment of stone which had fallen from above, and placed her child on her knees, while her husband remained standing at her side. Their pale glimmering faces could be seen dimly defined against the dark hollow under the rock.

The rain continued to pour down everywhere, but it seemed too violent to be of long duration. From the situation in which these three had placed themselves, the sea beneath was plainly visible, but an extraordinary alteration had taken place in its placid appearance. From the dimmest verge of the horizon up to where the tide waves broke at the foot of the gloomy headland opposite, its surface was all dancing and flashing with a kind of weird magical fire which was beaten out of it by the

The lady sat down . . . in its placid appearance.] The lady sat down on a smaller fragment of stone which had fallen from above, and placed her child on her knees, while her husband remained standing at her side. ¶The rain continued to pour down everywhere—but it seemed too violent to be of long duration. From where these three were sitting, the sea {beneath} was plainly visible: {but} An extraordinary alteration had taken place in its appearance. *JR.4B*; ¶From here the sea was perfectly visible, *JR.4A*

From the dimmest verge of the horizon up to where] From the {dimmest} verge of the horizon up to where *JR.4B*; From the {verge of the dark} horizon to wher *JR.4B*

broke at the foot of the gloomy headland *GD JR.4B*] broke against the {gloomy} headland *JR.4A*

its surface was all dancing *GD JR.4B*] it was all dancing *JR.4A*

kind of weird magical fire *GD JR.4B*] kind of magical fire *JR.4A*

which was beaten out of it by the rain *GD JR.4B*] *added between lines in JR.4A*

rain. The dark lines of the coast could be seen for miles, edged by white livid lines of luminous foam. Wherever the rising waves broke on the black rocks, a perfect shower of blue ghastly and mysterious flame flashed out of them, while the rain fell agitating the rest of the phosphorescent water in every direction.

"Good heaven!" said the man, as he gazed on this wild and fantastic scene. "We've watched the sea often enough from these cliffs, but I never thought to see it like this a second time, Laura. How it reminds me of that night."

dark lines of the coast *GD JR.4B*] dark {myriad [?]} lines of the coast *JR.4A*
 for miles, edged by white *GD JR.4B*] for miles edged by the white *JR.4A*
 of luminous foam. Wherever] of luminous foam, {for} Where ever *JR.4B*; of luminous
 foam. Where ever *JR.4A*

the rising waves broke on *GD JR.4B*] the waves broke on *JR.4A*
 black rocks, a perfect *GD JR.4B*] black rocks of perfect *JR.4A*
 shower of blue ghastly and mysterious flame] shower of blue ghastly flame *JR.4B*;
 shower of livid flaem *JR.4A*

fell agitating the rest of the phosphorescent water in every direction.] fell, agitating the
 phosphorescent water in every direction. *JR.4B*; fell eyery where, agitating the
 {phosphorescent water} water. <with light> *JR.4A*

"Good heaven!" said the man] "Good heavens, Laura!" said the man *JR.4B*; "Good
 heavens!" said the man *JR.4A*

as he gazed on this wild and fantastic scene] *not in MSS*

"We've watched the sea often . . . that night."] "We've watched the sea often
 enough from thees cliffs; but I {never} thought to see it like this a second
 time. How it {remindes} <reminded> one of that night!" *JR.4B*; "how it
 remind me of that dreadful night <at sea> we <had> went through. I
 never thought to see such a sight a second time." *JR.4A*

The lady looked on in silence, for she was occupied with the child on her knee.

At last the shower all but ceased, and they came out on to the wet pathway again. The fragrance of the fallen rain filled the whole atmosphere.

"Mamma," cried the child suddenly, in a shrill, sweet voice, which roused a perfect swirl of echoes in the damp rocks overhead.

"Well, dear?" replied the mother.

The lady looked on in silence, for she *GD JR.4B (but semicolon for comma)*] {"Nor I either dear." said the lady} <His companion> <said> {answered {she said}—but beyond that} nothing for she *JR.4A* occupied with the child *GD JR.4B*] occupied <by> {with} the<r> child *JR.4A* child on her knee. *GD*] child o<n>t her knee. *JR.4B*; child <at> {on} her knees.

JR.4A

the shower all but ceased] the rain ceased *JR.4B JR.4A* and they came out *GD JR.4B*] and they emmerged *JR.4A* on to the wet pathway again] onto the path again. *JR.4B*; on to the path again.

