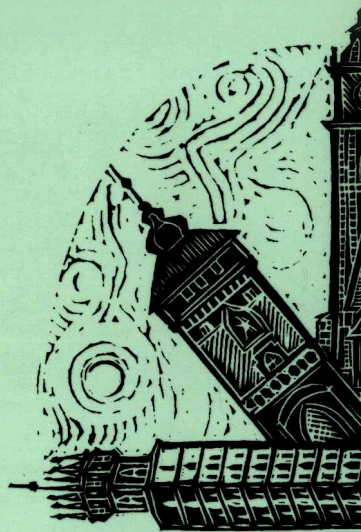


上海市高校教育高地建设项目



# 英国通俗小说菁华

(20世纪下半期卷)

黄禄善 主编

上海大学出版社

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A Highlight of British  
Popular Fiction

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# 编写说明

这套《英国通俗小说菁华》是《美国通俗小说菁华》的姊妹篇，其编撰目的也同《美国通俗小说菁华》一样，旨在为我国大专院校英语专业及相关专业的学生以及社会上广大英语文学爱好者提供一座学习、欣赏英国通俗文学的桥梁。它将在我国国内首次展示英国各个历史时期的通俗文学发展的概貌，帮助广大读者在轻松、愉悦的阅读过程中，熟悉、掌握英国最贴近社会生活的语言，从而快速地提高英语运用能力。全套书约 300 万字，共分三卷，本书为 20 世纪下半期卷，汇集了该时期脍炙人口的英国通俗小说精华 36 篇，涉及新历史浪漫小说、超自然恐怖小说、新科学推测小说、间谍小说、色情小说、新魔法幻想小说、新女性小说、魔法恐怖小说、黄金侦探小说、英雄幻想小说、历史言情小说、硬科学小说等 12 个主要通俗小说类型和 36 个重要作家。在编写体例上，突出实用性和系统性，每一所选章节之前均有类型介绍和作家介绍，正文则依据难易程度，加有数量不等的注释，以帮助读者理解。书末附有参考书目，供进一步学习、研究之用。

相比美国通俗小说，英国通俗小说的历史更为久远，因而内容也更加丰富、更加精彩。这里需要强调的是，无论是美国通俗小说，还是英国通俗小说，其“通俗”不完全等同于通常中国读者心目中的“通俗”的概念。事实上，从社会历史发展的角度看，英美通俗小说的概念应该是动态的，而不是静态的。在前工业化时代，通俗小说主要表现为经典小说的“附庸”，其创作者和受众多为劳工阶层，体现了民间文学或口头文学的某些特征。到了工业化时代，通俗小说开始与经典小说分道扬镳，并逐步建立了自身的文学价值体系，其创作目的和文化价值均与“精英文学”，特别是现代主义的“精英文学”相对立。而后工业社会形态及其以大众媒体为中心的消费社会的表现，堆砌了通俗小说

的各种意义上的泛化，小说主题、价值判断、形式、内容及其言说方式已完全不同于之前的通俗小说，可以说，当代英美通俗小说是一种由广大知识阶层创作，又为广大知识阶层服务的“大众文学”。

全书体例结构、编写材料由黄禄善设定，有关教师和相关专业研究生撰稿，然后由黄禄善审稿、改稿和定稿，朱光立、葛庆在改稿、统稿中也做了大量工作。具体撰稿人员分工如下：田慧，Chapter 2、Chapter 6、Chapter 7 和 Chapter 12；季文君，Chapter 1、Chapter 5 和 Chapter 10；李晓琳，Chapter 3、Chapter 4 和 Chapter 8；胡零，Chapter 9 和 Chapter 11。

