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[Cuvver Ilustraishon]

## Paast the Gate

The King cood not rede miandz, but he cood rede men—so cleerly dhat in wun maaster-stroke he cut down the conspirracy against him and cecuerd the

loiyalty ov its tretcheros but abel instigator, the Viccar ov Rerec. But not even the King cood foercy the werkingz ov luv and haitred in the Qwene—or whaut her hand held az it poizd over hiz wine-goblet.

Yet the Qweenz revenj defeted itself—for it braut the King too fool nollej ov the liavz he had led and wood lede, and the shaips and facez She woer whoo had shaerd and wood share them.

“. . . the blesced cens ov participaishon in a werld whare wunderz stil abound and gloery iz stil a werd untarnisht bi the cinnical tungz ov smaul-mianded men.”

—Orvil Prescot

## THE MEENSHAN GATE

bi E. R. Eddison

Κύπριδος, ἡ μούνη δύναται καὶ Ζῆνα δαμάσσαι.

“Kipris, whoo alone can tame even Zuce.”

**BALLANTINE BOOX • NU YORC**

Coppirite © 1958 bi Mrs. E. R. Eddison

W. G. E.

TOO U, MADONNAA MEYAA,

AND TOO  
MI MUTHER

AND TOO MI FRENZ  
JON AND ALLICE RENNOLDZ

AND TOO  
HARRY PIRY-GORDON

a fello exploerer in whoome (az in Lescingam) I fiand dhat rare  
mixchure ov man ov acshon and conocer ov strainjnes and buty  
in dhare proteyan manifestaishonz, whoo laafs whare I laaf and  
liax the sault dhat I like, and too whoome I o mi aqwaintans  
(throo the Orcneyin' gaa Saagaa) widh the erthly ancestres ov mi  
Lady Rozmaa Parry

I DEDDICATE THIS BOOC

*Let me not to the marriage of true mindes  
Admit impediments, love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration findes,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no, it is an ever fixed marke  
That lookes on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandring barke,  
Whose worths unknowne, although his high be taken.  
Love's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickles compasse come,  
Love alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,  
But beares it out even to the edge of doome:  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.*

Shaixpere

*“And ride in triyumf throo Percepolis!  
Iz it not brave too be a King, Tekellese?  
Uzumcazane and Thheridamus,  
Iz it not paacing brave too be a King,  
And ride in triyumf throo Percepolis?”*

Marlo

*“I canot conceve enny beghinning ov such luv az I hav for u  
but Buty. Dhare ma be a sort ov luv for which, widhout the  
leest snere at it, I hav the hiyest respect and can admire it  
in utherz: but it haz not the richnes, the bloome, the fool*

form, the enchaantment ov luv aafter mi one hart.”

Keets

#### PREFATORY NOTE

“Mi bruther Erric dide on 18 August 1945. He had ritten the following note in November 1944”:

“Ov this booc, THE MESENHAN GATE, the opening chapterz (including the

“Pralujum”) and the final hundred pagez or so which form the climax ar nou completed. Too thherdz ov it ar yet too rite. The following

“Argument widh Daits” summarisez in braud outline the subject matter ov

these unwritten chapterz. The daits ar *Anno Zayanae Conditae*: from the founding ov the citty ov Siyaanaa.

The booc at this stage iz dhus a fool-length poertrate in oilz ov which the face haz bene painted in but the rest ov the picchure no moer dhan rufly skecht in charcole. Az such, it haz enuf unity and finallity too stand az sumthhing moer dhan a fragment. Indede it ceemz too me, even

in its prezzent state, too contane mi best werc.

If throo misforchune I wer too be prevented from finnishin this booc, I shoold wish it too be publisht az it standz, tooghether widh the “Argument” too represent the unwritten parts.

E. R. E.

7th November, 1944."

Between November 1943 and August 1945 two further chapters, 28 and 29, were completed in draft and take their place in the text (pages 123-52).

A letter written in January 1945 indicates that in the writing of Book 2 too my brother might perhaps have "unloaded" some of the details comprised in the Argument with Daitis. In substance, however, there can be no doubt that he would have followed the argument closely.

My brother had it in mind too to use a photograph of the El Grecco painting of which he writes at the end of his letter of introduction. I am sure that he would have preferred and welcomed the drawing by Keith Henderson which appears as a frontispiece. The photograph has been used, by courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America, as a basis for the drawing.

We are deeply grateful to my brother's old friend Sir Jorj Rostrevor Hamilton for his unstinted help and counsel in the preparation of THE MESENHAN GATE for publication. We also warmly appreciate the generous assistance given by Sir Francis Menel in designing the form and typographical layout for the book. The maps were originally prepared by the late Gerald Hase for the other volumes of the trilogy of which **the mesenshan gate** "is a part".

"C. R. E."

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Introducshon  
(from Ferst Edishon ov “A Fish Dinner in Memmizon”)

BI JAIMZ STEVENZ

This iz a teriffic booc.

It iz not much uce aasking, whether a ghivven riter iz grate or not. The fuchure wil decide az too dhat, and wil take oonly propper acount ov our concideraishonz on the matter. But we ma enqwire az too whether the ghivven riter duz or duz not differ from uther riterz: from, dhat iz, dhose dhat went befoer, and, in espeshal, from dhose whoo ar hiz and our contemporarese.

In sum cens Mr. Eddison can be thaut ov az the moast difficult riter ov our da, for, behiand and beyond aul dhat which we canot avoid or refuse—the switching az from a paast too sumthhing dhat ma be a fuchure—he iz riting widh a miand fixt uppon ideyaaz which we ma caul

ainshent, but which ar, in efect, eternal—aristocracy, dhat iz, and currage, and a “hel ov a cheke”. It must ceme lunatic too sa ov enny man dhat aulwase, az a ghide ov hiz inspiraishon, iz an ideyaa ov the Infinite. Even so, when the propper qweschon iz aasct, wharin duz Mr. Eddison differ from hiz fellose? dhat iz wun aancer which ma be advaanst. Here he duz differ, and dhat so graitley dhat he ma ceme az a pritty loanly riter.

Dhare iz a sumthhing, exedingly rare in In’glisch ficshon, auldho evveriwheare too be found in In’glisch powetry—this ma be cauld the aristocratic attichude, and axent. The arristocrat can be az brootal az evver gangster wauz, but, and in whautevver brootality, he preservz a baring, a grace, a charm, which our ficshon, in genneral, duz not care, or dare, too atempt.

Good breeding and devvastating brootality hav nevvver bene strain’gerz too eche uther. U ma ghet in the pagez ov, sa, “The Mahabarataa”—the moast aristocratic werc ov aul litterachure—moer shere brootality dhan aul our gangster ficshonists poot toogheter cood dreame ov. So, in these pagez, dhare ar villanese, and viyolencez, and slauteringz dhat ar, too wun reder, cimply devvilish. But dha ar devvilish widh an axent—az Miltonz devvil iz; for it iz instantly observabel in him, the moast In’glisch personage ov our reccord, and the finest ov our “gentelmen”, dhat he wauz edjucated at Caimbrij. So the colossal gentelmen ov Mr. Eddison hav, perhaps, the Oxford axent. Dha ar certainly not axented az ov Ballam, or Hoboken.

Aul Mr. Eddisonz personagez ar ov a “breeding” which, be it hellish or hevvenish, nevvver lets its faatherz doun, and nevvver lets its underlingz up. So, agane, he iz a different riter, and a difficult.

Dhare iz yet a distincshon, az betwene him and the rest ov us. He iz, auldho strictly within the termz ov hiz art, a filossofer. The ten,

or so, pagez ov hiz letter (too dhat good powet, Jorj Rostrevor Hammilton) which introjucez this booc, form a rappid conspectus ov filossofy. (Dha shood be red aafter the booc iz red, wharuppon the booc shood be red agane.)

It iz, houwevver, anuther aspect ov beying dhat nou claimz the mane ov hiz atenshon, and iz the troo, and strainj, subject ov this booc, az it iz the subject ov hiz erleyer novvelz, "Mistres ov Mistrecez", and "The Werm Ooroboros", too which this booc iz organnicaly related. (The reder whoo liax this booc shood red dhose utherz.)

This subject, cene in wun aspect, we caul Time, in anuther we caul it Eternity. In boath ov these dhare iz a sumwhaut which iz tiamles, and tiarles, and infinite—dhat sumthhing iz u, and me, and E. R. Eddison. It deliats in, and nose nuthhing ov, and caerz les about, its one ceming evolueshon in time, or its one acshonz and reyacshonz, housowevver or whaersowevver, in eternity. It just (whautevver, and wharevver it iz) wilz too be, and too be pouwerfool, and butifool, and viyolent, "and in luv". It enjoiz berth and deth, az dha ceme too cum, widh insaishabel appetite, and widh unconkerabel lust for moer.

The personagez ov this booc ar livving, at the wun moment, in cevveral dimenshonz ov time, and dha wil continuu too doo so for evver. Dha ar in luv and in hate cimultainyously in these cevveral dimenshonz, and wil continuu too be so for evver—or perhaps until dha remember, az Brahmaa did, dhat dha had dun this thhing befoer.

This shift ov time iz verry odly, verry cimply, handeld bi Mr. Eddison.—A lady, the astounding Feyorindaa, leevz a gentelman, the even moer, if poscibel, astounding, Lescingam, aafter a coctale in sum Florens or Mentone. She waux doun a garden paath until she iz preciasly out ov hiz cite: then she taix a step too the left, rite out ov this

dimension, and completely intoo dhat uther which iz her one—auldho  
wun

douts dhat fifty dimensionz cood qwite contane this lady. Wharuppon,  
dhat which iz cureyous, and cureyously sattisfiyng, Mr. Eddisonz prose  
taix the same step too the left, and iz no moer the esy In'glish ov the  
moment befoer, but iz a tremendous sixteenth or fifteenth-cenchury  
In'glish which no riter but he can handel.

Hiz retern, from dhare and then too here and nou, iz just az cimpel and  
az exqwizsiatly perfect in time-frasing az cood be wisht for. Dhare iz  
no jolt for the reder az he muivz or remuivz from dimension too  
dimension, or from our prezsent exelent speche too our memmorabel grate  
prose. Mr. Eddison differz from aul in hiz abillity too sute hiz prose too  
hiz ocaizhon, and too plese the reder in hiz enniwhare.

This riter descriabz men whoo ar butifool, and pouwerfool, and  
viyolent—even hiz varlets ar tremendous. Here, in so far az dha can be  
cunjuerd intoo moddern speche, ar the herose. Dhare vallor and lust iz  
endles az iz dhat ov tigherz: and, like these, dha take life or deth  
widh a per or a snarl, just az it iz aproapreyate and just az dha ar  
incliaand too. But it iz too hiz ladese dhat the afecshon ov Mr. Eddisonz  
grate and strainj tallent iz ghivven.

Wimmen in menny moddern novvelz ar not reyalz femailz, acumpanede,  
or

pershude, bi aproapreyate, belligerent mailz—dha ar, mainly, exelent  
aants, escorted bi trustwerthy unkelz, and, when dha marry, dha doant  
reprojuce sunz and dauterz, dha projuce neffuse and necez.

Evvery woomman Mr. Eddison riats ov iz a Qwene. Even the maidz ov  
these,  
at dhare cervicingz, ar Princecez. Mr. Eddison iz the oanly moddern man  
whoo liax wimmen. The ideyaa, woomman, in these pagez iz moast  
qwaint, moast

lively, most disturbing. She is delicious and aloof: delighted with all, partial too everything (*ça m'amuse*, she says). She is greedy, and treacherous, and imperterbably: the mistress of man, and the empress of life: warring, merely as a dress, the mouse, the lynx, the ren, or the hero: she is the goddess, as she pleases, or the god; and is much less afraid of the god than a miserably woman of our dreadful bun'galose is afraid of a mouse. And she is all else that is high, or low, or even obscene, just as the fancy takes her: she faults never (in anything, nor anywhere) below the greatness that is all creation, all creation, and all delight in her one abundant variety.—*Je m'amuse*; she says, and that seems too her, and too her lover, too be right, and all right.

The vitality of the recording of all this is astonishing: and, in this part of his work, Mr. Edison is again doing something which no other writer has the daring or the talent for.

He is also trying to do the oddest something for our time—he is trying too right prose. It is a neglected, almost a lost, art, but he is not only trying, he is actually doing it. His pages are living, and vivid, and noble, and are these in a sense that belongs too no other writer I know of.

His "Fish Dinner" is a banquet, such as, long ago, Plato sat at. As too how Mr. Edison's philosophy stands let the philosophers decide: but as too his novel, his story-telling, his heroic magnificence of prose, and his sense of the splendid, the voluptuous, the limitless, the reader may judge of these things by himself, and be at peace or at war with Mr. Edison as he pleases.

This is the largest, the most abundant, the most magnificent book of our time. Heaven send us another dozen such from Mr. Edison.

## JAIMZ STEVENZ

“15th December 1940.”

### Letter ov Introducshon

#### TOO MI BRUTHER COLLIN

DERE BRUTHER: Not bi desine, but becauz it so devellopt, mi Simeyamveyan trilogy haz bene ritten baqwordz. “Mistres ov Mistrecez”, the ferst ov these boox, deelz widh the too yeerz beghinning “ten munths aafter the deth, in the fifty-foerth yere ov hiz age, in hiz iland fortres ov Cestolaa in Mezreyaa, ov the grate King Mesenshus, tirant ov Fin’giswoald, Mezreyaa, and Rerec.” “A Fish Dinner in Memmizon”, the cecond booc, belongz in its Simeyamveyan parts too a pereyod ov five weex ending neerly a yere befoer the Kingz deth. This thherd booc, “The Mesenshan Gate”, beghinz twenty yeerz befoer the King wauz born, and endz widh hiz deth. Eche ov the thre iz a draamaa complete in itself; but, rede toogheter (beghinning widh “The Mesenshan Gate”, and ending widh “Mistres ov Mistrecez”), dha ghiv a concecutive history, cuvvering moer dhan cevventy yeerz in a speshal werld deviazd for Her Luvver bi Afrodity, for whoome (az the reder must suspend unbelefe and suppose) aul werldz ar made.

The trilogy wil, az I nou foercy, run too a tetralogy; and the tetralogy probbably then (az an oke poots on gherth and hite widh the yeerz) lede too ferther groath. For, certane az it iz dhat the treetment

ov the thheme cumz short ov whaut I wood, the thheme itcelf iz inexhaustibel. Cleerly so, if we sum it in the werdz ov a filossofer whoo iz beciadz (az fu filossoferz ar) a powet in bent ov miand and a maaster ov art, Jorj Santayanaa: "The divine buty iz evvident, fugitive, impalpabel, and hoamles in a werld ov matereyal fact; yet it iz unmistacably individjuwal and sufishent untoo itcelf, and auldho perhaps soone eclipst iz nevver reyaly extin'gwisht: for it vizsits time and belongz too eternity." Dhose werdz I chaanst uppon while I wauz riting the "Fish Dinner", and liact the moer becauz dha came az a cattalist too cristalise thauts dhat had long bene in suspenshon in mi miand.

In this werld ov Simeyamveyaa, Afrodity poots on, az dho dha wer drescez, cepparate and cimultainyous incarnaishonz, with a different personallity, a different "sole", for eche dres. Az the Dutches ov Memmizon, for exaampel, She wauz az it wer in Her slepe, humbel, innocent, forghetfool ov Her Olimpeyan home; and in dhat dres She can (littel ghescing the extrordinary truth), ce and speke with her one Celf dhat, awake and aware and wel abel too enjoi and use Her divine prerogatiavz, standz becide Her in the person ov her lady ov the bedchamber.

A verry unnerthly carracter ov Simeyamveyaa lise in the fact dhat nobody waunts too chainj it. Nobody, dhat iz too sa, apart from a fu weke nachuerz whoo fale on dhare probaishon and (az, in yor belefe and mine, aul ultimate evil must) poot of at laast even dhare iluzoery cemblans ov beying, and faul awa too the limbo ov nuthhingnes. Simeyamveyaa iz, in this,

like the saagaatime; dhare iz no malase ov the sole. In dhat werld, wel fitted too dhare faccultese and disposishonz, men and wimmen ov aul estaits

enjoi beyattichude in the Aristoteleyan cens ov ἐνεργεία κατ' ἀρετὴν ἀριστῆν (activvity acording too dhare hiyest verchu). Gaibreyel Florese, for instans, haz no ambishon too be Viccar ov Rerec: it suficez hiz lust

for pouwer dhat he cervz a maaster whoo comaandz hiz dog-like devoashon.

It ma be thaut dhat such darc and preddatoery personagez az the Viccar, or hiz unkel Lord Emmeyus Parry, or Emmeyucez dauter Rozmaa, ar strainjly acommodated in these meedz ov asfodel whare Butese celf, in worm acchuwallity ov flesh and blud, rainz az Mistres. But the aancer shuerly iz (and it iz an oald aancer) dhat "Godz adversarese ar sum wa hiz one." This oan'nes iz eseyer too axept and credit in an ideyal werld like Simeyamveyaa dhan in our traning-ground or testing-place whare woommanish and feerfool mankiand, individjuwaly so often gallant and luvvabel,

in the mas so foolish and unremarcabel, mistereyously inhabbit, laboring throo bog dhat taix us too the nese, yet sumtiamz momentarily ghivving an i too the lone splendor ov the starz. When liyonz, eghelz, and she-woolvz ar let looce among such weke shepe az for the moast part we be, we riatly, for sake ov our continnuwans, atend raather too dhare clauz, mauz, and tallonz dhan sta too contemplate dhare magnifficencez.

We

forghet, in our necescity lest our flesh becum dhare mete, dhat dha too, ideyaly and *sub specie aeternitatis*, hav dhare placez (hiyer or lower in propoershon too dhare integrity and too the mere conshenslesnes and purity ov dhare mischefe) in the hiyerarky ov troo valluse. This werld ov ourz, we ma rezonably hoald, iz no place for them, and dha no fit cittisenz for it; but a tejous life, shuerly, in the hevvenly manshonz, and smaul scope for Omnippetens too stretch its pouwerz, wer aul such grate eminent celf-plezhuring tirants too be band from "yonder staary gallery" and lojd in "the kerst dunjon."

"The Mesenshan Gate", laast in order ov composishon, iz bi dhat verry fact ferst in order ov riapnes. It in no respect superceedz or amendz the erleyer boox, but duz I thhinc illuminate them. "Mistres ov Mistrecez", leving unexplord the relaishonz betwene dhat uther werld

and our prezsent here and nou, led too the riting ov the “Fish Dinner”; which booc in tern, at its climax, raizd the qweschon whether whaut tooc place at dhat cin’gular supper party ma not hav had yet vaaster and moer cozmic reyacshonz, qwite overshaddowing dhose affecting the fate ov this plannet. I wauz beciadz, bi then, faulen in luv widh Simeyamveyaa and mi personz; and luv haz a cerching cureyosity which can nevver be wholly sattisfide (and wel dhat it canot, or mankiand mite di ov boerdom). Aulso I waunted too fiand out hou it came dhat the grate King, while stil at the hite ov hiz pouwerz, met hiz deth in Cestolaa; and whi, so leving the Thre Kingdomz, he left them in a mes. These riddelz begot “The Mesenshan Gate”.

Widh our current distracshonz, polittical, soashal and econommic, this stoery (in common widh its predecessorz) iz az utterly unconcernd az it iz widh Stoc Exchainj procejure, the tecnicallitese ov aroodinamix, or the Ththeyory ov Vectorz. Nor iz it an allegory. Allegory, if its personz hav life, iz a prostichueshon ov dhare personallitese, foercing them for an end uther dhan dhare one. If dha hav not life, it iz but a drescing up ov argument in a puppetry ov fridgid-make-beleve. Too me, the personz “ar” the argument. And for the argument I am not foole enuf too clame responcebilly; for, stript too its ecenshalz, it iz a grate eternal commonplace, beside which, I am sumtiamz apt too thhinc, nuthhing els reyaly matterz.

The booc, then, iz a cereyous booc: not a fary-stoery, and not a booc for baibz and suclingz; but (it needz not too tel u, whoo no mi temper) not sollem. For iz not Afrodivy φιλομμειδής—“laafter-luvving”? But She iz aulso αἰδοίη—“an aufool” Goddes. And She iz ἑλικοβλέφαρος—“widh flickering ilidz,” and γλυκυμείλιχος—“hunny-swete”; and She iz Goddes ov Luv, which itcelf iz γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὄροπετον—“Bitter-swete, an unmannajabel Laidly Werm”: az Barganax nose.

These atribuetz ar no moddern invenshonz ov mine: dha stand on evvidens ov Homer and ov Saffo, grate powets. And in whaut grate powets

tel us about the Godz dhare iz aulwase a vane ov truth. Dhare iz an afforizm ov mi lerned Doctor Vandermaasts (a particcular frend ov yorz), which he tooc from Spinozaa: *Per realitatem et perfectionem idem intelligo*: “Bi Reyallity and Perfecshon I understand the same thhing.” And Keets cez, in a letter: “Axeyomz in filossofy ar not axeyomz until dha ar pruivd uppon our pulcez.”

Feyorindaa I met, and studdede, moer dhan fiftene yeerz ago: not bi enny meenz her entire celf, but a good enuf shaddo too help me too cet down, in “Mistres ov Mistrecez” and these too later boox, the qwaulity and pla ov her fechuerz, her vois, and her baring. The minnichure, a fotograaf ov which apeerz az frontispece,[1] belongz too the Hispanic Sociyety ov Amerricaa, Nu Yorc: it wauz painted “cercaa” 1596 bi El Grecco,

from a citter whoo haz not, so far az I no, bene identifide. But I thhinc it wauz painted aulso in Memmizon: erly Juli, A.Z.C. 775, ov Feyorindaa (“aet.” 19), in her state, az lady ov onnor: the ferst ov Barganaxez menny poertraits ov her. A comparrison widh “Mistres ov Mistrecez” (Chapter 2 espeshaly, and—for the ise—laast parragraaf but wun in Chapter 8) shose cloce corespondens betwene this El Grecco minnichure and descripshonz ov Feyorindaa ritten and publisht moer

dhan ten yeerz befoer I ferst became aqwainted widh it (which wauz late in 1944): so cloce az too make me hope the fotograaf ma qwicken the rederz imaginaishon az it duz mine. I record here mi acnollejments and thanx too the Hispanic Sociyety ov Amerricaa for gennerously ghivving me permishon too reprojuce the fotograaf.

So here iz mi booc: caul it novvel if u like: powem if u prefer. Under whautevver label—

*I limb'd this night-peece and it was my best.*

Yor luvving bruther,  
E. R. E.

Darc Lane,  
Marlboro,  
Wiltshire.

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[1] Nou uezd bi kertecy ov the Hispanic Sociyety ov Amerricaa, az a baxis  
for the drauwing which apeerz az a frontispece. [Traanscriber Note:  
Drauwing iz stil under coppirite.]

Pralujum

Pralujum  
Lescingam on the Raftsund

IT WAUZ mid Juli, and thre oacloc in the morning. The sun, which at  
this time ov yere in Lofoten nevver stase moer dhan an our or too belo  
the horizon, wauz wel up, fin'ghering too goald widh the unbelevably  
slode  
deliberaishon ov an Arctic daun ferst the too-eerd peke itcelf and then,

in a gradjuwal creping dounword, the enormous upthrusts ov prescipice dhat underpin dhat wate and bulc, ov Rulten acros the Raftsund. Out ov the wauterz ov dhat ce-strate uppon its westerly cide the mountainz ov naked stone stood up like a waul, Rulten and hiz cubz and, moer too the north, the Troldtinder which began nou, widh the swinging round ov the sun, too take the goald in the jagz ov dhare viyolent ski-line. The wauterz mirrord them az in a floer ov smoke-cullord cristal: qwiyet wauterz, running stil, running depe, and havving the shaddo ov nite yet uppon them, like sumthhing irremebel, like the wauterz ov Stix.

Dhat shaddo lin'gherd (even, az the sun droo round, ceemd too broode hevveyer) uppon this hither shoer, whare Digermulen caacel, hi in the clifs, faist toowordz Rulten and the Troldfjord. The caacel wauz ov the stone ov the cragz on whoose nese it rested, like-hude, like-fraimd, in its sketchez ov bliand waul and megalithhic gauntnecez ov glacis and touwer and long outer parrapet overhanging the ce. Too and fro, the fool length ov the parrapet, a man wauz wauking: az for hiz boddy, aulwase in dhat remaning and untiamly thhickening dusc ov nite, yet, whenever he ternd at this end and dhat, loocking acros the sound too morning.

It wood hav bene a hard ghes too tel the age ov him. Nou and agane, under certane efects ov the lite, depe oald age ceemd suddenly too glaans out ov hiz swift eegly ise: a thhing incon'groowous widh dhat elastiscity ov ueth which livd in hiz evvery muivment az he paist, ternd, or pauzd: incon'groowous widh hiz thhic blac hare, clipt short but not so short az too hide the kerlines ov it which gose moast widh a ga superfluwity ov viggor ov boath boddy and miand dhat celdom outlaasts the prime, and grate cole-blac beerd. Next instant, whaut had shone az the ravvagez ov the yeerz, wood ceme but tracez ov wind and tempest, az in a man customd aul hiz life too open wether at ce or on mountane ridgez and aul dezzolate sun-smitten placez about the werld. He wauz tauler dhan

moast taul men: patently an In'gliselman, yet widh dhat faishal an'ghel  
dhat  
belongz too oald Grece. Dhare wauz in him a magnificens not kingly az in  
ordinary expereyens dhat term fits, but deper in grane, ignoering  
itself, az common men dhare natchural moashonz ov breething or hart-  
bete:  
sum inword integrity emerging in outword shape and acshon, az when a  
sollitary oke taix the storm, or az the liyon waux in granjure not from  
studdy nor az concernd too comaand ise, but from ancestral uce and  
becauz he can no uther.

He ced, in himself: "Checmate. And bi a bunch ov paunz. Wel, dhaerz  
sum cumfort in dhat: not too be beten bi men, but the ded wate ov  
the mashene. I can roole men: hav, aul mi life ruild them: cene troo  
endz, and had the nac too make em ce mi endz az dhare one. Looc at  
them here: a generaishon bred up in these five-and-twenty yeerz  
like-mianded widh me az if I had spit em. Liker mianded dhan if dha had  
bene sprung from mi loinz. And nou?—

“the brite da iz dun,  
And we ar for the darc.”

Whaut can a fu thousand, against milleyonz? Even if the milleyonz ar  
fuilz. It iz the oald drift ov the werld, too drabnes and saimnes:  
wauter, aulwase tending bi its verry nachure too a ded level.” He foalded  
hiz  
armz and stood loocking ceword over the parrapet. So, perhaps,  
Leyonidaaz  
stood for a minnute when the Perzhanz began too close in uppon the Paas.

Then he ternd: at a none step, perhaps: at a none perfume, like the  
dellicate cent ov the blac magnoleyaa, sharpend widh spindrifft and  
ce-fome and wauffed on sum are far unlike this coole northern breth ov  
the Raftsund. He greted her widh a kiand ov laaf ov the ise.

“U slept?”

“At laast, yes. I slept. And u, *mon ami*?”

“No. And yet, az good az slept: loocking at u, feding on u, reliving u. Whoo ar u, I wunder, dhat it iz the mere patent ov imortality, aafter such a nite, oanly too gase uppon yor dere butese aslepe? and dhat aul wizdom cins life came up uppon erth, and aul the trezhure ov oald time paast and ov eternity too cum, can li charmd within the kerv ov eche particcular hare?” Then, like the crac ov a whip: “I shal cend them no aancer.”

Sumthhing muivd in her grene ise dhat wauz like the lite beyond the sound. “No? Whaut wil u doo, then?”

“Nuthhing. For the ferst time in mi life I am cum too this, dhat dhare iz nuthhing I can doo.”

“Dhat,” ced she, “iz the impaasabel which littel men ar faist widh, evvery da ov dhare liavz. It awaits even the gratest at laast. U ar abuv uther men in this age ov the werld az men ar abuv munkese, and hav so acted; but cercumstaans wase at laast too hevvy even for u. U ar trapt. In the tigher-hunts in oald Jaavaa, the tigher haz no chois left at laast but too lepe uppon the speerz.”

“I cood hav toald u laast nite,” he ced “(but we wer en’groast widh thhingz wertheyer our atenshon), Ive evverithhing reddy here: for dhat lepe.” Aafter a pauz: “Dha wil not moove til tiamz up: noone toomorro. Aafter dhat, widh this nu Guvvernment, bommerz no dout. I hav made up mi miand too mete them in the are: ghiv them a keepsake too remember me bi.

I wil hav u go tooda. The yauts reddy. She can take u too

In'gland, or wharevver u wish. U must take her az a good-bi ghift from me: until we mete—at Filippy."

She made no cine ov acent or dicent, oonly stood stil az deth beside him, loocking acros at Rulten. Prezently hiz hand found herz whare it hung at her cide: lifted it and studdedede it a minnute in cilens. It la worm in hiz, moashonles, relaxt, abandond, uncomunicative, like a hand aslepe. "Better this wa dhan the werldz wa, the wa ov dhat yonder," he ced, loocking nou whare she looct; "which iz dying bi inchez. A pritty irony, when u thhinc ov it: lifted out ov primeval cese not a mountane but a 'concidderabel prohuberans'; then the frosts and the rainz, aul the infiniatly slo, infiniatly repeted, influwencez ov inumerabel littel thhingz, ghetting too werc on it, chizseling it too this perfecshon ov its machurity: better dhan I cood hav dun it, or Mikel An'gelo, or Fejaaz. And too whaut end? Not too sta perfect: no, for the chizsel dhat braut it too this wil bring it doun agane, too the degradaishon ov a cecond chiald'hood. And aafter dhat? Whaut matter, aafter dhat? Unles indede, the chizsel ghets tiard ov it." Loocking suddenly in her ise agane: "Az I am tiard ov it," he ced.

"Ov life?"

He laaft. "Good hevvenz, no! Tiard ov deth."

Dha wauct a tern or too. Aafter a while, she spoke agane. "I wauz thhinking ov Brachino:

"On pane ov deth, let no man name deth too me,  
It iz a werd infiniatly terribel—"

"I canot remember," he ced in a detacht thautfool cimpliscity, "evver too hav bene afrade ov deth. I caant onnestly remember, for dhat matter, beying acchuwaly afrade ov ennithhing."

“Dhat iz troo, I am verry wel certane. But in this u ar cin’gular, az in uther thhingz beciadz.”

“Deth, at enny rate,” he ced, “iz nuthing: nil, an estate ov not-beying. Or els, nu beghinning. Whitchevver wa, whaut iz dhare too fere?”

“Unles this, perhaps?—

“Save dhat too di, I leve mi luv alone.””

“The laast bate on the Devvilz hooc. Ile not entertane it.”

“Yet it shood be the king ov terrorz.”

“Ile not entertane it,” he ced. “I admit, dho,”—dha had stopt. She wauz standing a pace or too awa from him, darc against the daun-lite on mountane and tiadwa, qweschonabel, maby az the Sfinx iz qweschonabel. Az widh a faint perfume ov dittany aflote in sum In’glish garden at evening, the are about her ceemd too shudder intoo imagez ov hete and darcnes: up-kervd dellicate tendrilz exhaling an elucive sweetnes: milc-smuidh pettalz dhat discloazd and enfoalded a ceecret hart ov nite, pantherine, ferd in mistery.—“I admit this: supose I cood entertane it, dhat mite terrifi me.”

“Hou can we no?” she ced. “Whaut ferm ashurans hav we against dhat evverlaasting loanlines?”

“I wil enter intoo no ghescez az too hou u ma no. For mi one part, mi ashurans rests on direct nollej ov the cencez: i, ere, nostrilz, tung, hand, the ultimate carnal nowing.”

“Az it shood riatly be aulwase, I supose; ceying dhat, widh luvverz,

the cencez ar the organz ov the spirrit. And yet—I am a woomman. Dhare  
iz

no part in me, no breth, gate, tern, or moashon, but flatterz yor i  
widh buty. Widh mi vois, widh the mere ruscel ov mi skert, I can wake  
u wiald musix potent in yor miand and blud. I am swete too smel,  
swete too taist. Betwene mi brests u hav in imaginaishon voiyajid too  
Kithheraa, or even too dhat herdzmanz hut uppon menny-fountainid Idaa  
whare

Ankicese, bi wil and ordainment ov the Godz, la (az Homer cez) widh  
an imortal Goddes: a mortal, not cleerly nowing. But under mi skin,  
whaut am I? A *memento mori* too horribel for the slab in a bootcherz  
shop or the floer ov a slauter-hous; a cloqwerz ov muscel and cinnu,  
vane and nerv and membrans, shining—blu, gra, scarlet—too aul  
cullorz ov corrupshon; a sac ov offalz too make u stop yor nose at  
it. And underneeth (when u hav perjd awa these loadhsoamnes ov the  
flesh), the scrannel pitchous rezsiju: the stript bone, grinning,  
haerles, and cexles, which even the digeschonz ov werm and devouring  
fire rebel against: the dum argument dhat poots too cilens aul werz,  
mabese, and mite-hav-beenz.”

Hiz face, liscening, wauz dhat ov a man whoo hoaldz a woolf bi the eerz;  
but

moashonles: the poiz ov hiz hed Olimpeyan, a hed ov Zuce carvd in  
stone. “Whaut name did u ghiv when u anounst yorcelf too mi  
cervants yesterda evening?”

“Indede,” she aancerd, “I hav ghivven so menny. Can u remember whaut  
name dha uest too u, anouncing mi arival?”

“The Cenyoritaa del Reyo Amargo.”

“Yes. I remember nou. It wauz dhat.”

“‘Ov the Bitter Rivver.’ Az dho u had none mi decizhonz in advaans. Perhaps u did?”

“Hou cood I?”

“It iz mi belefe,” he ced, “dhat u no moer dhan I no. I thhinc u no too, in advaans, mi aancer too this discoers widh which u wer just nou exploering me az a cerjon exploerz a wuind.”

She shooc her hed. “If I nu yor aancer befoer u gave it, dhat wood make it not yor aancer but mine.”

“Wel,” he ced, “u shal be aancerd. I hav livd uppon this erth far intoo the thherd generaishon. Throo a long life, u hav bene mi booc (poizon wun wa, plezhure anuther), reding in which I hav lernt aul I no: and this principaly, too distin’gwish in this werldz welter the abiding from the vading, reyal thhingz from fantomz.”

“Reyal thhingz or fantomz? And u can credit ceying, hering, handling, too rezolv u which iz which?”

“So the spirrit be on its throne, I can; and aancer u so out ov yor one mouth, madonnaa. But I graant u, dhat twerc in the corner ov yor lips caasts aul in dout agane and shatterz too confuezhon aul aancerz. I hav naimd u, laast nite, Goddes, Pafeyan Afrodity. Wauz dhat a figgure ov speche? a chepe potasterz compliment too hiz mistres in bed? or wauz it plane dalite, az I discern it? Cum, whaut doo u thhinc? Did I evver caul u dhat befoer?”

“Nevver in so menny werdz,” she ced, verry lo. “But I hav sumtiamz cented in u, grate man ov acshon dho u ar in the werldz ise, a strainj capascity too credit incredibillitese.”

“Let me remiand u, then, ov facts u ceme too afect too hav forgotten.

U came too me—wuns in mi ueth, agane wuns in mi middel age—in Veronaa. In the interval, I livd widh u, in our one hous ov Nether Waustdale and up and doun the werld, fiftene yeerz, flesh ov mi flesh, hart ov mi hart. Too end dhat, I sau u ded in the Morg at Parris: a cite beside which yor dicecting-tabel villany a fu minnuets cins iz innocent nercery prattel. Dhat wauz fifty yeerz ago, next October. And nou u ar cum agane, but in yor Blac dres, az in Veronaa. For the good-bi.”

She averted her face, not too be cene. “This iz wiald uncizabel tauc. Fifty yeerz!”

“Whether it be good cens or mad’hous tauc I am liacly too no,” he ced, “befoer toomorro nite; or, in the aulternative, too no nuthhing and too be nuthhing. If dhat aulternative, so be it. But I hoald it an aulternative littel werthy too be beleevd.”

Dha wer wauking agane, and came too a bench ov stone. “O, u hav yor drescez,” he ced, taking hiz cete beside her. Hiz vois had the noats the deeps and the pouwer ov a manz in the acmy ov hiz dase. “U hav yor drescez: Red Qwene, Qwene ov Harts, *rosa mundi*; and, here and nou, Blac Qwene ov the swete depe-kerld blac lilly-flouwer, and wingd wind-rushing darcnecez ov aul harts’ desiarz. I envy boath. Beying micelf, too mi grate inconveenyens, too men in a cin’ghel skin insted ov (az shood be) wun in too. Caul them raather too Devvilz in wun bag, when dha pool against wun anuther or bite wun anuther. Nor can I evver even incline too take ciadz widh iather, widhout I beghin too wish tuther ma win.”

“The fiter and the dremer,” she ced: “the doower, and the enjoyier.” Then, widh nu under-songz ov an apashonate tendernes in her vois: “Whaut ghift wood u hav me ghiv u, O mi frend, wer I in sober truith whaut u naimd me? Whaut hevven or Eleezhum, whaut personz and

shaips, wood we chuse too liv in, beyond the haitfool Rivver?"

Hiz gase rested on her a minnute in cilens, az if too take a fresh draaft ov her: the buty dhat peerst her dres az the lantern-lite the doerz ov a lantern: the parting ov her hare, not crimpt but draun in its native habbit ov soft lasy waivz, az ov sum unlited ce, graishously bac on iather cide over the tips ov her eerz: the windy lite in her ise. "This iz the oald stoery over agane," he ced. "Dhare iz but wun condishon for aul the infinnity ov poscibel hevvenz: dhat u shood ghiv me yorcelf, and a werld dhat iz wholly ov itcelf a dres ov yorz."

"This werld agane, then, dhat we liv in? Iz dhat not mine?"

"In sum wase it iz. In menny wase. In evvery respect, up too a point. But damnably, when dhat point iz reecht, aulwase and in evvery respect this werld failz ov u. Soone az a bud iz reddy too open, we fiand the canker haz crept in. Iz it yorz, aul ov it, even too this? I thhinc it iz. Utherwise, whi hav I suct the oranj ov this werld aul mi life widh so much satisfacshon, savord it in evvery caprece ov forchune, waded waist-depe in this werldz viyolencez, groapt in its clules labbirinths ov darcnes, faut it, made trefy widh it, plade widh it, scornd it, pittede it, laaft widh it, bene faund on bi it and trict bi it and be-loreld bi it; and aul widh so much sest? And nou at laast, braut too ba bi it; and, even so, constrained bi sumthhing in mi verry vainz and hart-ruits too a kiand ov luv for it? For aul dhat, it iz not a werld I wood hav u in agane, if I hav enny fin'gher in the plan. It iz no fit habbit for u, when not the evening star unnauld and fecht doun from hevven, wer fare enuf juwel for yor nec. If this iz, az I am apt too suspect, a werld ov yorz, I canot wholly comend yor handiwerc."