JR.4A

The fragrance of the fallen rain filled the whole atmosphere.] *not in MSS* in a shrill, sweet voice] in a shrill {sweet} voice *JR.4B*; in a shrill voice *JR.4A* which roused a perfect swirl of echoes in the damp rocks overhead] *not in MSS* "Well, dear?" replied the mother] "Well" replied the mother *JR.4B*; "Well answered!" the lady [*sic*] *JR.4A*

"What did my father mean by what he said just now?"

"When do you mean?"

"When he said it reminded him of that night, and when your hands began to tremble so."

At this the father caught the child's slender form up in his arms half-laughingly, and kissed her face; but the lady answered gravely, "Some day when you are old enough to understand it, perhaps I'll tell you, Laura."

"What did my father mean by what he said just now?"] "What did my father mean

{by what he said} just now?" *JR.4B*; What did papa mean just now? *JR.4A*

"When he said it *GD JR.4B*] When . . . he . . . said it *JR.4A*

reminded him of that night *GD JR.4B*] reminded him of that dreadful night *JR.4A*

and when your hands began to tremble so.] *not in JR.4A; JR.4B ends at "tremble";*

At this the father caught] At this the man caught *JR.4A*

the child's slender form up] the child's {slender form} up *JR.4A*

arms half-laughingly, and kissed her face; but] arms {and kissed its face} —but

JR.4A

it, perhaps I'll tell you, Laura."] it {perhaps} I'll tell you" <my dear"> *JR.4A*

Editorial Apparatus

I. Explanatory Notes

I. From *The Black Swan*:

1. *binnacle*: The OED defines a binnacle as "a box on the deck of a ship near the helm, in which the compass is placed."
2. *Alas! who knows or cares . . . and close thine eyes!*: Rossetti and Hueffer attribute this song to Madox-Brown, as they show by repeating it among the young man's poetry in *DwB*, vol. ii, p. 295.
3. *Swan River settlement*: Swan River, according to the *Oxford Companion to Australian Literature*, was first settled in 1829. *The Black Swan* takes place in 1825; for obvious reasons the year is changed to 1834 in *Gabriel Denver*. (The time frame is still skewed in *Gabriel Denver*, as Denver's first meeting with Laura takes place nine years before their travelling on the *Black Swan*.) Even in the latter tale, Denver cannot be much older than his creator. Taking the upper limit of childhood to be eighteen, Smith, Elder's Denver is younger than twenty-five.
4. *They say that dreams occur simultaneously with the act of awakening*: This mistaken idea was still widespread when I was a child in the 1950s, though, like Madox-Brown, I cannot ascribe it to anyone more specific than "they,"

and am unable to find any source that can.

5. *the bows*: A ship has, in a formal sense, only one bow, but it is not unusual for sailors to refer to the fore part of a vessel as "the bows."
6. *these animals . . . setting fire to the things round them*: Throughout most of the nineteenth century, matches were made with low concentrations of yellow phosphorus, a substance that can be ignited by the friction of a draft of air. Whether rats were drawn by the phosphorus or by the potassium chlorate it was mixed with (Low 32), their gnawing could have started fires with ease.
7. *barricado*: *An Universal Dictionary of the Marine*, by William Falconer (London, 1780), defines a barricado as "a strong wooden rail, supported by . . . stanchions, and extending, as a fence, across the foremost part of the quarter-deck."
8. *turpentine*: Since turpentine is extracted from pine trees, which are mainly to be found in the northern hemisphere, the solvent is unlikely ever to have been an Australian export. Although Madox-Brown may have unthinkingly selected it because it was a flammable substance with which he was familiar, his choice of destructive agents is extremely interesting in a work so concerned with pictorial description.
9. *pinnace*: A pinnace is, generally, a two-masted ship, but Falconer's second definition of the word gives, "boat usually rowed with eight oars."
10. *unable to swim*: There is nothing unusual even today in a sailor's not knowing how to swim, although the simplicity of modern swimsuits has aided learning considerably. The *Black Swan*'s crew is, in this respect, quite realistic.
11. *its dripping tangles were filled with electric sparks*: Laura has drawn St. Elmo's

fire, a concentration of static electricity that sometimes occurs during storms at sea. St. Elmo's fire is most often observed around the masts of ships, but it can collect around any upright object, including a human being. John H. Biggs' *Discovering Weather* (London: University of London Press, 1965) confirms that the actual electric currents involved are too small to cause any harm (115).