希望我们的努力能得到广大读者认可。

编 者

2010年6月

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# Chapter 1

## Gothic Romantic Fiction

### 1. Overview

Gothic romantic fiction, a type of historical romantic fiction with gothic elements, is the main current of British romantic fiction in 1960s. This new tide originates from a famous British woman writer, Eleanor Hibbert (1906 – 1993). In 1960, having been inspired by the whole success of Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold* (1900) and Daphne du Maurier (1907 – 1989)'s *Rebecca* (1938), Eleanor Hibbert wrote *Mistress of Mellyn* (1960) by boldly blending gothic mystery and horror elements into historical romantic fiction. This book got instant sensation after being published under the pen name of Victoria Holt. The next year, it got republished in London and was also warmly welcomed. After that, she published six gothic romantic novels in succession, and accumulated sales accounted for 4,000,000 volumes. Then, British woman writers like Dorothy Eden (1912 – 1982), Anya Seton (1904 – 1990) and Mary Stewart (1916 – ) all made their works successfully. Especially Mary Stewart, she was named as the “queen of gothic romantic fiction”. Her *Nine Coaches Waiting* (1958) and other ten books were always among the lists of bestsellers, totally sold up to 10,000,000 volumes. At the same time, Daphne du Maurier continued to follow the road of *Rebecca* and published *My Cousin Rache* (1951) and other bestselling books.

The birth and development of gothic romantic fiction is inseparable from the complicated social background. In 1960s, the popular images in English society were images of youth, liberation. A group of young rule-breakers like Hippie and Beatnik gradually filtered new ideas into people's mind, influencing people's values and beliefs. But there is, of course, the other side of the 1960s — a post-war Britain, temporarily affluent, but had to cope with the loss of her position as a world power and underwent a process of decolonization which paid attention to the historical meaning of loss of Empire. Moreover, memories of the Second World War were still vivid, kept in the public eye by, for instance, the revelations of suffering and atrocity



during the trial in Frankfurt, between 1963 and 1965, of staff who had served at Auschwitz concentration camp. The memory of Hiroshima, the shadow of the Cold War and American involvement in Vietnam kept the threat of violence and even nuclear annihilation ever-present. It is under this circumstance that traditional romantic fiction was transformed. The mysterious and horrified factors reflected people's complicated psychology after the war. Gothic romantic fiction served as a self-liberating exit because it enabled people to feel free to indulge themselves when following the writer.

As gothic romantic fiction is the integration of historical romantic fiction and gothic fiction, the mode bears features on both sides. First, it belongs to historical romantic fiction. The whole story is set in historical age and centers on heroine's tortuous love experience. It is always the love that matters more in the balance of history and love. By contrast, the images of the heroines become even more complicated and idealized. They have already thrown off the appearance of being a gentle beauty. Now, though plain-looking, they are possessed of manly calm and bravery. At every critical moment, they will definitely play important roles. This image transformation reflects, after the war, women's reconsideration and meditation toward values under new social circumstance. Second, this fiction also involves gothic elements, so the story is always overwhelmed in mysterious and horrified gothic setting, like somber house, dusty sanctum and secretive passage. However, the conventional pattern that girls escape from the talon has been abandoned, instead, it is filled with dangers and toils. All the detailed descriptions are used to set up the mysterious and horrified ambiance. In the end, heroines can always afford to escape from danger. Eventually, brightness conquers darkness. Therefore, gothic romantic fiction, a mixture of historical romantic fiction and gothic fiction, is a new genre integrating mystery, horror, suspense and love.

Daphne du Maurier, Eleanor Hibbert and Mary Stewart are the representatives of gothic romantic fiction. Daphne du Maurier's most famous book *Rebecca* tells a story about a Cinderella-like woman, a deep and serene estate, a haunting ghost and a secretive family saga. Daphne brings readers with delight through the application of suspense, mystery and horror. She is good at applying gothic elements, overthrowing traditional patterns and modes so as to create a shroud of mystery in romantic works. It is hard to

expect a happy ending within her novels, instead, an odor of danger hang in the air. Another outstanding work by Daphne is *My Cousin Rachel*, which combines gothic with history. Through the first narrative, it touches the theme that elaborately constructed patriarchy is frail in the core. Eleanor Hibbert's gothic romantic novels under the pen name Victoria Holt stimulate readers' interest toward gothic fiction. The settings of her novels range from France Revolution to Edward reign and always take place within local estates. She is specialized in creating horrible atmosphere and digging up devils' mind. *Mistress of Mellyn* is one of the most important gothic romantic fictions, and Holt the most outstanding heir of Daphne. Different from the former two writers, Mary Stewart feels free to depict unique personalities. Both heroes and heroines in her novels belong to faithful group and this outdated value appears to be trustful through author's deliberate portrait. All her novels include love stories, but it is not exclusive, when facing challenges, characters would rather sacrifice love for the sake of justice.