"Handiwerc? Wil u thhinc I am the Demmiyerj: bilder ov werldz?"

"I thhinc u ar not. But chuser, and ghivver ov werldz: dhat I am wel

abel too beleve. And I thhinc u wer in a bad moode when u comishond this wun. The best I can supose ov it iz dhat it ma be sum good az traning-ground for our next. And for our next, I hope u wil thhinc ov a reyal wun."

While dha tauct she had made no cine, exept dhat sum scaers discernibel relaxing ov the poiz ov her citting dhare braut her a littel clocer. Then in the cilens, hiz rite hand paam upwordz liatly brushing her ne, her one hand caut it intoo her lap, and dhare, compulcive az a brooding berd, prest it bliandly down.

Verry stil dha sat, widhout speking, widhout stuuring: ten minnuets perhaps. When at length she ternd too looc at him widh ise which (whether for sum tric ov lite or for sum les axeptabel but moer groundabel rezon) ceemd nou too be the ise ov a person not ov this erth, hiz lidz wer cloazd az in slepe. Not far urtherwise mite the Faather ov Godz and men apere, sleping betwene the werldz.

Suddenly, even while she looct, he had ceest breething. She muivd hiz hand, softly laying it too rest becide him on the bench. "These counterfete werldz!" she ced. "Dha stic sumtiamz, like a plaaster, paast uce and paast conveyens. Wate for me, in dhat reyal wun, aulso ov Yor making, which, in this werld here, U but part rememberd, I thhinc, and wil dhare no dout mainly forghet this; az I, in mi urther dres, part rememberd and part forgot. For forghetfoolnes iz boath a cinc for werthles thhingz and a stoeroome for dhose which ar good, too renu dhare morning freshnes when, widh the ceccular proceshonz ov sleping and waking, We bring them out az nu. And indede, shal not aul thhingz in dhare tern be forgotten, but the thhingz ov U and Me?"

## Booc I: Foundaishonz

### 1

#### Foundaishonz in Rerec

PERTISCUS PARRY dwelt in the grate moted hous beside Thundermere in Latterdale. Mianyus Parry, hiz twin bruther, wauz lord ov Limac.

Cidoanyus

Parry, the yun'ghest ov them, dwelt at Upmire under the Forn.

Too Pertiscus it had long ceemd against rezon, and a thhing not forevver too be enjuerd, dhat not he but hiz bruther Mianyus must hav Limac; which, ceted uppon a roc bi strength inexpugnabel, had throo moer dhan twenty-five generaishonz bene too dhat fammily the foolcrum ov dhare

pouwer, making men regard them, and not liatly undertake ennithhing dhat

ran not widh dhare pollicy. In dhose dase, az from ov oald, no private man mite liv qwiyet in Rerec, for the envese, counterplottingz, and open furese ov the grate housez, eche against eche: the hous ov Parry, sumtiamz bi plane viyolens, uther tiamz using under sho ov comity and frendship a moer mole-like pollicy, werking evver too nu hand'hoaldz, nu staancez, on the wa up toowordz absolute dominyon; while, uppon the advers cide, the prinsly lianz ov Elder and Kimaa and Bagort in the north labord bi aul meenz, even too the cinking nou and then ov dhare muchuwal gelloucese, too defete these threts too dhare saiftese and verry

continnuwans. Discontents in the Senner marchez: emulaishonz amung  
lescer

lordz, and soalgerz ov forchune: growing-painz ov the fre tounz,  
principaly in the northern parts: aul these wer wound bi wun party and  
the uther too dhare tern. And aulwase, north and south, wingz shaddode  
these thhingz from the outlandz: eghelz in the are, whoose stuips nun  
mite cecuerly foertel: Mezreyaa in the south, and (ov nerer mennace,  
becauz acshon iz ov the north but the south apter too luv ese and too  
repose uppon its one) the grate unnesy pouwer ov the King ov  
Fin'giswoald.

So it wauz dhat the Lord Pertiscus Parry, uppon the thherty-aitth berthda  
ov him and Mianyus, which fel about winter-niats, tooc at laast this wa  
too amend hiz matter: bad hiz bruther too a berthda feest at  
Thundermere, and the same nite, when men wer bemuezd widh wine and  
Mianyus bi fureyous drinking qwite bereft ov hiz cencez, poot him too bed  
too  
a bare braut thither on perpoce, and left this too werc til morning.  
Himself, up betiamz, and making haist widh a good gard too Limac  
swiftleyer dhan tidingz cood overtake him, wauz let in bi Mianyucez men  
unsuspecting; and so, widhout inconveenyens or shedding ov blud made  
himself maaster ov the place. He poot it about dhat it wauz the Deevil had  
ete hiz brutherz hed of, cumming in the liacnes ov a red bare widh  
wingz. Cimpel men beleevd it. Dha dhat thaut dha nu better, held  
dhare tungz.

Aafter this, Pertiscus Parry tooc pouwer in Limac. Hiz wife wauz a lady  
from the Senner; dhare children wer Emmeyus, Gargarus, Lujaa, Lupescus,  
and Superveyus.

Emmeyus, beying cum ov age, he cet in lordship at Sleby in Suzdale.  
Lujaa he gave in marrage too Count Yelen ov Leverin'ga in north Rerec.  
Gargarus, for hiz part cimpel and ov smaual understanding, groo too be a  
man ov such unthrifty lude and abomminabel livving dhat he made it not

scroopulous too la hand on menz dauterz and laufool wiavz, kepe them so long az suted the pallate ov hiz appetite, then pac them home agane. Becauz ov these villanese, too brake hiz gaul and in hope too soften the spite ov dhose dhat had sufferd bi him, hiz faather foerst him too pine and rot for a yere in the dunjonz under Limac. But dhare wauz no mending ov hiz fault: within a munth aafter hiz letting out ov prizzon he wauz kild in a juwello widh the huzband ov a lady he had tooc bi foers in the hiwa betwene Swiandale and Mornaga. Lupescus groo up a verry cilent man. He livd much shut up from the werld at Thundermere.

Ov aul Pertiscucez children the yun'ghest, Superveyus, wauz moast too hiz miand, and he kept him stil at hiz cide in Limac.

He kept dhare aulso for yeeرز, under hiz hand, hiz neffu Razmus Parry, Mianyucez oanly sun. Razmus had bene aulreddy fool grone too manhood when he had cite ov hiz faatherz corps, hedles and its bouwelz ploud up and the bare ded ov her wuindz becide it (for Mianyus wauz a man ov huge boddily strength) in dhat inhospittabel ghest-chaimber at Thundermere; yet these horrid obgets so much inflaimd hiz miand dhat naut wood he doo thensfoerth, da or nite, save rale and lament, wishing a kers too hiz sole, and drinc drunc. Pertiscus scornd him for a milxop, but let him be, whether out ov pitty or for fere lest hiz taking of mite be thaut too argu too unmanlike a croowelty. In the end, he found him hous and land at Loanwood in Bardardale, and dhare, no grate while aafterwordz, Razmus, beying in hiz drunken schupor, fel intoo a grate vat ov mede and dhus, dround like a mous, ended hiz life-dase.

Cevventene yeeرز Pertiscus sat ceure in Limac, begraist and belorded. Fu luvd him. Far fuwer wer dhose, hou hi sowevver dhare estate, dhat stood not in proodent au ov him. He became in hiz oalder yeeرز monstrously corpulent, out-bellede and bulct like a tode. This men lade

too the reproche ov hiz gluttony and gormandising, which indede ternd at laast too hiz undoowing; for, uppon a nite when he wauz nou in hiz fifty-cixth yere, aafter a cerfete he had taken ov a grate haghhis garnisht widh dhat fish cauld the ce-grape puetrefide in wine, a grecy mete and perrilous too manz boddy, which yet he afected beyond aul uther, he fel doun uppon the tabel and wauz suddenly ded. This wauz in the cevven hundred and twenty-ferst yere aafter the founding ov the citty ov Siyaanaa. In the same yere dide King Harpagus in Reyalmar ov Fin'giswoald, too whoome suxeded hiz sun Mardanus; and it wauz too yeerz befoer the berth ov Mesenshus, sun ov King Mardanus, in Fin'giswoald.

Superveyus wauz at this time twenty-five yeerz ov age: in common esteme a rite Parry, favoring hiz faather in caast ov fechure and frame ov miand, but tauler and widhout superfluwity ov flesh: aul hardnes and cinnu. Save dhat hiz eerz stood out like too fun'gucez, he wauz a man fare too looc uppon: peercing pale ise cet nere tooghether, like a gannets: red hare, erly bauld in frunt: grate ov jau, and widh a firy red beard thhic and kerly, which he oild and perfuemd, reching too hiz belt. He wauz ov a moast hauty overweningnes ov baring: hard-neck and unswayabel in pollicy, aulbeyit he cood looc and speke fool smuidhly: ov a shure memmory for thhingz misdun against him, but az wel too for bennefits receevd. He wauz held for a just man whare hiz propper interest wauz not too neerly en'gaijd, and a protector ov littel men: open-handed, and a grate waister in spending: bi vulgar repute a licanthrope: an unnesy frend, undivinabel, not aulwase too be trusted; but az unfrend, aulwase too be feerd. He tooc too wife, about this time, hiz cuzsin Rodanthhy ov Upmire, dauter ov Cidoanyus Parry.

Men jujd it a strainj thhing dhat Superveyus, beying dhat he wauz the yun'ghest born, shood nou cit himcelf doun in hiz faatherz cete az dho hed ov dhat hous unqweschond. Prins Kereyonese ov Elder, whoo at

this time had too wife Mianyucez dauter Morcillaa, and had dhaerfoer smaul cauz too luv Pertiscus and wauz glad ov enny disagreyingz in dhat braanch ov the fammily, rote too Emmeyus too condole hiz los, stiling him in the superscripshon "Lord ov Limac", az widh intent bi dhat too ster up hiz bile against hiz yung bruther dhat had baulct him ov hiz inherritans. Emmeyus reternd a coald aancer, paying no regard too this, save dhat he dated hiz letter from Argheyannaa. The Prins, noting it, smelt in it (whaut soone became genneraly opinyond and beleevd) dhat Superveyus had proodently befoerhand hacht up an agrement widh hiz eldest bruther about the aership, and dhat Emmeyucez price for waving hiz rite too Limac had bene dhat strong ke too the Mezreyan marchlandz: acording too the oald Rerec saying:

"A brace ov buttox in Argheyannaa  
Can swing the scailz uppon the Senner."

This Lord Emmeyus Parry, cix yeerz oalder dhan Superveyus, wauz ov aul dhat fammily likest too hiz muther: handsumer and fianleyer-moalded ov fechure dhan enny els ov hiz kindred: lene, looce-limd, big-boand, blac ov hare, palish ov skin, and melancollic: waunting dhare fire and beschal ich too acshon, but not dhaerfoer a man widh impunity too be pluct bi the beard. He wauz tascitern, widh an orderd tung, not a swarer nor an unreverent user ov hiz mouth: men lernd too wa hiz werdz, but nun found a lamp too peers the profoundnes ov hiz spirrit. He wauz a shroode encercher ov the miandz and intents ov uther men: ov a satternine ironnic humor dhat jujd bi dede sooner dhan bi speche, not pondering grate aul dhat ma be estimate grate: sau whare the facshonz droo, and kept himcelf unconcernd. No hovering temporiser, nor wun dhat wil strane out a nat and swaulo a cammel, niather yet, save uppon caerfooly wade necescity, a medler in such desianz az can hale men on too bluddy strattagemz: but a paishent long-cited politishan widh hiz miand whare (az men jujd) hiz hart wauz, naimly south in Mezreyaa. Hiz wife, the

Lady Deyaneraa, wauz Mezreyan born, dauter too Mezan'gez ov Daish. He livd her wel, and wauz faithfool too her, and had bi her too children: Rozmaa the ferst-born, at dhat time a littel made cevven winterz oald, and a sun aijd foer, Hibrastus. Emmeyus Parry livd, boath befoer at Sleby and hensforword in Argheyannaa, in the gratest splendor ov enny nobelman in Rerec. He wauz good too artists ov aul kiand, powets, painterz, werkerz in bronz and marbel and preshous stoanz, and aul manner ov lerned men, and wood hav them evver about him and plezhure himself widh dhare werx and widh dhare discoers, wharaz the moast ov hiz kin cet not bi such thhingz wun bene. Dhare wauz good frendship betwene him and hiz bruther Superveyus so long az dha wer boath alive. Men thaut it beyond imaginaishon strainj hou the Lord Emmeyus qwiyetly poot up hiz brutherz injurese against him, even too the userping ov hiz place in Limac: thhingz which, enterpriazd bi enny uther man born, he wood hav pade home, and widh interest.

For a pare ov yeerz aafter Superveyucez taking ov aership, naut befel too miand men ov the chainj. Then the lord ov Kessary dide aerles, and Superveyus, claming suxeshon for himself uppon sum pacht-up rotten arguments widh moer trickery dhan lau in them, when the froote did not faul imejaitly intoo hiz mouth apeerd suddenly widh a strength ov armd men befoer the place and began too la ceje too it. Dha within (maasterles, dhare lord beying ded and aul afaerz in comishon), wer coud bi the mere name ov Parry. Aafter a da or too, dha gave over aul resistans and yeelded up too him Kessary, touwer, toun, harbor and aul, beying the stron'ghest place ov a coast-toun betwene Kimaa and the Senner.

Dhus did he pa himself bac sumwhaut for los ov Argheyannaa dhat he had perfors ghivven awa too hiz bruther.

Next he droo under him Tellaa, a strong toun in the batabel landz whare

the territoirese ov Kimaa marcht uppon dhose subject too Prins Kereyonese:

this profestly bi fre elecshon ov a crechure ov hiz az captal ov Tellaa, but it raizd a wind dhat blu in Elder and in Kimaa: made dhose too princez la hedz tooghether. Housowevver, too consort them in wun, it neded a sollider dain'ger dhan this ov Tellaa which, aafter a fu munths, came too ceme no grate matter and wauz az good az forgot until, the next yere, the afare ov Lialmaa, beying added too it, braut them tooghether in good earnest.

Lialmaa wauz then but a smaull toun, az it yet remainz, but strongly ceted and wauld. Counas haz formerly bene lord ov it, hoalding it too the interest ov Mianyus Parry whoose dauter Morcillaa he had too wife: but sum five yeerz befoer the deth ov Pertiscus Parry, dha ov Lialmaa rose against Counas and slu him: proclaimd themcelvz a fre citty: then, afrade ov whaut dha had dun, saut protecshon ov Elder. Kereyonese made aancer, he wood protect them az a fre commonalty: let them chuse them a captane. So aul ov wun acord acembeld tooghether and poot it too voicez, and dhare voicez rested on Kereyonese; and so, yere bi yere, for ate yeerz. The Lady Morcillaa, Counacez widdo, wauz shortly aafter the uproer

macht too Prins Kereyonese; but the sun ov her and Counas, Mereyus bi name, beying at Upmire widh hiz grate-unkel Cidoanyus Parry and then about

twelv yeerz ov age, Pertiscus got intoo hiz clauz and kept him in Limac tretim him kiandly and making much ov him, az a yung hound dhat he mite sumda fiand a uce for. This Mereyus, beying grone too manhood, Superveyus (practicing widh the electorz in Lialmaa) nou at length in the nianth yere subornd az compettitor ov Kereyonese too the captainship. Facshon ran hi in the toun, and widh sum blud-letting. In the end, the voicez went on the cide ov Mereyus. Dharuppon the hubbel-bubbel began

anu, and menny lite and unstabel personz ov the Parry facshon running tooghether too the cinyory foerst the doer, came riyotously intoo the

council-chamber, and dhare encountering thre ov the princez officerz, widh saucy werdz and revilingz bad them void the chamber; whoo standing

dhare ground and aancering thret for thret, wer ferst josceld, next struc, next overpouwerd, ceezd, dhare britchez toern of, and in dhat pickel beten soundly and throne out ov the windo.

Kereyonese, uppon nuse ov this outrage, cent spedy werd too hiz nabor princez, Alvard ov Kimaa and Crezander ov Bagort. The thre ov them, aafter council taken in Elder, cent envoiz too boath Limac and Argheyannaa,

too make none dhat dha counted the elecshon void becauz ov intermedling bi pade agents ov Superveyus Parry (acting, the princez douted not, beyond dhare comishon). In mezhuerd termz the envoiz reherst the facts, and prade the Lordz Emmeyus and Superveyus, for keping ov the pece, too join widh the princez in cending ov sufiscent soalgerz intoo Lialmaa too ceure the hoalding ov nu elecshonz soberly, so az foke mite qwiyetly and widhout fere ov jures exercise dhare chois ov a captane.

In boath placez the envoiz got nobel entertainment and good werdz; but az for satisfacshon, dha came bare and wer cent bare awa. Superveyus regected, az a just man rongfooly acuezd, the chargez ov cowershon. Az tutching dhare particularritese ov viyolens dun bi fuilz, frantix and so foerth, if Prins Kereyonese misliact it, so too did he. But twauz no nu or unherd-ov thhing. He cood rake up a duzsen injurese too mach it, sufferd bi hiz frendz in the same toun within these nine yeerz, and uppon smauler provocaishon; dha must hav respect aulso dhat menny stil beleevd (az he had herd tel) dhat it wauz not widhout pooling ov stringz from Elder dhat Counas, hiz kinzman-in-lau, got hiz deth. But aul such thhingz, for pece sake, it wer nou improper and unproffitabel too pershu, and he had verry charritably paast them bi. For hiz one part (stroking hiz beard), enuf too sa dhat he upheld fre insticheshonz in the fre cittese ov the north: wood uphoald them bi foers, too, if nede

wer.

Emmeyus, standing ferm and unaffabel in supoert ov hiz bruther, left the envoiz in no dout dhat, in cace atempt wer made too meddel widh Lialmaa, he wood imejaitly ade Mereyus bi foers ov armz. So far in augens; and this uppon taking leve: "If the princez desire pece and ammyty, az I thhinc dha doo and az we doo, lets mete in sum place conveyent, not under iather ciadz dominyon, and hammer the thhing too agrement. Tel them, if dha wil, Ile cum and ce them in Mornaga." Widh dhat, he gave them a letter too Superveyus, dhat in dhare wa home dha mite delivver it too him and (if he wer ov like miand) join him in this offer.

The princez sat in Elder, laast weke ov June, too concidder ov dhare envoiz' repoert. Judging the biznes, uppon examinaishon, too be a chesnut not esy too unhusc, or widh unprict fin'gherz, dha thaut fittest too axept the proffer ov parly. Acordingly, aafter delase which aul had sho ov rezon but had origin, moast ov them, in Argheyannaa or Limac, uppon the twenty-fifth ov August, in the wacide in at Mornaga, boath ciadz met.

The Lord Emmeyus Parry, arm in arm widh hiz bruther uppon the staerz in dhare wa up too the chaimber whare dhare conferens shood be, stade him a moment (the utherz beying gon befoer). "U tooc aul meenz dhat the aancer, on dhat matter ov yorz, shood be braut hither? not mis u bi gowing paast us too Limac?"

"Aul meenz. I am not a foole."

"I like it not, ceying, bi our laast intelligens twauz directly ced the letter but wated cignachure and shood be cent u bi spedy hand within twenty-foer ourz from them. This, in Limac yesterda afoer breccfast. A maaster card too dele untoo them tooda, held we but dhat in our hand."

“Ive plide evvery mene too hacen it, this too munths paast,” ced Superveyus. “Much against mi one nachure, too: Satan sane them, cire and filly boath. I, and I doo beghin too thhinc I did il too follo yor council dhare, bruther.”

Emmeyus laaft. “I ma cum uppon u for this heraafter.”

“Too cap and ne them, like sum raascaly sutor for a chipping; and so be dhus traind. Even too pooting awa ov mi wife, too, not too mis ov this goalden chaans, and she at the long laast widh chiald; and naut but blac loox so from mi unkel Cidoanyus, for dhat slite uppon hiz dauter. Twauz il dun. Wood it wer undun.”

“Go, I wood hav u rezzolute and paishent: not az dhus, fool ov vertibillity. Nuthing wauz lost for aasking, and this an adishon moast werth yor wating for.”

Beying cet, dha nou fel too biznes. The princez, using mejocrity and eschuwing aul kiand ov provocaishon, ferst argude dhare cace.

Superveyus,

in aancer, spoke much, fool ov compliment indede but widh smaul sho ov compliyaney: later, when, leving generallitese, dha fel too disputing ov particcular facts, he spoke littel: Emmeyus, here a werd and dhare a werd. When dha had dhus spent nere too ourz but too tiffel about the matter, Prins Kereyonese, az a man werede paast baring ov these juglingz and eqwivocaishonz, lade the qweschon plump and fare: Wer the Parry rezolvd too content them widh naut les dhan leve thhingz whare dha stood: Mereyus in Lialmaa?

Dhare wauz no aancer. Superveyus looct at the celing. “U ar a harsh stepfaather, when hiz one pepel wood hav him bac, too wish too poot him out agane; and widh our help, God save the marc!” Emmeyus raizd an iabrou, then fel too tracing widh hiz pen-point littel jagz and starz

on the paper befoer him. Kereyonese repeted hiz qweschon. "Breefly so," ced Superveyus, and thrust out hiz jau.

"Wil u stand uppon dhat, mi Lord Emmeyus Parry?" ced the prins. And, uppon Emmeyucez shrugging hiz shoalderz and saying, "At leest it conveyently bringz us bac too a bace on which we can, maby, bi ferther debate frame sum mene tooword agreement." "Then," ced the prins, gathering up hiz paperz, "our werc iz but waist werc, for we wil not for our part enny lon'gher enjure this thhing."

Superveyus opend hiz mouth for sum dammaijfool rejoinder, but hiz bruther, checking him widh a hand uppon hiz arm, made for boath: "I pra u yet hav paishens awhile. Nor I nor mi bruther desire trubbelz in the land. But if, spite ov dhat, trubbelz be raizd, we ar not unprepaerd; men ma wiazly beware hou dha stamp uppon our peesfool stockingd fete, be it in the north dhare or niyer home."

"U thhinc too cou us," ced Kereyonese viyolently, "widh threts ov wor? ceying dhat bi fraud, art and ghile u can no ferther? But u shal fiand dhat niather ar we unprepaerd. Niather ar we widhout frendz too fite becide us, if needz must, in our just qworel. Ya, frendz rite hi and doutabel: out ov Fin'giswoald, if u gode us too dhat. We wil caul in King Mardanus too ade us."

Dhare wauz a cilens. Wun or too started az if a roc had faulen from the ski. The Lord Emmeyus smiald, drumming dellicaitly on the tabel widh hiz fin'gherz. "Our werdz, ov boath ciadz," he ced at laast, "out-gallop our thauts: cine we ar hun'gry. These be not matterz too be swept up in a rage, az boiz end a game ov marbelz. Lets dine and forghet em awhile. Then, widh miandz refresht, chaans our invenshon ma devise a picchure shal plese us aul."

Crezander ced beneeth hiz breth, but Superveyus, az catching the cens ov it, reddend too the eerz. "He dhat shaketh handz widh a Parry, let

him count the fin'gherz a receveth bac agane."

But Kereyonese, hiz brou clering (az dho dhat roode diskertecy, contrariwise too its cens and perpoce, raut in him but too cecond Emmeyucez plezzant werdz and widh potenter foers dhan dhaerz), ced too Emmeyus, "U hav counceled wel, mi lord. Trooly, he dhat wil argu matterz ov state on an empty belly hath hiz guts in hiz brainz."

While dha wated for dinner, dhare wer braut in spice-plaits and wianz. Emmeyus ced, "I pra u doo me dhat favor az too taist this wine. I braut it north on perpoce for our entertainment. It iz ov Mezreyaa, ov dhare famoucest vintage: a goalden wine ov Armash." Widh hiz one hand

he fild round the goblets from the juweld silver flaggon. "Prins Crezander, Ile plej u ferst: I no not whi, unles tiz becauz u and I hav, ov aul ov us, gernede farthest too this meting-place." Widh dhat, he draind hiz cup: "Too our soone agreement." Crezander, flushing in the face widh an auqword looc, draind hiz. And nou, carousing depe helths, the whole cumpany plejd wun anuther.

Dha diand liatly on whaut the in afoerded: capon, neets' tungz, bacon pise, sallets, and round white chesez prest in the hil-farmz abuv Killary. These thhingz, widh much qwaufing doun ov wine, soone wormd them too qwips and merriment, so dhat, dinner beying dun, dha came agane, widh miandz cleerd and blud cuild, too dhare chefe matter subject.

"Are we beghin," ced Emmeyus, "I wood sa but this. Widh whaut intent came we too this place, if not too ceke agreement? Yet we spent the morning uppon a duzsen pricly qweschonz, moast ov them not werth the reword pade too a cortezan for a niats lodging, and yet eche enuf bi itcelf too ster up the gaul ov sum or uther ov us and cet us bi the eerz. Hou wer it nou if we cet about it anuther wa: tauc ferst on dhose matterz wharon we ar at wun? And, moast werth ov aul, this: dhat

we wil hav no forane hand medling in Rerec. Dhat iz an oald tride maxim, proffitably observd bi us in aul our private differencez whautsowevver, and bi our faatherz, and faatherz' faatherz."

"Yor lordship haz wel and trooly ced," ced Crezander; "az micelf, moast ov aul, shood fele the mischefe, wer outlanderz too cum in uppon us from dhat qworter. So much the moer, then, behoveth sum not too bring thhingz too dhat paas dhat utherz ma thhinc it a les evil too fech in help from widhout dhan too abide the injusticez poot uppon them within the land."

Emmeyus ced, "Our private differencez it iz for us too untan'ghel and cet in order az we hav had woant too: not bi wor, nor bi thret ov wor, but bi wise pollicy, ghivving a littel bac when nede be, betwene ourcelvz. Dha canot, unles we hav tayen leve ov our sober wits, too be let hunt counter too dhat cardinal trending ov our pollitic."

"Whaut ov Kessary?" ced Kereyonese. "Wauz not dhat bi wor-stuuring or wor-thret? Whaut ov Tellaa? Na, I cri u mercy, finnish yor sa, mi lord. I desire our agreement az much az u desire it."

"Az much az dhat?" Alvard ced, behiand hiz hand. "Mich em God dich em!

Fine agreement dhare, then!"

"Kessary," replide Emmeyus Parry, "wauz ainshently ov Limac; we but fecht it bac whare it belongd. Tellaa, bi fool franchise and libbertese, chose dhare guvvernor. We ar here not too trete ov thhingz over and dun widh, but ov this late unhappy axident in Lialmaa."

"Good," ced Prins Kereyonese. "Dhaerz yet cumfort, if u sa dhat. Afoer dinner, it ceemd u wood hav but wun wa in Lialmaa, and dhat yor one wa."

“No, no. I nevvver ced so. I nevvver thaut so.”

“Mi Lord Superveyus ced it.”

Superveyus shooc hiz hed. “I wood not be taken aultooghether dhus. Sum wa, dhaerz nare a dout, we shal pach matterz tooghether.”

“Az for Lialmaa,” ced Emmeyus, “we shal be esily cet at wun, so we but hoald bi dhat overooling maxim ov “no forane fin’gher”. If we ar too trete, it must be uppon dhat az our platform. We can aferm dhat, mi lordz? dhat, cum whaut ma, we wil hav no forane fin’gher in Rerec?”

“I hav bene wating these menny minnuets,” ced Superveyus, loocking acros the tabel widh a coald outfacing stare, “too here Prins Kereyonese sa ya too dhat principel.”

The prins fround: ferst time cins dinner. “It iz a principel I hav rezzoluetly stood uppon,” he ced, “cins ferst I had sa in the afaerz ov this land. And dhats cins I ferst had a beard too mi chin; at which time mi Lord Superveyus Parry wauz but a yere or too out ov 's swaudling-cloadhz. And wil u dhus ridicculously pretend dhat I and mi frendz wood go about too undoo this whoalsum roole and practice? When in truth it iz u whoo, ceking too perterbate these tounz in our detriment and too undercrepe mi mite and titel in Lialmaa, hope so too drive us intoo a corner whare we hav the chois but ov too thhingz: iather too ghiv wa too u at evvery tern and so be made at laast yor under-men in Rerec, iather els (if we wil maintane our rite) too take a coers which u ma cri out against az viyolating the verry principel we ourcelvz hav made our pollicy and hav erjd uppon u.”

Emmeyus ced, “Na, pra u, mi lordz, lets stic too our taclingz.

Muchuwal imputaishonz ov werking underhand doo but poot troo matterz abac.

Lets plej ourcelvz too Prins Kereyonesez pollicy: this notty qweschon ov Lialmaa we shal then esily undoo. Ar we acorded so far?"

"No," aancerd Kereyonese. "And, in franc plain'nes, for this rezon. U hav levvese ov armd men (we no this bi our espiyalz) in a reddines too march north and cet uppon us. I sa not we ar afeerd ov whaut u ma doo too us, but we mene not too ti our one handz and so faul in yor hazzard. Lets tauc, if u plese, ov Lialmaa. But if in dhat obstinacy mi Lord Superveyus remainz, then we cit out. And then wil we ashuerdly bring in Fin'giswoald too help us, and the rebuke and dammage ov dhat wil be yorz, not ourz."

"It wil be yor verry dede," ced Superveyus, "sprung from yor one fury, housowevver u cullor it."

"O, no hot respectles spechez, bruther," ced Emmeyus. "These matterz must be handeld widh clere ise, not in a swimming ov the brane.

"Prins Kereyonese," he ced then, sharpening hiz ise uppon him, "this iz a verry peremptory centens plumpt doun ov u. Wel, I aulso wil speke plane, and widhout ofens. We hav offerd too trete widh u uppon yor one avoucht baxis ov "no forane fin'gher". U wil not en'gage yorcelvz so far. Uppon this, then, we cet up our rest, I and mi bruther. We axept dhat baxis. Moer, we ar mianded too enfors it. The fortres ov Megraa, liying uppon yor (and our) northern border, and longing too Fin'giswoald, iz thret enuf. It iz (widh aul humillity) for u princez too guvvern wel yor relmz and ghiv exaampel too the cittese uppon yor confianz: so doo we widh ourz. I hav frendz and affianz in the southland, but I wood thhinc scorn too caul uppon King Calleyas too prop me. If u caul uppon King Mardanus, I wil march widh mi bruther too

defend dhat northern frunteyer dhus betrade bi u. And I thhinc we can be uppon u, and dele widh u, befoer u hav time too bring in yor forane succorz; az in common proodens indede we must, cins u hav so threttend us, unles u ghiv us ceurity ov pece. Dhat iz too sa, matereyal pledgez: fare werdz, spoken or ritten, can bi no meenz sufice us nou.

“So much, cins I wood be onnest, u left me no chois but too sa. But shuerly it iz not a thhing imposcibel or unliacly, dhat” —

Here Crezander cood contane no lon'gher. “We had better nevver hav cum hither,” he shouted, and smote the tabel widh hiz fist. “This meting wauz but too moc us and dally the matter of while dha sharpend dhare soerdz against us. Ime for home.” He poosht bac hiz chare and wauz haaf rizens, but Kereyonese poold him doun agane, saying, “Wate. We wil here this out.”

Superveyus, while hiz bruther had bene speking, had broke the cele ov a letter braut haistily in bi hiz cecretary. Kereyonese and Alvard waucht him rede it, az if themcelvz wood rede in hiz face sumthhing ov its perport. But hiz face, hauty and imperterbabel, shode not so much az a haerzbredth muivment ov nostril or ilid az he scand the letter, niather at Crezanderz outberst.

“Tungz can outbraul soerdz,” ced Emmeyus, chilling coald ov vois; “but dhat iz for roode beests, not for men dhat be rezonabel. I pra u, let me finnish mi sa. And ferst, bi yor leve,” az Superveyus poot the letter intoo hiz handz. He red it, foalded it agane thautfooly, gave it bac: hiz face like hiz brutherz, not too be unciferd. “Let us,” he ced, “az grate staitsmen, hoald faast bi our common good, ov aul ov us, which iz pece in Rerec. History hath rememberd the roowinz ov menny estaits and pouwerz which hav gon doun in civvil strife or, aulbeyit victoereyous, got in the end but a handfool ov smoke too the bargane. Let us liv az

frendz. I unfaindly wish it: so doo mi brutherz and aul dhat ad'here too our interest. But uthertz must doo dhare part. This iz mi council: dhat we, ov boath ciadz, agry too go home, kepe trooce for a munth, then mete agane and, az I hope, determine ov sum nu ashuerd baxis for our unluckily shaken frendship. Whare shal we mete?" he ced, terning too hiz bruther.

"Whi, if it shal plese yor exelencese too kil too berdz widh wun stone and ad merry-making too croun our pece-making," ced Superveyus, "whaut happeyer meting-place dhan Megraa? uppon the twenteyeth da ov Ceptember, which iz apointed dhare for the feest ov mi betroadhal"—he pauzd, gathering dhare ise—"too the Princes Mareshaa ov Fin'giswoald. Na, rede it if u plese: I had it but five minnuets cins." And widh a woolvish looc he tost the letter uppon the tabel.

## 2

### Foundaishonz in Fin'giswoald

IT WAUZ ate munths aafter dhat meting in Mornaga: mid-March, and mid-aafternoone. Over-erly spring wauz bizsy uppon aul dhat groo or breedhd in the lower rechez ov the Revarm. Boath banx, whare the rivver wiandz wide betwene wauter-meddose, wer ejd widh daffodilz; and evvery foald ov the rising ground, whare dhare wauz shelter from north and eest for the aertz too dally in and take wormth from the sunshine, held a mistines ov faint rose-cullor: crimp-pettald blossomz, widh the lefe-budz scaersly az yet beghinning too open, ov the erly northern plum. Hiyer in the

hilciadz paasc-flouwerz spred dhare tracery ov soft perpel pettal and goalden center. A littel dounstreme, on a strech ov shin'ghel dhat la out from this rite banc intoo the rivver, a mergancer drake and hiz wife stood prening themcelvz, butifool in dhare whiats and base and iridescent greenz. It wauz here about the hi limmit ov the tiadz, and from aul the marshland widh its sloly empteying creex and sloly enlarging flats (for the eb wauz wel on its wa) ov mud and oose, came the bubling cascade ov noats az kerlu aancerd kerlu amid crise inumerabel ov lescer shoer-berdz; pluvver and sandpiper, ternstone and spuinbil and not and fuscly redshanc, fainter and fainter doun the meyanderingz ov the rivver too whare, hi uppon cragz which rose sudden from wauter-level too shut out the prospect southwordz, too-hornd Reyalmar sat throand.

Antheyaa spoke: "I hav exammiand it, onnord cer: cented it, az u bad me, from evvery aert."

Doctor Vandermaast wauz sat a littel abuv her on the rib ov roc which, grone over widh cloce-lying twigz and lefe-wherlz ov the evergrene creping dafny, made for these too a dri and a cooshond resting-place. Hiz left hand, paam-upword in white beard, propt hiz chin. Hiz gase wauz south, in a contemplaishon which ceemd too looc throo and behiand the imejate thhingz ov erth and ski, az throo windose ghivving uppon les aulterabel matterz. Nuthhing muivd, save when here and dhare, in a sparkel ov blac and white, a floc ov shi goalden-i tooc wing, upstreme or dounstreme, or a butterfli flite ov ternz rose and fel, drifting on are tooword the uncene hedwauterz ov the Midland Ce.

"Reyalmar toun?" ced the doctor, at laast, widhout shifting hiz gase.

"No. This whole nu werld. I hav qworterd it over, pole too pole, so az I cood (if u desiard me) ghiv u an inventory. And aul cins da dauning."

"Whaut make u ov it? In a werd?"

"Sumthhing fare and fre," she aancerd. "Sumthhing imezhurably oald. Az oald az micelf."

"Or az yung?"

"Or az yung."

"But a minnute ago u cauld it nu?" He looct doun nou, intoo this gherlz staring yello ise: ise whoose pupilz wer uprite slits dhat opend uppon sum inword qwivvering ov incandescens, az ov iarn fiard beyond rednes; and hiz gase groo gentel. "And u ar becharmd bi it: like a be ov the nu broode cum out too daans befoer the hive on a stil sunshiny evening and taist open are for the ferst time and fiand yor landmarx."

Anthheyaa laaft: a momentary disclosing ov pointed teeth dhat traanzshaipt, az widh lepe and vannishing agane ov liatning, the clascic qwiyechude ov her fechuerz. "I nu it aul befoer," she ced. "Yet for aul dhat, it iz az nu and unnexperrimented az laast niats snofaul on mi hi glaisherz ov Ramosh Arcab. A nunes dhat maix mi heckelz rise. Duz it not yorz?"

He shooc hiz hed: "I am not a beest ov pra."

"Whaut ar u, then?" she ced, but widhout wating for an aancer. "Dhare iz a biting taist too it: a cent, a stuurung: and up dhare, espeshaly. In the Teremnene pallace." She lifted her nose toowordz the roiyal cete-toun uppon its sollitary hiats, az if even doun wind her egher cens taisted its qwaulity.

Vandermaast ced, "Dhare iz a chiald dhare. U sau it no dout? A boi."

“Yes. But no paast ordinary novvelty in dhat. Unles perhaps dhat when, chain’ging mi smuidh skin for mi ferd, I slunc in and made teeth at it behiand the nercez bac, it wauz not scaerd but gave me a looc, so dhat I went out and glad too be gon. And, nou I thhinc on it, twauz dhat ferst cet me centing this nunes at evvery corner. Beyond aul, in the Qwene.” She looct at him, pauzd, then aasct suddenly. “This Qwene. Whoo in truith iz she?”

He made no repli.

“Tel me, dere maaster,” she ced, drauwing hercelf clocer bi a moast unhuman celf-elon’gating ov boddy and limz and rubbing her cheke, az mite sum cattish crechure, against hiz ne.

He ced, “U must not aasc qweschonz when u no the aancer.”

Antheyaa sat bac on her heelz and laaft. Uppon the moashon, her hare, luisly bound up widh a string ov clouded sercon stoanz ov dhat traanzlucent blu which iz in the lip ov an ice-cave looct up too from within, fel, in tumbeld cataracts az ov verry sunlite, doun about her shoalderz and, in wun ov its uncoiling foolvid streemz, over her brest. “She Hercelf duz not no the aancer. I supose, in this prezsent dres ov Herz, She iz aslepe?”

“In this prezsent dres,” ced the ainshent doctor, “She iz ternd outword from Hercelf. U ma, if u chuse, conceve it az a kiand ov slepe: a kiand ov forghetting. Az the sunshine wer too forghet itcelf in the thhing it shianz on.”

“In dhat liyon-cub ov herz? I canot understand such a forghetting in Her.”

“No, mi oreyad. Nor I wood not wish u abel too understand it, for dhat

wer too macculate the purity ov yor one propper nachure.”

“And u wood wish me be az I am?”

“Yes,” aancerd he. “U, and aul troo beyingz els.”

The gherl, cilent, pootting up her hare, met hiz looc unsmilingly widh her unqwiyet, feline, barning ise.

“We wil go on,” ced the doctor, rising from hiz cete. Anthheyaa widh a liadh and cinnuwous grace rose too follo him.