12. *over the western horizon:* The moon does not rise in the west, but in the east, like all astronomical bodies. To rise in the west, a satellite would have to orbit the earth, in the direction of earth's rotation, oftener than every twenty-four hours. The moon does indeed travel in the given direction (as is shown by its rising nearly an hour later each day), but too slowly by a factor of more than twenty-eight. Given that Madox-Brown had evidently never paid attention to moonrise, his accuracy about the direction of the moon's orbit is obviously the result of a lucky guess.
13. *Spanish pieces of eight still in circulation:* Pieces of eight (so called because they were worth eight *reales*), or pesos, were used in Spain until 1859, when the unit of currency became the peseta.
14. *as if the workings of madness were in his brain,—caught from Dorothy's:* Madox-Brown had had plenty of opportunity to observe the anxiety and depression that often accompany a close relationship with a mentally disturbed individual. His contention in *Gabriel Denver* that "madness *is* infectious, like any other disease" reflects the notion, which gained strength during the nineteenth century, that insanity has a physiological component, but I have been unable find the source of his impression that all diseases are infectious.
15. *darkness swiftly and almost simultaneously comes with the sinking of the sun:* This is one of Madox-Brown's pronouncements on the natural world that turn out

to be true. Twilight occurs when the sun appears to linger just below the horizon. That illusion is created in higher latitudes (both north and south) by the earth's tilt, which causes the sun to set on a path that intersects the horizon at a noticeably acute angle. An hour after sunset in, say, Vancouver, the sun is only a small angle below the horizon, though it has advanced 15° in its path. In the tropics, however, the sun's path is nearly perpendicular to the horizon, so that an hour after sunset the sun is much further (up to 15° , depending on the season) below the horizon. Consequently, darkness falls more swiftly.

16. *the "Split Stones"*: The Split Stones were not known to the Information Officer at the Australian Consulate, nor were they to be found in any of the atlases, gazetteers, or travel books I consulted. The geologic feature, or at least its name, might be fictitious, though Madox-Brown may equally well be parading his knowledge of an obscure fact.

17. *suicide has been indeed well defined as "the strongest utterance of desire for life which the human will can evince,"*: I am inclined to suspect that Madox-Brown is quoting himself in one of his Romantic moods, but the idea he expresses is not without precedent. Although we in modern-day North America tend to associate suicide with depression and despair, many cultures and eras have found it to be a logical, even a desirable, course to pursue. George Howe Colt relates that the Vikings and Celts believed Paradise to be barred to anyone who had not died violently, and that therefore they often committed suicide in times of peace (134). Much later, the Romantics came to look on suicide as a kind of protest against the drab conditions of everyday life; in rejecting this world, many of them were expressing a desire for a more impassioned or eventful life (180–82).

18. *"Mad as the sea and wind . . . the mightier."*: The quotation is from *Hamlet*, IV, i, 6–7. Queen Gertrude speaks the words in describing her son's condition of mind just before his murdering Polonius.

19. *There was brandy and laudanum in it*: As Berridge and Edwards explain in *Opium and the People: Opiate Use in Nineteenth-Century England*, laudanum was used to treat nearly every disorder in the nineteenth century. Certainly this dubious therapy would have been used for victims of exposure. It is tempting to believe that Madox-Brown realized that coffee, brandy, and laudanum were sure to kill Laura, but since Denver revives under the same treatment, and both lovers recover in *Gabriel Denver*, it is evident that the author believed the approach to be effective.

20. *a framed and coloured print of the sinking of the Royal George*: The *Royal George*, along with 900 lives, was lost due to an accident at Spithead on 29 August 1782 (Kemp 114). Unfortunately, I have not been able to find a print depicting the event, though I feel sure that Madox-Brown had seen one.

21. *By striking the flint over and over again he obtained a spark and blew it up and lit the sulphur-tipped match from it*: Before the 1830s, when phosphorus was added to match heads so that they could be ignited by friction, matches had to be lighted by such roundabout means as Denver employs here.

22. *I gave out the key*: The key in question is presumably the one that opens the ammunition stores, where the shot would have been kept.

