
The Gilded Chair

The Duke leaned over and rested his arm on the table.

"How could he doubt it?" he said. "He found her by the sea, and he found, too, the wicked king and the saint of God, and the doomed palace; and, besides that, the longing, the accumulated longing of all those dead men who had seen her, and loved her, and been mad to possess her, was in him, and by this sign he knew her."

"And the others," she said, "all the others, they have received nothing?"

"Nothing," he said.

"And is there one of them here, in this house, that I could see him?"

"The portrait," he said, "of the last one, the one who saw her on the coast of Brittany, is above the mantel in the other room."

"Let us go in and see him," she said.

They arose, leaving the breakfast untasted on the sideboard, and went out along the stone passage, into the other room. It, too, remained the same as on the day that the Marchesa entered it. The high window looking out over the