

# WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER V.  
(Continued.)

'Ah, here you are—come to triumph over me! Triumph, then—triumph! I am not to appear in the tableau! My costume, designed by one of the first artists in France, approved of, admired by the Duchesse de Marly, the mother of five children, an select to whose house is a hall-mark of tone and respectability—the costume approved of by her is pronounced by my lord and master to be—to be— Ah, I cannot repeat the vile nonsense she said—the insults he heaped upon me, his wife, before—heaped upon my child, my servants! I'll never forgive them! I'll never forget them! I tell you, Marie,' she went on, excitedly, sitting up in bed, and seizing my hand, 'he lost his head, he behaved like a madman! When I tried to soothe him—to explain that the best people in Paris had consented to put themselves unreservedly in monsieur's hands; that, for the sake of the noble charity, those poor wretches, deprived of home and property, starving in ditches and under hedges, that had nobly consented to lay aside puny personal considerations and old-fashioned prejudices, and, in the royal interests of art and charity, had agreed to give their services generously, unreservedly; that Madame de Serillac's three daughters, as Canova's Graces, were to be attired almost exactly as I was; that Claire de Beaugre's representation of Diana was to be copied exactly from a picture in the Louvre—it was all of no use. He actually raised his hand to stop me! He almost struck me, Marie, and tore the drapery from my shoulders, trampled upon it, said every word I uttered, every excuse I made, was a fresh outrage upon him! Oh, if you could have seen his face it would have frightened you! He who pretends there is nothing in this world worth getting angry or excited about. There were tears—tears of rage in his eyes when he was trying to stop me. They looked so absurd—the whole thing was so absurd, that had I not been too frightened and indignant, I think I should have burst out laughing in his face. I would—'

I turned from her with an unconquerable movement of anger and aversion, as I pictured the three pain, the passion of revolt that must have stirred her husband's proud, sensitive heart to make him thus break through the shell of his natural reserve. Tears in his eyes, were there? Oh, I thought I could fathom the anguish of their reserve. Tears in his eyes, were there? Oh, I thought I could fathom the anguish of their source! And to her—this woman with a heart of ice and the soul of a mere frivolous pleasure seeker—they made no appeal, they touched no spring of memory; to her they were merely the grotesque outpouring of foolish unjustifiable anger. They could make her laugh—they could make her laugh—his tears!

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She called me to her presently, ordered me to make her a cup of tea, for her head, she said, seemed to be splitting; and, when she had emptied her cup, she asked, with a weary, callous laugh: 'Well, what have you to say to the evening's tragedy—you poor wretch, who are destined to sit in the gallery and look on at the drama of youth and life? Let us hear your verdict. Whom would you call before the curtain and encourage with your sympathy, the husband or the victim?'

'The husband,' I answered, hotly. 'The husband? Of course! Do you know, Miss Bernard—with a taunting laugh—'I have noticed of late a sort of occult sympathy between you two—between my husband, that *preux chevalier*, with the bluest blood of England in his veins and you, the daughter of a bankrupt grocer. He wasn't a grocer, your papa, wasn't he? A stool-broker? Well, it's all the same. I mean no offense, I assure you. I am not—ha, ha!—one to vaunt the empty pomp of hereditary rank, not being born exactly in the purple myself. Marie—laying her little hot hand on mine with one of those eager, childish impulses that to me had an attraction I never could resist—'do you know who—what my people are? Half the servants know I dare say. Why shouldn't you? They are all actors and actresses, my dear. My father was an actor, my mother an actress; my sisters, my brother, my uncles and aunts—all belong to the profession. My mother made her debut as a column-bearer and worked her way up to Lady Teazle in a provincial company before her daughter's name appeared in Debrett. I had an aunt, Vi Vavasour, the neatest figure for tight on the Surrey side of the water, who unfortunately tumbled over the moon in a transformation scene and had to retire to a pauper lunatic asylum forever after. She's there still I believe, the funniest little figure you ever saw. I had an uncle who was a clown; he would give the Archbishop of Canterbury a stitch in his side—'

'And you—you,' I interrupted—'were you also?'

'No; I never appeared. The very month he met me I was to have made my debut, and I married him instead! I was only sixteen then. Now—now you understand everything, don't you? You see why—why—with a little sob which she vainly tried to turn into a laugh—'the rouge lies so smoothly on my baby's face and mine; why the *maillots* fit us so naturally, why we posture with such unconscious barefaced grace, and feel no shame, no shyness, when smiling at an admiring public.'

'I see—I see!' I muttered. 'And you also see,' she went on, quickly, her voice rising—'oh, I can read your thoughts, allez!—you also see why our sudden appearance thus unmanned him, made him forget his manners, his dignity, brought before him with startling vividness the irreparable mistake he made in—in choosing me to be the mother of his children. Ah, you think because I laugh, because I amuse myself, that I do not see—feel anything; that I do not see he would wish to have a son strong, dark, wiry, like himself, not a puny pink and white puppet, the image of his low-born mother! You think I do not read all these things in his heart!'

'You read nothing in his heart,' I retorted, with a warmth that astonished myself, 'nothing but love, loyalty, and undivided devotion to yourself and your children.'

