

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER.

A cry comes up unto the world of nations!

The queenly South
Lieth death-stricken, and in her prostration
Calleth with fevered mouth—

'Behold! behold! I rode in royal splendour
Over the necks of men,
Nor dreamed the millions who had no defender
Once crushed, could rise again.

I toyed and dallied with the princely nations
Who favour sought.
Self-blinded to the depths of degradation
Which slavery brought.

'I said my life shall be a dream Elysian
Of tropical delight!
Suddenly came the war cries! the derision!
Suddenly tell the night!

My children's blood sprinkled the ground like water,
O'er all the land
Stalked the red demon war, freedom and slaughter
In either hand.

'Prostrate I lay, and said in my abasement
'This will atone!
To the dark past God's touch will give erasement,
I bow before His throne!

'In vain! in vain! the pestilence is gleaming
Our war-swept land,
In fiery anguish we must learn His meaning,
We cannot change His plan!

'Up to the solemn Heavens our cry ascendeth,
'Let this great horror cease!
Thou, who this bitterness with our life blendeth
Grant us Thy peace!'

E. WILSON.

BENEATH THE WAVE,

A NOVEL

BY

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Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The
Minor's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON.

As the crowd swayed backwards and forwards, after the yacht sank, Philip Hayward found himself pressed nearer to Isabel Trevor and her companion, Hilda Marston. Hilda Marston was crying, and praying silently for those who, even at that moment, must be struggling in their death agony; and Isabel Trevor, with parted lips and wide-open eyes, was gazing intently upon the sea.

It was a moment of extreme excitement. The yacht had gone down so near the land, that a good swimmer could easily, in an ordinary sea, have swum to shore. But in this raging, boiling mass of waters, there seemed no hope. No hope! And yet with a cry—a shout rather—that rose above the storm, men began to call out that now they saw a man—a living man—wrestling with the waves!

For a moment he was visible—and then—O God! he disappeared. The next moment the head rose once more, and a white, despairing face looked upwards. Isabel Trevor saw that look, and a sudden passion of excitement seemed to seize her.

"Can nothing be done?" she cried loudly and wildly. "Are you men?" she went on, running forward, and up to a group of fishermen, who in their oil-skin coats and caps, were standing near. "Will you let a human creature perish before you? Will none of you risk your lives to save him?" And she pointed eagerly, as she said these last words, to the sea, and as she did so, her eyes met Philip Hayward's.

"I will, lady," he said, and he stepped forward, pale and daring.

"You are a brave man," she answered quickly. "You are a madman," said one of the fishermen, roughly. "No soul could live in a sea like you."

"I will try," said Hayward, firmly, and as he spoke he flung off his coat and boots, and then, with one look into Isabel's face—a look of farewell—he began hastily to descend the wet and slippery pathway down the cliffs that led towards the sea.

"Thou'st sent him to his death," said the same fisherman who had spoken before, glancing at Isabel.

But she made no answer. She was watching the tutor's descent; watching him struggling down the dangerous, narrow way; watching him, when he reached the great brown rocks below, stand one moment still on one of them, and then, seizing his opportunity, plunge the next boldly into the sea.

As he did so, Hilda Marston gave a cry, a cry echoed by many of the women present.

"He will be drowned," said Hilda, with a sort of moan, and she put her handkerchief over her face, to shut out the scene.

"If he is," answered Isabel, "he will die like a brave man, and not like a coward." And she looked tauntingly at the group of fishermen, who moved with a sort of uneasy consciousness beneath her contemptuous glance.

"Let's go down with ropes, maybe we can chance to help him," murmured one. "He's a brave lad," said another. "He'll never see shore again," muttered a third.

In the meantime Hayward was resolutely swimming onward, and a sort of momentary lull came over the mighty waves as he did so. He

knew he had gone forth to almost certain death, but she would see him die.

"She will see me die—she will know how I loved her then," he thought.

This, at least, was the impulse that had sent him into the boiling surf. But though it seemed a sort of forlorn hope, he did not forget that each stroke of his vigorous arm brought him nearer to the man struggling in the sea.

There he was. Hayward saw the dark head amid the blinding spray; amid the huge waves that swept over them; that parted them one moment with a great yawning gulf; that flung them the next close to each other's arms.

At last Hayward made a dash forward, and caught the man's hand.

