

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Dead he lay among his books!
The picture of God was in his looks.

As the stars * in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb.

So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!
He is gone who was its guest.

Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy beard,

Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own.

On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower, at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books;
The peace of God in all thy looks.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

* In the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

BENEATH THE WAVE.

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

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CHAPTER XXII.

WEDDING GUESTS.

Sir George Hamilton had more than one reason for not telling Hayward that he was to be married to Isabel Trevor on the following day. These are easy to understand. He feared to annoy Hayward by alluding to what at best must be a vexatious subject to him; and he also generously thought that perhaps the knowledge of his near marriage might make it more painful to Hayward to accept an obligation from him. Still, he did not lay much stress on the idea of the young man's love for his future wife. He only believed that Hayward had been led away by her great beauty, and he was quite ready (as we have seen) to forgive this, and truly glad to be able to be of some service to the man to whom he owed his life.

He drove straight from the printing establishment of Messrs. Salkeld & Newcome, to King's Cross Station. He, indeed, had barely time to catch the mid-day train North, and he had promised to arrive at Sanda Hall before nightfall.

He smiled to himself somewhat grimly when he remembered his little private transaction with Mr. Newcome. This astute gentleman thought he had thrown dust in the eyes of the wealthy Sir George, but he had not. Sir George knew about as well as Mr. Newcome did, that Hayward's place could easily be supplied, and he knew that the printer had cheated him, as in fact we all generally know when we are cheated. There's a wonderful ring about the true metal that the false can never borrow. But Sir George had taken a strange fancy to Hayward, and was ready to do a great deal to save him from annoyance of any kind. Thus he had made no objection to Mr. Newcome's modest compensation requirements for the loss of Hayward's services, but at the same time he quite understood Mr. Newcome.

But we may be sure that the very memory of the sharp printer had passed away from Sir George's mind long before he reached Sanda Hall. He was going to be married to-morrow to Isabel Trevor—to a woman who had fascinated him against his will, and whom he now regarded with strangely mingled feelings. He did not trust her. The subtle glamour of her beauty overpowered his reason, but his reason was still there. Now his love was the strongest, but the day might come when his reason would assert itself, and when the subtle glamour of her beauty might pass away.

All the windows of the old Hall at Sanda were lighted from within, when, in the dark November evening, he approached it. At his earnest request the marriage was to be a very quiet one, but Isabel had invited her school friends, Patty and Lu Featherstone, to be her bridesmaids, when she had first announced her engagement to Sir George, and she insisted, therefore, that they should be present at the ceremony.

Sir George yielded to her wishes about the Featherstones, but he had most earnestly requested that there should be no wedding festivities. Both Isabel and Mr. Trevor were very much disappointed at this, but Isabel did not

dare openly to disregard her future husband's requests.

So in the warm and well-lit drawing-room at Sanda, when Sir George arrived, there was only a very small party assembled. It consisted of Patty and Lu Featherstone, Hilda Marston, and a Mr. Graham, who was an unmarried man, and a country neighbour of the Trevors, and of course Isabel and her father.

They all looked very well pleased with themselves and each other, except Hilda Marston. This poor girl was sitting apart from the rest, looking pale and anxious. And she had some cause to do so.

"As I am going to be married, Miss Marston," Isabel Trevor had said to her, shortly after their return to Sanda from Massam, "you ought to be looking out for another situation, ought you not?"

"Yes," Hilda had answered, turning rather pale. "When do you wish me to go?"

"You can stay until after the wedding," replied Miss Trevor, "as there will be so many things to do." And thus Hilda Marston's days at Sanda were about numbered.

But it was not about herself chiefly that caused her to look so pale and sad. Mr. Trevor had resented to the full extent of his narrow feelings Hilda's rejection of his proposal. It was monstrous! The Squire of Sanda told himself. A penniless girl, without any particular beauty, rushing up to him as she had done on that Sunday at Massam, and telling him she could not marry him! Not marry him, indeed! Then he would tell her, and meant to tell her, that he would do nothing more, either for herself or her family.