Apart from the above mentioned writers, Anya Seton, Dorothy Eden also committed themselves to this genre. They occupy important positions through their own styles. Anya Seton is used to writing on the basis of historical figures and her work *Katherine* (1954) has been warmly welcomed. *The Deadly Traveller* (1959) and *Sleep in the Woods* (1960) are the famous works by Dorothy Eden.

## **2. Daphne de Maurier: *My Cousin Rachel***

### **A. Biographic Introduction**

Daphne du Maurier (1907 - 1989) was born in London, one of three daughters of Sir Gerald du Maurier (1873 - 1934), an actor-manager and Muriel Beaumont, an actress. George du Maurier was her grandfather, who was the author and cartoonist, creating the character of Svengali in the novel *Trilby* (1894). These connections served as a help in establishing her literary career. Du Maurier published her first novel, *The Loving Spirit* (1931), in 1931. Since very young, she got to meet many of the brightest stars of the theatre due to the celebrity of her father. Finally, she married Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick and had two daughters and a son. The marriage was regarded as kind of chilly, causing aloof and distant between du Maurier and her children, especially the girls, when concentrating on in her writing. Her

husband died in 1965 and soon after Daphne moved to Kilmarth, which became the setting for *The House on the Strand* (1969). She died at the age of 81 in Cornwall, in which many of her books were set. Her body was cremated and her ashes were scattered at Kilmarth.

After her death in 1989, the public started to doubt her secret bisexuality, an affair with Gertrude Lawrence, as well as her affection with the wife of the American publisher, Ellen Doubleday, were cited. In her memoirs, du Maurier stated that her father had always wished to have a son, and du Maurier herself also expected to be a boy.

Literary critics have sometimes berated du Maurier's works for not being "intellectually heavyweight" like those of George Eliot or Iris Murdoch, however, in order to fully understand her important status in English literature, one must look first to the era in which she wrote. At the very beginning of her writing career, the horrible memory of the First World War was still fresh and the storm-clouds of the Second World War were to start out, she wrote her novels with much-needed glamour, romanticism and more importantly, escapism. However, by the 1950s, when there was a popularity of socially and politically critical "angry young men", her writing seemed to be neglected and treated as a bygone age of fiction. Today she has been reappraised as a first-rate writer, a mistress of suspense; she is much admired for her ability to recreate a sense of place, and her works remain favorable among readers all over the world. For several decades she has remained the number one author for library book borrowings.

Several of her novels have been adapted for the screen, which included *Jamaica Inn* (1936), *Frenchman's Creek* (1941), *Hungry Hill* (1943) and *My Cousin Rachel* (1951). The Hitchcock film *The Birds* (1963) is based on one of her short stories, as is the film *Don't Look Now* (1973). *My Cousin Rachel* is a novel published in 1951. Like the earlier *Rebecca* (1938), it is a romantic story with mysterious elements, which was set on a large estate in Cornwall. The novel is mainly on the tension among its young protagonists. Philip falls in love with his cousin, and cousin is pretending to care for him, however, she has her own interests at heart which is unknown to anybody.

Although du Maurier is often classified as a "romantic novelist", most of her novels, exclusive of her *Frenchman's Creek* (1969), are quite different from the stereotypical format of Georgette Heyer or Barbara Cartland novels.