II. From *Gabriel Denver*:

1. *"Le bonheur vient souvent bien tard . . . pour l'arrêter au passage."*: Madox-Brown may have been given this motto by his friend M. Andrieu (Ingram 78). His own French was advanced enough for him to have composed it himself, though not enough to allow him to recognize its grammatical uncertainty.
2. *As suddenly / Thou comest . . .* Prometheus Unbound: Asia, one of the Oceanides and beloved of Prometheus, speaks these words near the opening of II, i, as she apostrophizes Spring.
3. *Swan River Settlement*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 3.
4. *Yaniker Bill . . . A well-known "bush ranger"*: I could find no reference to Yaniker Bill in histories of Australian outlaws. His alleged notoriety appears to have been eclipsed by that of other bush-rangers, or bandits, such as Ned Kelly.
5. *I am giddy. . . .* —Troilus and Cressida: The lines are spoken by Troilus (III, ii, 16–19) as he awaits the arrival of Cressida at their first illicit rendezvous.
6. *It is said that a dream occurs simultaneously with the act of awakening*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 4.
7. *to make "bull" with*: The OED defines "bull" as a [d]rink, made by putting water into an empty spirit cask, or over a sugar mat, to catch some of the flavour."
8. *Didst thou but know . . .* Two Gentlemen of Verona: This quotation appears to apply to Denver, but it may represent a breath of sympathy for Deborah. The words are spoken in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* by Julia, who has just decided to follow her suitor, Proteus, to Milan (II, vii, 18–20). Unbeknownst to Julia, Proteus has already fallen in love at first sight with the fair Silvia.

9. *"heavy-shotted hammock shroud"*: The words are from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," part VI (ll. 13–16), which mourns the widespread nature of bereavement, and the way in which people are often unaware of the losses they have already suffered. The complete verse reads:

O mother, praying God will save
 Thy sailor,—while thy head is bowed,
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

10. *A worn kidderminster*: The OED defines a kidderminster as "a kind of carpet, originally manufactured [in Kidderminster], in which the pattern is formed by the intersection of two cloths of different colours; also called *two-ply* and *ingrain* carpet."

11. *O be warned!* . . . Schiller: The lines are from Coleridge's translation of *The Death of Wallenstein* (V, v). Seni the Astrologer speaks the words to Wallenstein, vainly attempting to warn the latter of his impending assassination. Madox-Brown has transposed the words slightly; the original reads:

A fearful sign stands in the house of life—
 An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
 The radiance of thy planet.—O be warn'd!

12. *Yielding with coy submission* . . . —Paradise Lost: The words are from a description of Adam and Eve's early relationship in Book IV (ll. 310–11), but Madox-Brown has used "yielding" rather than the "yielded" of the original. Of course, "yielded" would have led the reader to expect a chapter in which Denver and Laura consummate their love, but the present participle indicates that the courtship is still in progress.

13. *the bows*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 5.

14. *Could curses kill . . .* Henry VI, Part 2: These lines, and the ones from 2

Henry VI that open chapter XV, are from a speech by the Duke of Suffolk in III, iii, 309–28. The unsavoury Suffolk has just been (rightfully) banished for the murder of the Duke of Gloucester, and now, encouraged by his lover, the Queen, to express his feelings of rage, he reveals for a moment the depth of his hostility. Madox-Brown may have been quoting from memory: he has substituted "could" for the "would" of the original, and used "better" for "bitter," although the latter alteration could be a typographical error.

15. *more than one woman has been known to wind all her hair round her throat*

and strangle herself: Self-strangulation, especially with such a low-friction material as hair, is highly improbable, as the victim's hold loosens once he or she loses consciousness. However, this bizarre method of suicide may not be simply Madox-Brown's own invention, inspired by the murder in "Porphyria's Lover." An article by George Kennan in *McClure's Magazine* 31:2 (June, 1908) mentions the technique in passing in a list of out-of-the-way (but, Kennan claims, "well-authenticated") methods that people have used to end their lives (227). Whatever Madox-Brown's source was, the notion of a woman's strangling herself with her own hair clearly captured his imagination: Helen Serpleton, protagonist of *The Dwale Bluth*, meets her end in this way. Evidently, the young author is expressing some darkness at the roots of the Pre-Raphaelites' obsession with long, unbound locks.

16. *Alas! who knows or cares . . . and close thine eyes!*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 2.

17. *I can give you inkling / Of an ensuing evil*.—King Henry VIII: In a scene

following Henry VIII's first meeting with Anne Boleyn, one gentleman says this

to another at II, i, 140–41, referring to a rumour that Henry is considering a separation from Queen Katherine. When the time comes, however, both gentlemen are willing to celebrate the King's second marriage.