And he had actually done this. He was not at all in bad spirits, however, about it. Patty and Lu Featherstone had arrived at the Hall, and Patty and Lu had exchanged a sisterly confidence on the night of their arrival there.

"This is a dear old place, isn't it, Lu?" Patty had said, as she unfastened her abundant reddish brown hair.

"Awfully jolly," answered Lu. "Suppose Patty, as you are the eldest, you make love to the old gentleman?"

Patty made an awry face. "Suppose you do yourself, my dear?" she said.

"Well," answered Lu, deliberately, "it's all very fine, you know, amusing oneself, and that kind of thing, but really—I dare say you won't believe it—but really if Mr. Trevor asked me to be mistress of Sanda Hall, I wouldn't, under the circumstances, say no."

Both sisters understood "the circumstances." The graceless Antony Featherstone, their father, had been in a little more trouble even than usual when they had left home. The girls were fond of their father, and always ready to forgive him all his short-comings, but they did not like it.

So Lu Featherstone had made herself very agreeable to Mr. Trevor during the few days the sisters had been at Sanda Hall, before the day fixed for Isabel's wedding. Lu was a good-looking, high-spirited, and amusing girl, and Mr. Trevor felt that he enjoyed her agreeable society very much. He walked and rode with the girls as if he were a young man. This very day (on the evening of which we find them all assembled in the drawing-room of Sanda Hall expecting Sir George's arrival) Mr. Trevor had a long walk on the sands alone with Lu Featherstone; climbing over the rocks after the energetic girl, with the agility (he imagined) of a squirrel.

He felt himself so invigorated by the sea air, Lu's laughter, and the pleasant belief that she contrived very cleverly to instil in his mind that he was still young enough to be charming, that he determined on his return to the Hall to let Hilda Marston see that he was not pining after her. She might have the bad taste not to admire Reginald Trevor, Esq., but all young ladies were evidently not of the same opinion, thought the Squire of Sanda, straightening his necktie (which had got a little awry with his unusual exertions during the morning) before the dining-room mirror. So he rang the bell, and ordered the butler to summons Miss Marston to his presence.

He seated himself in an easy chair, and took up the *Times* in preparation for the coming interview. She should see he was not at all nervous about it, he told himself, looking attentively at the columns of the paper, which, however, he was holding with the print reversed. He was nervous, in truth, but Hilda had wounded his vanity, and he therefore felt very bitter towards her.

Enter Hilda, somewhat timidly. Was he going to ask her again? The poor girl thought for a moment when she received the Squire's summons. And what must she answer? She had thought also with quickened breath. What must she say?

She had received one or two very angry and disappointed letters from her eldest sister Marian on the subject of the Squire's offer of marriage. Miss Marston had told Hilda that she thought that she (Hilda) had acted ungratefully to Mr. Trevor. She pointed out where would they have been but for Mr. Trevor, and she had more than hinted how different their positions would have been now if Hilda had not been selfish enough only to think of self, when she refused a man who had done, and would probably have done, so much for them all.

You see this was unnatural. Marian Marston was a governess in a clergyman's family where she had visited on equal terms during her father's lifetime, and she was very uncomfort-

able. She could not help thinking if her sister had been Mrs. Trevor, of Sanda Hall, how different she herself would have been! She might have lived with Hilda, and also married in good time. And then there was little Ned. He was totally unprovided for, and, unlike the rest of the family, not of an age to provide for himself. What would become of him, Miss Marston thought, if Mr. Trevor was so angry with Hilda as to entirely withdraw his patronage from them?

Miss Marston had pointed out this fact to Hilda very forcibly. "Think of poor little Ned," she had written to her sister, "the young brother we both promised dear papa on his death-bed to do our best for." Hilda had cried very bitterly over this letter, and had begun to think she was selfish. She was too proud a girl to make any advances to Mr. Trevor, but she had thought once or twice that perhaps she had acted unwisely. Then the "Featherstone girls" came to Sanda, and after this Hilda had had very little chance of seeing Mr. Trevor.