It is rare to see a happy ending in du Maurier's novels, and her brand of romanticism is often unconformity with the sinister overtones and shadows of the paranormal, which she favored so much. It was especially in her short stories that she gave free use of her imagination with harrowing and terrifying elements. *The Birds*, *Don't Look Now*, *The Apple Tree* and *The Blue Lenses* are exquisitely crafted tales of terror which shocked and surprised her audience in equal measure. In her later life, she wrote non-fiction, including several well-received biographies. Undoubtedly, it came from her deep-rooted desire to be accepted as a serious writer, when compared with her close literary neighbor, A. L. Rowse (1903 – 1997), the renowned historian and essayist, who lived a few miles away from her house. Du Maurier is also interested in writing "family" biographies of her own ancestry, among which, *Gerald* (1934), the biography of her father, was warmly welcomed. Later she wrote *The Glass-Blowers* (1963), which traces her French ancestry and gives a vivid depiction of the French Revolution. Her final novels reveal just how far her writing style can go. *The House on the Strand* (1969) combines elements of "mental time-travel", a tragic love story set in 14th century Cornwall, and the dangers of using mind-altering drugs. Her final novel, *Rule Britannia* (1972), written after Vietnam war, revealing the resentment of English people and especially Cornish people with the increasing dominance of the America.

## B. Introduction to *My Cousin Rachel*

*My Cousin Rachel* is a novel written by British author Daphne du Maurier, and published in 1951. Similar to the earlier *Rebecca*, it is a mystery-romance, the setting is on a estate in Cornwall. During the first weeks of 1951 Daphne du Maurier spent time in writing in the grounds of her beloved home at Menabilly and, using the notes that she had been working on during the previous months, she began to write her tenth novel. This would be her last novel based in Cornwall. The story that she wove this time was an exploration of jealousy and suspense with a gothic quality. *My Cousin Rachel* was set in the nineteenth century and was the third of Daphne's novels which made Menabilly as its main location. For the second time Daphne used a male narrator, Philip Ashley, a young and inexperienced man.

The story of *My Cousin Rachel* begins with Ambrose and Philip Ashley out walking. Ambrose is the owner of a large country estate on the Cornish

coast and guardian to his orphaned cousin, seven year old Philip. As they walk they see a body swinging on a gibbet and Ambrose delivers the book's memorable opening line . . .

"They used to hang men at Four Turnings in the old days. Not any more though."

The story moves forward and Ambrose and Philip running the estate and living a harmonious, bachelor lifestyle in an all male household. The manservant, Seecombe, is in charge of the staff and runs the house and Tamlyn is head gardener. On Sundays Philip's godfather, Nick Kendall and his daughter Louise, come to lunch as do the Reverend Pascoe and his family. Philip misses Ambrose, but receives letters from him, telling of his journey and then saying that he has reached Florence and met up with a cousin of theirs called Rachel. In the Spring, when Ambrose would normally be planning a date for his return home he sends a letter to Philip announcing that he and Rachel are married and have no immediate plans to return to Cornwall. Philip is numb with shock and ashamed that he can not be pleased for Ambrose, while everyone else seems delighted for the happy couple and full of questions about what Rachel is like. Then Philip's godfather asks him if he has any plans for the future bearing in mind that, if Ambrose has a son, Philip will no longer be his heir. Another letter arrives from Italy saying that there is a "tangle of business" relating to Rachel that Ambrose is spending a lot of time and money sorting out and that they need to stay in Florence. Philip is relieved that he can continue running the estate for the time being. Philip discusses the contents of the letter with his godfather who thinks Ambrose may be having a breakdown or suffering from a brain tumour. Nick tells Philip that Ambrose's father had died of a brain tumour, having suffered terrible headaches and other symptoms similar to those affecting Ambrose. Philip is deeply concerned and decides to go to Italy. When Philip arrives at the villa Sangalletti he is told by a servant that Ambrose is dead and that Rachel has left the villa. Once back in Cornwall, Philip tries to overcome his sadness. Ambrose had appointed Philip's godfather to be his guardian until his coming of age, which would be when he was twenty-five. Nick tells Philip that he has received a communication from Rainaldi containing two pieces of information; firstly that the death certificate confirms that Ambrose's cause of death was a brain tumour and secondly saying that Ambrose had never