18. *Life's chill boughs emptied by death's autumn blast*: Madox-Brown is here quoting the sonnet that he originally wrote for *The Black Swan* (see pp. 540–41).

19. *Witchcraft had joined to beauty*: The allusion is to a speech of Pompey's in *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which Pompey expresses hope that Antony will remain in Egypt:

[A]ll the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming. Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor
Even till a Lethe'd dullness.

(II, i, 20–27)

20. *Your mitigations adde . . .* Revenge for Honour: George Chapman's *Revenge for Honour: A Tragedie* is a lurid tale of an illicit love triangle. Abilqualit, eldest son of the Caliph of Arabia, falls in love and has a night of passion with Caropia, wife of a general named Mura. Mura hears of the assignation, and Abilqualit's brother Abrahen comes to warn the pair of the husband's approach. Abilqualit flees, and when Mura arrives, Abrahen (who himself lusts after Caropia) tells him that Caropia has not been seduced, but has been raped by Abilqualit. The lines quoted here, and the ones that open Chapter XVII, are taken from Mura's response (III, i).

21. *ignite them by their gnawing*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 6.
22. *Over head the dismal hiss . . .* —Paradise Lost: The lines are taken from Raphael's narrative of the great clash between the rebelling angels and the loyal angels (VI, 212–13).
23. *barricado*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 7.
24. *turpentine*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 8.
25. *And from about him fierce effusion rolled . . .* Paradise Lost: This is part of the description of the Son's arrival, in the Chariot of Paternal Deitie, at the great battle of the angelic and Satanic forces (VI, 765–66).
26. *To be furious . . .* Antony and Cleopatra: Antony's friend Enobarbus makes this pronouncement when he sees Antony's spirits rally even after losing an important battle at sea. He continues:
- . . . and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart.
27. *unable to swim (as in all probability they were)*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 10.
28. *O, love, who bewailest . . .* —Shelley: The lines are taken from a poem titled simply "Lines," that begins,
- When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is dead.
- Shelley wonders why Love should take up its residence in the fragile human

heart, for, as he concludes,

Its passions will rock thee
 As the storm rocks the ravens on high:
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave the naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

29. *The seat of desolation . . .* —Paradise Lost: With these words, Satan describes the "dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde" that appears in the middle of the lake of fire in Hell, and that is to become Pandemonium (I, 181–83).
30. *its dripping tangles were filled with glittering electric sparks, and it crackled as though it were burning:* see *The Black Swan*, n. 11.
31. *the western horizon:* see *The Black Swan*, n. 12.
32. *I am hungry for revenge . . .* Richard III: Queen Margaret, gloating over the fruition of the terrible curses she has uttered in Act I, speaks these words to the Duchess of York in Act IV (iv, 61–62). Far from appearing cloyed, however, she goes on to express her triumph for several dozen more lines.
33. *Spanish pieces of eight, still in colonial circulation:* see *The Black Swan*, n. 13.
34. *madness is infectious, like any other disease:* see *The Black Swan*, n. 14.
35. *darkness swiftly and simultaneously comes with the sinking of the sun:* see *The Black Swan*, n. 15.

36. *I'll join with black despair* . . . Richard III: The widow of King Edward IV, Queen Elizabeth, uses these words to preface the announcement of her husband's death to his mother, the Duchess of York (II, ii, 36–37).
37. *the "Split Stones"*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 16.
38. *"the strongest utterance of desire for life which the human will can evince"*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 17.
39. *O it is monstrous, monstrous* . . . —Tempest: These words are spoken by Alonso, King of Naples, as he comes out of a shocked trance induced by a vision of Ariel, who has told him that his (Alonso's) son has drowned in retribution for the deposition of Prospero from the Dukedom of Milan. (III, iii, 95–97)
40. *My burthened heart would break* . . . —Henry VI, Part 2: See n. 13.14.
41. *And "Fear'st thou?" and Fear'st thou?* . . . —Shelley: The two verses are from "The Fugitives," a poem about two lovers who escape the woman's forced marriage to Another by eloping in a small boat during a storm.
42. *Mad as the sea* . . . *the mightier*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 18.
43. *portoise*: Webster's Third New International Dictionary defines a portoise, or portlast, as "the upper edge of a gunwale."
44. *When all the winds fight* . . . Revenge for Honour: see n. 19.20.
45. *brandy, or more probably laudanum, in it*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 19.
46. *the sinking of the Royal George*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 20.
47. *no dead human body could* . . . *cause a shadow to fall from it*: Madox-Brown may have heard of this superstition in conversation with William Morris,

following one of the latter's trips to Iceland. Certainly it is no more absurd than many better-known superstitions, and in fact it accords with a remark in Jobes' *Dictionary of Mythology Folklore and Symbols* that primitive peoples feel that a man's shadow "contains his life essence or strength."