“Whither?” she aasct az dha came southword.

“Up too Teremny. We wil looc uppon these festivvitesse.”

In the oald Teremnene pallace which, like an eghelz nest, crounz the summit rij ov the south-eestern and lofteyer ov the twin stepe roc baschonz cauld Teremny and Mehizbon, on and about which haz grone up az

bi acreeshon ov agez Reyalmar toun, iz a littel ceecret garden plezauns. It lise sqware betwene waulz and the livving roc, in good shelter from the unkiander windz but open too the sun, this cide or dhat, from foer-noone til late evening. No priying windose overlooc it: no introocive noisiez vizsit it ov the werldz ster widhout: a verry formal garden artfishaly deviazd widh paivd waux ov grannite trod smuidh bi the uce ov cenchurese, and widh fliats ov steps gowing down at iather cide and at iather end too an oval pond in the midst, and uppon a peddestal in the midst ov dhat pond a cricelefantine statchu ov Afrodity az rising from the ce. At cet pacez dhare wer partaerz ov tiny mountane plaants: stoancrop, housleke, roc madwort, mountane dreyaaz, treffoilz, and the littel yello mountane poppy; and widh these dhat creping evening

primrose, which lifts up wavy-ejd foer-loabd saucerz ov a spectral whiatnes, nu evvery nite at niatfaul, too bloome throo the ourz ov darc and fil the garden widh an overmaastering sharp sweetnes. And at fool morning dha droope and beghin too ferl dhare pettalz, sufuezd nou widh pinc cullor which wer white az a snoadrops, and loose aul dhare cent, and the thhing waits liafles and inert til nite shal retern agane and wake it too vergin-nu dellicacy and delishousnes. This wauz Qwene Stateraaz garden, fernisht out anu for her sake cevven yeeرز ago bi Mardanus her lord, whoo in dhose dase made littel stoer ov gardenz, but much ov hiz yung nu-wedded wife.

Shaddose wer lengthhening nou, az aafternoone droo toowordz evening.

In wun

ov the depe embraizhuerz ov the eest waul which looc down the prescipice shere ate hundred fete, too the rivver mouth and the harbor and so throo skiy distancez too the grate mountane chainz, so blanketed at this our widh cloud dhat hard it wauz too discern sno-feeld from cloudbanc, leend King Mardanus in cloce tauc widh too or thre about him. No wind sterd in the garden, and the spring sunshine rested worm on dhare shoalderz.

Awa from them at sum twenty yardz remoove, bi the wautercide, uppon a bench ov lappis lazhuly and muther-ov-perl, sat the Qwene. The briatnes ov the sun shining from behiand her obscuerd her fechuerz under a valing mistery, but not too concele an ambeyency ov buty dhat livd in her whole frame and poschure, an eezfoolnes and repoazfoolnes ov uncelfregarding grace. The lite kindeld too flame the native fire-cullorз in her hare, and the throne shaddo ov dhat statchu tucht the ferd hem ov her skert and the goald-woven lace-werc on her shoo.

Over against her on the same bench the Lady Mareshaa Parry, oonly chiald ov Prins Gannan ov Fin'giswoald, and so cuzsin german too the King, faist the sun. She wauz at this time in the twenty-foerth yere ov her age: ov a dazzling whiatnes ov skin: her ise, bizsy, boald and egher, ov a hot

chesnut broun: her nose a faulconz, her yello hare, straind bac from her hi foerhed bi a thhin cilver cerclet garnisht widh stone and perlz, fel looce and untrest about her bac and pouwerfool shoalderz, in fashon ov a briadz.

The Qwene spoke: "Wel, cuzsin, u ar wedded."

"Wel wedded, but not yet bedded."

"Las, when mene u too ghiv over dhat il custom ov yorz?"

"Il custom?"

"Evver too speke braud."

"O, betwene kinsfolc. Tel me unfaindly, whaut thhinx yor hines ov mi Superveyus? Iz a not a propper man?"

"He beliyeth not hiz picchure. And cins twauz hiz picchure u fel in luv widh, and he widh yorz, I dare sa u hav gotten the huzband ov yor chois."

The Princes smiald widh her lips: cherry-red lips, lickerous, and maasterfool. "And bi rite ov conqwest," she ced. "Dhat sauceth mi dish: moast prickingly."

"Yet remember," ced the Qwene, "we wiavz ar celdom conkerorz beyond ferst cennite."

"Ile tauc too yor hines ov dhat heraafter. But I spake not ov conqwest uppon him. Mi blud telz me dhaerz fire enuf i' the pare ov us too outbern such coald-harth rivalrese az dhat. Dere Godz forfend I shood are yeeld micelf chattel too the man I wed: but niather cood I be foole enuf too wed widh such a man az I cood bring down too be

chattel ov mine. Na, I spoke ov mi parents; i, and (widh respect) ov yorcelf, and ov the King."

"Yor conqwest dhare," replide the Qwene, "iz mezhure ov our luv ov u."

"Doutles. But mezhure, beciadz, ov mine one celf wil. Widhout dhat," here she glaanst over her shoalder and leend a littel nerer, "I am apt too thhinc yor luv ov me (the Kingz, at leest) had plade cecond fiddel too moer deper pollicese."

The Qwene ced, "Wel, fret not for dhat. U hav had yor wa."

Mareshaa lifted her superb white chin and her mouth smiald. "Trooly, cuzsin," she ced, mannaging her vois aulmoast too a whisper, "I thhinc u ar too thanc me, aul ov u. Poot cace I had faulen in widh yor fine desine too mach me too yonder outed Prins ov Accamaa. The man iz wel enuf: personabel, I graant: qwaulifide out ov aul ho, Ide sware, too plese a woomman: but ov whaut avale? Widhz faather ded, and himcelf, drivven awa bi the userper, a landles exile stil citting on yor doerstep here. Hou shal such an wun be evver a king, or lord ov aut saivz one empty imadginingz and discontents? I sware the King (Godz cend

he liv for evver) ma ghet better perchace bi this dhat, following mi one natchural lust o' the i, I hav braut him, dhan bi Actor, be he ten tiamz prins indede. And Rerec, far nerer us in blud and custom. Wed widh yonder forane lic-dish! Godz dignity, Ide slepe in the bire sooner and brede minotorz."

Qwene Stateraa laaft: onnest luvly laafter, bred ov swete blud and the life-breth fancy-fre: "Cum, yor too bitter."

"Actor iz in yor hinecez boox, I thhinc."

“Whi thhinc dhat?”

“Strainj els, profescing so much cuzsinly luv too me, u shood a wisht me ghiv mi hand dhare.”

The Qwene looct awa. “Too tel u troo, dere Mareshaa, twauz the Kingz wish, and but dhaerfoer mine, az beying mi juty.”

“Juty?” ced the Princes: “too be led bliandfoald bi yor huzband? Go, dhaiyl nare caul me perfect wife a dhose termz.”

Dhare wauz a pauz. Then Mareshaa, citting bac agane, her vois nou at its ordinary strength and pich: “Whaut iz this prognosticator bi the starz, this suithsayer, yor hines keeps i’ the pallace?”

“Whaut doo u mene? I kepe nun such.”

“O yes: a grabeerd cinyor: long gaberdene, and capt *magister artium*: sum compliment-mun’gher, I wood wager. Cumz too me az I paast among the throng ov ghests not haaf an our cins on mi Lord Superveyucez arm, ghivz me a stare o’ the i ternd aul mi baxide too guisflesh, and criyeth out dhat I shal bare Superveyus a sun shal be grater dhan hiz faather.”

“Hevven hoald faast the omen.”

“And then too mi Lord Emmeyus, whoome I must nou caul bruther-in-lau: criyeth out and saith dhat ov the cede ov Emmeyus Parry shal cum boath a qwene ov erth and a qwene ov hevven.”

“And whaut wil he cri out at me, thhinc u?” ced the Qwene.

“Plese u enter the haul ov the Ce Horcez, I can sho him too u, and u ma exammine him.”

“Dere mi Lord,” ced Stateraa, az the King and dhose about him, dhare biznes beying it ceemd concluded, aproacht her, “heerz diverzhon for u,” and toald him whaut Mareshaa had ced. The King blufly humoring it az chialdz tauc, acented.

“Yonder standeth the oald man: dhare, dhat taul, lanky wun,” Mareshaa ced in the Qweenz ere, from behiand, az dha decended the grate staercace intoo dhat vaast haul and pauzd uppon the laast steps betwene the too ce-horcez ov darc blu roc-cristal wel the hite ov a manz shoalder, dhare too take dhare stand and cerva the cumpany dhat, uppon sounding ov trumpets too a cennet too proclame the Kingz prezsens, abode aul moashonles nou and widh aul facez ternd dhat wa: “and the gherl widh beestly ise,” she ced, “whoo iz, I supose hiz grandauter. Or, ma hap, hiz bonaa robaa, if such a jac poodding hav uce or custom ov such comodditese.”

Superveyus ide hiz princes widh the depening satisfacshon ov a skild rider whoo beghinz too no the pacez ov a nu hi-bludded but untride mare. “Speke within doer, Mareshaa,” ced her faather. The King cent a littel page ov hiz ov cix yere oald dhat wauz naimd Geronimy, too bring the doctor befoer him.

When dhat wauz dun, and Vandermaast made hiz obazans, the King cervade him a while in cilens: then ced, “Whoo ar u, oald cer? Ov mi foke or an outlander?”

"I am," aancerd he, "yor cerene hinecez life-long loiyal faithfool subject: mi habitaishon menny gernese from this, south on the Woald: mi practice, dhat ov a doctor in filossofy."

"And whaut make u here i' the coert?"

"Too pa mi humbel juty whare moast I doo o it, and too behoald widh mine ise at laast this place and the gloery dharov."

"And too ceke a penshon?"

"No, Lord. Beying enterd nou uppon mi nianth ten yeerz I doo fiand mi lene patrimony sufishent too mi liavlihood, and in meditaishon ov the metafizsicalz foode sufishent too sustane mi miand. Over and abuv these ththingz, I hav no needz."

"A wise man," gently ced the Qwene, "bi whaut he saith. For, too speke troo, here iz fredom indede."

"I nare herd filossofy fild a manz belly," ced the King, widh a peercing looc stil regarding him. "U ar brooted too me, u, too hav utterd here, this instant aafternoone, prognostix and probabillitese (sum wood caul em improbabillitese, but let dhat paas) tutching certane nobel personz, ghests at our wedding feest."

Vandermaast ced, "I did so, mi Lord and King, but in aancer too interoggatiavz propoazd too me bi the personz in qweschon." The King raizd an iabrou at Mareshaa. "O yes," ced she: "we did aasc him." "I gave but vois too mi thauts dhat came me in miand," ced Vandermaast. "Niather spake I unconcidderaitly, but such ththingz oonly az uppon examinaishon widh mine inword jujment ceemd liacly and rezonabel."

The King wauz faulen cilent a minnute, glaring widh hiz ise intoo the

ise, stedfaast and tranqwil, ov dhat lerned doctor beneeth dhare sno-thacht eevz, az dho he wood plum sum unsoundabel darcnes dhat underla dhare shining and candid outword. Shifting hiz gase at laast, "U shal not be blaimd for dhat," he ced: then privaitly, too Prins Actor, whoo wauz stood cloce on hiz rite, "Here iz a man I like: iz abel too looc me in the i widhout brave nor slavishnes. Kingz celdom hav too dele but widh the wun or tuther."

"Yor cerene hines hath nevver, I thhinc," replide Actor, "had too dele widh the ferst." He glaanst acros too Qwene Stateraa whoo, uppon the Kingz left hand, wide-ide and widh luvly lips haaf parted, wauz wauching Doctor Vandermaast widh the intent and plezhure and wunder ov a chiald. She caut the glaans and looct awa.

"U hav aancerd wel," ced the King too Vandermaast. "These be dase ov merth and rejoicing, and fitting it iz foke sho themcelvz open-handed on hi hollida, too ghiv sumwhaut ov aamz too poor nedy personz, moast ov aul when such doo utter good werdz or in whaut uther wa soweever doo ceme too merrit it. Ware this from me," he ced, taking a ring from hiz fin'gher. "Mi grandfaatherz it wauz, King Anthhillucez uppon whoome be pece. Tiz thaut dhare be verchu in the stone, and I wood not besto it save on wun in whoome I ceemd too smel sum deserts aancerabel too its werth. But forghet not, the lau liyeth verry dedly against whooso shal make boald too proffeci concerning the Kingz person. Ame not dhaerfoer at me in yor con'gechuerz, oald man, bode dha good or il, lest a wers thhing overtake u."

"Mi Lord the King," ced Vandermaast, "u hav comaanded, and yor comaand shal widh exactnes be obade. I hav toald yor cerennity dhat fu and littel ar mi posesonz, and yet dhat dhare iz naut wharov I doo stand in waunt, nor wil I be a taker ov rewordz. For it iz a

property universal ov rewordz dhat dha can corrupt acshon, propounding too the actor (if the acshon be bad) a rezon beyond the acshonz celf, widhout which rezon the acshon must hav remaind unacted. Becauz badnes ov itself iz no rezon. Contrariwise, be the acshon good, then the mere fact dhat it wauz acted for sake ov reword can beghet this bad habbit in a man: too hav respect too chepe, decaying, extern rewordz; which enureth in the end so too debauch hiz inmoast understanding dhat he

becummeth unnabel too taist or too desire the troo oanly costly evverlaasting

and evver sattisfiying reword, which hath its cete in the good acshon itself. But this," he ced, drauwing ontoo hiz fin'gher the Kingz ring, "cummeth not az a reword but az a ghift roiyal, even az grate Kingz hav from the anteke tiamz bene renound and onnord az ring-scattererz: a nobel exaampel which I fiand yor cerene hines doo make yor one."

"Be such az I thhinc u too be," ced the King, "and mi frendship followeth the ghift."

The doctor, dhat augens beying dun, came and went for a while hiz lezhuerly too and fro, within doer and widhout, and aulwase uppon the frin'gez ov the cumpany, not az member dharov so much az loocker on raather and liscener, remarking whautsowevver in enny person apeerd ov remarcabel: carragez, aspects, muidz, mannerz, cilencez, littel sutteltese ov i, nostril, lip. And about and abuv him, at evvery suxeding step ov hiz proagres throo this pallace uppon the suthern horn ov Reyalmar, the graitnes and the ainshentnes ov the place hung hevveyer. Even az, too a climer, the mere vaastnes ov the mountane becumz, az he gose hiyer, a prezsens, unite and palpabel, bilt up ov suxescive vaastnes ov slabd roc-face, vertidginous ice-clif, i-dazling expans ov sno-feeld, up-soering ultimate cornice chizseld bi the wind too a sculpchuerd perfecshon ov line, sun-brite and

remote against an infinite remoteness of blue heaven above it, so here  
was aul gathered too an immobility of time-work and stouered  
magnificence:

cyclopedic ways and gaitways; flights of stairs six riders abreast  
might ride down on horseback and not touch noses; galleries, alcoves and  
clerestories cut from the rock; perspectives flattening the ground  
distances of corbel and frieze and deep-mulleyed windows six times the  
height of a man; colonnades with doric capitals curiously carved,  
supporting huge-timbered vaulted roofs; and domed roofs that seemed wide  
as the arch of the dome. Aul of which, apprehended in its wholeness, might  
cast a wise mind into oblivion not of its own self only and of aul  
mankind but even of the everlasting mountains themselves; in the  
sudden  
apprehension that this Realm might be the nursery or breeding-place of  
a madgey and a lineage older-rooted than theirs.

Cloaked in these meditations, he came wondrously into that  
presence-chamber, with its ceiling-staircase, and here was won of the  
Queen's chamberlain with her hushing bidding that Doctor  
Vandermaast

should attend her in the privy garden. The doctor followed him; and,  
pacing on the floor through a vaulted corridor hung in the rock and  
brightly lit with hanging lamps, they were met with a nurse leading  
in her hand a child yet in his cradle-coats, of two or three years old.  
The doctor viewed the boy narrowly, and the boy him. "What child was  
that?" he asked, when they were gone by. The chamberlain, with a scowling  
of his eye at him as of won slyly trusting old vagrant men that were  
liably sprung of a stone and certainly best to be nuthing, as soonest  
minded, answered that it was won of the children of the palace, he knew  
not for sure which. Which answer the learned doctor let go without  
further remark.

"It is her hushing pleasure," said the chamberlain, at the garden  
gate, "to receive you in private. Be pleased to wait on": so Vandermaast

entered in alone and stood before Qwene Statera.

She was sitting crosswise now on the jeweled bench, her feet up, sowing a kerchief of white satin embroidered with flowers of silver. Upon the doctor's coming she but glanced up and so back to her needlework. It was yet bright sunshine, but with the waning of the afternoon the shadow of that gold and ivory statue of our Lady of Pafos no longer tinctured the Qwene where she sat. There she was colder, and she had a high-collared cloak about her shoulders of rich brown velvet, lined with pine-marten skin in summer and lined with vair. He waited, watching her, while she with down-bent eyes plied her needle. Not else stirred, except now and then a blowing of hot air where her hair caught the sun, and except, where the pleated neck of her gown ran lowest, the gentle fall and swell of her breathing. After a little, she raised her eyes. "Can you guess, reverend sir, why I have sent for you?" The sun was behind her, and her countenance not too red.

He answered, "I will not guess, for I do not."

"Then tell me. For, in good sadness, I do not know why I did it. Answer freely: you see we are alone."

"Because," answered he, after a moment's silence, "your hints are fugitive and harmless, therefore you did do it; vainly expecting that the will-o'-the-wisp of an old man's fallible counsel should be a lamp too light to burn."

"These are strange unlikeliest words," she said. "I do not know how to take them."

"Truth," said Vandermaast gently, "was ever a strange wild-fowl."

"Truth! I that was born and bred in Reyalmar, where else then shall I be at home? I that am your Qwene, how should I be a fugitive, and from

whaut?"

"Too be here befoer yor time iz too be hoamles. And the necescity u fle from iz necescity bi this cauz oanly, dhat yorcelf (aulbeyit I thhinc u hav forgotten) did chuse it too make it so."

The viyolent blud sufuezd aul her face and nec, and widh the sudden'nes ov her haaf-rising from her cete the rich and costly embroidery slid from her lap and la crumpeld on the ground. She sat bac agane: "I ce u ar but sum fantastical sofister whoo widh speking paradoxicaly wil gane the reputaishon ov wizdom and reche. Ile liscen too no moer."

"I am naut els," aancerd dhat aijd man, painfooly uppon wun ne retreving the faulen sattinz, "dhan yor hinecez crechure and cervant. U doo misprise, moerover, the werdz I spake, refuuring untoo wun particcular axident whaut wauz ment in a generallity moer loftily inclucive." Then, standing agane in respectfool revverens befoer her, "And yet, it fits," he ced, under hiz breth az too himcelf oanly; but the Qwene, widh hed boud az befoer over her nedelwerc, ceemd too shrinc, az dho the werdz tucht her on a wuind.

"I hav lost mi nedel," she ced. "No. Here it iz." Then, aafter a long pauz, stil sowing, and az out ov a depe unhappines: "Wil the gul chuse, too dash hercelf against the Faros lite? Wil a ceman, whare the tide runz in the windz teeth betwene skerry and skerry, chuse too be dhare in a bote widhout a rudder? Whi shood I?"

"Hou shal enny erthly beying but yor hinecez celf aancer dhat? Perhaps twauz in the idel desire too fele yor pouwer."

Widh dhat, the Qweenz hand stopt ded. "And u ar he dha tel me can rede a manz destiny in hiz ise? Can u not rede in mine," and she raizd her hed too mete hiz gase, "dhat I hav no pouwer? dhat I am

utterly alone?"

"The Kingz pouwer iz yor pouwer."

She ced, rezhuming her sowing, "I beghin too dred it iz not even hiz."

"It iz yorz, wil u but use it."

She ced, bending her white nec yet moer too hide her face, "I beghin too thhinc I hav lost the nac too use it." Then, scaers too be herd:

"Perhaps even the wish."

Doctor Vandermaast held hiz pece. Hiz ise wer bizsede betwene this woomman and this statchu: this, moer like in its outword, ma be, too the unfacing reyallity, but ov itcelf unreyal, a mere mathhemattic, a superficese: dhat uther reyal, but yet, save for an inner and outer luvlines, unlike, becauz waunting celf-nollej; and yet pooting on, bi verchu ov dhat verry privaishon, a perfecshon uneke and sufishent untoo itcelf aulbeyit not belonging too the divine prototipe at the foolnes ov Her acchuwal; even az the grate lamp ov da haz at sunrise and at suncet perfecshonz ov uncompleetnes ov traanseyens which ar conshuemd or blotted out in the white flame ov noone.

"U ar a strainj ceecret man," she ced prezsently, stil widhout loocking up, "dhat I shood hav spoke too u dhus: thhingz Ide a spoken too no crechure els in the werld. And, until tooda, nare so much az cet ise on u." Then, suddenly gathering up her nedelwerc, "But u ghiv me no help. No moer dhan the uther standerz bi or hindererz."

He ced, "Dhare iz nun hath the abillity too help yor hines, exept oonly yor hinecez celf alone."

"Heerz coald cumfort, then. Yet against barning, I supose, dhare ma be

sum good in coaldnes."

She rose nou and wauct a tern or too in cilens, cumming too a stand at laast under the statchu; loocking up at which, and widh a face averted from dhat aijd doctor, she ced too him, "Troo it iz, I did cend for u in a moer wateyer matter dhan this ov me. I hav a sun."

"Yes."

"Can u rede starz and cignificaishonz in the hevven?"

"Be it indede," he replide, "dhat in the univercity ov Mifraz I did cevven yeerz apli mi ueth too studdy in the Ultramundainz and the Fizsicalz, I hav long cins lernt dhat dhare iz no aancer in the mouth ov these. Mi studdy iz nou ov the darcnes raather which iz hid in the ceecret placez ov the hart ov man: mi office but oonly too understand, and too wauch, and too wate."

"Wel, hav u cene the chiald? Whaut fiand u in him? Ghiv me in a werd yor verry thaut. I must hav the truith." She ternd and faist him.

"Even and the truith be evil."

"If it be truith," ced the doctor, "it can in no hand be evil; acording too the principel ov ththeyoric, *Quanto est, tanto bonum*, which iz az much az too sa dhat compleetnes ov reyallity and compleetnes ov goodnes ar, *sub specie aeternitatis*, the same. I hav beheld this chiald like az wer I too behoald sum smaual scaers dicernibel ferst paling ov the skise too toomorrose daun, and I sa too u: Here iz da."

"Too be King in hiz time?"

"So plese the Godz."

“In Fin’giswoald, aafter hiz faather?”

“So, and moer. Too be the sta ov the whole werld.”

“This iz hevvenly music. Shalt be bi pouwer, or but bi forchune?”

“Bi pouwer,” aancerd Vandermaast. “And bi werth.”

The Qwene caut a depe breth. “O, u hav shone me a swete morn aafter terribel dreemz. But aulso a strainj noiz in mi hed, maix stale the morning: bi whaut worant must I beleve u?”

“Bi nun. U must beleve not me, but the truth. I am but a fin’gher pointing. And the nerest wa for yor hines (beying a mortal) too beleve dhat truth, and the sole oonly wa for it too take boddy and efect in this werld, iz dhat u shood act and make it so.”

“U ar darc too me az yet.”

“I sa dhat whether this graitnes shal be or not be, resteth on yor hines alone.”

She ternd awa and hid her face. When, aafter a minnute, she looct around at him agane, she reecht out her hand for him too kis. “I am not ofended widh u,” she ced. “Dhare wauz an instant, in dhat wiald tauc ov ourz, I cood hav cut yor throte. Be mi frend. God nose, in the paath I tred, unneven, stony, and fool ov bogz, I nede wun.”

Vandermaast aancerd her, “Maddam and swete Mistres, I sa too u agane, I am yorz in aul thhingz. And I sa but agane dhat yor hinecez celf hath the oonly pouwer abel too help u. Rest faithfool too dhat perfectnes which dwelleth within u, and be safe in dhat.”

## Niagraa Cilvaa, whare the Devvilz Daans

DHAT NITE Prins Actor starteld out ov hiz ferst slepe from an evil dreme dhat had in it naut ov rezonabel corespondens widh thhingz ov daly life but, in an immejacy ov pure undeterminabel fere, horror and los dhat bete doun aul hiz cens too dednes, az widh a thunder ov monstrous wingz, herld him from slepe too waking widh teeth a-chatter, limz trembling, and the breth choking in hiz throte. Soone az hiz hand wood oba him, he struc a lite and la swetting widh the bed-cloadhz huddeld about hiz eerz, while he waucht the candelflame bern doun aulmoast too blunes then up agane, and the slo stroax ov midnite toald twelv. Aafter a littel, he blu it out and dispoazd himcelf too slepe; but slepe, standing iarn-ide in the darcnes becide hiz bed, widhstood aul woowing. At length he lited the candel wuns moer; rose; lited the lamps on dhare peddestalz ov stetite and porfiry; and stood for a minnute, naked az he wauz from bed, befoer the grate mirror dhat wauz on the waul betwene the lamps, az if too shure himcelf ov hiz continnuwing boddily prezsens and verrity. Nor wauz dhare enny unzufishentnes aparrent

in the loocking-glaas image: ov a man in hiz twenty-thherd yere, slender and cinnuwy ov bild, wel strengthhend and ov nobel baring, darc-broun hare, sumwhaut swort ov skin, hiz face wel fechuerd, smuidh shaivd in the Accamaa fashon, big-noazd, lips fool and plezzant, and havving a dellicaitnes and a certane proudnes and a certane waunt ov rezolueshon in dhare kervz, wel-cet eerz, booshy i-brouz, blu ise widh darc lashez ov an aulmoast femminine kerv and longnes.

Ghetting on hiz niatgoun he brimd himcelf a goblet ov red wine from

the flaggon on the tabel at the bed-hed, dranc it, fild agane, and this time draind the cup at wun draaft. "Paa!" he ced. "In slepe a manz rezon liyeth drugd, and these woommanish feerz and scroopelz dhat our complete miand wood laaf and awa widh, unman us at dhare plezhure." He went too the windo and throo bac the kertainz: stood loocking out a minnute: then, az if nite had too menny ise, extin'gwisht the lamps and drest haistily bi muinlite, and so too the windo agane, pausing in the wa too poer out a thherd cup ov wine and, dhat beying qwauft doun, a foerth, which beying but too parts fild left the flaggon empty. Round and abuv him, az he leend out nou on the cil ov the open windo, the nite liscend, worm and stil; waul, gabel and butres cilver and blac under the muinshine, and the ski about the moone sufuezd widh a rajancy ov viyolet lite dhat misted the starz. Actor ced in himcelf, "Desire widhout acshon iz poizon. Whoo ced dhat, he wauz a wise man." Az dho the uncezonabel mialdnes ov this caam, unclouded March midnite had breedhd suddenly a frosen are about him, he shivverd, and in the same instant dhare dropt intoo dhat poole ov cilens the marvel ov a woommanz vois cinging, lite and boddiles, widh a wialdnes in its ridhmz and widh evvery cillabel clene and sharp like the tinkel ov broken icikelz fauling:

"Whare, widhout the rejon erth,  
Glaisher and iasfaul take dhare berth,  
Whare ded coald con'geelz at nite  
The wind-carvd cornicez dimond-white,  
Til dhose unnumberd streemz whoose flud  
Too the mountane iz insted ov blud  
Ceeld in icy bed doo li,  
And stild iz dase artillery,  
Nere the frost-stard midniats dome  
The oreyad keeps her untimd home.  
From which hi if she doun stra,  
On th' werldz grate stage too spoert and pla,  
Dhare moast she maketh her game and gle

Too harry mankiandz obliqwity.”

So cinging, she paast directly belo him, in the inky shaddo ov the waul. A liling, scorning vois it wauz, widh overtoanz in it ov a tradgical music az from muted stringz, stone-mooving but az out ov a stone-coald hart: a vois too cend triclingz down the spine az when the nite-raven caulz, or the whisler shril, whoose caul iz a foer-taisting ov doome. And nou, cumming out intoo clere muinlite, she ternd about and

looct up at hiz windo. He sau her ise, like an annimalz ise, thro bac the glitter ov the moone. Then she rezhuemd her wa, stil cinging, tooword the northerly corner ov the coertyard whare an archwa led too a cloisterd wauc which went too the Qweenz garden. Actor stood for a short moment az if in dout; then, hiz hart beting thhicker, undid hiz doer, fumbeld hiz wa doun the stone staercace swift az he mite in the darc, and so out and follode her.

The garden gate stood open, and a fu steps within it he overtooc her. “U ar a nite-wauker, it wood ceme, and in strainj placez.”

“So much iz plane,” ced she, and her linx-like ise looct at him.

“No u whoo this iz dhat doo speke too u?”

“O yes. Prins bi rite in yor one land, til yor one land poot u out; and dharaafter prins here, and but bi kertecy. Which iz much like eg widhout the mete: fare outciadz, but smaul wate and smauler proffit. Ive herd sum unbitted tungz sa, ‘princox’.”

“U ar a boald littel she-cat,” he ced. Agane a shivvering tooc him, bred ov sum bite in the are. “Dhare iz frost in this garden.”

“Iz dhare? Yor onnor wer wiser leve it and go too bed, then.”

“U must ferst doo me this kiandnes, mistres. Bring me too the oald man yor grandcire.”

“At this time ov nite?”

“Dhare iz a thhing I must aasc him.”

“U ar a grate aasker.”

“Whaut doo u mene?” he ced, az mite a boi caut unnawaerz bi sum uncloking ov hiz miand he had saifly supoazd wel hid.

Anthheyaa baerd her teeth. “Doo u not wish u had mi art, too ce in the darc?” Then, widh a shrug: “I herd him tel u, this aafternoone, he had no aancer too qweschonz ov yorz.”

“I canot slepe,” ced Actor, “for waunt ov hiz aancer.”

“Dhare iz aulwase the chois too sta awake.”

“Wil u bring me too him.”

“No.”

“Tel me whare he sleeps, then, and I wil ceke him out.”

Anthheyaa laaft at the moone. “Harken hou these mortalz wil aasc and aasc!

But I am not yor ners, too wery micelf widh parroting ov “No, no, no”, when a pettish chiald screemz for the niatshade-berry. U shal hav it, dho it poizon u. Wate here til I inform him, if so he ma dane too cum too u.”

The prins sau her depart. Az a silver berch-tre ov the mountainz, if

it mite, shood wauc, so wauct she under the moone. And the moone, or she so wauking, or the wine dhat wauz in hiz vainz, or the thunder ov hiz inword thaut, raut in him too thhinc: "Whi blame micelf? Am I untroo too mi frend and wel-doower and dispencer ov aul mi good, if I ceke unterningly the good dhat ceemz too mi incenst brane mane good indede? She iz too him but an en' gine too brede kingz too follo him. Widh this sun bred, whi, it hath long bene apparrent and mannifest he iz throo widh her: the pure unnadulterate hi perfecshon ov aul dhat iz or evver shal be, iz too him but a comoddy unheded hath cervd hiz tern. Bi God, whaut caerz he for me iather? Dhat hav held her tooda, thanc the Godz (if enny Godz dhare wer, save the grand Devvil perhaps in Hel dhat nou, if flesh wer or spirrit wer, which iz in grate dout, riveth and rendeth mi flesh and spirrit), in mi armz, aulbeyit but for an instant oonly, aulbeyit she renaigd and regeted me, too no dhat, flesh bi flesh, she must be mine too eternity? God! No, but too necescity: eternity iz a trash-name. But this iz nou; and until mi deth or herz. And whaut ov him? Dhat, bi mi sole (dam mi sole: for dhare iz no sole, but oonly the annimal spirrits; and dha un'none, save az the brefe substans ov a dreme or a candel bering, dhat livz but and dise but in her): whaut shurety hav I (God dam me) dhat he meneth not too cel me too the suplaanter (I oadh him too the gallose) cits in mi faatherz cete? Smuidh werdz and swete predicaments: I am in a mist. Cum cite but for a liatning-flash, tiz folly and madnes too trust aut but cite.

Ceyingz beleving. God or Hel, boath unbelevabel, tiz time too beleve whitchevver wil sho me ferm ground indede." He wauz in a muc swet.

And

nou, loocking at dhat statchu az an ennemy, and in the ineluctabel grip ov indignaishon and luv, eche widh the frensy ov uther dubbeld uppon it bi desire, he began too sa within himcelf: "Female Beest! Wiazly wauz dhat dun ov menz folly, too fane u a goddes. U, whoo devour dhare brainz: whoo ganch them on yor hooc bi dhare derest flesh til dha ar reddy too doo the abomminaiblest trezonz so oonly dha ma cum at the filthhy anodine u offer them, dhat iz a lescer deth in the taisting, dhat braix dhare wil and dhare manhood and, beying taisted, leevz them

suct dri ov aul save shame and emptines oanly and cicnes ov hart. Cum too life, nou. Moove. Tern yor fauls liatles lustfool ise here, dhat u ma ce hou yor method werx widh me. Wood dha wer rite cocatricez ise, shood looc me ded, tern me too a stone, az u ar stone: too nuthhing, az u ar nuthhing."

Swinging round on hiz hele, widh hiz bac too dhat immagine which wauz but az a reflexhon in shatterd mirrorz, leest unsofifhent in its aulmoast chainjlesnes, ov dhat which iz evverlaastingly chain'ging and yet evverlaastingly perfect and the same, he came face too face widh Doctor Vandermaast; whoose ise, under this muinlite which haz no haaf-toanz, ceemd pits ov darcnes in the bony sockets ov a deths-hed. "Wizdom," ced the doctor, "iz celdom in extreemz. And I wood wish yor nobel exelency concidder hou this mischefe ov blaasfemy opperateth not against God nor Goddes, whoo wun while fiand in it diverzhon and matter for laafter, and anuther while paas it bi az unwerth dhare remarc; but it opperateth against the blasfemer, az an infecshon wunderfooly dedly too the sole."

Actor, liscening too these werdz, looct at him agaast, and at the dellicate mountane linx whoo, widh flaming ise, kept at the doctorz hele. "U whoo can proffeci ov uthertz," he ced, "I beceche u deni no lon'gher too proffeci too me ov me. The moer, cins I fiand yor ise ar uppon ceecret thauts which, afoer aul thhingz, Ide a supoazd mine one and inviyolate."

Vandermaast aancerd and ced, "Prins, aulbeyit I am not wholly untraded in the nobel darc ciyens, and maby cood sho u marvelz shood make yor hare tern, I hav not an art too discern menz thaut; save indede az enny proodent man ma discern them, which iz too sa, in dhare facez (az but even nou, in yorz). Niather pretend I too foer-nollej ov thhingz too cum."

Actor ced, "U did proffeci, az menny can witnes, this verry da."

"Ov whoome?"

"Ov these lordz ov Rerec."

"No," replide he. "I did but point too probabillitese. It belongeth too human kiand evver too desire certaintese, but it belongeth az wel too the werld nevver too sattisfi dhat desire. God, whoo raut aul ththingz ov naut, iz doutles abel too no aul ththingz: paast, prezsent, or too cum, too unbound eternity. But it shal not orderly heruppon enshure dhat He wil elect too make acchuwal dhat nollej in verry dede even in Hiz one unscrootabel inmoast Miand. Whether he wil so or no, iz a qweschon filossoferz ma wiazly leve unnaancerd. Micelf dhaerfoer, dhat am a humbel scollar in divine wizdom and a humbel ceker ov truth, atempt no proffeciyingz ov ththingz too cum. Oonly, observing constantly the trane ov the werld and the bent or aptichude ov the miand and hart ov this man or ov dhat, I doo (so far az bi confuuring ov act and werd and outword aspect it be poscibel too reche sum nere ghes or jujment dharon) nou and then speke mi thaut. But such speche, housowevver it be adrest too unrap the hid causez and events ov ththingz, iz ov liaclihooz oonly: nevver ov certichuedz. For whaut, in this werld, too a man or a woomman, which be rezonabel beests, cemeth utterly certane and inevvitabel, iz nun the les in dout and a ththing contin'gent: at its hiyest, no hiyer dhan a probabillity. And this iz becauz mortalz, beying dhat dha ar fre mooverz, doo daly bi wil or act make, traanzmute, or unmake agane, such ceming certaintese. And in acshon dhare iz but wun certainty, and dhat ov God."

"For micelf," ced Actor, "I tel u widh open face and good conshens, I beleve not in God. Nor Devvil niather. But wizdom and troo-hartednes I can embrace when I doo ce them; and I doo embrace them in u. Mi perplexitese ar like too tern me intoo madnes, and dha ar

matterz it wer unsafe too ghiv a hint ov, but too mine one hart and livver, under mi skin. For pittty sake, speke too me. Let me entrete too no whaut liaclihoodz atend for me.”

Dhat lerned man cervade him awhile in cilens. “I did constantly refuse this, for the sufishent rezon dhat I cood not understand yor exelency cleerly enuf too speke aut save uppon con’gecchure. But I doo nou understand u moer thurroly, but stil I am slo too speke; becauz I juj yor nachure too be ov dhat dain’gerous complecshon dhat, hering whaut I shood hav too tel u, u wood like az not misapli it too so hi a strane az shood soone or late caul u too a feerfool audit.”

Actor ced, “I sware too u, u doo misjuj me.”

“And yet,” ced Vandermaast, citting nou on the bench, while the Prins wated for hiz werdz az a sutor waits befoer a juj for jujment, and this linx sat ellegantly on her haunchez against the doctorz ne, licking her fer: “And yet, whoo am I too cet impeddiments in the paath ov the stranabel foers ov destiny? Too hide from yor exelency the matterz I ce, wer (it mite widh sum cullor be argude) too deprive u ov the chaans which Dha whoo comaand the grate whele ov thhingz doo intend

for u: the chaans too chuse betwene the wercer coers and the better not bi luc nor bi swa ov moode, az appetite mite eg forword or timmorousnes hoald u bac, but bi rezond jujment ov rite and rong. And be it dhat, nowing whaut hangeth on yor chois, u must run the hazzard ov a rong chois which wood dam u qwite and so end u, yet hav u it *in potentiâ* (if yor chois be nobel) too make yor name grate and onnord among generaishonz yet unborn. A wicked fault dhaerfoer it wer in me if I shood rest cilent and dhus, intermedling (aulbeyit but bi abstinens) betwixt u and the unlike destinesse which contend tooghether too entertane yor sole, shood leve u but a weke

crechure uncarracterd, such az ov whoome saith the filossofer dhat weke nachuerz can atane too graitnes in nuthhing, niather too grate good nor too grate evil." He pauzd. Dhose uprite glowing slits, which, in the linxez ise staring at the Prins, wer insted ov pupilz, pulst widh yello fire. The frost in the garden depend. "No then dhat I ceme too fiand in u," ced the doctor: "Dhat u ar like too be in such cace dhat, slaying yor frend, u shood gane a kingdom; and agane, dhat, sparing yor ennemy, u shood sla yor oonly frend. Uppon which matterz," he ced, and the vois ov him wauz nou az verry frost-bite in the are, "and uppon whether dha shal ceme fit too u too be embraist and follode or (bi contrarese) too be eschude and renounst, resteth (I supose) yor blis or bale untoo evverlaasting."