So she felt nervous when she entered his presence on being summoned there by his butler. There he sat! His narrow forehead and well arranged white hair just visible above the newspaper he held in his hand. He did not rise as Hilda entered. He pretended for a moment not to see her and then when the poor girl said tremblingly—

"I—I—think you sent for me, Mr. Trevor?" he lowered his newspaper.

"Ah, Miss Marston! Ah, to be sure," said the Squire in his grandest tones. "Yes, yes, I wish to say a few words to you—pray be seated."

Hilda meekly took a seat at his command. "I wish to say, Miss Marston," then continued the Squire, rustling his newspaper, "that as my daughter is (as you know) about to be married, that I shall not require your further services here."

"Very well," said Hilda, turning scarlet. "And about your young brother Edward," went on Mr. Trevor, with another wave of his newspaper, "I have considered this question, and I have come to the conclusion that under the circumstances it will be inexpedient for me to charge myself further with the expenses of his education. I mean, therefore, to give Mr. Irvine notice to this effect."

If Hilda were red before, she turned very pale as Mr. Trevor ended his speech. Then she rose from her seat with a sort of exclamation, and stood before him.

"Oh! Mr. Trevor," she said, "if—if—I have offended you—"

"I am not in the least offended," answered Mr. Trevor. "You could not offend me."

"I mean," faltered Hilda, "don't please allow anything that I have done to prejudice you against poor little Ned."

"I am never prejudiced," said Mr. Trevor. "But pray, may I ask, what claim do you consider your brother has on me?"

Alas, Hilda knew too well he had none. Tears rose in her eyes as Mr. Trevor asked the question, but with a great effort she forced them back.

"I know he has no claim, sir—except on your generosity," she said. "But, of course, if you have decided—"

"I have decided," said Mr. Trevor, rising also, "and I am not a man hastily to change my decisions. I recognise no claim whatever that he has either on my generosity or otherwise. In different circumstances of course, I should have acted differently. As it is, I trust that you now perfectly understand my intentions."

"Yes, perfectly," said Hilda, and her face flushed again. Yes, she understood his intentions, and understood also his meanness and cruelty. She was glad at that moment that she had said no to this man. What! he could revenge himself on poor little Ned, she was thinking as she turned away and left the Squire's presence. "It was very, very small," she thought with curling lip. But this decision left the poor girl in a most trying position. She could not forsake her little brother, and she could not take him with her if she obtained any situation as governess or a companion. "What am I to do?" thought Hilda again and again during the afternoon; again and again as she sat pale and silent in the drawing-room after dinner, when all the rest were looking so well satisfied and pleased.

Mr. Trevor was sitting close to Lu Featherstone, showing her some photographs of Italy, which he had brought from that country some years ago. Patty Featherstone was sitting at the piano, chattering and laughing to Mr. Graham, and Isabel Trevor was moving rather restlessly about. Then came the sound of carriage wheels on the drive outside the house, and Mr. Trevor took out his watch when he heard it.

"That is Hamilton," he said, and with a little laugh Isabel left the room.

She met her lover on the staircase.

"Are you tired?" she said. But Sir George made no answer. He stood for a moment looking at her, and then took her in his arms.

"You are rather late," said Isabel, feeling as if she knew not what to say.

"The train got in late," answered Sir George. "And you—my Isabel—"

Yes, he loved her. Chill doubts rose up sometimes in his heart, and distrust, but he never felt as if he knew not what to say to her. She did not weary him, as he wearied her. Isabel had tried hard to win him, but she had

soon tired of her conquest. If a man loved her, she was sure to tire of him. The coldest heart could have kept her longest. Sir George had been devoted to her since their engagement, devoted and exacting, and already Isabel was weary.

"Where are the rest?" he asked, presently. "Papa is making desperate love to Lu Featherstone," answered Isabel, lightly, "and Patty desperate love to Mr. Graham. They are in the drawing-room. Come, let us join them."

"Why?" said Sir George. "Let us go into the library. We want no one else, do we Isabel?" Isabel gave a little airy shrug of her shoulders.