"There! rest it on my shoulder," he said. "Don't put your arms round my neck. Lean your hand on my shoulder, and I will try to save you."

"I am done!" said the man, choking and gasping.

Then came another lull in the waves.

"Take time to breathe," said Hayward, himself drawing a long breath. "Hold on fast, that we may yet get safe to shore."

The man whom he addressed, was almost exhausted. But he was bold and brave, and he saw that his one chance of life lay in obeying Hayward's directions. He, therefore, rested his arm on Hayward, drew his breath, and then together they turned towards the shore.

The sea swept them on—swept them on in the great waves in which they were powerless, and was going to sweep them, Hayward saw, against the huge, jagged rocks that were standing out hard and cold to give them a cruel welcome. When he saw this he made an effort. "This poor fellow may wish to live," he thought, glancing at the white face so near his own, and he put out his arm in the hope of shielding his companion.

He heard a cheer as he did so—a cheer that seemed quite near to him somehow—and then came a shock a frightful sense of pain, and a rush and din of waters in his ears. After this he could recall nothing more. His head, in fact, had struck on the rocks as well as his arm. But, before the fierce waves could carry back their prey, one of the fishermen, who had gone down the cliffs in the hope of helping him, and who was standing with a rope round his waist, darted forward and caught Hayward by the arm. There was a brief struggle, but the hardy fisherman was used to the blinding spray, and Hayward (with the man he had saved clinging to him with the grim clutch of despair) the next moment was drawn alive upon the rocks.

What a cheer was given then, a cheer from the cliffs. Men ran down the slippery path at the risk of their lives, and one woman went also. This was Isabel Trevor. There she stood, pale, determined, and beautiful, looking at the tutor's death-like face, who was now lying stretched out on the rocks insensible. Crouching near him on his knees, and leaning against some of the fishermen, as if he were quite exhausted, was the man he had saved. But Isabel never looked at him. She was examining Hayward attentively, and presently she stooped down and laid her hand over his heart.

"Is he much hurt?" she said, and the fisherman who had caught him by the arm as he was being swept back into the sea, and who was the same man who had spoken to Isabel on the cliffs, now answered her roughly enough.

"Ay, it's as I told her," he said, looking at Isabel with his bronzed handsome face, "thou'st sent him to his death."

"Where is he injured?" she asked coldly, lifting herself up.

"On the head," said the fisherman, "and his arm's smashed." As he spoke he lifted up one of Hayward's powerless hands.

As he did so, Isabel bent down and took the tutor's cold hand.

"Mr. Hayward?" she said, "Mr. Hayward?" And somehow to his dulled senses her siren voice crept, for he opened his eyes and looked at her; looked at her like the dumb beasts look when in deadly pain.

"Are you better?" said Isabel, and she took a flask containing spirit from the fisherman's hand and held it to Hayward's lips, and as she did so a sort of life seemed to creep into his veins.

"I—I—thank you," he murmured, and then his eyes closed again.

"Have him carried up the cliff at once," said Isabel, looking round with her imperious air. "Where is the doctor? Why is he not here? Let him have everything he requires—I am Miss Trevor, of the Hall."

She need not have made this announcement. They all knew her, these rough, bronzed men; knew by reputation and name the haughty beauty who never went near their squalid homes; who lived as far apart from them as if she were in another world. But she was the Squire's daughter, and as such must be obeyed; and so, as she turned away with her proud air, the fishermen, in their careless, slovenly manner, prepared to carry Hayward up the cliff.

As they were lifting him in their arms, Isabel Trevor for the first time looked at the man the tutor had saved. He was still in a state of extreme exhaustion, and was eagerly drinking some spirit that a fisherman was giving him. Isabel's eyes fell on his hands as he did so; on the white nervous hands, on the carefully kept nails on the ring on the fourth finger, on which a diamond setting was deeply cut. They were the hands of a gentleman, and from the hands Isabel's eyes travelled to the face. A pale face, with handsome features and

black brows, and with a heavy moustache shading the strong, resolute mouth and jaws.

"Are you much hurt?" said Isabel, addressing him.

Then the man looked up, and when he saw her, with the instincts of a gentleman, he tried to rise.

"I am completely exhausted," he said in a faint voice. "Am I the only one saved?" he asked the next moment.