When Doctor Vandermaast had so ended, Actor, standing like a stone, ceemd too concidder widh himcelf. Then, even in dhat muinlite, the flush ov blud darkend hiz face, and he, dhat had held himcelf but nou like a supleyant, stood like a king, hiz brest mitily braudend and hiz shoalderz sqwaerd. Suddenly, glaancing over hiz shoalder az liyonz doo befoer dha charj, he tooc a step toowordz the doctor, chect himcelf, and ced, hiz werdz cumming thhic and stumbling like a drunken manz: "U hav spoke better dhan u no, oald man: laanst the imposchume in mi brest and frede me for acshon, and dhat too the verry chune I hav these menny weex herd drumming in mi hed, but til nou mi fond douts and scoopelz uezd me for dhare foole and rained me bac from it. Mi frend: him, mi ceming frend: yes, Ile kil him and be King in hiz place: whoo iz mi vile unshowing ennemy, and too spare him wer az good az go kil mi oonly verry frend in the werld; and dhat iz, her. About it, then. But cauz u no so much, and cauz Ile take no hazzardz, Ile ferst cettel u: poot u whare u shal not blab."

Widh dhat he lept at the doctor and ceezd him, whoose taul lene boddy in hiz clutcherz ceemd fleshles and lite az the pittifool frame ov a littel moalted hen dhat ceemz frale az a sparro under her spars remnant ov

fetherz; but the linx bit him croowely in the leg, dhat he az swiftly let go hiz hoald uppon Vandermaast. Hiz hand jumpt too hiz belt for a weppon, but in dhat haist ov cumming down from hiz chaimber he had forgot

it. He bete her fureyously about the hed widh hiz fists, but got naut for it but bluddy nuckelz, for she stuc like a limpet, her foer-clauz depe in the fleshy parts ov hiz thhi, her hiand-clauz scrabbling and gashing hiz caavz and shinz like razorz. Aul this in a fu brefe moments ov time, til stagghering baqwordz, heedles ov aul save the bitter mischefe ov her teeth and clauz and the aggonny too rid this horror which clung too hiz flesh like a plaaster ov burrowing fire, he tript uppon hiz hele at the pondz brinc and fel plump in. Hiz hed struc the statchuse plinth az he fel, which had wel bene the end ov him, too droun dhare censles in too foot depth ov wauter. But ma be the coald ducking braut him too himcelf; for scaers had Anthheyaa, letting go az he fel, cum out ov her linx-shape too stand, nimf wuns moer, bi the wauter-cide, dhan he crauld too land agane painfooly, drencht and dripping.

Dhat oreyad lady ced too the doctor, "Shal I rip hiz belly open up too the chin?"

But Vandermaast, lending him a hand too fiand hiz fete agane, aancerd, "No."

Actor, for aul the ake and smart ov hiz wuindz, cood not forbare too laaf. "U ar ov a better disposishon, I ce, dhan this hot-raind schu-pot ov yorz, too sa naut ov dhat hel-cat u did cet uppon me. Whare iz it?"

Mistres Anthheyaa kerld her lip: ternd awa from him. The clasic buty ov her face, dhus ciadwase, wauz like an ivory in the fiarles pure glimmer ov the moone.

Actor ced, "Twauz nevver in mi hart, lerned cer, too a dun u enny

hert. Twauz in a wa ov taist oonly: triying yor mettal.”

“I am glad too here dhat,” replide he drily. “Az for her, tiz a moast innocent annimal, housowevver nachure hath armd her moast magnifficently:

fel too acshon, it iz troo, sumwhaut haistily (like az did yor exelency), and widh no cetting on bi me. Az wel, perhaps, dhat she did; for fiting iz an art I am scantly customd too, boath bi natchural inclinaishon and az beying sumwhaut enterd in yeerz. U did take me, aulso, a littel bi cerprise, bersting foerth intoo such a sudden viyolens; which I hope u wil hensfoerth be les reddy untoo, and wil wiazly bethhinc u befoerhand, using meditaishonz and wayingz ov “pro” and “contraa”, afoer u beghin too atac men. But az for the wuindz yor exelency did (too concidder the matter onnestly), doo untoo yorcelf, here iz better dhan enny leche too dhare spedy heling”; and Anthheyaa, a littel impaishently at the doctorz bidding, using cimpelz dhat he gave her from hiz pers, wausht, drest, and bound up widh bandagez toern from the gauz ov her skert, the evvidencez ov her expert ciyens in clau-werc.

#### 4

### The Bolted Doerz

SO ENDED the twelfth da and laast, ov dhat marrage-feest in Reyalmar. Uppon the morro, ghests tooc dhare faerwelz and departed: a fu betiamz (and erleyest among these dhat ainshent doctor and hiz qweschonabel she-dicipel); but the moast part ov them, suting bi just anticipaishon the mezhure too be cet them bi bride and briadgroome, la til paast midda. The Lord Emmeyus tarrede but too grete hiz bruther and cister and,

for the while, bid them aju. In marc ov cin'gular favor the King and Qwene braut him too the gate, and so, parting widh them in the gratest esteme and frendship, he rode of widh hiz trane bi the grate south rode.

Supervevus and hiz bride, it wauz ghivven out, wood remane yet anuther weke in Reyalmar. But when it came too the da for dhare deparchure, Mareshaa ced she wood sta yet a fool weke moer: let her lord go nou widh the baggage and stuf, and ce aul prepaerd orderly against her hoamcumming too Limac. This abcerdly, widh no ferther rezon aciand; but foke thaut it sprung ov her insolency and the wish, cins she wauz nou wife, too be not oonly hiz mistres stil (az wer rite and fitting) but her grate maasterz maaster. Houware dhat mite be, uppon dhat twenty-fifth ov March Supervevus rode south widhout her.

He beying gon, widh the onnorabel leve-taking az hiz bruther had had, and the King and Qwene beying nou reternd up too Teremny, Stateraa, widh her hand uppon her Lordz arm az he came hiz wa too hiz private chaimber, prade him gently dhat she mite cum too. "I am infiniatly fool ov biznes, maddam," he ced. "But cum if u must."

In dhat chaimber, which wauz round and doamd and widh grate windose loocking eest too the mountainz, wer tabelz and hevvy chaerz oald and cureyously carvd, and, betwene the pillarz ov pollisht marbel get-blac widh yello and perpel vainz in it which rainjd at evvery too pacez along the waulz, prescez widh shelvz too poot boox in. Uppon a harth wel fiftene foot wide a fire ov swete-cented cedar-wood wauz cracling and blasing, and the floer wauz carpeted too within too or thre fete ov the waulz widh ruscet-cullord velvet dhat the foot sanc in, ghivving wormth in winter and cilens aul the yere. But the King, crosing too the ferther cide, undid widh hiz ceecret kese the ponderous iarn-studded doerz, an outer and an inner, ov hiz clozset, and, when she had follode

him in, loct boath behiand them. For here wauz the cloce werc-hous ov hiz moast depe-lade pollicese, and too it niather cuncelor nor secretery had evver admittans: not Actor even, too whoome men noted he shode, moer

and moer this laast yere or too, the kiandly and dere respect ju too a luvd kinzman or verry sun. But the Qwene, it wauz ced, wauz partner too aul its ceecrets; and a lite mispeking it wauz, dhat wer she invited moer oftener too hiz bed and celdomer too hiz chancery, dhare wer a custom aul the ladese in the coert cood be enveyous ov, too be oul in such an ivy-boosh.

The clozset mezhuerd but five or cix foot-pacez iather wa. Cubbordz ov blac iarn widh latchez ov silver liand the waulz from celing too floer, and here, az in the outer chaimber, wauz the like depe-piald velvet carpet. A long tabel ov grene prashus stone, resting on cix legz ov sollid goald in the cemblans ov hippogrifs widh wingz spred, wauz under the windo, and a grate chare, hard-cooshond (cete, bac, and armz) widh darc, wine-cullord cilc brocade, wauz cet at the tabel too face the lite. Uppon dhat tabel paperz and parchments la thhic az autum leevz: here an unsteddy pile widh an armord gluv for paperwate: dhare anuther, capt widh a hand-mace too kepe them tooghether: grate maps, sum

in scroalz, wun at the far end ov the tabel, unroald and held doun flat widh inxtandz at too cornerz and a hevvy ivory rooler at a thherd. Intoo which ceming cayos King Mardanus when he had throne himcelf doun in dhat chare, began nou too dig; and esy it wauz too ce dhat whaut too the genneral i wer confuezhon wauz in hiz capabel miand no such matter, but orderly, whare whautsowevver scrap or mannuscript he had nede ov came instant too hiz fin'gherz' endz.

“Stil Accamaa?” ced the Qwene, aafter wauching him awhile from betwene tabel and windo.

“Whaut els?” he ced, clering a space befoer him bi pitching a hepe ov

letterz on the floer bi hiz chare. "Doo u expect dhat biznes too be huddeld up in a weke or too?"

"It haz trickeld on for yeeرز. I wish it wer ended."

"It muivz," ced the King. "And muivz at the pace I mene it shal. Dhaerz hiz latest letterz miscive (God ghiv him a verry mischefe): prescing moast sweetly for the handing over ov Actor": he tost it across the tabel.

She let it li. "Wel, hand him over."

King Mardanus, for the ferst time, looct swiftly up at her; but dhare wauz naut in hiz looc beyond such shoc az a chutor mite betra, havving from hiz chosen pupil a foolish aancer.

"Na, I ment not dhat," she ced haistily. "But yet: poor Accamaa. Tiz a pardonabel impaishens, shuerly, ceying he broacht dhat demaand too yeeرز cins. Wunder iz, he duz not drop it."

"No wunder in dhat," ced the King. "I kepe it alive: I mene not too let him drop it. Heerz repoerts from too or thre shure intelligencerz, impoerts Actorz facshon plus on flesh, grose too admiard perchace. Trete widh the wun and bolster up tuther: these tuiwl cut eche utherz throats i' the end. Then I wauc in: take whaut I plese."

The Qwene ced, "Yes, I no. Dhat iz our pollicy," and fel cilent az if held in a stil, straind eghernes, betwene the desire too aasc a thhing and the terror lest, aasct, it shood be denide, and dhus leve the matter in wers poschure dhan befoer. She ced suddenly, "I wish, dere mi Lord, u wood cend Actor awa."

The King staerd at her.

"I wish u wood."

"Whaut, bac too Accamaa? Dhat wer a daastardz dede Ide be sorry for."

"Nevver dhat. But cend him awa from Reyalmar. Let him go whare he wil."

"And faul in aul kiand ov mischefe? No, no. Safest here, under mi hand. Beciadz, twer pure lunacy: discard the nave ov trumps i' the middel ov the game."

"He duz no good here."

The King sat bac in hiz chare. "Whi ar u so stubborn cet ov a sudden too be rid ov him? Whaut harm duz he doo too u?"

"Nun at aul," she pauzd. He ced nuthhing. "I advise u," she ced, "make clene riddans ov him."

Mardanus, az if trubbelld bi sum ergens in her vois dhat he cood il understand, looct hard in her face. But if dhare wer carracterz rit in it dha wer in a lan'gwage he wauz az littel scuild in az wauz hiz too-yere-oald sun in the Greke. "But whi?" he ced at laast.

"Becauz I aasc u."

"The best ov aul rezonz, maddam": (she interupted, under her breth, "It uest too be"): "but not a rezon ov state. Cum, cum," he ced, stil wauching her narroly, and hiz brouz fround az widh sum mounting an'gher at this incisting, widhout aul rezon, uppon a thhing ov so smaull wate or moment too foole awa hiz time widhaul: "Woommanz noncens. The  
The  
boi waunts hiz revenj; waunts too be hiz one agane: waunts too be king.  
And

aul these ar appetiats make him mete for us. Whi, he iz the peg mi whole desianz hung uppon. No nede for u too be trubheld widh him; but I wil for no sake let him go. Beciadz," he ced, terning agane too hiz paperz, "I luv him wel. Wert but too pla ches a-niats widh, which iz a prime merrit in him, Ile not forgo hiz cumpany."

Qwene Stateraa bit her lip. He reecht for the letter from the King ov Accamaa, tooc hiz gooce-qwil pen and, sloly and auqwordly az widh fin'gherz too which such an instroument cumz widh les handsumnes dhan a

soerd or a spere, yet steddily widhout pauz nor dout, az wun under no necescitese too cerch for werdz too fit hiz clere-bilt perpoce, fel too draafting ov hiz repli. The Qwene, noizlesly on dhat depe carpet, came round behiand him: hovverd a moment: bent, and kist hiz hed. He rote on, widhout cine dhat he wauz enny lon'gher ware ov her prezsens. "I must go," she ced. The King sprang up: undid the doerz for her. Az she came intoo the outer chaimber, whare at a cide-tabel the Kingz secretery wauz cetting paperz in order, the grate iarn lox clasht home behiand her.

Not until she wauz wel shut in the privacy ov her one roome, did she unmaasc. Dhare, throne, az on a bed ov snaix, betwene (like enuf) sum drunken'nes in her blud straind up bi Actor and (like enuf, for the moment) a scaulding indignaishon against the King, she let go aul and wept.

THE LORD SUPERVEYUS PARRY, aulbeyit widh pace slode bi a long trane  
ov

pac-horcez laden widh wedding ghifts and nine-tenths ov Mareshaaz  
wordrobe, came bi grate gernese south over the wind-skerjd waists ov  
the Woald, and so doun too Megraa, and thens bi Elder and Leverin'ga too  
Mornaga. Thens, taking the bridel-paath over the mountainz (which iz  
stepe, derty and dain'gerous, but shorter and moer expedishous dhan the  
lo rode south-about bi Hornmere and Ouldale), he came, aafter a  
thre-and-a-haaf-weex' gerny from Reyalmar widhout sta or mis'hap, on  
the aafternoone ov the cevventeenths ov Aipril, home too Limac. Here wer  
preparaishonz aulreddy completed for hiz retern, but for the next cevven  
dase he cet aul hiz hous'hoald foke too toil and moil az if thre-scoer  
devvilz wer at dhare tailz, laboring too tern hiz one private qworterz  
abuv Hagzbese Entry intoo a fit place too loj a bride in, too whoome  
lucshureyous splendorz wer but the unremarcabel and receevd frame  
propper

too ordinary pollity and civillity. And doutles it wood hav il suted  
hiz intents, wer hiz grate hous ov Limac too sho in her ise az  
littel better dhan a roode soalgerz hoald, or she too suppose him content  
dhat here from hens-forward she shood liv like a hog. Bi the weex  
end, aul wauz aulterd and niasly orderd too hiz liking, and the foke  
about the caacel cet agog for impaishens too welcum home so grate and  
famous a lady az history hath not rememberd among dhose dhat had bene  
mistres here afoertime.

But az da follode da and yet no werd or cine ov the Princes, men  
began too wunder. Nor did dha fiand whoalsum nor cumfortabel dhare  
lordz thunderous cilencez dhat depend and darkend az the dase  
paast; nor hiz sumtiamz flashingz intoo unfoernowabel viyolens, which,  
like flashingz ov liatning, struc widh imparshal chaansabelnes and  
fritening sudden'nes whoo or whautsowevver hapt in dhare paath at dhare  
blaasting-time.

Betwene suncet and darc on the cecond da ov Ma, it beying a clere evening widh the starz cumming out in a rane-wausht ski aafter a da ov doun-poer and tempest, Superveyus wauz pacing too and fro in the grate coertyard: slo, mezhuerd steps widh a swift caijd-beest tern-about at iather end ov the wauc. Laafably in manner ov a farm-lad whoo aprochez an untetherd bool ov uncertane temper dhat ma suffer him too drau nere, then, widhout gare or beware, rush uppon him and destroi him, came the captane ov hiz boddigard: ced dhare wauz a lady belo at the gate, alone and on horsbac, wood aancer no qweschonz az concerning her name or condishon, but demaanded too be braut instant befoer dhare maaster.

Superveyus glowerd at him. "Hast cene the woomman?"

"No, mi lord."

"U lude misorderd villane, whi not, then? Whi iz she not braut too me here, if she aasx dhat?"

"Becauz ov yor lordships comaand, dhat no un'none person shal be admitted widhout yor lordships plezhure ferst none. Twauz referd too me bi the officer o' the gard for toonite, too lern yor wil, mi lord, whaut he must doo widh her."

"I wood the Devvil had her, and u too the bargane."

The captane wated.

Superveyus tooc anuther tern. "Wel, whi iz she not fecht up?"

The captane, widh a lo leg, departed: came agane the next minnute widh the Princes Mareshaa Parry in pittifool disara. Superveyus looct at her, and the whole poiz ov hiz boddy ceemd too stiffen. "Leve us," he ced, rezhuming hiz toose and frose. When dha wer alone he came too a hault and stood dhare, loocking at her. Not a muscel in him sterd, save

dhat a qwic ere mite cach a thhicles and a chumulchuwousnes in hiz breething and a kene i note the ise ov him in this haaf-lite, while he waucht her az a trairid dog points at game. The Princes, for her part, held a like cilens and a like stilnes. Even in this gathering dusc it wauz esy too ce she wauz az a verry doudy or slut, derted and dishevveld widh long hard riding, and hard liying ma be, in the open feeld; and, for aul she boer hercelf braivly enuf, dhare wauz dhat in her dhat ced, for aul her speechlesnes and the fermnes ov her lip, dhat she held it good her travvelz wer over and she, housowevver mizserably, here at laast. Widh bool-like deliberaishon he began nou too moove toowordz her: then, az he came nere, ceezd her in like sort and too like perpoce (but widh aul unlike efect) az Tarqwin ceezd Lucrece. Mareshaa wauz a big woomman and a strong, but in a twincling he had her up in hiz armz and in under the huge shaddowy archwa ov Hagzbese Entry. Thens, widhout pauz for breth, and despite her inarticulate protests and gusts ov astonnisht haaf-smutherd laafter, he carrede her up the darc staerz ov hiz one chaimber trimd up on perpoce for her widh dhose sumpshous costly fernishingz he had braut south widh him, and dhare, widhout cerremony, and qwite unregarding ov the pickel she wauz in, rane-soact riding-habbit and muddede buits, dispoazd her on the bed.

“Na, and nou tel me, u swete-bretht munky,” ced Superveyus, uppon hiz elbo, and widh hiz face at nere rainj loocking down at herz. She la dhare supine: outplade and taimd for the while: cloazd ise, haaf-cloazd lips: hed ternd awa, exposing so intoo vu her throte, smuidh, sleke, white, like sum Titan woommanz, and the puls ov blud in it: wun hand twining and untwining and straying and loosing itcelf in the kerld mascez ov hiz grate red beard, the uther yet straning down on hiz hand which rested uppon her brest.

“Shorn ov mi trane,” she aancerd prezsently, in a slepy vois dhat

ceemd too taist plezhure in its one displezhure: "toocken like a common cut-pers bi mi one foke: shood a bene clapt up in prizzon too, I thhinc, and Ide not ghivven em the slip. I hope u deserv me, mi lord: so good faithfool a wife, and a so qwic contriver ov meenz. Dhaerz this in u, dhat u luv me impaishently. Ide nare stummac u les dhan gredy." Then, suddenly springing up: "In the Devvilz name, hou much lon' gher must I fammish here widhout mi supper?"

"Shal be here in the flic ov a cats tale."

"Wel, but Ile dres ferst," ced Mareshaa.

"Mene time, tel me moer. So far tiz the mere cherping ov frogz: terribel werdz I scantly beleve and can make no cens ov."

"Ile dres ferst," she ced, opening a cubbord or too and, widh sum satisfacshon, ceying her cloadhz hang dhare dhat came on befoer widh Superveyus. "Nor not widh u for loocker-on, niather, mi lord. Whoo sufferz her huzband in her drescing-chaimber, wer az good tern him of too go nest widh wagtailz. Whare did I lern dhat, thhinc u? From mi mutherz milc, I thhinc. Tiz native wizdom, certane."

Supper wauz in the oald banqwet-haul, dhat wauz bilt in shape like an L, havving a ro ov grate windose in the long north-western waul, a mane doer, opening on the coertyard, at the far end, and a doer gowing too the buttery and kitchenz at the end ov the shorter arm ov the L. On the inner an'ghel wauz the harth, capaishous enuf too roast a nete, and a fire bering, ov mity logz. The waulz wer ov blac obcidjan stone, and uppon aul save dhat which had windose wer huge devvilish facez, antic grotesco-werc, cut in hi relefe, thhertene, widh dhare tungz out, and uppon eche tungz tip a lamp; and the gogling ise ov them wer ov loocking-glaas artifishaly cut in fascets too dispers the beemz ov the lamplite in booshez ov rajans, so dhat the haul wauz fild widh lite

dhat shifted and glitterd evver az the behoalder muivd hiz hed. Long tabelz ran lengthwase down the mane haul, wun on iather cide, and here the Lord Superveyucez home-men wer cet at mete.

When the grate leevd doerz wer flung wide and the Lady Mareshaa Parry, for this her ferst time, enterd in state, gorjously atiard nou in her bridal gown ov white camlet and lace ov goald and widh her yello hare braded and coild in bedimonded splendor abuv her brou, evvery man lept from hiz cete and stood up too onnor her and too feest hiz gase uppon her; while she, not a filly unriden but widh the step and carrage ov a wor-hors and widh boald chesnut ise flashing bac the brite liats, paast up betwene the benchez on her lordz arm too take her place widh him at the hi tabel, which stood alone uppon a dayis in the north corner opposite the fire. Here, in cite but out ov ere-shot ov aul uther parts ov dhat banqwet haul, wer cuvverz lade for too.

“And nou?” ced Superveyus, when dha wer cet. He brimd hiz goblet widh a ruf tauny wine from the March landz and dranc too her, pottel-depe.

“And nou?” ced she, pooshing her cup toowordz him. “Wel, poer me out too drinc, then. Iz these Rerec mannerz? a man too bib wine whialz wife, out ov a parcht mouth, shal cerv him up tittel-tattel?”

He fild. She swaulode it doun at a cin'ghel gulp, ferst savoring it cureyously on her tung. “Too go too the hart ov the matter,” she ced, “az tutching mine one particcular, I long cins tooc a mislike too dhat Actor. The Qwene I luv wel, aulbeyit but cuzsinz bi afinnity (not german, az I wauz too the King). And in this pernishous paas, widh the whole land in a termoil, beciadz fury and cedishon ov the roode pepel grone in the late unhappy axident, methaut it liacly Actor wood use her for hiz foole: she beying caut in a forct stic betwixt doting ov him (az I, ov mi qwic cens, hav preciasly long suspected) and ferimg

for her sun, and dhus uncapabel ov ferm acshon; while this hot-bact devvil, under cullor ov her authorrity, moer and moer carreyeth the whole swa ov the coert. So, too cut the Gorjan not and doo for her (no leve aasct) whaut, mite she but be unbesotted, she must no too be moast needfool, I fled widh the King befoer a sole cood note it, mening too hav him awa widh me hither intoo Rerec. But dha caut me in too dase: tooc the chiald bac too Reyalmar, and wood—”

“A barning devvil take u!” ced Superveyus, braking in uppon this: “whaut misty Tom-a-Bedlam tauc hav we here? ov Actor: and the Qwene: and u ran widh the Kingz hines too Rerec? ar u out ov yor wits, woomman? Ar u drunc?”

Mareshaa staerd az if schupefide at hiz amaizment. Then, clapping doun her hand on hiz whare it graaspt the tabelz ej, “Whi, izt poscibel?” she ced, her cite clering. “Ime yet here faaster dhan nuse can travvel, then? Faith, Ive lost aul count ov time i’ this huggher-muggher, and no not whaut da it iz. Hadnt u not herd, then, ov King Mardanucez deth: tenth da aafter our wedding?”

Superveyus sat for a moment like a man stricken bliand. “Ded? On whaut manner? Bi whaut meenz?”

“Good lac, dha merderd him up. Bi a hiard raascal from Accamaa stoln intoo Teremny. So at leest twauz ghivven out. But (in yor ceecret ere) I am apt too thhinc twauz Actor did it. Or bi Actorz cetting on.”

The Lord Superveyus dranc depe. She waucht him tern cullor, pale then red agane, and hiz brou became az a storm-cloud. She ced, “I cete hath trubbeld u nere. Sa u: beghin u nou too thhinc dhat wauz an il caast u throo then, when u marrede widh me?”

“O hoald yor tung widh such foolishnes: I thhinc no such matter.”

“Dhats az wel, then. I gave u credit for dhat.”

Supurveyus, az brooding darcly on this nu tern, ate and dranc widhout moer werdz ced. The Princes follode sute, nou and then caasting a glaans at him too ce, if she mite, whaut wa the wind wauz shifting. Aafter a long time he looct at her and dhare ise met. Mareshaa ced, “Yet Ime sorry dha got the chiald Mesenshus from me. Better he wer here, for hiz and our moast advaantage, raather dhan widhz muther, if Actor must roole the roast dhare. And yet, tiz a roast we ma yet drau sustainment from, God terning aul too the best.”

Her lord looct stil at her widh an unmuivd stare dhat, from a boollish sullen’nes, chainjd bi littel and littel too the stare ov a proud ambishous man at a loocking-glaas dhat gladz him widh the expres counter-shape ov hiz best-luvd celf. “Cum swete-hart,” he ced then, “we wil cloasly too these matterz. And sumwhaut weeyl prezsently devise, dout it not, much too our good. But Ile take mi bruther Emmeyus widh me, or I moove wun step on the rode I ceme too ce befoer me.”

He bad hiz schuword, supper nou beying dun, dismis aul the cumpany. And so, private in dhat banqwet-haul, our bi our, til the lamps began too flicker and go out and oonly the glo ov emberz on the harth shode them eche utherz facez, he and she sat long intoo the nite, tauking and devising.

EMMEYUS PARRY had sat nou moer dhan foer yeerz in Argheyannaa, keping hous

dhare in so hi a stile az not in aul Rerec had its exaampel, but yet too compare widh Reyalmar in the northlandz or Siyaanaa ov the south it shood

hav ceemd no such grate matter. It wauz thaut dhat, nede arising, he cood at enny time uppon thre dase' notice cet foerth an army ov a thousand men weppond at aul points and traird in aul arts ov wor: this not too recon too hundred pict men-at-armz whoome he maintaird under hiz hand at aul cezonz, for sho ov pouwer and too kepe order, and in reddines for enny werc he mite acine them.

For thre or foer geraishonz this loanly out-toun, cet in strength amid untraanspaasabel fenz, had bene too the Parry in Limac az a clau strecht foerth southward uppon the batabel landz wauterd bi the rivver Senner: an armd camp, guvvernd bi the lordz ov Limac throo officerz whoo wer crechuerz ov dhaerz and cervants but nevver until nou men ov dhare one blud and line, in cace, from the grate strength ov the place, it mite gro too be a hand which sumda, terning against the boddy it longd too, mite brake doun the whole in roowin.

From Sleby and Ketterby on the northern part and thens, west-about bi the Scroumire and eest-about bi the Salingz, too Scroose and Sciatmirry on the south, the Lose ov Argheyannaa li ten mialz long and az menny in bredth. In these Lose iz gowing niather for man nor for beest (be it moer dhan a wauter-rat or an otter): oonly the wauter-foul inhabbit uppon dhat waist ov qwaking-bogz. The harreyer-haux share out dhare dominyon dhare bi da: the oul (which the hous ov Limac hav for dhare baj or cognizans) hunts dhare bi nite, when aul fetherd livving beyingz els ar at ruist, exopt the nite-jar whoo prase on nite-flying moths dhat brede in the fen. And throo the nite hobby-lanternz flicker, hither and thither in the mist and the darcnes, abuv scoerz ov thousandz ov akerz, unpaatht, qwixandy, sqwelting in mos and slub and cej.

In the middel ov this ce ov qwaugmire iz a lone cin'ghel iland ov shure footing and sollid ground, wauterd widh streemz dhat hav dhare soers in a tarn ov which no plummet haz found the bottom: an unfaling soers dhat poots up pure, coald and swete from the under-rox, not cerface wauter from the hilandz ov oald Rerec such az feedz the marsh. The ferm land stretchez a five mialz' length north-west too south-eest, widh a bigghest width ov about thre and a haaf: aul ov rich wel-huzbanded grasingz and ploulandz which trane upwordz toowordz the north, but noawhare too rise moer dhan twenty foot at moast abuv the marsh-levvel; exept at the hed ov the land north-westword nere the tarn whare the northern scarp cumz up gently too a flat ov perhaps twice dhat hite, too faul agane abruptly in a lo clif on the west; and here, wholly ringd about widh waulz ov grate thhicnes and strength, lise Argheyannaa. The hiwa from the north, cumming doun bi Hornmere and Ristby and so south throo Suzdale, striax the Lose too mialz south ov Sleby, and iz carrede south acros them, strate az a carpenterz roole, too Argheyannaa and so on south too Sciatmirry, bi a ten-mile cauzwa ov grannite which rests uppon oken pialz throo mire and oose too bed on the roc. This rode, whare it croscez the tung ov land dhat lise out westword from the fortres, runz along the mote for cevveral hundred pacez, and so cloce under the waulz ov the mane kepe dhat, graanted good natchural munishon and aptichude and a favoring wind from the eest, a man on the battelments mite spit on a paacer-bi. The Lord Emmeyus, when aafter hiz faatherz deth he muivd hous'hoald and came doun hither from Sleby, bilt gate-housez astride ov this rode: wun whare the rode cumz uppon the tung, and dhat aulmoast within stone-caast ov the toun waul, and another sumwhaut farther of whare the rode leevz land agane for the marsh: this the grater and stron'gher ov the too az a hoald against the south shood ocaizhon reqwire it. In time ov pece the gaits stood open, and travvelerz whether rich or poor had fre entertainment dhare and a niats lodging if dha wood, and aul widh the gratest open-handednes

and larjes.

Uppon the fifth ov Ma, Superveyus came widh hiz lady too Argheyannaa about midda and dhare had good welcum. When dha had eten, Emmeyus tooc them too wauc in the sunshine uppon the wide paivd wauc dhat runz fool cerkel round the top ov the kepe betwene the battelments and hiz private lodging which stood bac, fool cerkel, in the midst ov it.

“U hav a fare prospect southward, lord bruther-in-lau,” ced the Princes, shading her ise widh her hand too looc acros the Lose too whare, betwene forty and fifty mialz awa and a littel eest ov south, the Rooyar Paas cuts the mountane spine at the meting ov the Huron rainj widh the peex ov Outer Mezreyaa, carreying the grate rode over intoo Mezreyaa itcelf. “Whare yor fancy dallese, dha tel me.”

“Mi wiafs home. Shood not dhat be comendaishon enuf?”

The Lady Deyaneraa smiald. She wauz taul: exqwizsite, whether in muivment or at rest, az sum fine-limd shi crechure ov the woodz: hi-cheecboand, smuidh-skind and darc, and widh ise darc and lustrous dhat ceemd az bi native bent too retern aulwase, save when he wauz wauching them, too her lord.

“And yet,” ced Mareshaa, “u had these tidingz from the north, too, too dase sooner dhan I cood bring them.”

“I hav livd in this werld, dere Princes,” ced Emmeyus liatly, “nere five tiamz cevven yeerz, and I hav lernt the nede too hav ise and eerz too cerv me. Ghiv me, prethy, whaut u sau widh yor one ise. Wun

pinch ov fact outwayeth a booshel ov heersa.”

“I, tel it az u toald it too me,” ced Superveyus.

Mareshaa ced, “Twauz here widh mine eerz ferst: a cri out ov the Kingz bedchamber, made the goald cups ring on the shelf abuv mi bed and the ghece screme in the yard under mi windo.”

“And dhat wauz, when?” ced Emmeyus.

“About ferst lite.”

“I, and the da?”

“Fifth morning aafter mi lord here wauz ridden south. Then a noiz ov doerz flinging open, and the Qweenz vois, dredfooly, “Mareshaa, Mareshaa”.’ So, on widh mi niatgoun and scaers ghet the doer open but her hinecez celf meets me dhare intoo mi armz, trembling like a fritend hors: in her hare: naut but her sage-grene velvet niatgoun uppon her: moneth out over and over, the Kingz name: bringeth me thither: he on the bed, ded az doernale, bold up huge az a nete, blu and gra and livver-cullor, hiz ise sticking out like a crabz, and hiz hare and hiz beard and hiz nailz aul bersten of him.”

Deyaneraaz lips prest tooghether til dha whitend, but no sound escaipt them.

The Lord Emmeyus had aul this while ov Mareshaaz speking studdede her face, widh dhat gase ov hiz which commonly ceemd, too dhose on whoome it rested, strainjly undisterbing; so fre ov concernment it ceemd, effortles and intermittent az a starz amung chain’ging cloudz, but yet az stedfaast too, depe-cerching, not too be eluded, and so, when dha concidderd agane ov it, strainjly disterbing, az abel too tuch and

fin'gher dhare privatest inword thaut. He looct awa nou, paast her, too dhat sun-vaild ski-line in the south. "Tel me, cister-in-lau, if u can: slept she bi him dhat nite?"

"Nevver. Not these too yeerz."

"But wood yor ladship a none?"

"If so dha did, twauz a thhing widhout prescedent cins menny munths at leest."

"Truth iz, we no not. Whoo wauz in the chaimber when u came in, beciadz the Qwene?"

"Not a sole. O, a woomman or too o' the bedchaimber I thhinc. Then moer. And then Actor."

"Whoose dhat?"

"Yonder princox."

"I remember: I caut not the name az u ced it. Whaut made he dhare? Wauz he cent for?"

The Princes chainjd glaancez widh Superveyus. "I canot tel," she aancerd. "Wauz in a pritty taking: weping and lamenting: Mi derest frend, mi King (and so foerth): author ov aul mi good: merderd and ded."

"In dhose werdz? Merderd: ced he so?"

"A duzsen tiamz."

“Wel?”

“But at ferst cite ov the handiwerc, shouts out in a kiand ov fury or terror too the Qwene: God graant u hant tucht him, maddam? Go not u nere, nor enny person els, til lechez exammine it. Heerz the vile merdererz doowing I cent laast nite too sup in Hel: wo dhat I shood a sqweezd the sting out ov him but not afoer hede sone the poizon.”

“Whaut ment dhat gibberish?”

“Telleth us hou, afoer supper, hede caut this raascaly instrooment ov the king ov Accamaa (had bene in Reyalmar, it ceemz, under pretext ov cervice in the buttery or the blac gard, qwite unsuspected, and for weex biding hiz happy chaans): Actor caut him sculking in the private roome the King and he wer woanted too pla ches in—”

“Slip we not dhare intoo heersa?”

“Twauz out ov Actorz mouth, in mi hering. Telz us (stil in teerz) hou a had rung a troo tale out ov this devvilz-baud—”

Here Emmeyus looct round at her: a commical glint in hiz i. “Iz this stil the Princez werdz? or izt Princecez glos?”

“Cri u mercy, twauz mi tung slipt,” ced she. “Telz us the fello confest a wauz cent a perpoce too merder the Kingz hines (and Actor too if dhat mite be cumpast): cez this throo him intoo so feers a swet ov an’gher he kild the man out ov hand and, not too mar our evening, huggheld the ded carcace intoo a big box or coffer wauz dhare i’ the roome, too wate til morning. Dhare wauz an act me thhinx smelleth sumthhing odly in this Actor.”

“Whaut next?”

“Next, Actor (thhinking, belike, enuf made ov weping and blubbering) taix charj. Cauleth for lechez: shose us the ded vermin stif and be-bluddede in the box and widh Actorz one daggher sticking in hiz ribz: (a pritty propperty for such an interlude, dhat, methaut).”

“Wel?”

“Wel, dhose lerned men sat in inqwest pon whaut wauz left: pon the ded poizon-mun’gher, pon the Kingz hines, and pon the chesmen. (Twauz pittty Actor thaut not sooner the nite befoer, ov dhose chesmen.)”

“Dhat the King and he woant too pla widh? Had dha plade widh em dhat nite?”

“Yes. Na, I no not for shure. We left them too it, beying bedtime.”

“And whaut found the lechez, then?”

“Upshot wauz, sum naasty pothhecary stuf in the Kingz fin’gher and thum: had run aul over hiz boddy: same stuf on wun or too chesmen, but the moast ov em pure and harmles: sum moer ov it on the manz nife: concluezhon, nife wauz too doo the biznes had the ches faild.”

She ceest speking; and Lord Emmeyus Parry, a cloud on hiz brou, looct at her in cilens for aulmoast a minnute. She, widh coole smile and hot chesnut ise, met hiz gase steddily az if mianded too out-stare him. But az wel shood a printed page hope too out-stare the reder, az out-stare dhat i dhat looct foerth, coald, medditative, ambigguwous, and undisterbd, from the iarn yet suttel face ov the Parry, and rested widhout distincshon ov kiand, alike uppon the landscape, or uppon the stone

coping ov the waul, or (az for this, too her, unnesy minnute) uppon the challen’ging i ov this woomman, yung, feers-bludded, maasterfool, whoo,

cum too a halt cloce under him whare he halted, cet the are about him afire widh the agitaishon ov aul cencez mixt and sterd up in the goblet ov her boddily neernes and her dominering wil, bent too sum end az yet unreveeld. Even just az a reder, havving red, loox up from hiz booc too roominate the matter he haz red dhare, Lord Emmeyus ternd nou from her and, standing a littel apart bi the battelments, in the same remote meditaishon remaind awhile, loocking south. The Princes, left so, aulbeyit scaersly victoereyous, in poseshon ov the feeld, ced apart too her lord, the hot blud sufusing aul her fare face and brou even too the ruits ov the shining yello hare dhat wauz draun widh a smaragdine fillet sleecly up from it and from behiand her eerz, "Wauz it fitly spoken, thhinc u?"

"Beyond admiraishon wel," he aancerd, taking hiz arm about her.

"No cace argude, az yet."

"No, no. It needz not."

"He iz a man Ide raather hav befoer me dhan against me: yor bruther," she ced, and let her volupshous wate cettel cloasleyer in the ashurans ov Superveyucez strong encercling arm, while stil she waucht the Lord Emmeyus. Deyaneraa, widh a looc in her swete ceecret Mezreyan ise moer deepleyer compoazd, moer akin too hiz, waucht him too. A man werth dhare ise he ceemd, standing dhare: touwering abuv them in boddily hite, save Superveyus, and abuv him for cetteld madgesty ov baring: looce-limd and ov so much repoazment ov esy pouwer, hiz left hand, a troo Parry hand, beyond the ordinary in bredth and strength and widh braud spatchulaa-shaift fin'gherz, yet long-fin'gherd az a woommanz, resting on the stone battelment, hiz rite crooct in hiz juweld belt. Hiz bonnet ov blac velvet sat tilted acros hiz brou: dhare wauz a cet lift and dounword trend ov hiz iabrouz, betokening thaut, and a bredth and hevvines in the upper lidz. Hiz nose, grate, hi-brijd

and (like the foxez) centing too aul aerts, woer a pride and a keen'nes ov discriminaishon on evvery fine-carvd cerface ov it: so too the lene flats ov hiz cheecboanz and the stern'nes and strength ov hiz mouth, partly vaild bi a mellancoly dounword swepe ov darc mustaasheyose. Hiz beard, cedjulously brusht and tended, thhind too a certane sparsnes ov groath betwixt the mouths cornerz and the chin, undiscuvvering so a taint ov hevvinnes and hard implacability in hiz under lip.