"I am too old for such frivolity," she said. "No, decidedly let us go into the drawing-room, and behave ourselves like reasonable creatures."

"Very well," said Sir George, almost coldly. He was sensitive and proud, and he would not have condescended to ask her again. So he followed her into the lighted drawing-room.

"My dear Hamilton," said Mr. Trevor, rising, and shaking his future son-in-law's hand with great cordiality.

Then Sir George spoke to the two Featherstones, and Isabel rang for tea. Sir George had dined on his journey, and though supper was laid for him downstairs he declined to partake of it. He stood talking to Isabel, who looked wonderfully beautiful. By and by his eyes fell on Hilda Marston, who was sitting almost behind one of the window curtains, and quite apart from the rest. Sir George at once crossed the room and spoke to her.

"I saw young Hayward in town to-day, Miss Marston," he said, after he had shaken hands with her.

"Indeed!" said Hilda, quickly, and she was conscious that she blushed.

"What! has our hero cast up again!" exclaimed Isabel, and she looked coquettishly and smilingly at Sir George.

"Hayward?" said the Squire. "Ah, yes, yes, to be sure. The young man who assisted in rescuing you, Sir George? He left Massam suddenly—yes, I remember—he was called away."

"And where did you find him?" asked Isabel of Sir George. "Toiling in a garret, after the manner of heroes!"

"I found him very worthily employed," answered Sir George, gravely. "I also called upon his mother, who is very ill. She seems a very superior woman, and Hayward, by her account, at least, is a devoted son."

"Well, we all owe him a certain debt," said Isabel, again smiling coquettishly at Sir George, which smile for a moment he returned. Then his expression suddenly changed. His brow contracted, and a look of pain passed over his face. But it was only for a brief interval. With an effort he threw off the dark memory that shadow-like had crossed his mind; with an effort turned to smile once more on Isabel. He would forget the past, he told himself; the past, which grim and weird-like, would rise sometimes unbidden to his heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GOOD MARRIAGE.

The next morning, at half-past ten o'clock, Isabel Trevor was married in the little parish church of Sanda-by-the-Sea. It was a very quiet ceremony as regards the company present. No one had been told in the village when it was to take place; no one at least but the parson and the clerk, and one honourable exception. This was Mrs. Irvine. When, in fact, the Rev. Matthew was sent for to the Hall by Mr. Trevor, and informed of the day and hour that they had fixed on for the approaching marriage, Isabel, who was present, had said playfully (as was her wont to men), "And remember you are to tell no one, Mr. Irvine."

"Of course not," answered the Rev. Matthew, "if you wish it."

"With, of course, the exception of Mrs. Irvine," continued Isabel, smilingly, "as I know you could keep no secret from her."

"Nay, my dear lady, I will do so, if you command me," replied the Rev. Matthew.

"I don't expect too much from frail human nature, Mr. Irvine," said Isabel, laughing, "and I know that you neither could nor would keep a secret from Mrs. Irvine. Come, now, confess. Did you ever?"

"I am no advocate of confession, Miss Trevor," answered the parson, shaking his head, and looking at Isabel with his half-comic, half-pathetic smile. "But if I may ask a favour—knowing, as I do, that nothing gives ladies so much pleasure as to see gay attire, except possessing it themselves—I would ask permission to be allowed to whisper in my wife's ear the hour of the approaching ceremony."

"Very well," said Isabel, "but remember it's a bargain. Mrs. Irvine, and no one else."

Thus Mrs. Irvine (who took her seat solemnly in a commanding situation in the church precisely at ten o'clock), was the only spectator awaiting the bridal party when it arrived there. True, at the sight of the two carriages from the Hall standing at the church door, a small crowd of villagers (chiefly children) collected outside. But they were not permitted to enter the church. Mrs. Irvine, and Mrs. Irvine alone, saw the splendour of the bride's dress. This was precisely the same as if Isabel had expected to be admired by a crowd of friends. The lace on her dress alone cost a little fortune, and she wore all