changed his will in Rachel's favour so Philip is still heir to the estate. Nick accepts Rainaldi's word about Ambrose's death but Philip is convinced that Rainaldi cannot be trusted and coupled with Rachel's abrupt disappearance from the villa, he is sure something is amiss. Two weeks later Nick receives a communication from Rachel to say that she has arrived by boat at Plymouth. She says that she has all Ambrose's possessions with her and wants to return them to Philip. Philip invites her to stay with him, even though he can hardly bear to think of her.

Philip realizes that as Ambrose's widow and with no will to make provision for her, Rachel has no income. He speaks to his godfather about this and although Nick is surprised that Philip's attitude towards Rachel has improved so much, he is pleased to arrange a quarterly sum to be paid to Rachel. Rachel goes to the drawer and brings out Ambrose's unsigned will. Philip reads the will, which is in Ambrose's handwriting, and states that he leaves his property to Rachel, for her lifetime, passing at her death to the eldest of any children that might be born to both of them, and failing the birth of children, then to Philip, with the proviso that Philip should have the running of the property while Rachel should live. Rachel says that she does not know why Ambrose did not sign the will, and that he had changed so much once he became ill, suspecting her of everything and not letting Rainaldi come to the house. The next day, Philip goes to Bodmin to see an attorney and gets a legal document drawn up, so that on the day that he becomes twenty-five, and inherits the estate, he can give it to Rachel and fulfill Ambrose's wishes. On his return home, Philip finds that Rainaldi has arrived. He stays for a week; Philip dislikes him and is jealous of the amount of time Rachel and Rainaldi spend together.

Philip becomes increasingly excited as his birthday approaches. On the day before his birthday he goes to the bank and withdraws all the family jewels. As midnight approaches he returns to the house and climbs up to Rachel room. He showers her with all the family jewels and afterwards they make love. Philip is so naïve that he believes this means that Rachel will marry him; she sees it very differently and was simply thanking him for the jewels. The next day after dinner Nick and Louise call in to have a birthday drink with Philip. Philip cannot contain himself and bursts out with the news that he and Rachel are to be married. There is a terrible silence and then

Rachel apologizes for Philip's ridiculous outburst. Nick and Louise leave. Philip has given Rachel his property, his money and the jewels. He has nothing else to give. He puts his hands around her neck and asks her to swear that she will never leave him, but his pressure on her throat prevents her from answering. He releases her and she slips away to her room.

Then Philip notices that a letter has come from Rainaldi, but later when he looks for it, he finds instead an envelope containing laburnum seeds. Philip thinks laburnum seeds are poisonous and he begins to piece together a number of things — Rachel's relationships with Rainaldi, Ambrose and himself, her herbal remedies and tisanæ, Ambrose illness, his own illness. The next day is Sunday, Rachel prepares some tisanæ for Philip, Louise and herself but Philip refuses to drink his. Rachel goes out for a walk and as soon as she has gone Philip asks Louise to help him find some sort of proof that Rachel is trying to poison him. As they search Rachel's room, Philip is surprised to find a letter from the bank thanking Rachel for returning the jewels. They can find nothing to incriminate Rachel and begin to wonder if they are misjudging her. Meanwhile Rachel has walked to the terraced garden and stepped onto the bridge over the sunken garden. Philip finds her broken body lying amongst the timber and stone. He takes her in his arms and she looks at him calling him Ambrose before she dies.

The story ends with the opening sentence . . .

"They used to hang men at Four Turnings in the old days. Not any more though."