"Ay, master," answered the fisherman who was giving him the spirit, "and if it hadn't been for you tutor lad at the scule, that they're carrying up the cliff there, thou would have gone with the rest."

"What was the name of your ship? They were saying it was a yacht?" went on Isabel.

"Yes, the yacht *Endymion*," answered the rescued man. "I was her owner—she was a good little ship, but no yacht could live in such a gale."

"There's not been the like in these thirty years," said the fisherman shaking his head.

"What is your name?" continued Isabel.

"You had better be taken at once to the Hall—to my father's house, Sanda Hall."

"I thank you," said the gentleman, "and I shall indeed be grateful for some friendly shelter. My name is Hamilton," he added, "Sir George Hamilton; and will you tell me the name of the brave young man who saved my life?"

"He is Mr. Hayward, the tutor at the school here," answered Isabel. And then with the innate coquetry of her nature she went on: "I saw you—I entreated Mr. Hayward to save you."

"I thank you," said Sir George Hamilton again, and this time he looked at Isabel's beautiful face.

Shall I describe her as she appeared to him then, standing on the brown, bare rocks, with the storm raging around her, and the spray and rain beating on her golden hair? She was not pale now, but fair and blooming. Her large, restless, strangely tinted eyes, with the dark eyelashes and brows, were smiling and soft. The excitement was over. She never thought of the men who just had died. She was thinking how one had gone out, and risked his life at her bidding, and there was another man who, perhaps, would become a victim to her beauty, too. This was what Isabel Trevor liked. She felt herself a kind of heroine because she had run down the dangerous, slippery pathway from the cliff; because she had sent Hayward out on his most fatal errand; because she was standing there in the wind and the rain, where no other woman had ventured to go.

"And you came here," said Sir George, looking round at the bleak spot on which they were standing, "to try and help some—of my poor crew?"

"I came because I could not bear to do nothing," answered Isabel. "It was dreadful—only to watch. But," she added, "let the men assist you up the cliff, and then in a few minutes you will be at Sanda Hall."

The shipwrecked man was only too glad to avail himself of her offer. He was "almost done," as he humbly expressed it, and with difficulty was dragged up the steep cliff by the fishermen, followed by Isabel Trevor. When they nearly reached the top, Isabel saw her father there watching her, looking pale and agitated, and he came hastily forward.

"Isabel!" he said, "what on earth induced you to risk your life as you have done?"

"I could not keep still," she answered.

"Papa," she added, pointing to the exhausted stranger who was supported by the fishermen, "this is Sir George Hamilton, the owner of the yacht that has gone down—the gentleman Mr. Hayward has saved, and I have asked him to go to the Hall."

"Certainly," said the Squire, courteously. "I congratulate you, sir, on your escape." And Mr. Trevor held out his hand to Sir George Hamilton.

But by this time Sir George was nearly in a fainting condition. He was frightfully pale, and unable to walk; and Mr. Trevor seeing this, at once despatched a man standing by to the Hall for a carriage, and a seat having been procured, Sir George was placed in it, while the Squire and Isabel stood by his side.

The women present now divided their tearful sympathy between the rescued man and the tutor who had rescued him. Hayward at this time was being carried to the Parsonage, and Isabel heard all around comments on his conduct.

"Aye, it's cost him his life," one fine young woman, with a red handkerchief tied round her comely face, was saying.

"He had a sad look, like those who grieve young," answered a weather-beaten matron.

"Is young Hayward killed?" asked the Squire, who also heard their remarks.

"They say he's nigh to death, Squire," answered the comely young woman with a sigh.

"Indeed! I regret to hear it," said Mr. Trevor.

"It is an exaggeration, papa," said Isabel. "He spoke to me when he was lying on the rocks."

But now let us leave the group who were waiting for the Squire's carriage, and follow those who were carrying Hayward to the parsonage. Amongst these was the parson. He had not been on the cliffs when the tutor had volunteered to endeavour to save the man struggling in the sea, nor yet when Hayward had succeeded in bringing the one survivor of the crew of the yacht to the shore. But he had arrived there just when the fishermen bore the

tutor (who was then again apparently insensible) from the rocks below. The Rev. Matthew's grief and consternation at this sight was naturally extreme.

"My dear lad, what has happened?" he cried, in dismay, as his eyes fell on the tutor's pale face and outstretched form, as the fishermen laid him for a moment on the grass. "Oh, Hayward, my dear!" And the parson knelt down and took one of the tutor's cold hands in his, and began tenderly chafing it.

