

EPILOGUE

ST. JOHN'S EVE had passed. In the fields at Bonne-Nuit Bay the "*Brou-brou! ben-ben!*" of the Song of the Cauldron had affrighted the night; riotous horns, shaming the blare of a Witches' Sabbath, had been blown by those who, as old Jean Touzel said, carried little lead under their noses. The meadows had been full of the childlike Islanders welcoming in the longest day of the year. Midsummer Day had also come and gone, but with less noise and clamour, for St. John's Fair had been carried on with an orderly gaiety—as the same Jean Touzel said, like a sheet of music. Even the French singers and dancers from St. Malo had been approved in Norman phrases by the Bailly and the Jurats, for now there was no longer war between England and France, Napoleon was at St. Helena, and the Bourbons were come again to their own.

It had been a great day, and the roads were cloudy with the dust of Midsummer revellers going to their homes. But though some went many stayed, camping among the booths, since the Fair was for to-morrow and for other to-morrows after. And now, the day's sport being over, the superstitious were making the circle of the rock called William's Horse in Boulay Bay, singing the song of William, who, with the fabled sprig of sacred mistletoe, turned into a rock the kelpie horse carrying him to death.