### C. *From My Cousin Rachel*

#### Chapter 11

We always carried out a strict routine upon a Sunday. Breakfast was later, at nine o'clock, and at a quarter past ten the carriage came to take Ambrose and me to church. The servants followed in the waggonette. When church was over, they returned to eat their midday dinner, later again, at one; and then at four we dined ourselves, with the vicar and Mrs. Pascoe, possibly one or two of the unmarried daughters, and generally my godfather and Louise. Since Ambrose had gone abroad I had not used the carriage but had ridden down to church on Gypsy, causing, I believe, some small amount of talk, I know not why.

This Sunday, in honour of my visitor, I gave orders for the carriage to

come as of old custom, and my cousin Rachel, prepared for the event by Seecombe when he took her breakfast, descended to the hall upon the stroke of ten. A kind of ease had come upon me since the night before, and it seemed to me, as I looked upon her, that I could in future say to her what I pleased. Nothing needs hold me back, neither anxiety, nor resentment, nor even common courtesy.

"A word of warning," I said, after I had wished her a good morning. "All eyes will be upon you in the church. Even the laggards, who sometimes make excuse to stay in bed, will not remain at home to-day. They will be standing in the aisles, maybe on tip-toe."

"You terrify me," she said, "I shall not go at all."

"That would be disgrace," I said, "for which neither you nor I would ever be forgiven."

She looked at me with solemn eyes.

"I am not sure," she said, "that I know how to behave. I was bred a Catholic."

"Keep it to yourself," I told her. "Papists, in this part of the world, are fit only for hellfire. Or so they tell me. Watch everything I do. I won't mislead you."

The carriage came to the door. Wellington<sup>①</sup>, with brushed hat and trim cockade, the groom beside him, was swollen with importance like a pouter pigeon. Seecombe, in starched clean stock and his Sunday coat, stood at the front door with no less dignity. It was the occasion of a lifetime.

I handed my cousin Rachel into the carriage and took my place beside her. She had a dark mantle around her shoulders, and the veil from her hat concealed her face.

"The people will want to see your face," I said to her.

"Then they must want," she answered.

"You don't understand," I said. "Nothing like this has happened in their lives. Not for nearly thirty years. The old people remember my aunt, I suppose, and my mother, but for the younger ones there has never been a Mrs. Ashley come to church before. Besides, you must enlighten their

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① Wellington, here is not referred to the capital city of New Zealand, but a man's name.



ignorance. They know you come from what they term outlandish parts. For all they know Italians may be black."

"Will you please be quiet?" she whispered. "I can tell from Wellington's back there, up on the box, that he can hear what you are saying."

"I shall not be quiet." I said, "the matter is of grave importance. I know how rumour spreads. All the countryside will go back to Sunday dinner shaking their heads and saying Mrs. Ashley is a negress."

"I will lift my veil in church, but not before," she said, "when I am kneeling. They can look then, if they have the mind, but by rights they should do no such thing. Their eyes should be on their prayer-books."

"A high bench surrounds the pew, with curtains to it," I told her. "Once kneeling there you will be concealed from view. You can even play marbles if you want to. I used to, as a child."

"Your childhood." She said; "don't speak of it. I know every detail. How Ambrose dismissed your nurse when you were three. How he took you out of petticoats and put you into breeches. The monstrous way in which you learnt your alphabet. I am not surprised you played at marbles in the church pew. I wonder you did no worse."

"I did once," I said. "I brought white mice in my pocket and they ran under the seat. They scampered up the petticoat of an old lady in the pew behind. She had the vapours, and had to be removed."

"Didn't Ambrose beat you for it?"

"Why, no. It was he who set them loose upon the floor."

My cousin Rachel pointed to Wellington's back. His shoulders had stiffened, and his ears were red.

"You will behave yourself to-day, or I shall walk out of the church," she said to me.

"Then everyone would think you had the vapours," I said, "and my godfather and Louise would come rushing to your assistance. Oh, great heaven ..." I broke off, and clapped my hand on my knee in consternation.

"What's the matter?"

"I've only just remembered. I promised to ride over yesterday to Pelyn to see Louise, and I forgot all about it. She may have waited for me all afternoon."

"That," said my cousin Rachel, "was not very gallant of you. I hope she