Then a dozen voices told what had happened, and the Rev. Matthew's kindly heart was yet more moved when he heard the tale.

"He should not have done it," he said. "My boy, my brave boy, look at your old friend! Don't you know me, Hayward?"

But no words came from the tutor's white lips. He lay there still and motionless, breathing somewhat heavily, and the Rev. Matthew grew even more alarmed as he watched him.

"He's hurt on the head," said one of the fishermen.

"God grant his brain is not hurt," answered the Rev. Matthew, uneasily. "Run, my man," he went on to one of the men standing near, "for the doctor, and bring a door from Jimmy Watson's, the joiner's. He must be carried carefully home."

In a few minutes the parson's directions were both complied with. The doctor, a tall, gaunt Scotchman, arrived on the cliffs, and having felt Hayward's pulse, pronounced that he must be taken home before anything could be done. The tutor, accordingly, was lifted on to the door procured from the village joiner's, and then carefully carried to the parsonage; the Rev. Matthew walking by his side as they went along.

As the procession entered the parsonage gateway, and crossed the rain-soaked grassplot in front of the house, Mrs. Irvine was standing at the door looking eagerly out. She had heard the report of the tutor's injuries, and stood there facing the raging tempest in her anxiety on his behalf. What a gaunt figure she was! So white, so thin, even so ghastly, with her large features, sunken black eyes, and wide, half-open mouth, which habitually showed her upper teeth. She might have been an animated corpse, so deathly did she look, and even her voice was shrill and unearthly.

"Is he dead, Matthew?" she cried, as soon as she caught sight of the tutor's pale face.

"He is dead!" shrieked a voice behind her, and a plump little figure fell suddenly backwards.

This was Amelia Irvine, the only surviving child of the Rev. Matthew and his wife. She was a stout, rosy girl, with thick waist, and thick wrists and ankles, and a face that could not perhaps have been called absolutely plain. She had been standing behind her mother, watching the tutor's arrival, and when she saw his prostrate figure carried by the fishermen on the door, and his white uncovered face, she cried "He is dead!" and fell at once, without warning, back into the arms of little Ned Marston, who was standing there also.

"Don't, Miss Melia!" exclaimed Ned, as the unexpected weight fell upon him. "I can't hold you. I can't indeed."

"He is dead!" again cried Miss Amelia, stiffening her ankles rigidly.

"Please sit on the umbrella-stand," pleaded Ned, "for I can't hold you—I can't indeed." And suiting his action to his words, he allowed Miss Amelia to fall heavily on the hall oilcloth.

"Cruel," murmured Miss Amelia, closing her eyes, and becoming more rigid still.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Amelia Shadwell," said Mrs. Irvine, looking round, as the sound of her daughter's sudden descent reached her ear. "If Hayward's gone, you can't bring him back by fainting and that kind of nonsense; and if he ain't you'd best get up, and try to do something to help him."

"Oh!—!" groaned Amelia Shadwell from the oilcloth. But here it ought to be mentioned that Shadwell was Mrs. Irvine's maiden name, and she had insisted that each of her children should successively bear it. All the little Thomas Shadwells, and Matthew Shadwells, and Jane Shadwells, and various other little Shadwells, were "gone," as Mrs. Irvine expressed it, but Amelia Shadwell remained, and her mother almost invariably, in addressing her, gave her her full baptismal name.

"Get up, Miss Amelia, please do," whispered little Ned Marston, who felt rather contrite for having let her go so suddenly down. "You'll get all wet if you don't when the men come in. He's not dead, I dare say," he continued soothingly, "and if you can't get up, let me roll you to one side." And accordingly Master Ned rolled Miss Amelia into a convenient corner near the umbrella-stand, while her father and the fishermen carried the tutor into the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR GEORGE'S OFFER.

When Hayward's injuries were examined, he was found to have severely fractured his right arm and his wrist. The most serious injury, however, which he had sustained was on his head. His forehead had apparently struck on the rocks, and for two days afterwards he lay in a state of semi-insensibility.

During these days a message of inquiry came from the Hall: "Sir George Hamilton and Mr. Trevor wish to know how Mr. Hayward is?" regularly asked the Hall footman, when he rang at the Parsonage bell.