48. *lit the sulphur-tipped match from it*: see *The Black Swan*, n. 21.

49. *Wild, pale, and wonder-stricken . . .* —Shelley: These are the opening lines of "Ginevra," and they describe Ginevra herself as she leaves the altar where she has just made a loveless marriage to a certain Gherardi. Shortly after, she encounters her true love, Antonio, and foretells her own death that very afternoon.

50. *Deeply have I slept . . .* Death's Jest Book; or, The Fool's Tragedy: Like the sources of many of Madox-Brown's quotations, Thomas Lovell Beddoes's *Death's Jest Book* is in large part the story of a love triangle. The lines cited here (I, ii, 70–73) are the first to be spoken by the tragic female protagonist, Sibylla, on her awakening in the camp of Melveric, Duke of Munsterberg, who has just rescued her from a lifetime of imprisonment in Egypt. In the next few minutes, she and the Duke declare their mutual love, but they are interrupted by the arrival of the Duke's dear friend Wolfram, who met Sibylla and learned to love her during his own imprisonment in Egypt years before.

51. *between them created Love*: A letter from Ford Madox Brown to John Payne, dated 23 December 1875 and now in the Hartley Collection at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, indicates that Madox-Brown learned of this allegory in a conversation with Payne.

52. *The sullen passage . . .* —Richard II: The words are spoken by John of Gaunt to comfort his son, Henry Bolingbroke, who has just been banished for six

years by King Richard II (I, iii, 254–56). As it turns out, Bolingbroke marks his home return by usurping Richard's throne.

53. *its invariable prelude to a storm*: According to Dr. Max Taylor of UBC's Department of Oceanography, the sea does not "invariably" phosphoresce before a storm. Phosphorescence is created by marine microorganisms that are more populous in warmer weather. A casual observer who saw the sea mainly in summertime might conclude that phosphorescence and storms had a causal connection.

II. Sonnet for Story

The following is a transcript of the sonnet on the first page of *A-D.A.*:

Sonnet for Story

No more these passion-worn faces shall men's eyes

Behold in life death leaves no trace behind

Of their wild hate & wilder love grown blind

In desperate longing, more than the foam which lies

Splashed up a while were the showered spray discries

The waves where to their cold limbs were resigned

Yet ever doth the sea-winds undefined

Vague wailings, shudder with their dying sighs

For all men's souls twixt <love> sorrow & love are cast

As on the earth each lingers his brief space

While surely <comes the night when each {<pale>} worn

face> {the night fall comes, were each mans face}

<Merged in its darkening {sore deapening} {quick devious} tyelight fades

{<gleams>} at last.> {In deaths obliteration sinks at

last}*

As a <wind-tossed cold> {deserted} pirioulous sea's foam-trace

Life's chiled boughs emptied by death's autumn blast—

* *facing page [inside cover of note-book] reads:*

Merged in the devious twyelight's <soon> {<gleams & is>} as soon
passed

Rossetti and Hueffer employ the reading "In death's obliteration sinks at last."

III. Punctuation and Styling Variants and Typographical Errors

In the lists below, the lemma is drawn from the edited text, and the variant from the copy-text.

I. In *The Black Swan*:

Names of ships are in italics in the edited text.

page:

- 112 dirt of a few seasons] dirt of a a few seasons
- 128 standing beside him] standing beside her
- 139 regulate that of the other] regulate that of the other
- 154 went on thus uninterruptedly] went on thus interruptedly
- 171 nine years had passed] nine years had past
- 193 the barricado] the baricado
- 195 if the fire spreads":.] if the fire spreads:"
- 195 of water on deck";.] of water on deck;"
- 198 forcing itself past at one corner] forcing itself, past at one corner
- 207 from the pulley] from the pully
- 214 fire-spurting] fire-spirting
- 221 Laura listened with terror] Laura listening with terror
- 251 "BLACK SWA' C.S.C. My God!] "BLACK SWA' C.S.C.' My God!
- 251 the master of the *Albatross*] the master of the 'Albatross'
- 253 its name was "Tom Jones"] it's name was "Tom Jones"

286 watch by her still, you'd best] watch by her still you'd best
 288 hood of a cobra] hood of cobra
 301 fire in the galley] fire in the gallery

II. In *Gabriel Denver*:

The edited text differs from the copy-text in using double quotation marks, and in putting names of ships in italics rather than enclosing them in quotation marks.