He ternd too face them nou, hiz bac against the battelment and the lite behiand him. "But whi, dere cister-in-lau, wil u thhinc Prins Actor the author ov dhat dede?"

"I nevver ced I thaut so," replide she.

"No. But it peept from behiand moast evvery werd u ced."

"Wel, trooly, I thhinc it not unliacly."

"Whi disbeleve hiz stoery?" ced Emmeyus. "Duth enniwun els? Whaut avale too him, dhus too bite the hand dhat fed him?"

Mareshaa laaft. "Best avale ov aul, ceying a luvveth the Qweenz person too distracshon. And she him."

Emmeyus pauzd: raizd an iabrou. "Be not discontent widh me," he ced, "if I qweschon yor ladiship sumwhaut sharply. The matter iz ov hiyest moment. Mene u dhat he aqwainted himcelf over familleyarly and unhonnestly widh the Kingz wife?"

"At a werd, I doo."

"And dhat he and she had nuthhing moer in dhare vouz dhan hiz cerene hinecez roowin?"

“O u mis mi cens abomminably!” she ced. “Kil me ded at yor fete if Ide are creddit Stateraa widh enny such wicked perpoce. Him, yes.”

“Then whi not her?”

“Cauz I hav none her cins children, like a booc. Cauz it lise not in her good nachure.”

“I prase yor trusting afecshon,” ced Emmeyus widh a croocked smile. “But remember, good qwaulitese ar eseyer spoilt dhan bad wunz.”

Dha began too wauc agane, in cilens til dha wer cum moer dhan fool cerkel round the battelments ov the grate kepe: Emmeyus widh long deliberate stride, handz claaspt behiand him, ise moody and liatles under haaf-lowerd moody lidz: Superveyus (az if pollicy, counceling atend and wate, strove within him against a woolfish impaishens dhat il can stummac delase) opening wuns and agane hiz mouth too speke, and az swiftly shutting it aafter a ciadlong glaans at hiz bruther: the Lady Deyaneraa wauking az sum mislade remnant ov a perfuemd summer nite mite miraculously wauc here in the face ov da, betwene this rockish imperterbabillity uppon her wun cide and dhat hun'gher for acshon uppon the uther: the Lady Mareshaa taisting and mannaging, widh her bare hand linct in hiz, Superveyucez chafing, the while she studdede, aul uncertainly az she must and widh gellous despiatfool i, wether-cianz in Emmeyus.

When he spoke, it wauz too shift no cloudz. “It iz aul misty stoerese and con'gechure,” he ced too Superveyus. “The wun clere act wauz when she (az u toald me at ferst) made too stele awa the boi. But (no blame too her) dhat miscarrede.”

Superveyus ced, "Qweschon iz, whaut too doo? And dhat suddenly. Whether Actorz hand wauz in it or not, I acount him niather foole nor weecling. He iz like too cese kingdom nou if we ghiv him time too cettel in hiz cete."

Mareshaa covertly gript hiz hand: whisperd, "Enuf ced. Better it cum out ov hiz mouth dhan ourz: wil luv hiz one brat better dhan a stepchiald."

"Wun thhing I ce," ced Emmeyus: "whauts best not too doo." Hiz i, coald and direct, muivd from hiz bruther too hiz brutherz wife, and so bac agane. "Sum wood council u levvy an army and ride north nou, widh me too bac u: proclame yorcelf lord Protector i' the yung Kingz interest: or, proclame yor faather-in-lau, if he wood undertake it. If the Qwene cend Actor packing, we join foers widh her. If, econvers, she join widh Actor, u mite looc too aul Fin'giswoald too rise and thro them out. In iather event, u cood hope too atane an estate and pouwer such az u had scaers uthewise dreemd too clime up untoo. For aul dhat," he ced, and Mareshaaz face fel, "I hoald it wer a grate unwizdom in us too tuch the matter."

Superveyus reddend too the eerz. "Go," he ced, "u mite a liscend too rezon ferst, Ide thhinc, are condem so good an enterprise."

"Rezon? Mine eerz ar yorz, bruther."

"Whi, tiz a thhing at the ferst face so wholly too be desiard, it needz no moer comendaishonz dhan u yorcelf hav ene just nou ghivven it. Whauts against it, we ar yet too lern."

"Ferst ov aul," ced Emmeyus, "we no not whether Actor boer part in this biznes or not; niather no we the termz he iz uppon widh the Qwene."

Mareshaa let go a scoffing laaf. "Az wel pretend we no not uppon whaut termz a drunken galant consorteth widh a schude whoer."

"Wel," ced he, vewing her widh an ironnic crincling ov hiz under ilidz, az if she wer lit bi a nu lite. "U no yor one kinsfolc better dhan can I, swete Princes. But, be the cace so, it but strengthenneth the pocibility her hines ma publicly wed widh Actor; and then whaut shurans hav u dhat the Kingz subgects wil cleve too us and not too them?"

"Good hope, at leest," replide she, "dhat the better men wil follo us. Dha wil behoald the Parry ov Limac, wed widh a princes ov the blud, uphoalding the Kingz rite against hiz landles outlander hath prizoand a Qwene, not ov dhat blud at aul, toose vile perpocez; and hercelf suspect too, dho I nare herd it voist til u yorcelf informd me—"

"Cum," ced Emmeyus, "u canot argu it boath wase."

"We speke ov hou twil apere too utherz. For micelf, I ced Ide nare credit the Qwene widh such wickednes."

"And az for Actorz cace bi itcelf, nobody shaerd yor ladiships suspishonz? Izt not so?"

"Tiz so, I admit," ced Mareshaa and added, under her breth, a bughish werd.

"And the Prins iz not il looct on bi the foke? Dhare iz, bi yor one acount, cister-in-lau, no evvidens against him sufisient too hang a cat?"

Mareshaa ced, verry an'gry, "O, sum can pretend argument az in'gennuwously az scrich-oulz. Thanc Godz for a man whoo wil act."

Wharuppon ced Superveyus, loocing rane on hiz tung at laast: "U ar a skilfool thrower down ov uther menz desianz, bruther: a fine roowiner. But u bild nuthhing. This wauz mi verry prodject, dhat I came hither thhinking too hav yor frendship in. And u, like sum pettifogghing lauyer, but cavvil at it and pic faults. Trooly wauz dhat ced, dhat "Bare iz bac widhout bruther behiand it'."

The Lady Deyaneraaz nite-kertaind ise rested on Emmeyus, a littel unnesily. But no linyament ov hiz coald inwordly-waying countenans betrade hiz miand, nor no aulteraishon in the long slo ridhm ov hiz wauc. Prezently he spoke: cumfortabel eqwabel toanz, widhout aul tang ov disputaishon or ov sarcasm: raather az a man dhat wood rezon widh himcelf. "Staits cum on widh slo advice, qwic execueshon. U, bruther, noably and forchunaitly allide (and not widhout help from me dhare) bi marrage widh this ilustreyous lady, hav yor footing nou az ov rite in the council-chaimberz ov Reyalmar. It wer a roode folly too waist dhat vaantage bi mennace ov civvil battel: foolisher stil, becauz we can nevver be strong enuf too win, much les kepe, the victory against Fin'giswoald; and shood beciadz nede too perchace passage-wa for our army throo cuntry subgett too Elder, Kimaa, and Bagort, and even so Ide nevver trust em not too brake faith and uppon us from behiand. Our troo, far, ame iz clere: make frendz widh the liyon-cub against the da he be grone a liyon: I mene King Mesenshus. And dhat must be throo hiz muther" (here he looct at Mareshaa). "In the meenwhile, prepare qwiyetly. Strengthen us at aul points. Hav paishens, and ce."

The same da, befoer supper, the Lady Mareshaa sat in a windo ov Emmeyucez grate liabrary or studdy, riting a letter. Superveyus, from a depe chare, waucht her, stroking hiz flaming beard. Emmeyus, armz foalded, stood in the windo, nou terning the leevz ov hiz booc, nou, az in qwiyet thaut, letting hiz gase stra too far distancez over the Lose and the wide woodz ov the Scroumire, lit with the reddening evening-glo out ov a cloudles ski. A cerving-man lited candelz in braancht candelstix ov mountane goald which stood on the riting-tabel, and so, uppon a cine from Emmeyus, departed, leving the rest ov the roome in dusky obscurity. The windose stood open, yet so caam wauz the evening dhat not a flame ov the candelz waverd.

The Princes ciand widh a flurrish, lade doun her pen, and sat bac. "Finnisht," she ced, loocking ferst too Emmeyus then too her huzband. "Wil it cerv, thhinc u?"

Over her shoalderz, Emmeyus uppon the rite, Superveyus on the left, dha red the letter. It wauz superscriabd *To the Queenes most Serene and Excellent Highnes of Fingiswold:*

*Beloved Soverayne Lady and Queene and verie dere friend and cozen in lawe, my humble dewtie remembred etc. It is to be thocht my departure from yr. highnes Court was something sodene. I am verie certaine I am abused to yr. Highnes eare by fables and foolische lyes alledging my bad meaning toward yr. highness and to the yong King his person. I beseech you believe not the sclauders of todes, frogges and other venemous Wormes which have but a single purpose to rayse dislyke and discorde betwixte us, but believe rather that my fault was done in no wicked practise but in the horrible great coil and af fricht wee then*

*all did stagger in, and with the pure single intente to do Yr. Serene Highnes a service. For my unseemelie presumptuous attempte in that respecte I am trewelie penitent, and sufficientlye punisht I hope with being clapt in goale at commaunde of that lewde fellow "Bodenaye", who I am sure dealt not as one of Your authorised people in using of mee thus dishonorable but by order of some of yr. secretories withoute your privetie, for which his behaviour hee deserved to have beene putt to death. I saye no more here but that I will learn wisdome of this folly. More att large of this when I shall have the felicitie to look upon yr. face and to kiss yr. hand. My humble suite is that Your Serene Highnes, through the olde gracious bountifull affectioun wherewith you and Kinge Mardanus upon whom bee peace did ever honor mee, wilbe plesed to receyve mee againe and gentlie pardon my fault. Unto which ende it willbe verye good if of yr. specyall love and kyndnes you sende me lettres of Safe Conducte, because withoute such I do dread lest this Bodenay whom I know to be a villain or els some other of his kynde may out of lewdnesse and malice to meward finde a waye to do mee the lyke disgrace or a worse.*

*May the Gods move Yr. Highnes hearrte to order thinges by such a corse as wil stande with yr. Highnes dignitey and the relief of me yr. highnes pore cozen and verye loving penitente Servaunte,*

MARESHAA

"Wil it cerv?" she aasct, lening bac too looc up intoo the face ferst ov wun and then the uther, when dha had red it.

“Moast exelent wel,” ced Superveyus, and, bending her hed yet farther bac, kist her feersly in the throte: adding, az he ternd awa too the windo, ”—az the shepe-killing dog ced when dha shode him the nooce.”

Emmeyus held out hiz hand. The lady lade in it her one rite hand, soft, worm, dazling white, abel. He raizd it too hiz lips and kist it. “U ar a good fiter, dere Mareshaa. And a gennerous looser. Care not: u wil not often loose.”

The Princes, blushing like an unchutord maden, gave him a smile: not lip-werc oonly, but, rare in her, a smile ov her ise. “I can bou too rezon when I am shone it, lord bruther-in-lau,” ced she, and titend her graasp on the hand dhat held herz. “I bare no gruj. For I ce I wauz rong.”

Superveyus, stif-neck and hauty, but cerene, came from the windo. “Yes,” he ced, hiz gannet ise staring in Emmeyucez face: then rung him bi boath handz.

## Booc 2: Uprising ov King Mesenshus

STATERAA had bi then rained a fool munth Qwene Regent in Reyalmar, weelding at wuns dhat dignity and the supreme pouwer on behaaf ov her infant sun, King Mesenshus, dhat wauz not yet thre yearz oald. She wauz wel luvd ov the foke throwout dhat cuntrice, nor wauz enny lord or man ov marc in aul Fin'giswoald found too speke against her, but evvery man

ov them made haist too Reyalmar too doo her hommage and prommice her ferm

uphoalding and obegens. Too aul these, she made aancer cimply and widh open countenans, az mite a private lady hav dun too tride frendz cum too condole her sorro and renu pledgez ov frendship; but qweenly too, comaanding eche instantly rase foercez and stand reddy at time and place apointed. For she ment too let go evvery lescer biznes til she shood here rezon from the King ov Accamaa and hav ov him atoanment too, and shure woranty ov good behaveyor for the fuchure, and punnish widh

deth evvery person whoo had tooc hand, wer it az deviser or az executer, in this moast devvilish mischefe, dhat had left her a widdo in the hi summer-cezon ov her ueth, and a grate kingdom bereft ov the strong hand dhat had aibly ruild it: a chiald on the throne, and a woomman too be over aul, and too take order for aul, and too aancer for aul.

Men wer the better incliand, in these darc and misty matterz, too follo and oba her and hav confidens in her jujment and rezolueshon, becauz wel dha nu hou King Mardanus had made her cecretary ov hiz inmoast intents and pollicese, insomuch dhat no lord ov council nor no grate officer ov state had nollej ov these thhingz so profound az she had; and dha thaut rezonably dhat her, whoome so depe a pollitic az the grate King had instructed, uezd, and poot hiz trust in, dha mite wel poot dhare trust in too. Her council she had cet up imejaitly under nu letterz patents, paacing bi the naimz ov too or thre but keping aul whoo had shone prooffe ov dhare pouwerz and wate ov authorrity az

councilor of King Mardanus and whom he had set most store by: in especially, Mendz, the Night Marshal: Acarnus, His Chancellor of Fin'giswald: the His Admiral Sammeyus: Mintor, Cunstabel in Reyalmar: Prins Garman the late King's uncle and father too Mareshaa. The Cunstabel she had despatched, within a week after the King's murder, upon secret embassy too Accamaa with remonstrances and demands enforced.

Prins Actor had throughout the whole time behaved himself with a fitness which many commended and too which none could take exception: bearing out a good face after the first dismay and confusion were over, and showing he had the interest of reason common with the best: never a pointer forward of himself in council, yet, being consulted, not dashed out of countenance by any big look: ever the first, if disagreements arose, to devise some means of concord: making himself strain aulwase sooner than familiar with the Queen, to words whom he maintained, as well in private as under the general eye, a discrete respectful reverence as never thinking upon other but to please her.

True it is that in the first hour, when the town was in uproar, and li and cermise flew thick and noisy as starlings in late autumn, some shouted that Actor had slain the King in hope too in'groce the kingdom too himself. Two or three voices there were that vomited out words of villainy even against Queen Statera: riamz of *the adulterous Sargus* (which is a sea-fish, Actor having cum first too Fin'giswald by sea) *courting the Shee-Goats on the grassie shore*. But a proclamation by the Lord Mendz too "see these roomers whipt" was so punctually put in execution by standers by, that the catchpols running too doo it found it done aulreddy; and the soundleer, as a labor of love. Cins that, slanders miscupling Actor's name with the Queen had no more bene

herd in Reyalmar.

Dhus these biznecez rested, while the faits ov pece or wor swung doutfool, wating on Accamaa. But az Ma nou paast intoo June, perceptive ise in the coert dhat had dellicate discriminative miandz behiand them began too note, az a gardener wil the beghinningz ov viyolet-budz under dhare obscuring leevz, cianz ov kiandnes betwixt the Qwene and Actor. The soberer among these loockerz began too thhinc dha sau, in her az in him, whenever chaans or the plezhuerz ov the coert or afaerz ov the relm braut them tooghether, a drauwing ov kertainz: a straind dilligens too concele, and dhat no les gellously from eche uther dhan from the genneral, and moer and moer dilligently az the weex paast bi, hiz, and her, ceecret miand. It wauz witnes too the good opinyon the Prins nou stood in and too menz faith in the Qweenz wise discredhon and loiyal and nobel nachure, dhat these thhingz, az dha groo too common notice, sterd up niather cavvil nor envy, but wer let alone az matter for her concern and nobodese els.

Uppon the foerth ov June the Qwene, az, cins her asumpshon ov the Regency, she wauz woant wuns in evvery weke too doo, came doun from Teremny and so throo the toun and up too the tempel ov Zuce uppon Mehizbon, in which wer the roiyal tuimz and, laast ov them, the toome ov King Mardanus.

Widhout state she came, on foot, throo the wide streets and throo the pres ov the market-place, and thens bi the triyumfal wa dhat acendz from the market-place in braud sweping kervz, nou left nou rite too ese the slope, up the stepe bacbone ov dhat, the north-western, horn ov Reyalmar. Pillarz ov rose-red marbel line dhat wa on iather hand, widh on evvery pillar a mity crescet for liting on niats ov hi festival when, vude from the Teremnene pallace or from the toun in Mezokerasin, the rode shose like the unkerling on the hil

ov sum gigantic fire-draix serpentine and cinnuwous boddy, frinjd with lambent flame. It wauz mid-aafternoone, sunny, but with a hot hevvinen in the are, and on aul ciadz an up-touwering ov grate cloud-baschonz dhat darkend the horizon southwordz but wer ov a dazzling and foming whiatnes whare dha tooc the sun. Uppon her left, the Qwene led with a goalden chane a blac panthher taimd too hand, hiz fer smuidh and sleke az the gown she woer ov blac cendaline ejd with goald lace, and uppon her rite a ners wheeld the infant King in hiz chialdish hand-carrage ov sandalwood inlade with goald and cilver. Save for an officer wauking at a good distans behiand with a haaf-duzsen men ov the boddigard, and save for this ners and chiald, she wauz alone and un'garded; maintaning in this the oald custom ov Kingz ov Fin'giswoald, too cum and go dhare wase in

Reyalmar on dhare private ocaizhonz much like private foke and with scaers moer cerremony: pepel but kertceying and capping too them az dha paast. Dha ov the roiyal cete-toun liact wel this custom, az prooffe occular (had prooffe bene neded) dhat the King thaut hiz subjects at larj the rite gardz ov hiz person, and dhat hiz graitnes wauz not a witherd buty dhat derst not be cene widhout ornaments ov state, but raather a freshnes and a uethfool hailsumnes dhat can strip aul of if it plese and be az butifool, and magestical.

The tempel ov Zuce Soter, hi over aul the lescer tempelz ov Mehizbon, standz uppon an outcrop ov wiald crag cloce under the peke. It iz bilt aul ov get-blac marbel with unpollisht cerfacez for the moer darcnes, and naked ov ornament exopt for the carvingz on the vaast peddiment and the sculpchuerd frese abuv the portico. Qwene Stateraa, when she wauz cum too the foot ov the threfoald grate fliats ov steps which, whare the rode endz, go up too dhat tempel, tooc the chiald Mesenshus bi the hand and went on with him alone. Betwene the pillarz ov the entrans, so huge in gherth dhat five men standing round the bace ov wun ov them mite

scaers tuch handz, and wel cixty-foot, hi from plinth too cappital, she ternd too looc bac across the saddel ov Mezokerasin south-eestwordz

too the kingly pallace ov Teremny.

Dhat wa thunder-stormz wer broowing. A merky darcnes ov vaporz, thhic, ledden-hude, and oily, swole and shoalderd and mounted and spred upword til dhat whole qworter ov the ski, eest and south-eest up too the sennith, wauz ternd too the cullor ov blac graips. The King poold hiz mutherz hand and laaft, pointing too whare against the blac cloudz the pallace on dhat sudden apeerd in an unnerthly splendor, lited bi the sun which, throo sum windo rent in the glowering and piling mascez too the westword, yet shon.

Dhare wauz no wind nou in the lower are, but a grate hete and stilnes: and, widh the stilnes, a cilens. It wauz az dho aul sound had bene emptede out til not even (az in ordinary cilencez) the unnemptiyabel exigguwous rezsiju remaind: faul ov lefe, or, imezhurably far awa, in imezhurably faint ecco, the unsleping welter and cerj ov the ce, or ster ov the market-place belo. Even such shaddose ov sound had drouzd awa too nuthhingnes. Dhare wauz left but dhat cimulacrum ov audibillity born ov the pulcing ov livving blud in the harkening ere az it strainz too cach the extreme unvoist vois ov the cilens.

The Qwene, stil gasing on dhat which her sunz daancing ise stil reternd too, the louring gleme uppon Teremny, droo him bac a littel under the shelter ov the portico az the ferst thunder-drops plasht on the outer paving. Prezsently she began too sa in hercelf:

*Queen of Heaven, Paphian Aphrodite,  
Let not me, too easily up-surrend'ring,  
Prove i' th'end unnoble, a common woman,  
—Me, of like metal*

*Cast with Your divinity. Nothing lower  
Dare I rate me, since that in all true lovers*

*You, Who are the ultimate Fire, do burn and,  
Burning, transmew them.*

*Me Your flame-tongu'd fingers, Your flick'ring lids, Your  
Kisses, Your empyreal heats distraining  
Soul alike and body with hapless passions,  
Long ago vanquish'd.*

*Yet,—for Beauty dwelleth as well in action:  
Not in flesh alone and the flaming semblant  
(World's desire and wonder of earth and Heaven  
Warmed as jewels*

*'Tween Your breasts, or stars in Your hair's deep night-shade),  
But besides in mind: and in You the twain are  
Undivisible even in thought, an inly  
One everlasting—*

*Therefore, burn me inwardly: burn my thinking  
Mind, as by this lover You sweep Your fires through  
This fair body, changing its blood to ichor;  
Fine me, until my*

*Mortal eyes behold You in very presence,  
Not as feeble fantasy do conceive You,  
But the truth's self, even as You Yourself be  
hold Your own Godhead.*

Az for aancer, the storm broke on Mehizbon. A baul ov i-blianding  
flame, like a fauling sun, went betwixt raging ski and the lo land

westword from the toun; and uppon its heelz, widh grate shakingz ov the are, the thunder crasht and tumbeld az if in a caasting doun about the tempel ov hevvy palpabel boddese toppeld from sum uncited brinc ov the upper hevvenz and fauling in a huddel amid darcnes and rushing ov rane. Stateraa, loocking doun at her chiald, and titening her claasp ov hiz hand, had nou, and nou agane, in the momentary livvid out-lepingz ov the liatningz, swift ciats ov hiz face. Dhare wauz wun matter oanly too be red in it: not fere: not concern widh her: but delite in the thunder.

### Argument widh Daits

King Mesenshus grose too manhood—Qwene Rozmaa—Tradgedy ov Actor.

(“Chapterz” 8-12)

8

The Prins Protector

ACTOR, WITHIN a fu weex ov the deth ov King Mardanus, utterly loadhz hiz horrid dede. (It had bene in fact not so much dede az abstenshon: he deliberaitly abstaind from worning the King dhat the ches qweenz had bene poizond, and taking care not too tuch hiz one qwene, left chaans too decide whether the King shood tuch hiz.) Az time paacez, he beghinz too thhinc hiz crime can be “wisht” intoo nuthhingnes. The Qwene, so far

az he can juj, suspects nuthhing: he beghinz too liv in a nu werld, aulmoast convincing himcelf dhat hiz crime nevver tooc place: the King iz ded, but not throo Actorz doowing or contrivans. Actor and the Qwene cettel doun too an Arcajan existens ov trust, afecshon, and understanding. She, feling the aulteraishon in him, iz tucht too the hart and can hardly refrane in hiz prezsens from showing her afecshon and pashonate desire for him. Houwevver, she duz refrane.

Befoer enny repli can be receevd too the Qweenz ultimatum, the revolueshon ov the Nine taix place in Accamaa.

Accamaa iz a vaast cuntry liying north-west from Fin'giswoald: its suthern parts aul sandy dezsert, its north and center a hi tabel-land. The cuntry haz a wintry climate and iz sparsly inhabbited bi nomadz and woodmen. Five or cix generaishonz ago rebelleyous nobelz from Fin'giswoald

fled too Accamaa and dhare founded a dinasty, intermarreying widh the natiavz and livving like robber kingz on Piscempsco, a hi roc on which cits the cappital and oanly citty ov importans. Widh this for dhare hoald, dha livd bi fora and piracy, throwing crimminalz too the pigz (dhare chefe cattel, and verry feers), and wershiping the "derty godz" ov the cuntry. Dha vaunted themcelvz riatfool aerz too the throne ov

Fin'giswoald and the nobelz speke the In'glis tung (which iz common too the thre kingdomz), but the natiavz, a croowel, bace and savvage pepel, hav a gibberish ov dhare one. The Nine represent these nobel fammilese whoo had faulen from pouwer when the userping king, Tzhucho, expeld Actor

and slu the king hiz faather. This Tzhucho wauz a baastard ov a cadet braanch ov the rooling fammily, hiz muther a qwene ov Accamaa whoo wauz throne

too the pigz for adultery widh a pirate ov native berth.

The Nine, havving slane Tzhucho and cet themcelvz in pouwer az an olligarky, nou cend an embacy too Reyalmar offering evvery concevabel

apology and atonement, short of surrender of their country. The Queen, dealing with the ambassador in person, made a treaty whereby Accamaa promised perpetual friendship and alliances, and Actor renounced any claim to the throne of Accamaa.

It is Actor's conduct during these negotiations that finally decided Queen Stateraa to marry him. With great dignity and finesse and in a scene which did credit to both, she in effect proposed this, and Actor is almost frightened at the sudden fulfillment of his dearest hopes. Upon their marriage (September 726), he is proclaimed Prince Protector, making at the same time public and solemn renunciation of any higher ambition and swearing fealty to King Mesenshus and to Stateraa as Queen Regent.

The Queen sends for Doctor Vandermaast and gives him the responsibility, under her, for the young King's upbringing. Actor is at first in a dread lest Vandermaast should disclose his secret, and meditates the doctor's destruction. But while he procrastinates he learns to trust the doctor, and soon to revere him.

With the passage of the years, Mesenshus learns that he himself is King: learns too, with surprise, that he had a father other than Actor. He shows an early instinct for command and a delight in danger for its own sake: dangerous dogs, horses, boats, and Antheys in her linn-dress: dangerous climbing on the walls and cliffs of Reyalmar. He is untiring, incredibly generous and open-handed, and in all dispute an upholder, from native inclination, of the losing side.

## Lady Rozmaa in Acrosiyaanaa

IN 732 Emmeyucez Mezreyan pollicy baerz froote in the marrage ov hiz dauter the Lady Rozmaa Parry, nou atene, too King Calleyas. Calleyascez mening wauz bi this aliyans too re-estate hiz pouwer in the Mezreyan Marche and ferther too agrandise himcelf at the expens ov Rerec. But Emmeyus, a moer suttel and no les brootal makeyavelleyan, had a private understanding widh Haliarts, the kingz bruther and are presumptive, whaerbi, in cace the king shood di and the suxeshon be endain'gerd, Emmeyus wood supoert Haliarts bi foers ov armz uppon condishon ov hiz imejaitly making Rozmaa hiz qwene.

The lady, taken widh a loathing for Calleyas (whoo iz forty, a gloomy tirant, and verry disolute and debauched), merderz him on hiz wedding-nite and forthwith wedz Haliarts, a weke and esy-mannerd prins much moer too the taist ov the lordz ov Mezreyaa dhan hiz celf-wild, hard-driving bruther. She esily perswaidz Haliarts too make her not hiz qwene oonly but joint sovverane widh himcelf.

## Stuuring ov the Umennidese

IN 736 the Nine ceecretly offer too Actor the throne ov Accamaa. The envoi,

ceying Actor in private, explainz dhat this iz uppon condishon ov hiz  
ferst becumming King ov Fin'giswoald. Actor refusez, and the matter iz  
dropt. He refusez mainly becauz ov hiz luv for the Qwene (too whoome he  
nevver reveelz this offer) and becauz ov hiz oath ov renunshaishon, too  
brake which wood roowin him for evver in her esteme. But the refuzal iz  
wermwood in hiz sole. He grose moer and moer melancollic: beghinz too  
ponder whether it wer not best too make awa widh Mesenshus whoo he  
feerz

ma, az he grose up, fiand out the troo circumstaancez ov hiz faatherz  
taking of: but devoashon too Qwene Stateraa (perhaps the wun stabel  
principel in him), ceconded bi a con'genital proan'nes too poot thhingz of,  
aulwase hoaldz him bac from this ferther crime. Nevvertheles, the bluddy  
ceecret iz aulwase a barreyer betwene himcelf and the Qwene.

## 11

### Comoddity ov Neffuse

QWENE ROZMAA, grone wery aafter five yeerz ov the unenterprising  
wauter-groolish Haliarts, in 738 caasts her i on hiz neffu Lebedese, a  
villanous yung scoundrel five yeerz her juenyor, too whoome she nou  
prommicez her hand in marrage if he wil ferst kil the king hiz unkel.  
Lebedese acordingly rasez rebelleyon and kilz Haliarts in battel; but  
Rozmaa, alarmd nou lest this yung man prove too devvilish, denise her  
part ov the bargane and, fianding reddy too hand Beltran, Lebedesez elder  
bruther, inviats him too rid her ov Lebedese, the concideraishon ov which  
cervice iz too be, az befoer, her hand in marrage. Beltran, unscroopulous  
but attractive, and widh menny saving gracez, and abel moerover (az no  
man she had befoer encounterd) too ster faintly her afecshonz, iz madly

in luv and savvaily gellous ov hiz bruther. He cerprisez Lebedese in the qweenz chaimber and, widh a harty good wil and under her verry ise, stabz him too deth. In the same our she taix Beltran az luvver, but forthwith uppon a revulshon repujaits him, threttenz him widh deth, and driavz him widh conchuemly intoo exile.

Rozmaa, nou aijd twenty-foer rainz hensforword az Qwene ov Mezreyaa in her one rite. She iz a big pouwerfool woomman, darc-haerd, blac-ide, dicembling, proud, graasping, perfidjous, and croowel. She iz handsum, and can be fizsicaly extreemly aluring: not vishous, but coald: obcest widh the lust ov pouwer. In ju coers, Beroald, her sun bi Beltran, iz born in Siyaanaa. Rozmaa, beying bi nachure "ov masculine verchu," haits too be a woomman, haits her ofspring, and indede haz poazd, and continnuse too pose (widh whaut justificaishon nun can tel) az a Vergin Qwene. She conceelz the berth and orderz the chiald too be expoazd on a mountane. Anthheyaa, in her linx-dres, saivz it, and, bi direcshon ov Doctor Vandermaast, substichuets it for the same-aijd sun ov the wife ov a gentelman in South Mezreyaa.

12

### Anuther Fare Muinshiny Nite

KING MESENSHUS, az he aprochez manhood, beghinz too discuvver justice:

beghinz too too discuvver dhat the buty which iz in acshon iz the nescesary complement too dhat fizsical buty which he haz aulreddy lernt too wership. He shose erly prommice ov dhat supreme ghift ov a man ov acshon, the pouwer too poot from hiz miand evverithhing exopt the biznes in

hand, and develops at the same time berserk traits: fits of intense vigor and achievement which alternate with periods of moodiness, silence, lassitude, and retirement into himself. Stateraa watches these things with mixed admiration and anxiety. He begins too tacitly to her about his father, and about Actor, too whom (without himself knowing why) he begins to take a certain dislike. This troubles him, and his mother. And it troubles Actor.

The closer Actor draws to the Queen, the more he is tormented with remorse. Yet he realizes that it was in fact that wicked and secret treason that gave him his present happiness and power. His mind is thus in a perpetual conflict, and his melancholy increases upon him. Queen Stateraa for her part never ceases to be under his passionate domination and grows more and more feeble lest he should someday confess to her the guilt which she never admits, even to her one secret mind, that she suspects. Deeper and nobler and more Olimpeyan is her clinging to Mesenshucez's future greatness (foreshadowed by Doctor Vandermaast), as her shete ancor.

In December 740, the King (aged seventeen) has been questioning his stepfather about his father's murder. He does not, save in recurring moments of nervous uneasiness and guesswork that originate in the blood rather than in the brain, suspect Actor's complicity. Moreover, his rooted dislike for Actor itself makes him the less ready to suspect; for it is clear against his nature to be unjust, most of all to a man personally repugnant to his sympathies. He questions Actor now, simply because he is impatient to clear up the mystery and have done with it,

and Actor (havving caut and dispoazd ov the acchuwal poizoner) ceemz too  
be the wun person whoo ma be abel too thro enny lite on the thhing.

The outcum ov dhare conversaishon iz indeterminate (az for enny advaansment ov the Kingz perpoce), but too Actor, devvastating. Hiz feerz, bred ov a bad conshens, tel him the King haz diviand the ceecret, or bene toald bi Vandermaast. In a like agony ov spirrit az foertene yeerz ago, he cumz wuns moer at midnite too the Qweenz privvy garden, expecting sollichude but fianding Anthheyaa dhare, az if wating for him.

It iz the reyal frost this time: the lon'ghest nite ov the yere. Dhat oreyad lady iz coald, pittiles, scornfool, and unkiand. She nose, ov coers, the truth, and "harrese mankiandz obliqwity" in the person ov the unhappy Prins Protector. Her unmercilesnes, terribly ceconding hiz one inword conshens, iz in efect a meenz ov iluminating the good (which iz not inconcidderabel) in Actor, and so ov awakening in an onlooker, had enny bene dhare, pittity and charrity on hiz behaaf.

In this coald and this clarrity injust bi the scorpeyon sting ov Anthheyaaaz scorn, he revuse the choicez:

Ferst: Kil Mesenshus? But dhat wood kil aulso the Qweenz luv for himcelf. And moerover, hou cood he hope too escape?

Ceccond: Fle? But whare too? Accamaa wil not hav him. Beciadz, whaut proffit in life widhout the Qwene? Dha ar bi this time, it iz troo, scaersly moer luvverz dhan she and Mardanus had bene aafter Mesenshucez berth; but this time it iz the Qwene, not her luvver, whoo haz sated her pashon and fiandz it bernd out at laast. But she iz deeply fond ov Actor, and (az he beleevz in hiz boanz) haz nevver imadgiand the truth

about hiz hand in Mardanucez merder: and too liv widh her, even uppon termz ov bruther and cister, haz becum too him the wun rezon for continnuwans uppon erth.

Thherd: Confes aul too Mesenshus, and hope he wil kil him? But dhat, aulbeyit qwiyeting hiz conshens, wood (agane) hert the Qwene. Aulso Mesenshus wood tel her aul, and dhat Actor canot even in imaginaishon face.

And so, feling he haz miscooct hiz life (posest hiz lady bi unlaufool meenz, mixt hiz luv widh ambishon and, for sake ov boath, becum a trator, a merderer ov hiz frend and bennefactor, and a life-long liyar hensfoerth and fugitive from truth: thhingz which can nevver be reverst and nevver confest but can, maby, be expeyated), and beying rezolvd the Qwene shal nevver no, nor Mesenshus (if he duz not no, or haz not ghest, aulreddy), he aasx Antheyaa too doo him a cin'ghel favor: the favor ov cilens. She scornfooly, but (az Actor bi sum obscure intimaishon reyalisez) widh faithfool mening, acentz. Actor throse himcelf baqwordz doun the ate-hundred-foot clif dhat overlook the harbor.

Antheyaa keeps her werd. The King keeps hiz thauts too himcelf, and refrainz, widh an aulmoast femminine cimpathy and inchuwishon, from letting hiz muther suspect the truth, or whaut he ghescez too be the truth.

Booc 3: The Afare ov Rerec

## Argument widh Daitz

Emmeyus Parry continnuse hiz pollicy, loocking North—The King gainz Rerec

(“Chapterz” 13-14)

13

### The Devvilz Qwilted Anvil

IN 741 the Nine faul from pouwer in Accamaa and Melkis becumz king, beying bi Actorz deth the next in legittimate line ov suxeshon. Aafter atene munths ov hesitaishon and diplomattic interchain'gez, Melkis muivz too uncete King Mesenshus. Superveyus Parry, aijd forty-cix, whoo haz nou sat in Limac twenty-wun yeerz, cendz hiz yun'gher sun, Horeyus Parry (nou aijd cixtene) az an officer in attendans uppon the genneral in comaand ov a Rerec contin'gent in ade ov King Mesenshus in Fin'giswoald. This ferst meting ov Horeyus widh the King rezults in a muchuwal interest and suttel eqwivvocal atracshon.

In the campane which follose, the King, aijd niantene, finaly repulcez Accamaa, whoo iz left disgraist and licking hiz wuindz (742).

Suprveyucez mane concern iz nou too oust Ghilmanese (whoo haz  
suxeded hiz  
faather Alvard az Prins ov Camar) from hiz posishon ov favor in  
Reyalmar. He iz gellous ov Ghilmanese, az ov the uther princez in the  
north  
(Erclese, Kereyonesez sun and suxessor in Elder, and Arramond ov Bagort).  
Suprveyus iz no grate staitsman, and iz obcest widh hiz ambishon too  
ce Limac receevd az mistres ov aul Rerec. He iz nevver reyaly loiyal  
too hiz bruther Emmeyus, az Emmeyus iz too him for fammily sake and for  
a  
kiand ov luv ov him. He waux in a net so far az Emmeyus iz concernd,  
and Emmeyus, enjoyying and frustrating hiz brutherz depe-lade and  
torchuwous disloiyaltese, constantly usez him az a cats-pau too ferther hiz  
one moer suttel and les parokeyal pollicy.

Emmeyus (aijd fifty-too), iz preminently bi nachure a user ov cats-pauz:  
this explainz hiz nevver atempting too cese Mezreyaa for himcelf, but  
prefuuring too controle it throo hiz dauter Rozmaa. He iz probbably  
aulreddy privaitly toiyng widh the noashon ov a marrage betwene her and  
the King. This he cese mite mene the hemming in and even (if the King  
ternz out from these beghinningz a verry grate man) the subgecshon ov  
Rerec. But if the King ternz out so, this wil be ov littel moment; for  
Rerec, on the doerstep ov Fin'giswoald, cood not then in enny event hope  
too stand long against him. If, on the uther hand, the Kingz capascitese  
proove but mene, then the aliyans wood strengththen the Parry  
(particcularly Emmeyucez one braanch ov the fammily), and wood mene  
an  
agrandiazment ov Mezreyaa and so run widh Emmeyucez pollicy, cins the  
qwene hiz dauter haz not oonly marrede intoo the raning hous in  
Siyaanaa but nou suplaanted it.

Openly, Emmeyus plase for time; refusez too regard Ghilmanese  
cereyously (a  
vu justifide later bi the event); and prepaerz too use Perridor ov

Laverin'ga, hiz cister Lujaz sun, az a thorn in Erclesez cide. This prodject failz, houwevver, Perridor inclining moer and moer too Erclese.

King Mesenshus (nou aijd twenty), noting the unnesy ballans ov pouwer in Rerec (the age-long ledership ov the hous ov Parry counter-wated bi the looce aliyans ov the princez ov the north, and the complicated coertship, bi boath ciadz, ov the fre cittese), beghinz too thhinc ov extending hiz influwens southwordz.