'She did not seem to hear me, but turned over on the bed and continued, in a restless whine: 'Why did he marry me—why did he marry me? Oh, I am the most wretched woman in the world! I cannot bear it; it—it is breaking my heart! I wish I had never been born! Oh, Marie, Marie—if you knew what I suffered, if you knew what I have to bear with!'

'What you have to suffer!' I repeated, my voice so vibrating with passion that she stopped her feverish whimpering, and turned towards me wondering: 'what you have to bear with! You! Oh, woman, are you not afraid to call down the just anger of your Maker upon such a complaint as that? You, upon whom all the good things of this life have been showered so lavishly; you, who have youth, beauty, health, the love and devotion of those nearest and dearest to you, position, wealth—everything the heart of a woman could desire—'

'Everything—everything!'

'Compare your lot with mine; look at my homely face; think of my hopeless future; look at me, four years younger than you. I never have tasted, I never shall taste, the daily pleasures, the joys that make the sum of your youth. Look at me—without parents, friends, husband, lover, with no prospect but a life of lonely, hard-working drudgery, or—'

'Hush, hush!' she broke in, wearily; 'you mean well, but it is of no use. Marie, of no use. Oh, if you could look into my heart at this moment, if you could feel the wild, despairing pain that tortures me night and day; you would not wish to exchange your lot for mine—lonely, hopeless, despised, as you represent yours to be. I think you would not—oh, I think you would not!'

Vanity of vanities: all is but vanity. Ah, surely now I was rebuked for my senseless reprimands against fate; surely no sermon, however stirring, however eloquent, from Mother Joseph's austere lips could bear more fruit and meaning than the spectacle of this beautiful young woman, lying in despair among all the fairest sweetest things this world can give, wishing she had never been born.'

Presently her husband came in, and after standing looking at her for a moment, he said, gently, with almost a touch of scornful pity in his voice: 'Jessie, do not grieve so, my poor child. I was very harsh and rough to you, and the little one this evening. Will you try to pardon me?'

Before her answer came I slipped away; and, returning about an hour later, found her quite still and composed. She said she was very tired and felt inclined to sleep, and asked me to bear her husband company in the drawing-room—a request that I could not refuse, though I had rather she had asked me to walk across Paris barefooted.

After walking up and down the corridor half a dozen times to summon up courage, I at last followed the footman who was carrying in the tea, and busied myself at the table successfully for the first five minutes, until my embarrassment somewhat subsided, and Sir Richard then began to talk about a rather remarkable article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. No allusion whatsoever was made to the subject that was occupying us both until Bijou came running in, half undressed, with a piteous appeal from Birdie that I would promise faithfully to mend one of her broken wings before I went to bed; and then with averted face and faltering tongue, the baronet made a blundering excuse for what he called his unimportant display of bad temper, spoke gently and affectionately of his wife, of her youth, her childish vivacity and unconsciousness of evil, which, combined with certain influences of her early life, would be a satisfactory explanation of the view she took of the unfortunate matter. He then related numerous anecdotes of her charming simplicity, her innocence and startling ingenuousness during their early

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married life, and indeed he spent the rest of the evening in trying to remove the effect of the shock I had received, and subtly appealing to me—and to himself, I could see, as well—against the harsh and hasty judgment he had allowed himself to be betrayed into.

CHAPTER VI.  
A depressing and sullen calm followed the storm. Lady Nesbitt came down the next day looking ill and worn, and gave orders that she was to be at home to no callers. Sir Richard, after hovering about her boudoir in an anxious and somewhat penitential manner all the morning, went out after lunch for a solitary smoke, and, sending the children to the Bois with Louise, at his request I remained indoors to keep the invalid company.

In the course of the afternoon Madame de Tescours called and sent up a special message begging a few minutes' audience, which extended my solitude to a fresh outburst of tears, though she declared herself utterly unable to see her friend or to communicate to her the dreadful intelligence.

'But if it has to be done,' I expostulated, soothingly, 'would it not be better to get it over at once, Lady Nesbitt? In order also to give them time to replace—'

'Replace, replace!' she interrupted, vehemently. 'You think I can be replaced like that at the eleventh hour! You think you can find Venus already posed at every corner of the street! Replaced, indeed! Besides, I can't tell them, can't let them even suspect, until the last moment, they would all be up here en masse—the duchess, monsieur, Sophie, every one of them, asking reasons, explanations, interviewing Sir Richard. If the truth would leak out, and the duchess would never forgive such an affront to her womanly judgment and sense of propriety. I tell you, I won't allow her to be insulted as I have been. I won't allow monsieur, after all the trouble, the interest he took in me, to receive such a slap in the face. In the evening I shall take to my bed, and send word, half an hour before the performance begins, that I am unable to leave my room—that's what I shall do. And now don't let me hear another word about the wretched business. If you want me to keep my senses and—my temper, Miss Bernard!'

So I said no more. What could I say, indeed? On the following day, the Saturday before the Carnival, Sir Richard received a telegram which seemed to discompose him a good deal. To be continued.

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