Entries with asterisks were corrected in *GD.75*.

page:

306 *l'arrêter au passage.*"] l'arrêter au passage"
 308 Shelley.] SHELLEY.
 324 Hasn't your father] Has'nt your father
 326 was labelled "Poison";] was labelled "Poison;"
 353 or up on deck] or upon deck
 356 *Henry VI, Part 2*] *Henry VI., Part 2.*
 359 I knew you'd be certain] I know you'd be certain
 364 half-unuttered] half-muttered
 366 iron from a lodestone] iron from a loadstone
 371 changed restlessly the arm] changed recklessly the arm
 374 embitter Denver's love] embitter Danver's love
 376 only predominant hate] only predominate hate
 378 his head sank completely] his head sunk completely
 382 irresolute for an instant] irresolute for an instance
 390 It's nary use] Its nary use
 396 he dared not breathe] he dared not breath*
 400 staring steadfastly and blindly] staring stedfastly and blindly

402 other than self-agency] other than self agency
 405 the right chord in Denver] the right cord in Denver
 408 it really was, they commenced] it really was. They commenced*
 409 began to veer round] began to vere round
 418 all round its prow] all round its brow
 422 of how he had leapt] of how how he had leapt
 435 like an aureole] like an auriole
 442 a faint wan fleck] a faint an fleck
 448 Then he started up] Then he starting up
 448 of preserving his life] of preserving her life
 450 *Henry VI, Part 2]* *Henry VI., Part 2*
 453 *BLACK SWA,' C.S.C.]* BLACK SWA', C.S.C.
 453 it's burnt out] its burnt out
 464 as the *Black Swan's* had been] as the 'Black Swan's' had been
 501 quiver with excitement, ¶"Where was] quiver with excitement ¶*Where was*
 511 on board the *Albatross]* on board the Albatross

IV. Compound Words Hyphenated at End of Line in Copy-Texts

Words with asterisks are sometimes spelled one way, sometimes the other, in the text.

I. In *The Black Swan*:

steering-wheel

night-dew

lamplight*

whirlpool

lodestone

sea-breeze

quarter-deck

ship-lantern

white-foaming

bright-coloured

furze-covered

matter-of-fact

death-bed

sunburnt*

cloud-rims

stern-end

self-torturing
night-silence
self-accusing
foredeck
water-barrel
thick-set
sternwards
slip-knots
cabin-door
double-weighted
ill-fate
stern-sheets
forecastle
dun-coloured
eyelids
key-melody
self-consciousness
half-luminous
lucifer-match
resting-place
two-masted
working-out
foam-dashed
sunrise
grey-bearded
mind-conditions
foam-spray

after-cabin
 wind-bronzed
 half-floating
 flower-like
 cloud-covered
 snake-like
 life-principle
 death-agony

II. In *Gabriel Denver*:

moonlight
 red-golden
 just-blossoming
 straggling-built
 quarter-deck
 swift-fading
 footsteps
 sleep-relaxed
 low-roofed
 white-painted
 strange-toned
 meteor-like
 mid-ocean
 over-boldness
 hatchway
 jewel-like
 overhanging

forecastle

half-mast

water-line

dew-drops

careworn

overheard

over-sway

skylight

half-closed

footfall

half-sleepy

smoke-like

forehold

half-dazed

overhead

bulk-head

black-bearded

fore-rigging

foremast*

half-lost

night-dress

marriage-night

brother-worlds

new-taken

bowsprit

weirdly-livid

quarter-circle

half-smothered

dark-complexioned

castaways

lucifer-match

fever-parched

sea-water

phosphor-fire

sunlight

eyesight

half-obliterated

cloud-shadowed

sun-stroke

golden-coloured

grey-headed

ship-master

soul-poisoning

cloud-covered

strong-built

foam-scattering

overpowered

daylight

high-running

overboard

whirlwind

half-remembered

arm-in-arm

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