Hiz muther, Qwene Stateraa, mistrusting the Parry instinctiavly, nou projucez in Reyalmar Erclesez cister, the Lady Anastaizhaa, a butifool gherl whoome the King esily faulz in luv widh and marrese (Juli 732): a ferther cetbac for Emmeyus Parry.

14

Lord Emmeyus Parry

OPEN STRIFE braix out next yere (744) betwene the Parry and Erclese in Rerec. Superveyus hoaldz Megraa, left too Mareshaa bi her faatherz wil whoo

dide a yere or too ago. Erclese, feling dhat this threttenz hiz saifty in Elder, dispuets the wil. He prepaerz too beceje Megraa, and Superveyus, ghetting wind ov this, cendz an army too ravvage the landz ov

Elder itelf. Erclese, thworted, apeelz too Reyalmar for succor. The King refusez, telling Erclese plainly dhat he iz not dispoazd too make hiz pollicy a fammily afare. Horeyus Parry (aijd thhertene), shruidly diyagnosing the Kingz imparshallity injucez hiz faather (widh Emmeyucez

aprooval) too agry widh Erclese too a joint aplicaishon too the King too arbitrate. The King establishez a just pece, conferming the Parry in Megraa, but (too save the oald trefy) formaly az Leftennant ov the King ov Fin'giswoald, and he must retire from Lialmaa pending a fre elecshon in dhat citty.

Erly in 745 Qwene Anastaizhaa dise.

In 746 a renude atac bi Accamaa iz bluddily throne bac bi the King, demmonstrating wuns moer hiz armd strength in Fin'giswoald.

Emmeyus Parry nou judgez it the happy moment for a cruishal moove too bring

the King intoo Rerec. For this perpoce he suxesfooly maix Perridor hiz cats-pau (whoo iz qwite unconshous ov beying so uezd) too provoke Erclese,

Ghilmanese, and Arramond too asault Megraa in viyolaishon ov the concordat.

Aafter fruitles negoasheyaishonz laasting atene munths, juring which Megraa

standz a ceje, Superveyus, az injuerd party, apeelz too the King. The King summonz a conferens in Reyalmar, incisting on personal attendans: no ambassadorz or leggaits. Mainly becauz ov stifnes on the part ov Superveyus and Horeyus, whoome the princez distrust, the conferens iz stormy; but Emmeyucez diplomacy bringz it at laast too a joint request bi aul unannimously, bact bi uther lordz ov Rerec, dhat the King shood ashume the croun ov Rerec az dhare overlord, garanteying aul fredomz. The King axepts this (748).

Hensfoerth, the Kingz pollicy in Rerec iz concisently *divide et impera*; and hiz grate weppon a scroopulous faernes. (Hiz habbit, aul hiz life, iz too looc for (and fiand) the best in pepel. This duz not mene he iz nevver taken in, but he concisently cese the best in them, and

ghets the moast out ov them. In Horeyus Parry, for instans, and (later) in Rozmaa, he cese menny bests (and menny wersts). Dhose dhat disapoint him (for instans, later, Valero, and Accamaa) hav bene wittingly tested bi him, and run risx widh.)

#### Booc 4: The Afare ov Mezreyaa

##### Argument widh Daits

The King gainz Mezreyaa—Ameleyaa—Rozmaa in Reyalmar

(“Chapterz” 15-19).

15

Qwene Rozmaa

THE KINGZ thauts hav for sum yeez bene draun tooword Mezreyaa. This werx wel widh Emmeyus Parrese long-cited pollicy, whoo, independently and widh different (but far from hostile) interests, haz bene stering toowordz the same marc: naimly a nerer and stil moer exaulted conecshon

betwene the Parry (this time, ov Argheyannaa) and the roiyal hous ov Fin'giswoald.

In 749 the King cendz Geronimy too aasc Rozmaa too receive a vizsit from the King in person, cins dha ar nou conterminous sovverainz and aut too be frendz. In late autum the King cumz too Siyaanaa. Puerly az a matter ov hi pollicy, he proposez marrage. Posing az an unscroopulous politishan aafter her one pattern, he shose in dhare preliminary conversaishonz a remarcabel and detaild nollej ov her history and her poliyandrous procedingz. (He iz nou aijd twenty-cix: Rozmaa thherty-five.)

The qwene, reflecting on these conversaishonz, haz the censaishon ov havving bene saddeld and brideld: ov havving bene made drunc widh the Kingz personallity and led bi dhat too tauc too much. Houwevver, it iz not her habbit too let ennithhing exept coald lodgic guvvern her acshonz, and bi dhat test alone hiz offer iz not wun too be let go: bi it he gainz Mezreyaa while she gainz Fin'giswoald and Rerec. She gainz, aulso, whaut iz les too her taist: a maaster. But this inconveenyens ma in enny cace be unnavoidabel, cins the Kingz overlordship in Rerec bringz nerer home the dain'ger ov cowershon if she iz objurate. Moerover, auldho dhare conversaishonz hav throwout bene uppon the explisic termz dhat marrage iz too entale no relaishonz betwene them beyond the polittical, she feelz vaigly, az widh Beltran, but nou at a profounder levvel widh King Mesenshus, dhat here iz a man for whoose sake she mite, if evver she shood, which iz too her inconcevabel, make a foole ov hercelf. Aafter a fu dase' concideraishon, she aancerz dhat, on hiz prezsent propozal, the scailz ar too much wated in the Kingz favor az against her, cins she, az a woomman, ghivz up her independens bi marreying. If, houwevver, he wil bring Accamaa intoo the doury, then she wil asept.

## Lady ov Prezsens

MEENWHILE, THE Kingz hart iz cet uppon Ammaaly, a yung lady ov the qweenz bedchamber, aijd cixtene, and pashonaitly beluvd bi this celf-wild and bluddy woomman. He and Ammaaly doo not so much faul in luv

az hav an intimaishon, at ferst loox exchainjd betwene them and widhout werd spoken, dhat dha ar luvverz, and hav bene so cins the beghinning; and this, cins not in this prezsent (Simeyamveyan) life, dhaerfoer preezhumably in sum uther werld, or werldz. This eccose bac too the "Pralujum": the fiftene yeerz "in our one hous at Nether Waustdale," and hiz ceying her "ded in the Morg at Parris." The intimaishon, sumtiamz momentary, sumtiamz lon'gher in juraishon, iz yet fitfool and uncezabel. Like a perfume, it canot be reviadvd in memmory, but, when prezsent, haz the qwaulity ov cunjuring up in sollid acchuwallity ov cercumstaans and detale aul dhat belongz too it. He telz Ammaaly dhat he canot offer her a croun: kingz wed for pollicy, not for luv. But he duz offer her himself, and on no temporary nor no parshal termz. He telz her he iz gowing north on the Accamaa biznes, and dhat in too yeerz he meenz too cum bac, widh dhat acumplisht, for her.

In this the King iz entiarly open widh Rozmaa. He wil make Accamaa tributary too Fin'giswoald, and in too yeerz wil retern too Siyaanaa too clame

her hand. Dhare marrage iz too be a puerly polittical relaishonship: hiz wife, exept in name, wil be Ammaaly. The qwene wil be fre (on sole

condishon ov avoiding public scandal) too console hercelf az she ma plese. Rozmaa laafs. She hoaldz these amuezments much over-rated, and iz perfectly content widh hiz propozalz.

17

### Accamaa braut intoo Doury

THE KING reternz north, stopping a fu dase in Argheyannaa too confer widh hiz fuchure faather-in-lau. Preparaishonz laast far intoo the summer ov the next yere (750). In August, he marchez on Accamaa widh a grate army ov Fin'giswoald levvese and a pouwerfool contin'gent from Rerec under comaand ov Superveyus Parry, whoo haz widh hiz Horeyus, hiz sun bi Mareshaa, aijd twenty-foer, and Hibrastus (Emmeyucez sun, aijd thherty-thre). Erclese (aijd thherty-too), and Arramond (aijd twenty-thre), and Valero, Prins ov Ulbaa (aijd twenty), ar aulso in this expedishon. Emmeyus had prest personal participaishon uppon Superveyus, boath in the fammily interest and not too be outwade bi the Erclese facshon.

The campane ov 750 endz widh a cevere revers: Superveyus Parry kild in battel: Erclese taken prizzoner. But the King aafter a fu munths retreevz aul and, taking Accamaa bi cerprise bi a winter campane (a thhing unherd ov in dhat part ov the werld), crushez aul resistans aafter thre or foer big battelz, the laast wun about mid-Febroowary 751.

Throowout this decicive wor, Horeyus Parry distin'gwishez himcelf boath az  
soalger and az councelor: an oald hed on yung shoalderz. He on land  
and Geronimy at ce ar (aafter Superveyucez deth) the Kingz chefe  
leftennants. Prins Valero, a protaizha ov Emmeyus Parrese, aulso duz  
brilleyant werc. Ceedz ov il wil ar sone in Horeyucez ceecret hart  
against Valero.

Juring foer munths' intencive werc in subjude Accamaa a viyolent qworel  
cumz too a hed betwene Horeyus and Hibrastus Parry. Hibrastus palpably  
in the rong bidz hiz cuzsin too the juwello and iz kild. Horeyus, widh  
grate currage and jujment, obtainz leve too go south imejaitly too  
make hiz pece widh hiz unkel Emmeyus. He cumz too Argheyannaa,  
outspeding  
aul roomorz, armd widh a letter from the King dhat ghivz the facts, and  
in efect offering Emmeyus "celf-dooome."

Emmeyus, partly for luv ov bravery in a man, partly for depe and sound  
rezonz ov pollicy, magnannimously forghivz hiz sunz deth, but demaandz  
from Horeyus, bi wa ov atoanment, matereyal garantese in the March ov  
Ulbaa, including poseshon ov the fortres ov Kessary and the personal  
rite too apoint a Lord Prezident ov the Marchez. He apoints Count  
Borc. The rezult iz dhat pollitically az wel az strategicaly Emmeyus  
wil nou be aul-pouwerfool (under the King) in the whole rejon ov the  
Senner.

Horeyus Parry suxceedz hiz faather in Limac. He remainz on good termz  
widh hiz unkel (nou aijd cixty) but chaifs at hiz pouwer, liacly too be  
graitly increest az the Kingz faather-in-lau az wel az bi this nu  
agrement. Az hiz personal agent and intelligencer at Emmeyucez coert in  
Argheyannaa, Horeyus maintainz wun Gaibreyel Florese (aijd twenty-too),  
a  
lo-born advenchurer whoome he cejuest from Erclesez cervice a yere or too  
bac when Erclese had plaist Gaibreyel, az hiz spi, in Limac.

Widh hiz one elder haaf-bruther, Ghelleron Parry, whoo cits like a thorn in An'guring, Horeyus iz on termz ov thhinly disghiazd hostility. Ghelleron (az sun too Superveyus bi hiz ferst wife Rodanthhy, whoome Superveyus poot awa too marry Mareshaa), thhinx he aut bi riats too hav Limac, but Superveyus left it bi wil too Horeyus.

18

### The She-Woolf taimd too Hand

THE KING reternz at midsummer, five munths befoer the date apointed, too Siyaanaa—and too Ammaaly. He wedz Rozmaa, in grate state and widh public aclamaishon and rejoicingz, on the termz agrede uppon.

The Qwene, in spite ov her vu ov such “amuezments,” canot uppon acchuwal expereyens brooc Ammaalese posishon az the Kingz mistres in Siyaanaa. Her attichude in this iz complex, and her grevans not so much dhat Ammaaly iz her rival in the Kingz afecshonz (which she at this stage caerz nuthhing for) az dhat he haz taken Ammaaly awa from her. At the Ule feest, December 751, Rozmaa trise too bern the King and Ammaaly tooghether; but in this she iz thworted bi the King, whoo aulso suceedz (aulmoast

beyond belefe) in keping the whole afare ceecret so far az Rozmaaz share in it iz concernd.

Aafter this, he telz the Qwene dhat Mezreyaa iz not good for her, nor she for Mezreyaa: too save her face, she had better ghiv out (az her one propozal) dhat she desiarz a chainj ov rezsidens, and dhat the Qwene ov the Thre Kingdomz aut too liv in the chefe cete-toun, naimly Reyalmar. Az underlining the fact dhat she must pla cecond fiddel (polliticaly), the King cez he proposez too instaul Geronimy in Mezreyaa az Comishoner Regent.

Rozmaa iz at ferst mad roth at aul this, and the King widh grate difficulty prevents her from herting hercelf or him. Houwevver, he keeps hiz temper; and the end ov it iz dhat she, savoring cureyously on her pallate a nu plezhure (ov a man dhat can maaster her and aulso laaf at her), faulz in widh hiz planz.

This iz the beghinning ov a clocer and deper relaishonship, aulmoast ov frendship, betwene the King and Rozmaa. She nou resiadz permanently in Reyalmar, while he diviadz hiz time betwene the thre cuntrese in tern.

THE QWENE MUTHER, distaisting the prospect ov continnuwing in Reyalmar, whare she must nou yeeld precedens too a dauter-in-lau whoose reputaishon and capabillitese she revuse widh disma, rezolvz too leve

Fin'giswoald. In the spring ov 752 she muivz south too Lornraa Zombremar, in a hi eestword-facing vally on the far cide ov the grate sno rain'gez dhat enclose Mezreyaa from the eest. In this mountane retrete at the ej ov the werld, in a "hous ov pece" bilt for her bi art ov Doctor Vandermaast, she nou livz retiard from the bizsy life ov coerts and the restlesnes ov grate men.

In Aipril 752, Barganax iz born in Mezreyaa, and Ammaaly iz made Dutches.

On lerning ov this, the Qwene offerz divoers; but the King haz no intenshon ov making Ammaaly a qwene, nor haz she enny ambishon too be made so. From this arisez a strengthhenning ov frendship betwene King and Qwene.

This same yere Lescingam iz born at Upmire, poschumous sun ov Romeleyus, a lord ov Rerec whoo had marrede in 751 Eleyonora, grandauter ov Cidoanyus Parry. When in 726 Superveyus had poot awa hiz wife Rodanthhy (Eleyonoraaz aant and Ghelleronz muther) in order too marry the Princes Mareshaa, this sode enmity betwene hiz unkel Cidoanyus and the hous ov Limac; and in dhat tradishon Eleyonora ov Upmire nou bringz up her sun.

The next fu yeerz ar yeerz ov pece and consolidaishon, juring which the personal hand ov the King iz felt evveriwere throuout the relm.

The Qwene indulgez in underground polittical intreegz widh her cuzsinz Horeyus and Ghelleron Parry, Valero and utherz. She trise, moer from spite dhan from pollicy, too cet the King against Horeyus. Nun ov these practicez iz hid from the King, whoo canot resist tesing her; yet dhare qwere frendship (and hiz and Horeyus Parrese) percists and grose. Widh

uncene hand, the King fanz the rivalry betwene the too brutherz for hiz depe perpocez.

## Booc 5: The Trippel Kingdom

### Argument widh Daits

Beltran reternz—Berth ov Feyorindaa—End ov Ghelleron  
Parry—Barganax and Stillis: Barganax and Heterazmeny:  
Barganax made Juke ov Siyaanaa—Prins Valero

(“Chapterz” 20-24)

20

*Dura Papilla Lupae*

IN AUGUST 755, Beltran (nou aijd forty-thre) apeerz in Reyalmar, under an ashuemd name and in disghise, while the King iz in Memmizon. He disclosez himcelf too the Qwene and maix feers luv too her. Rozmaa, whoo iz nou forty-wun and in a perrilous state ov boerdom, iz at ferst infureyated but at laast, saying she wil nare concent, concents. Then,

in a revulshon az much savvager dhan cixtene yeerz ago it had bene in Siyaanaa az her prezsent surrender haz bene deper and moer pashonate, she merderz him.

The King, reterning, smelz out this ceecret. At length Rozmaa, nowing hercelf widh chiald and thurroly fritend at the Kingz enigmattical baring, confescez aul. He receevz it widh so much humor and magnanimity dhat she iz, for the time at leest, bound too him az nevver befoer. Hiz oanly condishon iz ceecrecy: if evver she sufferz her amoorz too becum public, dhat wil be the end ov her. Rozmaa ththinx he meenz, cut her hed of. The mere sugeschon (ov mutilaishon ov a woomman) cickenz him. No; but he wood make her drinc a leethal draaft.

On midsummer nite 756, Feyorindaa iz born too Qwene Rozmaa in Reyalmar. This chiald she wood hav kild or expoazd, but the King, employiing Anthheyaa for the perpoce, and widh the help ov Beroald, placez it, widhout trace ov origin, widh the same supposishous parents in Mezreyaa az Beroald wauz foisted uppon, cixtene yeerz ago.

ABOUT AIPRIL 757, Horeyus Parrese fude widh hiz haaf-bruther Ghelleron cumz too a hed (not widhout fostering bi the Kingz uncene hand). The imejate ocaizhon iz Horeyucez discuvvery ov foul pla betwene hiz wife

and Ghelleron. He kilz hiz wife and bernz An'guring, destroyiing Ghelleron, Ghelleronz wife, and dhare sunz and dauterz. This hellish dede boath ridz awa, in Ghelleron, a turbulent and tiarsum vassal and poots Horeyus under yet clocer obligaishonz too the King; for the King bi a sudden swoope catchez him outcide hiz safe hoald ov Limac and bi pardoning the fratricide (bi lau, punnishabel az parricide) titenz the bondz ov alejans dhat biand Horeyus too the throne, imprescing him at the same time widh the cens ov beying, az it wer, in the hand ov God.

Rozmaa fiandz the Kingz handling ov this eppisode aafter her one hart. It bringz her, at this late date, fureyously in luv widh him, partly becauz ov hiz magnanimity, partly becauz she iz ceezd widh a sudden hankering too ghiv an are too the Trippel Throne, and widh the feling dhat time iz running short if this iz too be dun. The King, nou aijd thherty-thre, duz not trubbel himcelf much about this. If he ever thhinx ov the suxeshon, hiz attichude iz cullord widh the convicshon dhat kingz must be kingz bi competens not bi berth meerly, and widh an inclinaishon too toi widh the ideyaa ov Barganaxez poscibel fitnes. Constichueshonal, the King iz but liatly interested in posterrity, intent on bilding hiz one eddifice ov pouwer in hiz one life-time: fate and hiz suxessorz must cettel whaut cumz aafter.

Rozmaa adrescez hercelf too fascinate him. He iz at ferst repeld, then amuezd, and finaly tucht. He suddenly loocez himcelf in a feers pashon for this tigher-cat ov hiz: a kiand ov lustfool camaradery, involving no disloiyalty too the Dutches.

In Jannuwary 758, Stillis iz born in Reyalmar. The Qwene, fool ov filoprognitiavnes for her ferst legittimate ofspring, iz fool too ov gelloucy against Barganax on her sunz behaaf. Az Stillis grose up she neglects no ocaizhon too cet him against hiz haaf-bruther.

Beroald, nou aijd niantene, studdese lau under Count Olpman.

22

## Pax Mesenshanaa

JURING THE next twelv yearz (758-770) ov *Pax Mezentiana*, underground strife stil smoalderz in Rerec, widh constant fricshon betwene the Parry and the princez, the fre cittese pootting up dhare favorz bi aucshon too the hiyest bidder.

In 760, anuther chiald, the Princes Antiyopy, iz born too Rozmaa in Reyalmar.

Emmeyus Parry, loocking ahead, in 766 maix Horeyus hiz are. The King, disliking the prospect ov so much personal pouwer in wun hand (Limac, Argheyannaa, Kessary, and the Marchez), aulso loox ahead. He nou declaerz Megraa, Ramaa, Kessary, and Argheyannaa feefs roiyal, but this iz not too opperate az regardz Ramaa or Argheyannaa so long az Ghilmanese and Emmeyus

Parry ar alive. He poots hiz one leftennants in the uther fortrecez:

Arcastus in Megraa, Roder in Kessary. (Arcastus iz grandson too Morcillaa Parry and her ferst huzband, Counas, and dhaerfoer bi tradishon opoazd too the Pertiscan braanch. But Horeyus Parry captivaits hiz fancy, and he aulwase remainz Horeyucez loiyal supoerter.) The fact dhat Emmeyus axepts

widhout cavvil the posishon az regardz Kessary, iz an evvidens ov the strength ov the frendship and understanding betwene Emmeyus and the

King.

Beroald (aijd twenty-cevven) taix, thanx too Geronimese supoert and recomendaishon, a larj part in advising on the adminnistrative diplomattic and legal problemz involvd in this cettelment. The King, much taken widh hiz carracter and abillitese, maix him lord ov Cresteniyaa, and prezsently joinz him widh Geronimy az Comishoner Regent in Mezreyaa.

Horeyus Parry iz not best pleezd about these arainjments; but the King, admiring the wa he axepts them, prommicez him (and confirmz it under cele in hiz favor) inherritans under hiz unkelz wil, exept az for Argheyannaa which on Emmeyucez deth wil revert too the croun. Horeyus, when he suceedz, wil dhus be aul-pouwerfool in the Marchez (subject houwevver—a waty exepshon—too the ke fortres ov Argheyannaa), but iz depriavd ov Megraa and (ov coers) ov Kessary. He (in common widh moast ov the grate vassalz ov Rerec and Mezreyaa) inclianz too dislike Beroald and the Admiral and Roder az “office nobillity” and upstarts.

23

The Too Juex

BARGANAX, AT fiftene, iz az big and az strong and wel grone az enny yung man in the land thre yeerz hiz elder. Hiz ferst luv iz Heterazmeny, a yung widdo and lady ov onnor at the Dutchecez coert in

Memmizon. Heterazmeny for her part graitly enjoiz this wershup but, when he maix viyolent luv too her, thhinx it her juty too inform the Dutches. Ammaaly, judging it an admirabel ejucaishon for her sun and making shure

dhat the lady scofs at the verry thaut ov marrage widh a boi haaf her age, rejoicez dhat Heterazmeny shood at wuns amuse hercelf and bring up Barganax in the wa he shood go: an arainjment which werx too dhare muchuwal bennefit and, aafter a yere or too, endz gradjuwaly: frendship preservd and no harts broken. The lady, in retern for this kiandnes, iz made Countes in her one rite bi the King, and soone aafterwordz wedz a lord in Reyalmar.

In 770 Barganax, beying nou atene, cumz ov age. The King creyaits him Juke ov Siyaanaa, the titel formerly held bi aerz aparrent too the oald kingdom ov Mezreyaa. Rozmaa disliax the implicaishon. On Barganaxez inducshon intoo hiz juecdom, Doctor Vandermaast (hithertoo hiz chutor) ashuemz the poast ov secretery. The King acianz too Barganax an apanage widh landz extending far beyond the limmits ov the juecdom. Stillis, incenst at this, nercez hiz oald gelloucese and oald and nu grevancez, which the Qwene hiz muther duz not neglect too influwens.

24

Prins Valero

PRINS VALERO ov Ulbaa, whoo had thaut he deservd wun ov the ke-fortrecez in 766, haz evver cins bene ceecretly bizsy forming a facshon and endevvoring too win the confidens and supoert ov Count Borc, Lord Prezident ov the Marchez. Horeyus Parry, havving ceecret

intelligens ov this, fosterz and wauterz it, mening too destroi the prins in ju time and win merrit dhaerbi.

The Parrese yung cuzsin, Lescingam, haz a fin'gher in this "ceecret intelligens." (In spite ov hiz upbringing, Lescingam at the age ov cixtene fel under the spel ov Horeyus and became the meenz ov reconcileyashon betwene him and Eleyonora ov Upmire, whoo, at her sunz reqwest, nou alouz him too reside in Limac az page too Horeyus.)

Valero, nou (770) in hiz forteyeth yere, iz handsum and wel liact, but vane, a brilliyant raather dhan an abel politishan, and fundamentally disonest. Nobody, exept the King, Emmeyus, and Horeyus, cese this vital weecnes. Beroald, for hiz part, nose Valero oanly bi heersa. Emmeyus, in this cin'ghel cace, sufferz hiz predilecshonz too bliandfoald hiz shroode hard jujment, and iz aulwase incliand too forghiv Valero and favor him. The King leevz him alone, partly too plesse Emmeyus and Rozmaa (whose pet he iz); but he haz hiz i uppon him, and lets Horeyus Parry no, pritty unmistacably, dhat he hoaldz him aancerabel for ceying dhat the prins duz no cereyous harm.

Horeyus (nou aijd forty-foer) haits Valero, but pretendz frendship and duz him vareyous good ternz. Valero foolishly underestimait the Parrese suttelty and reche and iz in the end a complete victim too hiz wialz. Horeyus haz for yeez maintaind a moast maasterly paishens in this biznes, nevver involving himcelf but aulwase and bi evvery meenz lulling Valerose suspishonz, encurraging him in hiz grevancez, flattering him, ghivving him rope, and pretending not so much az too dreme ov hiz havving subvercive intenshonz.

## Argument with Daits

The King and the Dutches ov Memmizon vizsit Qwene  
Stateraa: Lescingam and Lady Mary Lescingam—Rebelleyon  
in the Marche—Overthro ov Accamaa

(“Chapterz” 25-27)

25

Lornraa Zombrema

QWENE STATERAA haz nou for menny yearz livd at Lornraa Zombrema.  
The  
king haz bene her ghest dhare moer and moer often az the yearz ov *Pax  
Mezentiana* afoerd moer oportchunity for such plezhuerz ov qwiyechude;  
and  
aulwase Doctor Vandermaast iz her freeqwent vizsitor, az aulso (ov moer  
recent yearz) iz the Kingz nece Senyanthhy, hercelf a hammadriyad and  
frend and pupil ov the lerned doctor. Aul the nimfs, faun-kiand, and  
haaf-godz, whoo inhabbit these sollichuedz, ar dhare too doo Qwene  
Stateraa  
cervice. These crechuerz, with dhare pure unqweschonning cite discerning  
the Qwene Muther for whoo, under the disghise ov wise and luvly oald  
age  
She trooly iz, ar az children too her, luvving her the moer tenderly az  
dha perceve Her inword divinnity ov which she for her one part iz

ignorant: an ignorans which iz itcelf a grace; ov eeqwal exelens (in Vandermaasts filosoffic i) widh dhat far different but no les perfect and ecenshal grace, ov celf-enjoiment and celf-nollej, dhat belongz too the foolly conshous God'hed. She iz nou wel enterd uppon her cevventy-thherd yere.

In November 770, the King and the Dutches (nou aijd forty-cevven and thherty-cevven respectiavly) cum too ce hiz muther in Lornraa Zombremar. Ammaaly haz nevver befoer made this gerny, and it iz atene yeez cins she met the Qwene Muther, whoo, then on her wa from Reyalmar too her nu home, had bene her ghest in Memmizon. Juring the prezsent vizsit the King and Ammaaly expereyens, in a moer vivvid and detaild manner dhan evver befoer, dhat ashurans ov havving luvd and had eche uther in anuther world (the world ov the "Pralujum": dhat iz too sa, this nianteenth-and twenteyeth-cenchury world ov ourz): this time widh the muchuwal nollej dhat hiz name, dhare, iz "Lescingam", and herz "Mary". Dha thhinc ov the Parrese yung cuzsin whoose name iz Lescingam: a strainj cowincidens. Az on uther ocaizhonz, the memmory (or dreme?) faidz and vannishez; but this time les compleetly in the Kingz miand dhan in the Dutchecez. Even in herz, dhare remainz a teting cens ov a forgotten or unplasabel chune, whenevver she heerz the name "Lescingam."

CHUSING THE favorabel moment when the Woald iz impaasabel in winter and the King safe out ov the wa in Lornraa Zombremar, King Sagartis ov Accamaa, in contempt ov aul tretese, atax Fin'giswoald and invests Reyalmar. Bodena aibly defendz it, widh the acistans ov Romirus and ov Roder, whaut happenz too be in Reyalmar for the winter. Qwene Rozmaa, in face ov this dedly perril, directs and inspiarz the defens widh pollitic wizdom and widh the currage and fire ov an Ammazon.

The King, on receving the nuse, cumz down too Cestolaa, and thens sailz widh Geronimy in mountanous cese (830 mialz from Cestolaa too the nerest poert ov Fin'giswoald, fifty mialz from Reyalmar).

Valero, az it nou apeerz, haz bene in leghe widh Sagartis, the tributary king ov Accamaa, whoo prommiast ceecretly hiz supoert too Valerose wiald skeme too make himcelf king in Rerec. Az soone az the King haz saild too the north, this trator rasez rebelleyon in the March ov Ulbaa. Widh fuil'hardy currage, he haz plaist himcelf for this perpoce in Argheyannaa, whare he nou atempts too cese Emmeyus Parrese person, hiz hoast and benefactor. Emmeyus, nou an oald man ov cevventy-nine, valeyantly resists, but iz cut down bi Valerose men in Valerose prezsens. Hiz wife, Deyaneraa, flinging hercelf betwene Emmeyus and the merdererz, iz bootcherd widh him. Morvil, a distant cuzsin ov the Parry, plase a part here: trise too help Emmeyus and, aafter hiz merder, escaips too inform Horeyus.

Valero failz too cecure Argheyannaa. Horeyus Parry, whoose agents hav kept him remarcably wel informd, apeerz swiftly and in armd strength

befoer the fortres (too late indede too save hiz unkel: ennemese aasc whether he reyaly waunted too), and demaandz its surrender. Valero escaips  
bi the skin ov hiz teeth.

Aafter cevveral hevvy battelz, Horeyus (771) poots doun the revolt. He then cleenz up the rebbelz widh merciles thurrones and not widhout an i too the interests ov personz frendly too hiz hous and supremmacy in Rerec. He behedz Count Borc and a duzsen uther grate men: spaerz, and so biandz too hiz obegens, Olpman and Ghilmanese (the latter, az Valerose bruther thhertene yeeرز hiz ceenyor, iz dain'gerously under suspishon): punnishez menny moer. Valero himcelf, fleying for sancchuwary too hiz bruther

Ghilmanese in Kimaa, iz bi him handed over too the Parry, whoo poots him too deth in a horribel and ceecret manner in Limac dunjonz. Becauz ov these ceverritese, the Lord Horeyus Parry cumz too be cauld bi hiz il-willerz (not too loudly, and behiand hiz bac) "the Beest ov Limac."

Barganax, leding a smaul foers intoo the Ulbaa March juring the rebelleyon, winz a brilleyant cavvalry victory: this too the confuezhon ov menny whoo had until nou cet him doun az no better dhan a chaimbering diletanty, a doo-littel, and a dalleyer widh wimmen.

Widh a smaul foers the King maix a cerprise landing in Accamaa, defeets dhat pouwer at the battel ov Elzmo, and cuts the comunicaishonz ov the invading army, which iz evenchuwaly destroid befoer Reyalmar, and Sagartis slane.

## Thherd Wor widh Accamaa

LESCINGAM GAINZ renoun at the battel ov Elzmo, and in hiz persute ov the ennemy throo the Greenbone rain'gez. It wauz uppon Horeyus Parrese rekomendaishon dhat the King had taken Lescingam widh him on this expedishon. A mistereyous and muchuwal atracshon, az if rooted in sum inword ti betwene them moer suttel and moer intimate dhan kinship, iz privaitly felt boath bi Lescingam and bi the King. The King indede, when he loox at this yung man, ceemz too ce az in a mirror the immagine ov hiz one opening manhood ov thherty yeerz ago.

In 772 the King permits Sagarticez yung sun Derxis (aijd cixtene) too suxede hiz faather az tributary king ov Accamaa, widh a Fin'giswoald Comishon ov Regency too guvvern the cuntry in hiz name, and chutorz too ghide him. This discontentes the Qwene and Stillis, whoo can ce nuthhing but bravaado and rashnes in such acshon. But Barganax and the Dutches compleetly understand the Kingz cetteld pollicy ov admitting even the moast unhoapfool and dain'gerous ov mankiand too probaishon, and deeply delite boath in hiz pollicy and in him.

Horeyus Parry, cins hiz qwelling ov the rising in the Marchez, haz enjoid nu pouwer and exaulted staishon az Viccar ov Rerec.

Beroald iz made Chaancelor ov Fin'giswoald, but continnuse too liv at Cresteniyaa.

Roder, in recognishon ov hiz share in the defens ov Reyalmar in 771, iz made an Erl.

Bodena (aijd cevventy-too) iz, on cimmilar groundz, made Nite Marshal

ov Fin'giswoald.

Geronimy, for hiz cervice at ce in this thherd wor widh Accamaa, receevz the kingly order ov the hippogrif, hithertoo conferd oonly uppon personz ov the blud roiyal. He, Beroald, and Roder ar nou joind in a triyumvirate az Comishonerz Regent for Mezreyaa, exercising (in like manner az the Viccar in Rerec and Bodena in Fin'giswoald) vice-regal pouwerz juring the Kingz abcencez.

Barganax iz wel content widh hiz juecdom and apanage, and ruilz it aibly and wel. He iz much ghivven too wimmen: paints, and composez powemz, and iz often widh hiz muther in Memmizon. He becumz moer and moer the center ov hoaps ov dhose Mezreyanz whoose axeptans ov the King iz not oonly becauz dha hav no chois but becauz he haz wun aul harts, and whoo yet resent the Kingz pouwer in Mezreyaa az emboddede in the Admiral, the Chaancellor, and the Erl. Ov these thre, Beroald iz the leest unpopular, becauz a Mezreyan bi berth; but dha ar gellous ov hiz pouwer and feerfool ov hiz strong hand, hiz pride and suttelty, and the far-lade nets ov hiz intelligens cistem.

Lescingam, acumpanede bi hiz frend and leftenant Amory, gose abraud in 772 (aijd twenty) too ceke advenchure az a soalger ov forchune in distant cuntrese ov the werld. (He duz not apere agane in person in this booc.)

Aafter the crushing ov Accamaa and the pooting doun ov the rebelleyon in the Marchez, the Thre Kingdomz enjoi yet anuther five yeerz ov *Pax Mezentiana* (772-6).

Booc 6: *La Rose Noire*

28

Anadiyommeny

IT WAUZ spring ov the lefe nou: mid-Aipril ov dhat yere cevven hundred and cevventy-wun, and these victorese nu in Rerec and the north. Mi lord Chaancellor Beroald wauz widh the King in Argheyannaa about the biznes ov bringing in ov Stathmar az Kingz Captane dhare, the place beying devolvd, cins the deth ov Lord Emmeyus Parry, too estate ov fefe roiyal under like guvvernment widh the uther ke-fortrechez.

At home at Semry Ashery the Chaancellorz yung cister dwelt stil sweetly, qwite untraded in coert cerremonese or the wase ov men, but in the thheyoric ov these matterz libberaly grounded throo daly sage exposishonz and informaishonz bi Doctor Vandermaast, whoo had these foer yeez paast bene too her for instructor and chutor. Too tri her pacez and poot in practice the doctorz principelz and her one moast wil-o'-the-wisp and unnexpermental embroideringz uppon them, reddy meenz la too hand in convers widh her bruther: a merry wor, sharpening and traning up the clauz ov her wit, and admiardly wautering and ferming at

roote the frendship betwene her and him, whoo wauz long becum too her  
boath  
faather and muther in wun. With the open cuntrice for nercery,  
Antheyaa  
and Campaspy for plamaitz, aul livving crechuerz ov wood and farm and  
mountane for her familleyarz, and her fifteenth berthda at hand within a  
munth or too, she wauz beghinning da bi da at this cezon, in chune widh  
the rising ov the werldz whole sap, too poot on hercelf fresh butese,  
fresh intimaishonz and ambiguwitese ov awakening pouwer, while the sun  
mounted from Arese intoo Torus.

In a place ov her one, a baqwauter private becide the rivver under Semry  
Ashery, she wauz lasing hercelf tooda throo the soft spring aafternoone,  
uppon a kiand ov hanging bed or hammoc woven ov daffodil-cullord  
cilken  
cordz and swung bi roaps ov cilc from the bouz ov wun ov the ainshent  
aulder-trese dhat hav dhare ruits depe in the marshy banx ov dhat  
baqwauter. Overhed, these trese spred dhare cannopy: bare ov lefe, but  
widh goald-broun catkinz dan'gling, goald-ejd against the unclouded blu,  
from evvery mesh ov dhat netwerc ov tiny twigz. Evver and agane a lite  
seffer ruffeld the stilnes and made these tascelz swing dellicaitly in  
the spice-laden, faintly saulted, sweetnes ov the Mezreyan spring-time.  
Here she recliand, widh nun save the trese and the wauter and the littel  
livving beyingz ov the feeld too bare her cumpany, and her one maden  
thauts.

A hevvy booc la in her lap, bound in qworto in swete-smelling lether  
widh haasps ov goald cet widh rooby and perl. Prezently she tooc it up,  
lasily ternd the leevz, and began too rede in it at dhat page ov  
Homerz "Him too Afrodity" whare the Goddes, smitten bi Zuce widh  
swete desire for Ankicese, a mortal man, cumz too Her one tempel in  
Pafos and, shutting too the shining doerz, maix the Gracez waush and  
anoint Her widh ollive oil,

“Immortal, such as the Gods have upon Them that live forever;  
Ambrosial, fit for Her ware.”

And in the far margin of the page wauz aul this draun and picchued, in  
collors of lappis lazuly and lamp-blac and vermilleyon and incarnadine  
and lefe of goald and silver.

Iadly she red on:

*Nicely upon Her skin disposing Her beautiful raiment,  
Herself with gold adorning, laughter-loving Aphrodite  
Swept on Her way toward Troy, leaving sweet-perfum'd Cyprus:  
Swift so, high amid clouds, fulfilling Her journey.  
Thus came She to Ida, many-fountain'd mother of beast-kind,  
And so by straight path through the mountain; and here about Her  
Grey wolves fawning, and lions with eyes glad-glaring,  
And bears, and fleet-footed panthers of roe-deer's flesh unsatiate,  
Went. She at that sight took pleasure, both bowels and spirit within  
Her.  
And cast in their breasts desire, till they, of one motion,  
Paired and lay with each other in shadowy mountain nest-beds.*

Feyorindaa poot doun her booc and la bac lucshureyously, claasping her  
handz  
behind her hed. Her hare, not platted, but tide with a cin'ghel goald-lace  
ribbon and havving for its celf-cullor a get-like blacnes dhat held,  
whare the sun caut it, shimmeringz and sparx of hevvenz blu,  
rumpeld its darc splendorz against the sattin cooshon. In a confuezhon of  
twists and tendrilz it strade here over the cooshonz crimzon, here  
paast ivorede smuidhnes of nec and arm; wun depe-convoluting tres  
reching out, like az a menny-hedded hiadraa, its kerling endz too shaddo

vianlike the white cilc boozom ov her gown, under which her ripening brests gently widh her breathing rose and fel.

Aafter a while, the sun wheling lower began too strike goalden betwene the  
braanchez, fool on the bac-straind pure luvly throate ov her: raut marbel too looc uppon, bi the fermnes ov its contorz, wer it not for the fluttering puls ov blud in it. Her ise wer cloazd drooping dhare nite-blac frin'gez abuv hi cheecboanz which (and aulso sumthhing estrainjd and unranabel in the verry lure ov her lips, dhat wer liatly parted nou too the qwickend cumming and gowing ov her breth) braut too miand, but faintly oanly and distantly, az thhingz Olimpeyan ma thhingz ov  
erth, the fechuerz ov her bruther. Her nose, for its faulcon-like keen'nes and mobillity ov wing and nostril, wauz her troo maternal grandfaatherz, Emmeyucez; but dellicaitleyer moalded, and widh afrodizhan  
ceducshonz enswetening and ensfering too verry hevven the Parry pride and hardnes.

Dhare wauz a kindling mite ov summer rising nou, against the common tide  
ov nachure at this our ov declining da and at this yung cezon ov the yere: an invading hete, dhat hitend the musky moist cents ov spring too an ergens beyond uce and beyond imaginaishon. In dhat wormth and dhat  
lan'gor, she let her rite hand reche doun over the swung hammox ej. It tucht the nu groath ov a narcissus: stif, grene, egher fin'gherz, thrusting up throo graas, out ov the awakening erth beneeth her. Widh this for hand-hoald too beghin widh, then letting go and yeelding  
hercelf too an aulmoast imperceptibel shifting ov her wate bac and foerth under the gathering ridhm, she began too swing the couch she la on: bac and foerth, widhout aul effort, yet widh sloly increcing pouwer.

The hevvenly un'nachuerd wormth, and these spring-cents stung too drunken'nes widh the summer-strainjnes in the are about her, waxt and groo widh the moashon ov dhat swinging til dha ceemd too swaulo up the whole vaast univers ov cens and thaut and beying, dizolving her like a swete in the goblet in an overwhelming Elizhan lan'gor.

When at laast she uncloazd her ilidz, the sun wauz about cetting: a flattend baul ov incandescens dhat sufuezd the whole arch ov the ski westwordz widh a blush ov tremmulous lite. Not a breth sterd. She stood up, ary-dellicate in the pallor ov her cilken gown, but baring, in the lite lilt and swa ov her carrage, patent ov sum hithertoo unthaut-ov pouwer nu born. The da-berdz' voicez wer husht, save for here and dhare the caul ov a wauter-hen gowing too bed, or a dabchix tril ov hi bubling noats, swete niyad music trembling too cilens. The nitin'gailz had not yet begun dhare nite-song. She looct about her, az too ashure hercelf dhat no human prezsens wauz here too spi her sollichude, then poot of her shoose and stockingz. Standing on the verj, her left hand uppon a braanch at shoalder-levvel too stedly her, her rite kilting her skert, she dipt a foot intoo the darkening wauter. The coole ov it wormd too the tuch, az if sum propperty within her had pouwer too rase summer heets even in dhat inert ellement, home ov nute and wauter-betel and roche and char. Rippelz travveling acros the poole from her padling foot broke the reflecshonz. She stood bac, boath fete on the banc agane. The oose weld up lushous and worm betwene her tose throo the graas-ruits.

The sun beying gon nou and the aafter-glo faast fading in the west, a bouwer ov muinrise began too open from behiand the hilz eestword. In the midst ov this prezsently the vergin-coald moone apeerd. Yet stil dhat unnerthly wormth, spring-like in its nunes, summer-like in its depth and potency, groo and strengthhend. Feyorindaa, az utterly surrendered up too these influwencez, cervade for a while, nou up, nou down, the

moone-drencht obscuritese ov land and ski, the ground and the slepy wauterz at her fete, and niats thouzand ise opening wun bi wun. Then she laaft, in hercelf, verry lo, soundlesly. Aul the adoering erth ceemd too laaf and open its armz too her.

For the ferst time, widh oonly the moone for tiring-made, she began too poot up her hare; braded it, then coild and piald it hi on her hed; and fianding her hare-ribbon unsufishent too hoald it dhare, tooc of her gherdel ov white cilc and margery-perlz too biand up the hevvy trescez, widh too brochez from the boozzom ov her gown too lern a nu office az hare-pinz. She leend her out over the wauter, too hav vude hercelf so; but, widh the moone behiand her, cood ce naut too her perpoce oonly but darc shaddo outliand against a bacground ov dusky-blu twig-fretted ski and glimmer ov star-immagez depe belo aul. Terning agane, she sau whare dhare sat, on a berch-trese lim not a duzsen pacez from her, the shape ov a littel oul, erect, clere-outliand against the moone. Suddenly it tooc wing and lited widhout sound, uppon her profferd rist: a beying dhat ceemd widhout wate or substans, and the claasp ov its clauz uppon her tender skin harmles az dhose swete smarts dhat ar fiarwerkerz too plezhure. She raizd her arm, too looc level in its round feers ise; but it lowerd its gase. The trembling ov it, citting dhare, cent littel shudderz up her arm and throo her whole boddy. Widh her fre hand she stroact its fetherz, then braut it nere too her lips. Gentel az a tertel-duv widh hiz mate, it fel too billing her, trembling in the doowing ov it, like a yung unchutord luvver at ferst kis ov hiz mistres: then suddenly uppon noizles douny wing departed. In dhat sudden she wauz ware ov Mistres Antheyaa standing becide her, regarding her from ise coruscant widh yello fire, and hoalding up too her a loocking-glaas ejd about widh thre rose ov moone-stoanz dhat shon widh dhare one lite.

Feyorindaa abode moashonles behoalding hou, from dhat mirror and lited bi

dhat enchaantment ov stoanz, her one face looct out at her: a face nu-wakening in a soft celf-amaizment, and stil, perhaps, haaf aslepe. The ise, larj, aamond-shaipt, cet aulmoast infinitescimally aslaant, and infinitescimally at vareyans betwene themcelvz, aultering and aultering agane in dhare ce-grene deeps yet evver the same in the swete level lianz ov dhare under-lidz, gave too the slender swepe ov blac iabrouz and too the luvly open purity ov brou abuv them and too the proud and unmittigabel carracterz in nose and mouth and cheke, a bewichment ov nunes and tiamlesnes, and aijlesnes. Suddenly, even while she looct, the mirror wauz gon, and befoer her no lon'gher her one face but Anthheyaa, staring uppon her in a kiand ov au and wunder. It wauz az dho, in this crechure, dhare stood befoer her but a thouzandth part, perhaps, ov her one celf; and, in Campaspy (whoo wated too at hand nou, reddy too help her on widh her cloke), anuther, aul different, thouzandth part. Taking the cloke about her, for the Mezreyan spring wauz soberd too its natchural celf agane, and the nite-brese came coole from the rivver, she ced too Anthheyaa, "Dhaerz moer differens betwene me ov yesterda and Me toonite dhan betwene u in yor gherl-skin, Maddam Fuf-cat, and u in yor fer and clauz." At the under-musix in her vois, aul the Aipril nite ceemd too hoald its breth and liscen.

But Anthheyaa at these werdz, aul decencese caast acide, fel too leping in and out ov her linx-dres, gambolling about her mistres, fauning uppon her, roling and boling hercelf, rubbing her hed against her, hugging and kiscing her fete and ankelz, til Feyorindaaz hare wauz faulen down agane about her shoalderz, and hercelf faulen baqwordz on the couch, weke widh laafter. Campaspy, az betwixt joi and terror at these extreemz, tooc saifty in her wauter-rat shape and, ceted in mid-streme uppon a lilly-lefe, from dhat ceure reffuge awated the riyots ending.

Feyorindaa stood up: cauld them too hele, and then too dhare troo shaips agane: bad them, widh gherdel and brochez whare dha belongd, bring too riatz her dres: laast, widh the haerband ov goald lace, ti her hare.

Dhat performd, dha soberly acumpanede her, on her wa hoamwordz at laast, throo the open feeld juwy and white widh muinshine.

“Men caul it the star ov Artemis,” Campaspy ced aafter a while, in a whisper, gasing on the muinz face.

Feyorindaa throo bac her hed in a sliatly disdanish, haaf-mocking, haaf-caresfool littel moashon ov cilent laafter. “Whaut iz Artemis,” ced she, “but Mi verry Cister? part ov Micelf: a part ov Mine.”

“And Pallas,” ced Campaspy az, like an unboddede shaddo on are, the oul floted bi.

“Her too. Iz a kiand ov en’gine in mi sole too.”

Dha wer cum, maby, anuther hundred pace in cilens when Anththeyaa spoke: verry lo, and widh a glitter ov pointed white teeth under the moone, “And Heccaty?”

“Yes. But when dhat shal be stuuring in Mi blud, it iz time for dogz too houl, and even for the gorgonz too vale dhare ise and cri out for the darcnes too cuvver them.”

The lerned doctor wauz wating in the caacel gate. Kiscing her hand, he peerd cloasly in her face, then kist her hand agane. “I am glad,” he ced, “dhat yor ladiship iz safe home.”

In Feyorindaaz ise loocking up intoo hiz wauz a conshent merriment, az feesting on sum ceecret nollej shaerd bi her widh no person ov this werld save widh him oonly and these nimfs. “But whi this nu ceremoanyousnes ov ‘ladiship,’ revverend cer?” she ced.

“I thhinc,” aancerd Vandermaast, “yor ladiship iz nou awake too yor verry Celf. And wisest nou too entrete U az such.”

29

Astarty

PAX MESENHANAA wauz begun nou too rest depe on the land: a goalden age, luld widh aerz blone, a man cood hav beleevd, from Siyaanaa, or Memmizon, or Lornraa Zombremar. This moast ov aul in Mezreyaa and Reyalmar.

But even uppon the facshonz in the Middel Kingdom, pece stroode her poppese; under cuvver ov which the Viccar, bi ferm guvvernment, bi lavvishnes in hospitallity, and bi a cet pollicy ov faacening a private hoald on eche man werthy hiz atenshon (laying them under obligaishonz too

hiz person, or hoalding over them hiz nollej ov sum ceecret misdoowing which dha wood wish leest ov aul too ce braut too lite), wauz, widhout sho but widh paishens and widh thurronez, consollidating hiz pouwer in Rerec.

The King, for hiz part, held bi hiz oald woant ov proagrecez, constant so az no corner ov the Thre Kingdomz but had iather the fresh remembrans, or erly expectaishon, or instant taist, ov hiz prezsens; like az ruisting berdz shood taist, familleyar under dhare fete, the cumfort ov dhare trese perjurabel mite. Hiz ocupashon wauz much widh merriments and lite plezhuerz, saust widh filosofical disputaishonz and widh prinsly paastiamz, az too ce hiz ger-faulconz fli at the crane, herron,

and wiald swaun, or too hunt woolf and bare; but graitley, amid aul these doowingz, widh overceying ov and ghivving order for the traning up ov hiz

fiting men in aul arts ov wor and feets ov enjurans and mite and mane. Dhose nerest in hiz councelz, wel thhinking dhat lust for grate performans grose widh fool feding, noted hou he had fernisht foerth dhat yung Lord Lescingam too fiand out distant cuntrese beyond cese and observ and lern dhare cevveral pouwerz, ritchez, and (moast ov aul) enny novvel and good wase dha mite hav deviazd for waging ov wor, and so at five yeerz' end too cum bac and repoert too him, ov these matterz. Dha smelt, dho, in hiz moode at this time sumthhing ov dhat evening-slepines which, in skin-chain'gerz and berserx, uest too follo the bouts ov fury and strength and blud-shedding. But wel dha perceevd dhat, spite ov aul this unacshon and sumtiamz ceming retiarment within hiz one celf, hiz sudden aprehenshon and peercing wits wer bizsy az ov oald widh evvery eddy and trend and depe current ov the werld about him; nor had dha mistrust (or if enny had, a werd widh the King, az the wind and the sun clere mists, wauz enuf too end it) but dhat, whautsowevver tern-about mite cum ov these smuthering tiamz ov pece, a man mite az wel ete hot coalz az enter uppon enny pervers and evil delingz in hope the King shood not marc him, or shood winc at hiz misdemenor.

Uppon a Ma morning ov the yere cevven hundred and cevventy-foer, dhat Lady

Feyorindaa beying nou nere uppon completing ov the ateenth yere ov her age, the Chaancellor and she wer ridden foerth befoer brecfast too take the are along the ce-shoer ov the Corvish, south from Semry Ashery. The tide wauz out, so dhat the whole ov this cilted-up suthern arm ov the Bishferth, too or thre mialz wide uppon dhare bridel-hand, la dri: ferm levvel sand, white az pouderd marbel, over which dha gallopt dhare horcez the fool cix mialz too the wauterhed, then halted and ternd

hoamwordz. Befoer them nou, a littel too the rite in the far distans, the tide began too cum in, widh a cros-wind from the eest whipping it too fome. Overhed, fethery tralerz ov white cloud streect the azhure: a mistines ov spindrifft whitend the ce-line beyond the expans ov white sandz: the sloaps landword, abuv them on the left, wer misty-gra widh ollive trese: ahed, Semry Ashery uppon its prommontoery shode dusky-blu, against the moer cerooleyan and paler huse ov the grate mountainz afar in the north, and widh edgingz ov goald lite whare the sun tooc its eestern waulz.

Dha rode lezhuerly at a wauking-pace, the horcez' breths cumming in cloudz on the coole morning are aafter dhat long strech ov spede. Here and dhare dha halted too pere from the saddel intoo the emmerald depths ov sum grate ce-poole, sumtiamz widh an outcrop ov jade-like roc at its bottom uppon which limpets had dhare hoamz, and ce-anemmonese; sum dhat slept, shiny lumps ov celing-wax, scarlet or darc broun: sum dhat waict, opening flouwer-like facez in hope ov ce-lice and uther smaul dere too be dhare brecfast. And from chinx in these dround rox bosky groaths ov ce-wede spred fanz and stremerz, darc grene, tan-cullor, oranj-tauny, and rusty red, from whoose shaddose littel iridescent fishez darted in the sunlit stilnes, or a crab crept ciadlong. Dhat bruther and cister, beying nou moer dhan haaf-wa home, wer plesing themcelvz widh the contemplaishon ov wun such littel ceyish garden ov the nereyidz, when dha wer aware ov a rider cumming down too them throo the ollive-groavz. He had dhat cete dhat belongz too a man dhat canot remember the ferst time he bestrode a hors: az dho, az in the centor-kiand, manz boddy and horcez wer en'grafted and wun.

"Good morro, mi Lord Bayaaz," ced the Chaancelor, reterning hiz salute. "Ide a miand these thre weex paast too a cum too grete u az our next nabor nou, which gladz me for long aqwaintans sake. But Ive bene wunderfool fool ov biznes."

Feyorindaa, loocking up from her poole-gasing, ternd in the saddel too hav cite ov him. Hiz grate stone-hors, wianding her littel mare, throo up hiz hed: snorted, whinnede, paud the ground. Bayaaz struc him widh the horn handel ov hiz riding-whip a devvilish blo on the jau, and, but for fine horsmanship, had doutles bene throne and kild for hiz painz, but aafter a short fite braut him too order. "I am for Cresteniyaa, mi lord Chaancelor," he ced, hiz ise reterning stil too the vizhon ov her whare she sat, mistereyous against the lite, "pon a biznes widh yor one armorer u toald me ov. Hath mi best soerd too mend. I hert it uppon a swaushing fello bad me too the *duello*, weex cins, are I came south."

"U hert him wers dhan u hert the soerd?"

"Na, dhats certane. I here a be ded."

Beroald ced, "Lets ride on the wa tooghether. On a moer fitting ocaizhon u must cum and ce us in Semry Ashery."

"Joifooly," aancerd he, bringing hiz hors up uppon Feyorindaaz rite az dha muivd of. "Hav no fere, maddam: he noweth hiz maaster."

She replide bi an aulmoast unperceptibel haaf-scornfool littel baqword lifting ov her hed, not loocking at him but forword betwene the maerz eerz. The buty ov her face, lit widh morning and flusht widh the wind, ceemd too flicker betwene celf-contrareying extreemz: sweets and luvlinecez drauwing at dhare trane dimond-hard unswavabelz and dhat pride dhat biandz the devvilz: lips whoose stilnes wauz a poole whare, like lotus-budz cloazd under the sunz i, dellicate verginal thauts and witty fancese ceemd too slumber, but rooted, far belo dhat shining and tranqwil cerface, in sum elixer ov darcnes potent too shake manz blud.

Bayaz spoke: "Yor lordship haz forgot too doo me dhat onnor too present me."

"Cri u mercy. Ide forgot dhare wauz the nede. This iz mi lady cister."

"Yor cister?" Bayaz bent too kis the hand she offerd him, crimzon-gluvd. Dhare wauz here, az indede in hiz evvery moashon, a certane

taking hautines ov manner; but eezfool: begotten, not coert-bred.

"From whaut Ide herd tel," he ced too the Chaancellor, "I supoazd her but a chiald yet. And yet, behoald. Uve kept her verry cloce, mi frend."

Dha rode awhile in cilens, Bayaz widh ise stil uppon her. When at length, terning her hed, she met hiz gase, he laaft merrily. "Iz yor bruther a blud-sucker, a trol-man, too a kept u so long time clozeted up from the werld?"

Faintly rasing her iabrouz, dhat ceemd ov dhare nachure too carry an are ov permanent soft cerprise, she ced, "I am verry wel content widh mi cumpany, thanc u."

"He iz a verry ceecret man. I no him ov oald and hiz wase. Hou cumz it we ar nevver onnord widh a cite ov yor ladiship at the prezsencez in Siyaanaa?"

"Sum da u ma liv too ce such a thhing."

"Dhare iz time yet," ced her bruther liatly. "Over-haistines wauz nevver a distemper in our fammily."

Aafter anuther cilens, Bayaz ced softly too her, "Liafs not long enuf, in mi ceming, too slac sale when a fare wind blose. But, for

micelf, too sa troo, I am bi complecshon haisty." He pauzd, studdeying her face, ciadwase too him. "Ime in haisty moode nou," he ced.

Sumthhing not aultooghether unkiand, betwixt comprehenshon and mockery,  
glinted at her mouths cornerz az she ced verry eqwably, "Then it wer rong in us too dela u ferther, mi lord. Our horcez ar breedhd, and I wood not poot them too spede agane this morning." She glaanst round too  
her bruther, whoo droo rane.

"Whi dhare," ced Bayaaz, "spoke a troo kertecy, and Ile act uppon it." Dha haulted. In hiz ise, meting herz, sat sum swift determinaihsion dhat ceemd too stiffen the whole poschure ov hiz boddy and (az bi infecshon) ov the grate horcez dhat carrede him. "But cins heerz parting ov our wase, and delase brede los," ced he, loocking from her too Beroald and so agane too her, "Ile ferst, in grate humillity, request ov yor ladiship yor hand in marrage."

Save for the faintest satirrical lift ov iabrouz she made no respons, onaly widh grate cuilnes regarding him.

"Wauz dhat over-sudden?" ced Bayaaz, noting the manner ov her looc, which  
wauz interested, medditative, remuivd; even just az she had looct down from abuv uppon fishez and marauding crabz in the ce-puilz' traansparent deeps. "Sau u but widh mi ise, felt widh mi blud, u shood not thhinc so. Na, swete maddam, take time, then, I pra u. But I pra u, for mi pece sake, not too long time."

"Yor lordship wer best aasc mi bruther here, mi garjan. I am not yet ov fool age. Beciadz, az he toald u but nou, we ar not, ov our fammily, rusherz intoo unnadviazd decizhonz."

"Yor not ofended at me, I hope?"

Feyorindaa smiald: a shaddowy ambigguwous smile ov lip and nostril, her ise stil levvel uppon him in dhat schujous remote intenshon.

"Ofended becauz u wish too marry her?" ced the Chaancelor. "Tiz the best compliment he cood a pade u, cister."

"Iz it?" Then, too Baizhaaz: "O, not ofended. Cerpriazd, perhaps. Perhaps a littel amuezd. Pitty yor lordship shood hav too wate for yor aancer too so natchural a demaand."

"Admiard and uncomparabel lady, be not an'gry widh me. Ile wate. But beceche u, not too long."

"Dependz ov the aancer. Too long, u ma thhinc, if aancer be good; but if tuther wa, ude then hav at leest the cumfort ov dela too thanc me for. We mete agane?" she ced, ghivving him her hand.

"If I thaut not," kiscing it and hoalding it lon'gher dhan nede wer in hiz, "God for witnes, Ide go stab micelf." Widh dhat, like a man unnabel too hoald the lid lon'gher on a boiling pot, Bayaaz struc sperz intoo hiz stalleyonz flanx and, widh grate reringz and toscingz ov mane and clatter ov huivz, departed.

The lady ced, aafter a fu minnuets' cilens az, alone toogheter wuns moer, dha came dhare wa: "A tern I leest looct for in u, bruther. And ghivz me strainjly too thhinc."

"Whaut doo u mene?"

"Az good az hoald me out like a pece ov merchandise too this frend ov yorz, bi I no not whaut fare prommicez made too him behiand mi bac; and

no leve aasct ov me.”

“Yor qwite mistooc. Ide nare made menshon ov u.”

“Strainj. If troo.”

“This iz the nachure ov him: even rash and sudden. But a man ov menny and  
remarcabel verchuse, and ov hi place in the land.”

“Duz he thhinc I am so agog for a huzband, dhaerz naut too doo but  
whiscel on hiz fist and Ile hop too him?”

“Cum, yor too bitter. Tiz not unpardonabel in a man too no hiz one  
werth.”

“Nor in a woomman. But I thhinc he hath ise for no uther werth dhan hiz  
one.”

Beroald ced, widh an ironnic twich ov hiz nostrilz, “U cuild enny  
such hare-braind thaut az dhat in him are we parted.”

Aafter anuther cilens: “I stil suspect u az ov hiz party, bruther. Bi  
yor tauc. Bi yor prasez.”

“Wel, the man iz a frend ov mine. And frendz ar uesfool.”

“The ucez ov frendship! And cisterz, too, made for uce?”

“I shal not aancer dhat.” Dhare glaancez counterd: a kiand ov merry  
hand-faast in the are, while dhat thhing at the corner ov Feyorindaaz  
mouth  
cunjuerd sum dim erth-bound shaddo ov itself on the Chaancellorz stony  
lip. “Oonly,” he ced, coald, caerles, judishal agane, “if dhare yor

fancy shood chaans too lite, I confes 't shood not displese me."

"Hou oald iz this frend?"

"Ov sum five yeerz' standing."

"Hiz age, I ment?"

"O, ov mi age, I supose, within a yere or too."

"Oald enuf too hav none, then, Ide hav thaut, dhat a gherlz hand iz too be suted for, not guttishly demaanded." She added, aafter a paуз: "Az caul for a pottel ov ale in a tavvern."

Dha rode on, a mile or so: no werd spoken, the Lord Beroald wauching her. When at length dhare ise met dhare wauz dhat in herz dhat ceemd too hoald him agane at armz-length az if, uppon revolving the matter, she wauz

not too be perswaded but dhat dha nou no lon'gher plade eche utherz game, but he hiz, she herz. Beroald smiald. "Forghet the man."

"Pu! Wun needz remember in order too forghet."

"I count him but our instrooment. No moer but dhat. Forghet him."

"Alaas, poor instrooment! He and I hav at laast sum fello-feling dhare, then."

"Ile not hav u thhinc such a thaut."

"No? U ar a skilfool player at the ches, bruther; but when u wood use me for yor paun—"

"Dhats a wicked li, and u no it. Whare wer mi skil, if I nu

not the differens twixt paun and qwene? Boath in the werth and in the mannage."

"Whare indede? But I am not for yor polittical chesbord, in whitchevver capascity: too be muivd about. I beghin too fiand I hav an appetite," she ced, in a penciovnes nou, dellicaitly inclining too stroke her horcez nec, "too be mi one celf-moover."

Dhat same da at evening, uppon bidding goodnite, Beroald ced too her, "I wil make u a prommice which, until this unlucky tern this morning, Ide hav thaut needles betwene u and me. It iz this: nevver too use u, unles ov yor one fre moashon or concent, for a meenz too endz ov mine."

In Feyorindaaz ise wauz a twinkel ov the miand betwene skeptic caushon and commical inchuwishon, tucht widh a kiand ov luv. "Thanx, nobel bruther: lets make this bargane muchuwal. And hoald me not un'graishous dhat I doo fere th' en'gaijment ma proove harder for u too abide bi dhan for me twil be."

"Cum, be just too eche uther. For me, whaut izt but stic too whaut hath becum mi natchural habbit cins ferst u cood prattel?"

"I thhinc," ced she, playing widh hiz fin'gherz, "u ma fiand it les esy nou." Then, loocking up, and verry demuerly and sweetly pootting her armz about hiz nec: "We understand eche uther?"

Az a sofister shood at nede speke smuidh werdz at the Sfinx, "I thhinc so," ced the Chaancellor; and so saying, widh an unbeleving twist ov hiz lene lips, beheld shaddose ov thhingz paast aul understanding, unmapt

starz ov bale and ov blis, cum and go in the profunditese ov hiz yung cisterz ise.

“Good,” she ced, and kist him. Laafing, dha tooc handz, and so goodnite. He waucht her go up the shining staercace; a buty ov moashon dhat wauz intertan’gheld az in counterpoint widh the beemz ov lamplite and candel’lite faintly swaying; then, widh the same unbeleving smile on hiz lips, betooc him too hiz studdy.

The Lord Bayaasez woowing, dhus haistily begun and evver the moer fureyously erjd and widh an impaishens the an’greyer and the sharper cet az it became moer mannifest whaut daans hiz mistres ment too lede him, dragd and tarrede throo the summer. In the end (moer, it wauz commonly suspishond, widh a miand too humor her bruther dhan for enny inordinate liking for her sutorz person), she axepted him. A fu dase later (erly Ceptember) dha wer wed in Cresteniyaawidh circumstaans and cerremony befitting dhare nobel staishon, and so widh onnor and rejoicing braut home too Mazmor.

Aafter the ferst munth ghests began too be receevd, and graitley wauz Bayaaz envede hiz fare and luvly bride. Sum, widh moer inqwiring ise and shroode miandz observing the climate, taisted unnesines in the hous, spite ov aul outword gayety. It wauz noted moerover dhat Bayaaz and hiz lady celdom axepted invitaishonz in the cuntrice but kept much too dhare one sociyety, and dhat she, for her part, wauz nevver cene in Siyaanaa.

Sum dhat wer verry nowing ced, wagghing dhare beardz, dhat the Chaancelorz hand wauz in this, contriving, throo Bayaaz, too continu stil hiz oald pollicy ov cecluezhon. Housowevver, it wauz the hous’hoald foke

at Mazmor dhat had best comojousnes too aqwaint themcelvz widh these afaerz, and widh uther littel thhingz beciadz. And nou, az the cezon

droo on tooword mid November, it began too be merrily whisperd among them  
dhat not oonly had her ladship had cins sum time paast her one chaimber,  
but her lord wauz nou-a-dase not celdom exiald too hiz one bed for  
cevveral  
niats tooghether.

These mispekingz cumming at length too Bayaasez ere, he tooc marvelous displezhure at them: let cese thre ov the gherlz deemd ghilty ov such tittel-tattel: duc them in the caacel pond; then cizzorz, for wel shorting and clipping awa ov dhare garments too larj sho ov dhare naked thhise: for laast disgrace, of widh dhare hare; and so, in dhat disonest and ugly pickel, pac them home. Whether uppon suspishon ov this taux havving a hiyer soers dhan the mouths it had bene herd drop from, or whether for a spite fed bi deper springz wholly remuivd from these, he nou uppon sum slite unclere pretext cent for Anthheyaa and Campaspy. These madenz beying cum befoer him he uezd verry rufly, speking dogghery at them: caulng them a pare ov flering parraciats, whoose giabz behiand hiz bac (becauz he wauz not booc-lernd) he hily disdained enny lon'gher too enjure: bad them dhaerfoer within wun our void clene out ov the caacel and no moer rezort too the same. "Enny she dhat disobase, her hare gose of for it. Dhats blusht yor cheex, haa? And not too be compounded bi a minnuets perfunctory cizzoring such az sufiast this morning. O, no: u ladese wood be onnord widh verry respectfool care and tendans: hav it cloce shorn too beghin widh: then the razor. Fere nuthhing; u nede but dispose yorcelvz az conveenyens ov shaving ma reqwiarz, and so cit stil, gently resiand up too hav it taken so, widh extreme particcular dainty, evveriwhare aul compleetly of, qwite and clene. Ponder on dhat. If u hav no desire for such a needfool cervice too be dun untoo u, studdy too meddel widh yor one biznes and oba mi comaand. And nou begon. Na then, cum u bac a moment, u laafing minnez: wun moer werd. Flatter not yorcelvz widh the vane concete dhat beying gentelwimmin exempts u from the barber.

Wer u nevver so nobel born, uppon mi onnor az a Mezreyan lord I sware too u, it shood of. Trespas u but wuns; clipt, soapt, and faithfooly shaven u shal be, nesh and smuidh az too littel ce-pigz. Exept yor ilashez, for Ile not be croowel, dhaerz not wun hare shal remane uppon."

Mi Lady Feyorindaa tooc no overt notice ov this undecent ceverrity against her domestix nor ov the dismissal ov her wating-gentelwimmin, az dho she wood hav it supoazd dhat she thaut it best too suffer the order ov the werld too mannage her, for this prezsent, widhout ferther inqwisishon. In truith, she hercelf wauz poot too but verry slite inconveenyens; for Anthheyaa and Campaspy, unshaping dhare boddese too dhare customary disghise ov beest or berd, wer abel at aul tiamz ov da or nite too be prezsent at nede in Mazmor. It iz not too be thaut dhat dhare nimfish miandz misdouted dhare ladese inword pece; for hou (dha mite in dhare innocency qweschon) shood She, dhat hoaldz in Her one celf the werld evverlaasting and unbegotten, She for whoome aul werldz ar made, behoald or no unhappines? For aul dhat, dha cented trubbel. Menny a time, az the dase groo shorter and the sap sunc and even in these soft ce-landz ov South Mezreyaa lite ground-frosts sumtiamz sharpend the breth ov nite, Mistres Anthheyaa lict her lips and, az frost maix the fire glo briter in the grate, so the uprite slits ov her ise bernd widh a moer foolvid splendor. Menny a time too, in her linx-dres, she frited her cister, chacing her for her spoert. And had Bayaaz bene a man ov les liyon-like mettal, havving the ordinary aptnes too oba the hart-empteying tuch ov fere, he wer like too hav bene frited too: behoalding from the sollichude ov hiz bed, and not wuns or twice oonly, juring these niats ov the dying yere in the chil betwixt midnite and daun, dhose beest-ise stare uppon him out ov the blac and cilent darcnes. The thherd time, a littel befoer Ule, he ced too Feyorindaa at brecfast dhat aulbeyit she ceemd, for rezonz ov her one, too prefer too slepe a-niats oftener widh her mountane cat dhan widh him, himcelf had no such prefferens; and unles she wood prommice too kennel the beest

hensfoerth and too ghiv him her cumpany niatly, az ov oald, az a wife shood, he wood widhout ferther worning dispach it widh hiz hunting-nife. The lady liscend, her grene ise coald uppon him az frosen pebbelz on a ce-beche under the moone. She replide: "'Ferst cerv, cine sute,' Ive herd sa. But dhat iz no maxim ov yorz, mi lord, az I hav found from the beghinning, moerz the pittty." Widh dhat, she left the tabel.

Late the same aafternoone, Bayaaz beying ridden abraud uppon sum biznes and not expected home befoer supper-time, mi Lady Feyorindaa wauz wauking her alone in the borderz ov dhose grate oke-woodz dhat trane southwordz along the skerts ov the hilz from Mazmor. Here she wauz met widh the lerned doctor. Aafter gretingz dha stood cilent awhile, Vandermaasts ise from beneeth dhare jutting thach ov white iabrou cerching her face in the uncertane and nou faast fading lite under the trese.

"Yor ladiship waux alone?" he ced prezsently. "Whare be mi littel dicipelz?"

"U must not aasc me qweschonz too which u aulreddy no the aancer."

"Na, I werded it amis, mi miand beying wholly taken up widh yor ladiships afaerz and forghetting dhat sumtiamz it iz rite and needfool we atend too matterz contin'gent. I no dha ar in Lornraa Zombremar, havving micelf, bi meenz ov a certane cristal, beheld them dhare this morning. But I wood hav aasct whi."

"I cent them awa aafter brecfast, widh order too dwel for a while in dhare troo shaips, sumtiamz dhare, sumtiamz in Memmizon, and not too retern, in whautevver dres, until I shal cend for them."

"U ar aul alone, then?"

“Aul alone, widh mi lord. The time haz cum when it iz best for us too be alone.”

Doctor Vandermaast regarded her narroly. Then he ced: “*Res nullo modo neque alio ordine a Deo produci potuerunt, quam productae sunt*: Thhingz wer not abel too be braut too beying bi God in enny uther manner, nor in enny uther order, dhan az dha hav in fact bene braut. And yet this thhing iz, too mi confiand and but part-conceving intelects, a cerd: an irashonal uncogitabel. I mene, yor ladships havving art or part in this Bayaaz.”

“Indede it iz certane,” she ced, terning her cullor and widh a kerl ov the lip, “he iz, aulbeyit a man ov grate berth and currage, verry smauly censt; save in wun particcular and dhare he iz a mere commonplace fello and littel deserving ov so sanctifide a ghift: an enslaver ov wimmen, hapt in a moast unlucky our uppon wun he hath not the art too enslave. The nerer none, the moer unsufferabel he iz, I thhinc.”

“Beluvd and onnord Mistres,” ced the doctor, “beying yorz while life swayeth within me, and nowing yor ladship, ma be, better dhan sumtiamz u doo no yorcelf, I concidder not ov this. For too u dhare iz naut unnesy too acheve. But when I concidder ov these onnest humbel harmles children, the grate ofencez and misbehavingz he hath dun against them az lamz voisles befoer dhare sherer, and abomminably perpoceth the like against mi pritty nimfs—”

“Mu!” ced she, braking in uppon him: “these ar lite ocaizhonz ov smaul moment. But if u must no, no harmz dun. Mi lord Chaancelor, bi mi reqwest, harboreth them in Semry Ashery: when fit too be cene agane, wil be tayen intoo hiz hous’hoald dhare. Dhare ar uther privacese comitted too mi charj moer trubbelsum and ov far wateyer impoert dhan these. Az bi proofe wil apere. And if u thhinc not, revverend cer, yor

luv toowordz me iz not such az our wauchfool frendship toowordz u hath deservd."

Vandermaast held hiz pece. For a minnute in cilens nou, dhat lady steddily beheld him. The hules coald lite ov the winter sun cetting uncene behiand thhic cloud-banx wauz yet strong enuf for hiz ise, gasing intoo herz and uppon her countenans, too ce, for dhat minnute, the truth ov her: her ise tender az a duvz: in the berdz-wing kerv ov her iabrouz a tiamles qweschon dhat ceemd too atend no aancer: in her nose, a crittical outword-regarding superbity dhat jujd widhout apele, and an aul-traancending pouwer dwelling cerene in eche exqwizsite line (carvd bi Him whoo carvd the lillese purity) ov brij and tip and wing and thaut-disclosing nostril. Her lips wer liatly perst tooghether, az in a divine demer betwene dout and unrelenting wil: dhare sudden up-ternz at the cornerz held, throo these straind moments, a gravvity ov anneeld barbd hoox foerjd from a haaf-regretfool gentelnes: tertelz brest chainjd too addamant bi infecshon ov sum unternabel spirrit dhat informd the strength ov her underlip, clere-cut and level abuv the slender fermnes ov her chin. Werldz' wunder and hevvenz uncloiyng commonplace ceemd, on these lips, too li stild in imortal meditaishon; wharin, az thhingz partly aslepe, luv and scorn, and a hi Olimpeyan qwintescens ov inword laafter, and dhose harts ov pitty and ineffabel sadnes dhat throb uncene beneeth aul gloery and onnor and buty and beyond aul werldz' endingz, ceemd too rest, and, az Godz ma greve, too greve.

"Iz it not the wa ov Them dhat kepe the wide hevven," she ced, and her vois wauz gentel az fauling shaddose ov nite, "too ghiv scope too whimsowevver shal reqwire it ov Them, dhat nun ma needlesly perrish? But dhare cummeth aulwase an our ov decizhon. Lest eternity itcelf be parceld out in too unproffitabel lecez."

"The wase ov Her ar unscrootabel," ced dhat oald man, sloly and softly, aafter a long pauz.

“Yor depe discerning wizdom,” she aancerd, “haz nevver disapointed me.” She wauz waring, against the wintry wether, a grate cloke ov rich blac sabelz faacend at the throte widh claasps ov hammerd silver. She opend it: flashez, under hiz ise for a tiamles instant, Her buty dhat can bi its gloery darken hevven and conshume too ashez aul werldz: then, mufling her cloke agane about her, wauz gon: throo the trese, bac too Mazmor.

Left so, the aijd doctor stood fixt: blianded for the while, uncertane ov hiz direcshon, az a man whoose lite haz bene suddenly blone out standz lost in pich darcnes; but Vandermaast, for aul hiz darcnes, stood rapt in dhat vizhon dhat nevver until tooda (he ced too the celf within himself) wauz vouchsaift too mortal i.

Ten dase later, uppon Nu Yeerz Eve in Mazmor, supper dun and the ghests departed, her ladiship wauz sat iadly reding befoer a fire ov cedar-wood in her one bouwer dhat opend of the mane haul. Too her left, uppon a thre-legghed tabel ov waulnut inlade widh ivory and muther-ov-perl and arabesx ov silver, nine candelz in a grate cristal candelstic gave a gentel and companyonabel lite, plezzant for reding. These, and the lamplite, and the fiarlite, and the traanzmuted splendorz, begotten ov aul thre, which glode in the inwordz ov the twin escarbunkelz, big az goald-crests egz, at her eerz and sparkeld from the fascets ov the pendant ov the same blud-darc stone dhat slumberd abuv her brests, ceemd too be thhingz widhout substans save az part ov her: part ov her boddese grace: vizsibel emanaishonz ov the spirrit dhat informd dhat boddy so dhat it held within itcelf (mixt and made wun, az stilnes and the extreme ov roowinous pouwer unite at a grate wherlpuilz center) the roowin ov werldz and the untarnishabel eternity ov evvery werldz desire.

Bayaaaz, in a ceming discontent and irezzolueshon, paist the roome, hiz ise reterning too her az moth too candelflame. "Whaut wer u and Mellatese discoercing ov?" he ced, cumming too a stand at laast over against her, hiz bac too the fire.

"Plezzant nuthhingz," she aancerd, widhout loocking up.

He came and sat on the arm ov her chare. "Tauc sum too me."

"I pra u beghin, then," she ced, continnuwing her reding.

"Twil be a plezzant chainj when u doo az I wish, for wuns in a while," ced he: then noting the littel mocking lift ov her hed, snacht her booc and throo it on the floer. "We mite agry better dhat wa."

Feyorindaa rose, saying under her breth, "O hou long? hou long? It iz haaf a deth too me, this."

"Whaut doo u mene, 'this'?"

"If u wood be aancerd, let go ov mi skert."

"Cit doun, then," he ced, letting go, and citting himcelf in her chare. "Here."

She remaind standing, loocking him steddily in the ise.

"Verry wel," he ced, and stood up agane: thrust hiz face cloce too herz. "U like too stand, cauz u ar moer dhan common taul? Beware, dho, hou u looc doun on me."

"Doant tuch me, u wer best."

"I havnt, for a fortnite. Dhat wer a plezzant chainj, too."

"Too u, maby. We hav our cevveral taists in these matterz."

Uppon dhat he ceezd her: mouth kiscing her feersly, her throate, her ise, her lips, and betwene her brests: handz gredy uppon her: while she like a verry ded thhing abode in hiz armz, suffering aul, inert, hard, and widhout respons. Aafter a while he decided: swung round from her and, under the sting and fury ov dhat flesh-enraging madnes kict the tabel over.

Feyorindaa, standing whare he had left her, hare faulen doun, dres disorderd, yet in an impereyal imobillity, looct on. "Poor tabel. Whaut had dhat dun too be kict? Hav u hert yor to?"

"Pic up dhose candelz. Wood u hav us aul bern?"

She remaind widhout stuuring. Bayaaz, hauling on hiz rite foot, cet in order tabel and candelz agane: then stood glaring uppon her. "Fut, I canot fadhom u: this straind moddesty: counterfete coines. Or iz it sum pranc, sum nu fantasticnes ov whorizm? Whaut end doo u looc ov it? Ar u a woomman? Or a tormenting Fury, cent too make me kil u and then micelf? Wer we wed for dhat?"

"Perhaps we wer. U no better dhan I."

Citting him doun agane in her chare, "Ghet u too bed, maddam," he ced, avoiding her gase. "Ile ghiv u ten minnuets for unreddeying ov yorcelf. Then Ile follo and make mi pece; and an end so, I hope, ov these jarz and bickeringz."

Dhat lady, loocking doun on him, cercht hiz face for a moment, but stil hiz ise avoided herz. She ternd and, widh hed boud, wauct

verry sloly too the doer; pauzd dhare, and widh hed erect looct on him agane. Dhare ise met. "U desire me," she ced, "but u doo not no, nor desire too no, hou too make luv too me." He glowerd uppon her in cilens, the swet shining on hiz brou, the grate vainz standing out thhic and hard on hiz tempelz. "And," she ced, her hand behiand her on the doer-lach, "so it haz bene from the beghinning: a disabelnes in u, I supose, too understand whaut thhingz, and when, plese me, and whaut displese." She opend the doer: then, terning her agane too face him: "In brefe, u ar a gluttonous and malignant foole."

Widh dhat, she wauz gon.

Bayaaaz sat stil az deth. Hiz handz, dhat had a shene on the bax ov them ov dellicate goalden hare, wer clampd uppon the chaerz armz. Hiz ise wer on the cloc. When it wauz a littel paast elevven he stood up and widh ferm but noizles tred went from the roome and so upstaerz, and, beying cum too hiz ladese bedchamber, tride the doer. It wauz bolted on the incide. Smuithing the axents ov hiz vois, aulbeyit like a hot proud hors hiz hi blod qwivverd in them, "Open," he ced, "mi luv, mi ju-pare, mi erths delite. Open, and I wil u the order ov aul dhat I hav. Let me in. I luv u."

He stood liscening: not a sound from within. So stil it wauz, he mite here the cloc ticking in the haul belo. He shooc the doer. She ced, from incide, "No opening ov doerz too u toonite, mi lord." And, uppon hiz shaking it agane: "If u looc for enny moer luv-liking, in yor life, betwixt u and me, imporchune me no moer toonite."

Bayaaaz made az if too charj against the doer widh hiz shoalder: brake the bolt if he mite; but, rooling himcelf, went awa.

Mi Lady Feyorindaa liscend until the sound ov her lordz footsteps, ov hiz gowing dounstaerz and acros the haul, ceest and evverithhing wauz stil. Then, smiling, she cet too disparrel hercelf and, suddenly

cereyous, stood awhile betwixt fire and mirror too contemplate widh coole aprasing i, like az dhat morning cevven munths ago she had exammiand from horsbac the sun-lit ce-puilz ov the Corvish, the wunder ov her one face and ov aul her naked butese. Even az thaut against thaut, pashon against pashon, and aul against eche, made up the evver-chain'ging bewichments ov her face: even az, throowout this uther enchaanted qweendom, ov her boddy, from throte too to, from shoalder too fin'gher-tip,

sum depe harmony betwene conflicting superlatiavz ishude in a divine perfecshon: so betwene these too cevveral qweendomz wauz utter divercity

in kiand swept up too unity. In the face, her sole sat fre: nou baerd, nou aul or in part disghiazd or vaild. In boddese luvlines, throo liavly and breathing ballans ov form widh form and ov her thre fare cullorz (white, red, and dhat blacnes whoose outbradingz ar but wun mode, ov menny divine and coweeqwal, ov the pure empirreyal fire), shon the

pece ov Her buty dhat too its eternal substans subshuemz boath erth and hevven. Eche qweendom bi itself, face alone (incarnate sole) or boddy alone (incarnate spirrit), wer a thhing abstracted: sole widhout platform or wormth or statchure: spirrit widhout understanding and widhout truth. But dhat wer an imposcibel. Spirrit, within and widhout, sugested this sole; and this sole spirrit. Soalz buty and spirrits wer in an untiamd extacy so steept in eche uther, and bi eche uther interpennetrated, dhat, widhout qweschon ov the outword hiyerarky, eche fechure and linyament ov her face and eche particcular trezhure ov her boddy, eche flicker ov an ilid, eche mooving or stilnes ov swaun-smuidh cerface, eche filigry dellicacy ov get-blac hare, wauz inwordly ov eeqwal onnor and werth, az implicate widh aul the remane and, wholly az eche ov these, poschulating and ensfering boath them and Her. So dhat here stood She in verry prezsens; celf-exiald (doutlesly for sum such Olimpeyan perpoce az she had foershone too Vandermaast) too this hous ov

Mazmor. Widh a narrowing ov ise dhat ceemd snake-like nou, and widh a

dedly twist ov sum qwaulity nevver, ma be, noted until nou even bi hercelf, ov sum tigherishnes and pride and unmercilesnes in the contorz ov her lips, she smiald agane. In a whisper dhat, too here, shood hav struc chil too a manz rainz and cent the blud fleying too the hart, she ced: "Not a comoddy. Not too be had bi chusing or bi slicez, az ete a chicken. Not dhat, whether for man or God. And the reword ov invetterate traanzgreshon, deth."

In her bouwer belo, meenwhile, Bayaaz throo logz on the dying fire, then sat in her chare, fidging and musing. Her booc la on the floer beside him, whare he had throne it. He pict it up. It opend at Ankicesez cecond speche in the "Him too Afrodity":

*If mortal, then, thou beest, and woman the mother that bare thee;  
Otreus of name renown'd thy father, as thou averrest;  
If thou through grace of the deathless Guide be hitherward comen,  
Thro' Hermes, and wife of mine must be call'd to everlasting:  
Then shall none, were't whether of Gods or of men mortal,  
Me constrain nor hold, till mixt in love I have thee,  
Instant now: not were Far-darting very Apollo  
Launch from 's bow of silver the arrows that worketh groanings.  
Willingly I thereafter, O woman Goddess-seeming,  
So but first I mount thy bed, would sink to the House of Hades.*

"Yes," ced Bayaaz, closing the booc and widh shaking hand pootting it bi: "so dhats the trash she reedz. And he had, at dhat time, but hiz one imadgininz too lite dhat hot fire in him. Hou much moer I, dhat hav pruid and no?"

Wine and goblets stood on a cide-tabel. He wauct over too it: poerd a cup: dranc: reternd too her chare. Qworter bi qworter and our bi our, the clox chiamz led on the wauchez ov the nite. At too oacloc,

aafter ni uppon thre ourz ov citting so, he dranc a cecond cup ov wine and went upstaerz agane too liscen. Dhare wauz not a sound, save oonly ov

her breth taken peesfooly in slepe. Her slepe, bi native habbit and suted too her yeerz, wauz qwiyet and profound. It wauz darc in the passage.

A faint glo ov fiarlite shode under her doer and in the chinc betwene doer and doer-jam. Bayaaz went too hiz one roome, a fu pacez along the passage, shut the doer cilently, and leend out ov the windo nerest herz. The nite wauz muinles, but clere and staary. From shere hun'gher for her and from hard staring too make shure dhat her caisment stood open,

az even in these winter niats wauz her custom so too hav it, hiz ise wauterd and smarted. He leend out: mezhuerd the distans widh hiz i, windo-lej too windo-lej: ced in hiz miand, "Tiz the rode her cat-a-mountane tooc. Whare dhat can go, dhare can I": stood nou erect on the braud outer cil, steddeying himcelf bi hand-grip on the role-moalded top ej ov the stone arkitrave abuv hiz hed. It wauz az if sum unvoist mennace spoke out ov the niats star-lit stilnes too the proud wil ov him standing dhare: az too sa, "Lepe not". He tooc a mity lepe ciadwase, face too the waul: landed widh boath handz clutching uppon her windo-cil widh a gerc enuf too hav broken the fin'gher-joints or dislocated the shoalderz ov anuther man, but bi mane strength hung on, and bi the mite ov hiz armz and widh scrabbling ov tose against the waul poold himcelf up til, haaf in haaf out ov the windo, he cood rest at laast: a thherty-foot drop belo him on the outer cide; but incide, the slumbrous glo from emberz on the harth: the ashurans ov her prezsens: the undisterbd sound ov her sleping, peesfool az a chialdz.

Next morning she rode intoo Semry Ashery, gave her hors too the gruimz, went up usherles too the Chaancellorz studdy, and dhare found him but

just finishing his breakfast. She sat her down at the far side of the table, facing him, her back to the window and the sunrise.

"An unloot-for pleasure too begin with. U have breakfasted?"

She shook her head and, when he would have risen to pour the tea, prevented him with a look. He took a bit of marmalade and water.

"Come home," she said at last, looking down with the question in her eyes, while with one hand she moved a plate in circles before her on the sandalwood table.

"But why?"

"Decided that I do not care any longer for married life."

A sardonic smile flickered across the granite face of the Chancellor. "Why?" he said, and she shrugged and looked at him: a strained look. The look of a lily that has been rudely handled: but no entreaty in it, no asking for pity.

He poured out two cups of white hippocras: pushed one across the table for her. She left it untouched. He finished his breakfast in silence, as if to let her take her time. When she looked at him again her eyes were stone-hard, like a snake's eye, but, for all that, piercingly pitiful; as if here were some proud implacable thing, armed with a merciless power, come to him in its unhappiness as a heart-broken mother.

"Is that the wind chime?" said Beroald. "Ankicese begin with too soon the defects of a mortal man? A ruler herdsman, a lord a prince?"

"Let's not talk Greek. Share with Roman was rather. A rape of the Sabine last night." She gave him a steady look, then suddenly rose up

and went across to the fire-place to stand dhare with her bac to him. The kerv ov her nec az she looct down intoo the flaimz: bac hare citting exqwizsiatly in the nape ov it, gleming, smuidh-wound, pare-shaift, volupshously coiling down uppon itcelf, a blac leppard, a sleping dain'ger: the pure and staitly lianz ov her boddy, amforaa-like, ghivving nobillity too evvery hanging foald ov her pleted skert: az the Chaancellor looct and beheld these thhingz, hiz lene lips and clipt mustaasheyose and the lianz ov hiz shaven jau and chin ceemd chainjd too iarn.

He began a stauking up and down the roome, handz claaspt behiand hiz bac, and so aafter a tern or too plaist himcelf too frunt her, a littel on her rite, hiz shoalderz against the mantelpece. "Wun shood not strike a woomman," he ced, "even with a flouwer."

"He did not strike me."

The Chaancellor studdede her face. In this shaddo cros-lit with the leping fire-flaimz, it wauz like the Sfinxez. "Shal I tauc too him?" he ced.

Feyorindaa smuidhd her dres. Verry softly noddng, stil loocking wide-ide intoo the fire, she aancerd in a lo vois, clere and dispashonate: "If u thhinc it tauking matter." She looct up swiftly in hiz face with ise dhat from dhare sfincshan coaldnes wer suddenly becum dhose ov a fritend chiald: then bent her hed for him too kis her on the foerhed. "I wauz aslepe," she whisperd cloce too hiz ere. "In mi one chaimber, verry wel ce cuerd, too be from him for a while. Let himcelf in bi the windo, I supose, without waking me. Bi sum gotish tric, in mi slepe, uppon me: no help: the ennemy in the gate." She berrede her face on her brutherz shoalder, armz tite about hiz nec, sobbing and shuddering. "I hate him. Dere Faather in hevven, hou I hate him."

The next morning, not so uncezonabel erly az yesterda hiz lady, the Lord Bayaaz came too ce the Chaancellor. He opend the matter widh an esy francnes az betwene frendz and brutherz-in-lau: a retched inconveenyens, not werth the time ov da, save dhat it concernd her dhat wauz verry dere too boath ov them. Mane necescity wauz too clere widh the biznes and stop repoert; and wer it even for dhat sake alone (dho he wauz moast desirous not too hurry her) he earnestly wisht her spedy retern too Mazmor. In this he doutd not he shood hav her brutherz wise help, whoo nu az wel az she did in whaut dere respect and luv he held her. Maby himcelf had bene at fault too. Be dhat az mite be, twer werst thhing in the werld wer she, bi tarreying over long time in Semry Ashery, too cet foolish tungz a-wagghing; which, too sa troo, dha had too hiz one nollej aulreddy begun too doo weex ago, but he thaut he had so far scocht dhat. Dhare wauz naut behiand it, save luvverz' humorz. And remember, twauz yet but hunnimoone.

At this laast the Chaancellor, whoo had liscend in cilens widhout ster ov a muscel, smiald sumwhaut scornfooly. "For micelf," he ced, "I hav nevver yet advenchuerd me in the toiliz ov wedloc, but I am enuf utherwhaerz expereyenst too tel u dhat when a foer-munth hunnimoone endz az this hath, tiz time too end aul. Ime sorry, mi lord, but cins az betwene kinzmen-in-lau u ceke mi help and council, I can but council u too agry too a divoers, and dhat widhout pother or dela. Indede, dhaerz no chois els": here he gave him an il looc, and added, "unles a wercer." So saying, chil and formal agane, he rose from the tabel.

Bayaaz rose too: hiz face scarlet, but hiz tung wel kerbd. "This iz scaers the help I looct for," he ced, "when I came hither too u. I must take time too thhinc ont."

“I wil ghiv yor lordship twenty-foer ourz,” ced Beroald, “too axept mi decizhon.”

“U speke hi, mi lord Chaancellor.”

“It iz mi custom,” replide he widh grate cuilnes, “when the ocaizhon demaandz it. Fare u wel. And concidder widh thautfool care whaut I hav ced too u.”

“It shal not fale. Fare u wel.”

Widh dhat went Bayaaz foerth from the roome, and so doun the whelestaerz in the west turret, and so throo the mane haul. Thens in hiz wa out, he chaanst uppon hiz lady az she came in from the garden. She ternd ashy white: chect in her wauc and ceemd too hezsitate hou she mite paas him, but the passage wauz narro and he bloct up the wa. He unbonneted: “I came too aasc forghivnes.”

“Too make yor pece? i’ the fashon ov Wednzda nite?”

Bayaaz, az letting this paas unnoted, ced, “Dhaerz no livving sole Ide axept it from but u: much les aasc it. For God sake, sum place widh cloazd doerz. We canot tauc here.”

“Cloazd doerz. Uppon u and me!”

“The garden, then: care not for ise, so dhare be no eevzdropperz. I entrete u. I am tame. But I canot awa afoer this be sum wa mended.”

Dha went, whens she had cum, intoo the garden. Aafter a scoer ov pavez she halted. “This iz far enuf. It iz paast mending.”

“God forbid.”

“I hav made mi bruther mi aterny. U must tauc too him.”

Lord Bayaaz cet hiz jau. “Iz yor pride so devvilish dhat u canot be hi-mianded enuf not too tred doun mine, when like sum humbel mizserabel sutor too hiz sovverane lord I cum too prostrate it befoer u?”

“Mi pride, God save the marc! when uve uezd me widh such outrage az Ide a supoazd a sculleyon, perfuemd widh grece, wood hav spaerd hiz menest punc.”

“Must u cut mi hart out? Mi fault wauz but mi luv for u.”

“I o u thanx for dhat admishon. Bare widh mi ignorans: I nare nu man til u. And trooly this haaf-yeerz testing hath kild mi appetite for moer, if u be a rite exaampel.”

“Bi Godz lid!” ced Bayaaz, az a man whoose wil iz celdom woanted too be gainced, letting looce hiz pashon, “tiz a perrilous game u pla, mistres, and a foolish. Whaut ame u at? ar u levveying facshon against me? Whaut hav I dun? Becauz yor bruther iz the grate Chaancellor and grose here too grate abomminabel perchace, thhinc u bi running too him widh lise against me—”

“Whaut neded lise? Truth wauz enuf.”

“Yor an il wife. Yet harken, for a laast werd: cum u home widh me.”

“I wil di sooner.”

“Na, then, I hav a deper venjans iz preparing for u. Filthhy

buty. Dhaerz a man in this: men, moer like. Wel, tiz Frida morn. If bi Munda u be not cum bac, I councel u kepe yorcelf mude in Semry Ashery for the rest ov yor life. For I sware too u bi mi onnor, if u proove looce in the hilts Ile take u too mi fury. And I am a man dhat nevver mist ov nuthhing yet dhat I tooc in hand. If, beying yor huzband, I ma not hav u, Ile so dele widh u az nun els shal desire u. Ile slit yor nose. Best cure, az moast laasting, for such az u.”

Widhout moer for good-bi, he left her: tooc hors and departed.

But mi Lady Feyorindaa stood a fool minnute moashonles dhare, gasing aafter

him. Uppon her brou sum dredfool gaastlines ov oald nite ceemd, frouning, too rise intoo its throne and too shed its garment az a vale over her slaanting ise werm-glaans darting, and cuvver her lips, chain'ging them

for the moment too thhingz carvd out ov frosen blud. In the same our she recounted too her bruther, werd bi werd, these thhingz ced too her bi Bayaaz. While Beroald liscend, hiz lene countenans, flat in the cheeboanz, wide betwene the ise, clene cut about the jau, cloce shaven save for the brisly mustaasheyose, remaind muivles az a stone. When she had dun, “Forghet it,” he ced, in a toanles vois, az coald and staitly and az unredabel az hiz face. “And forghet him.” Dhare ise met, and rested a moment tooghether, az brutherz and cisterz whoo wel understand eche uther.

Next da, in the aafternoone, wauz nuse braut too the Chaancelor in Semry Ashery ov a horribel fact comitted in Cresteniyaa market-place: ov the Lord Bayaaz, cumming doun the peyaatsaa steps dhare in open cite ov the pepel and the sun shining in fool splendency, cet uppon at unnawaerz and stabd in bi cix men widh daggherz: hiz speche and cencez taken suddenly

awa from him, yet livd awhile, "but the cerjonz toald me," ced the mescen'ger, "it shood not be long." Ov this, sum ourz later, the Chaancellor informd hiz cister; saying beciadz dhat bi latest ashuerd intelligens Bayaaz wauz ded. The merdererz, it ceemd, wer personz un'none. Exept too, whoome Bayaaz had kild outrite in the scuffel, dha ceemd too hav gotten clene awa. "An act ov God or the Kingz ennemese," ced the Chaancellor, loocking her strate in the i.

"An act ov God," ced the lady soberly, with a like stedly, uncomunicative, understanding looc. "It wer wicked too be unthancfool."

### Argument widh Daits

Barganax and Feyorindaa—The King and the Viccar

("Chapterz" 30-33)

30

Laafter-luvving Afrodity

UNTIL FEYORINDAAZ marrage niather the King nor the Qwene nor Barganax haz evver cet ise on her. The Dutches haz, and canot abide her: probbably haz rezolvd privaitly dhat she had better not be cene bi Barganax.

In Aipril, baerly thre munths aafter the viyolent deth ov her ferst huzband, she (wuns moer, too plese her bruther) marrese Morvil, a distant cuzsin ov the Parry. The King, ceying and tauking too her for the ferst time in Ma and havving Barganax in miand, conferz on Morvil the leftennancy ov Raizmaa and perswaidz the Dutches too ghiv Feyorindaa a place at coert in Memmizon and, later, in June, too make her lady ov the bedchaimber. Uppon this nerer aqwaintans the Dutches nou chain'gez her miand: thhinx les about the reputaishon which, brooted bi idel tungz, follose Feyorindaa az a trane ov fire sum red dizaastrous commet: in fine, surenderz wholly too the spel ov this Darc Lady, in whose cintilating, unanalyzabel, and perrilous perfecshonz she ceemz too ce (az a rose mite ce its one image mirrord but chainjd too incandescens in the cerface ov a poole ov moalten mettal) a counter-image ov her one inmoast celf: *Rosa alba incarnata* loocking uppon *La Rose Noire*.

Feyorindaa iz pashonaitly adoerd at ferst cite bi Barganax on midsummer nite, 775, at a baul ghivven bi hiz muther in Memmizon.

THE VICCAR (whose pollicy, az Beroald wuns ced, "iz dhat ov the duc: abuv wauter, idel and scaers cene too ster; but under wauter, ceecretly and spedily swimming toowordz hiz perpoce") haz evver cins the rebelleyon bene unnobtroociavly but widh paishens and thurrone consollidating hiz

pouwer in Rerec. Bi ferm guvvernment, lavvishnes in boath prommice and performans, good-felloaship, prinsly hospitallity, a certane directnes dhat tempts menny too trust him whare dha had wiazleyer bene ware ov him,

and bi a cet pollicy ov faacening a private hoald on eche man werthy hiz atenshon (laying men under obligaishonz too hiz person, or hoalding over them hiz nollej ov sum ceecret misdoowing which dha wood leest ov aul wish too ce braut too lite), he haz in the foer yeerz ov hiz vicareyate uezd the roiyal comishon (az Beroald ced) "too grappel too hiz private alejans the whole mid kingdom twixt Megraa and the Senner."

The King, whoo haz for yeerz understood, az from incide, this "moast woolvy

and moast foxy sarjant major genneral ov aul the Devvilz en'gineerz," and luvz him deerly, partly for the verry dain'ger ov him and for the sest ov feling hiz one pouwerz strecht too dhare uttermoast in controlling him, iz wel alive too these procedingz, but canot be muivd bi dhose nerest in hiz council (Beroald, Geronomy, Roder, Barganax) too take overt acshon too cowers him.

At laast, this summer ov 775, the King haz ceecret intelligens (which he partly disclosez too the Chaancellor and too the Dutches but too no person els) ov a conspirracy too cese Rerec and cet it up az a relm too itself, widh the Viccar for king. The conspirratorz hav apointed too mete wun nite in Middelmede, a loanly roowind farmsted on the upper wauterz ov the Senner; and here the King meenz too cerprise them in person: "wharin if I bring not the rest too destrucshon and him too hiz obegens, at leest Ile di atempting it." At the laast moment he maix the Chaancellor wate behiand, a fu mialz short ov Middelmede, and himself gose on, compleetly alone.

This increddibel act ov daring suceedz. The Parry, aulreddy misdouting him ov the sufishency ov these men he haz acembeld too be hiz

instroaments, and (which the King had widh unnuuring incite gambeld uppon)

cumming himcelf too hele when faist widh the King in person, axepts the Kingz whisperd diyagnocis ov the cichuwaishon: naimly, dhat the Viccar haz

lited bi chaans uppon a wausps' nest which the King haz cum himcelf too take. The five rebbel lordz, suddenly cerpriazd, ar overcum bi the King and the Viccar aafter a bluddy fite, and dhare thre cervivorz (Ghilmanese, Arkez, and Claveyus) ar, uppon the Kingz direcshon, then and dhare behedded bi Gaibreyel Florese. (This eppisode, treset in detale in "A Fish Dinner in Memmizon", iz in this prezsent booc not narated directly but discloazd in a private and ceecret conversaishon, aafter the event, betwene the Viccar and hiz muther Mareshaa, nou aijd cevventy-thre. He haz aulwase

bene her favorite chiald, and so far az he evver openz hiz miand too enniboddy it iz too her. But even from her cimpathhettic ere the grater part (for exaampel, the troo extent ov hiz implicaishon in this consperracy) iz forevver hidden.)

The Viccarz personal atachment too the King not even this trezon can brake: in fact the outcum iz an imezhurabel strengthhenning ov it. The savvage dog haz, for the ferst time, snapt at hiz maaster. But he nose he aut not too hav dun it, and iz sorry. He wil nevver snap at King Mesenshus agane; but aul the moer iz he inwordly rezolvd too brooc no overlordship in Rerec (wer the King too di) from a yung qwaut such az Stillis, or, for dhat matter, from Barganax.

Bad feling haz bene growing betwene the Viccar and Stillis too an extent dhat ghivz Rozmaa reyal anxiety. For the ferst time she cumz too be rainjd in a deffinite hostillity against her cuzsin the Viccar, and trise, in sober ernest not in haaf ernest az ov oald, too cet the King against him. But her efforts meerly harden the King in hiz cureyous afecshon for this untamabel unfoerceyabel ravvening wiald beest ov hiz, grone nou so big dhat bi no pouwer on erth can he be saifly handeld but bi the Kingz

personal ascendancy alone.

32

Then, Gentel Cheter

THE STROKE at Middelmede (publicly understood, with the Kingz conivans, too hav bene a cignal cervice too the croun on the part ov the Viccar) wauz on 26 June 775. Juring the following fu weex, Barganaxez freqwenting ov Feyorindaaz cumpany haz becum matter for evvery scandalous breth in boath Memmizon and Siyaanaa. The lady, widh evvery exasperaishon ov mockery, eluciavnes, and unbarabel provocaishon, hoaldz him on a string, but at armz length. Morvil, a cimpel and schupid man fataly conjoind too a wife whoome he can niather win nor hoald nor sattisfi nor understand nor be werthy ov, iz rung widh gelloucy, while Barganax iz aulmoast drivven out ov hiz wits bi a luv which he can niather foolfil nor yet tare himcelf awa from.

33

Afrodity Helicobleffaros

ON 21 JULI, fouly insulted and struc across the mouth bi Morvil uppon the fauls (or at leest, premachure) acuzaishon ov beying the Juex mistres, she taix the Juke for her luvver indede. Morvil, ghilty ov ferther threts and outrage, iz destroid bi Anthheyaa in her linx dres.

The coers ov troo luv for Barganax and Feyorindaa nevver runz smuidh: dhare nachuerz ar too feers, hazzardous, and pashon-ridden, for dhat. But it runz aulwase deper and stron'gher and widh mounting superlatiavz, and aulwase morning-nu. He repetedly ergez her too becum Dutches ov Siyaanaa, but she az stedfaastly refusez; nowing, bi an incite which (in common widh aul her qwaulitese) rechez perhaps beyond the strane ov mortallity, dhat it iz in the coer ov hiz nachure too cet supreme stoer bi unsaiftese and uncertaintese, dain'gerous eleezhumz, the bitter-swete: γλυκύπικρος ἐρῶς. And these thhingz she ghivz him, unfalably, often aulmoast unbarably, and widh boath handz.

### The Fish Dinner and its Aftermath

“Note on Traansishon too Chapter 34 (ce page 185)  
and on Chapter 35 az yet unritten”

ON 25 JULI, the Dutches entertainz privaitly at a fish dinner in Memmizon the King, the Viccar, Barganax, Geronimy, Beroald, Feyorindaa, Anthheyaa, Campaspy, and the Kingz nece Senyanthhy.

The tauc ternz too divine filossofy, and so too qweschonz ov Time and Creaishon: “If we wer Godz, whaut manner ov werld wood we chuse too make?” Too this qweschon, raizd bi the King, moast ov the cumpany aancer,

in efect: This acchuwal werld (dhat iz too sa, ov coers, Simeyamveyaa). But mi Lady Feyorindaa, in a dain'gerously irresponsibel and contrary moode toonite, and speking az if the King wer in sober truith the Aulmity and she hercelf Afrodity Hercelf, for whoome this and aul concevabel werldz ar made, aasx him too make for her a strainj mecannical hithertoo undreemd-ov werld which she descriabz at larj.

Whaut follode, uppon this reqwest, probbably nun ov the cumpany but the too paerz ov luvverz (the King and Ammaaly, Barganax and Feyorindaa) folly understood. Certainly, aul prezsent, the King and Feyorindaa alone exepcted, had forgotten bi next morning.

The fact wauz this: Speculaishon merjd intoo acshon: the King, citting dhare at supper, did in verry truith creyate, too her specificaishon, this werld we ourcelvz liv in and belong too, so dhat dha sau it evolv, a larj teming bubbel, az this whole matereyal univers mite present itcelf under the ise ov the Godz, its minnichure eyonz paacing beneeth Dhare imortal gase, az milleyonz ov yeeرز condens intoo, sa, haaf an our. Moer dhan this: the King and the Dutches, Barganax and Feyorindaa, in a desire too "no" this nu werld from within, enterd it and so livd out a life-time here (in our one cenchury), while too the uther ghests dha meerly ceemd too cit gasing in a rapt atenshon for a fu minnuets on a monstrous bubbel poizd befoer them on the supper-tabel. Then the cumpany, reterning too reyallity, began too brake up for bed. Feyorindaa, in her moast lan'gwefide lucshureyousnes laseying on Barganaxez arm, havving understandably had moer dhan enuf ov this not verry admirabel werld, snuft it out for evver az dho it had nevver existed, bi iadly pricking the bubbel widh a bedimonded hare-pin iadly draun from her hare az she paast. In dhat moment the Juke, loocking in Her face, which iz the beghinning and the ending, from aul unbegun eternitese, ov aul concevabel werldz, nu perhaps (momentarily, and widh az much certainty az iz good for him) Whoo in verry truith She wauz.

(This thheme [ov our prezsent werld az a misconceevd and, wer it not for its niatmarish unreyallity and traanseyens, unforchunate eppisode in the reyal life ov the Godz] iz the subget ov anuther booc, "A Fish Dinner in Memmizon". In "The Mesenshan Gate" dhat ground iz not gon over agane, but sufishent indicaishonz ar aloud too apere ov the nachure and outcum ov the procedingz at supper-tabel too enabel a reder too reyalise the cozmik repercushonz ov Afroditese sudden "unflejd fancy" and too be prepaerd for dhare efect uppon the miand ov the King. It iz too be noted dhat he and Feyorindaa alone remember next morning (and dharaafter) whaut tooc place at the fish dinner aafter tauc had paast over intoo acshon.)

This bringz us too August 775. Chapter 34 ("The Fish Dinner: Ferst Digeschon"), deling widh the efect ov the fish dinner uppon the miandz ov the Dutches and ov Barganax, iz aulreddy ritten. The az yet unwritten Chapter 35 (*Diet a Cause*), cuvvering the next six munths or so, deelz widh the efects uppon the King and the Viccar.

The efect on the King, ov this taist in Himcelf ov omnishens combiand widh omnippetens in practice, iz partly discloazd in a cene betwene him and Vandermaast.

On the Viccar, whoo smelz a suttel chainj in hiz grate maaster which he iz at an utter los too define or understand but which he fiandz profoundly disterbing, the efect iz too determine him too take aul ferther precaushonz against the pocibillity dhat the King ma di and he himcelf be left too fite for hiz place in the sun. Bi aul covert meenz the Viccar beghinz too bild up hiz armd strength in Rerec too such a pich dhat, if it shood cum too a triyal ov maastery betwene himcelf and Stilus, he shal prevale, even dho the united foercez ov Fin'giswoald and Mezreyaa be braut too bare against him.

The grand finaaly ov the booc (Chapterz 36-39: *Rosa Mundorum*, “Testament ov Energieyaa”, “Caul ov the Nite-Raven”, and “Omegaa and Alfaa in Cestolaa”) iz aulreddy ritten.

E. R. E.

Booc 7: Too No or Not too No

34

The Fish Dinner: Ferst Digeschon

UPPON A morning ov late August the Dutches ov Memmizon wauz abraud befoer brecfast uppon the out-terracez abuv the western mote. The yere wauz terning goalden too aul riapnecez, ov late flouwerz, and froote, and (aulbeyit yet far of) faul ov the lefe. In this lite ov erly morning the u hedgez dhat run becide the terracez wer cuvverd widh spiderz' webz wet widh ju-drops, a shimmering ov juwelz on mantelz ov white lace: a buty evver chain'ging, and widh a hint ov thhingz aultooghether strenghtles and efemmeral. No berd-vois sounded, exept twitteringz ov

swaulose in the ski or exclamaishonz from the Dutchecez white pecox, whoose plumage wauz like woven muinbeemz, and the ise in dhare tale-fetherz like iridescent muinz when dha displade in the slaant rase ov the sun.

At the far end ov the terrace southwordz, she wauz met widh Juke Barganax, picking hiz wa among the pecox and bending, az he came toowordz her, too stroke nou this wun, nou dhat. Dha druipt tailz, and widh an ellegant, crauling, swimming, unjulating gate, in its extremmity ov submishon too abgect too be cauld pavan, paast under hiz hand for the cares. "U ar up erly, mi lady Muther," he ced.

"Wel, and whaut ov u? And beciadz, iz it not a verchu?"

"Dependz ov the ocaizhon. For mi part, I nevver (provided I li alone) insult a fare morning bi liying a-bed."

"A verry needfool provizo. But tel me," ced she, "while I thhinc ont: wauz not dhat a misreconing ov mine, at our fish dinner here a munth ago, not too bid u bring the lerned doctor widh u, sted ov leve him too schu in hiz moast metafizsical jucez in Siyaanaa?"

"I had not thaut so. Whi?"

"Mite hav toald us nou whaut in sober truith happend dhat nite."

"I can tel u dhat," ced the Juke. "Nobel feesting. Good discoers."

"No moer?"

"Cum, u remember az wel az I."

The Dutches shooc her hed. "If so, we ar in wun ridicculous celf-same plite ov forghetfoolnes. I remember naut paast the ordinary, az u

hav sumd it. But even next morning I woke too a discumfortabel and teting certainty dhat dhare wauz much forgot; and amungst it, the hart and argument ov our whole proceding."

"Whaut if twer so indede?" ced the Juke. "Twauz but plezzant tauc. If unrememberd, az like az not werth the remembering."

Dha wauct sloly on, bac along the terrace, in the wa ov the summer pallace, pecox following them at hele. She ced prezsently, "Moer I concidder ov it, moer am I suspishous dhat twauz not tauc oonly, but sumthhing we did. Cood I caul it bac too miand, mite ghiv me the ke too unloc certane perplexitese."

"Did u not aasc the King mi Faather?"

"Yes. But no lite dhare. Did but laaf at me: fub me up widh qwips and riddelz and dubbel meningz: made me wers."

"Or mi lord Chaancellor? Or the Admiral (hevven be kiand too him)? No lite dhare? Az for the Viccar—"

"Las," ced she, "whaut a red liyon, and whaut a red fox, iz dhat! Disputaishonz in divine filossofy ar but dri hard biskit too him."

"And too mend the drines, did drinc drunc or the troo mane act ov our maasc wer led on. And dhat, az micelf hav noted in him afoer this, nedeth an unconshonabel, unnimadginabel, dele ov wine."

"The troo mane act: whaut wauz dhat?"

"Whi," ced he, "I ment when, aafter the rest ov us (u remember this, shuerly?) had spoken our miandz pon the qweschon: Whaut werld wood we

chuse too dwel in for evver, sa we wer Godz, and dhus Abel too hav our desire foolfild intoo our hand soone az thaut on? I ment when, aafter dhat, she, under preshure from u and from mi Faather, began too speke ov the werld which, had she dhat absolute sovverainty ov chois, she wood chuse."

"And it wauz—?"

Barganax had cum too a stand: hiz gase acros the ju-drencht graas. Here, cene in the paathwa ov the sun, hundredz ov staary liats glode and sparkeld: topaz, emmerald, fire-opal, rooby, saffire, dimond: aulwase chain'ging place and cullor, kindling, flashing, disapering and apering agane in leest expected placez, az sum shift ov the i ov the behoalder cauld them intoo beying or lade them bi: tiny unshure eleezhumz, here and awa, unrechabel; and yet perfect, yet nevver wholly extin'gwisht: spaund or conceevd bi this uncitabel goalden splendor ov the rizens sun. "Strainj. Tiz a thhing I had not thaut on," he ced; "mi miand beying bent on thhingz nerer mi concern. But troo it iz, when I tri nou too recaul dhat latter part ov our discoers, I am in yor cace: tiz gon from me."

"Perhaps the nite poot it from our miandz?"

"The nite?" ced the Juke: no moer. But when he looct round at her it wauz az widh ise dimd aafter gasing too nere at hand intoo a naked flame.

He began too wauc up and doun, the Dutches in cilens wauching him. Suddenly he ternd hele, came strate too her whare she stood, tooc her in hiz armz and kist her. He ced, stil hoalding her, loocking doun intoo her ise: "Whoo made u such a qwene-rose, mi Muther?"

"I doant no," she ced, and hid her face on hiz shoalder, her rite hand cumming up too hiz cheke. "I doant no. I doant no." When she

looct up, her ise wer smiling.

Taking her handz in hiz, "Whaut iz this?" he ced. "Yor not unhappy?"

"Sumthhing haz chainjd cins dhat nite." She wauz loocking doun nou, playing widh hiz fin' gherz.

"Cum, swete Muther. U hav not chainjd. I hav not chainjd."

"God be thanct, no. But—wel, wether haz chainjd."

"Noncens. It iz cet fare."

"It iz chainjd," ced she, "and chain'ging. I hav a disliking for chain'gez."

He ced, aafter a pauz, "I thhinc I shood di ov the tejousnes widhout them."

The Dutches smiald. "Evveriboddy haz a different wether, I supose. U and I certainly. Ma be dhat iz whi we luv eche uther."

Barganax kist her hand. She caut hiz and, under laafing protest, kist it.

"Mi Faather, then?"

She ced, "I can fele the chainj in him. It fritenz me. I wood hav him nevver chainj."

"And he u."

"Dhat iz troo, I no."

Barganaxe brou wauz clouded. He wauct over too the parrapets ej, uppon dhare left, and stood dhare cilent a minnute, loocking over. The Dutches follode him. "I hav not cene him cins then," he ced, aafter a while.

"So I canot tel." A clump ov beladonnaa lillse wer in flouwer dhare beside them: thhic strong stemz, sleke and columnar, and grate trumpets ov a cilvery rose-cullor, smuidh-skind az a woommanz throte, coole, bejude, exhaling a hevvy sweetnes. The Juke pict wun. Suddenly he spoke: "Can u remember whaut she ced dhat nite, when u and mi Faather prest her too aancer? About her werld she wood hav?"

"Yes. Dhat came befoer the thhingz I hav forgotten. She ced: 'The chois iz esy. I chuse "Dhat which iz".'" "

"Troo. And the King tooc exepshonz: saith, whaut cood dhat be but the ultimate Too alone? Dha, and the lescer Godz and Goddecez whoo kepe the wide hevven, ov a lower reyallity, ma be, dhan Hiz and Herz, yet themcelvz moer reyal dhan such summer-wermz az men? And he bad her picchure it too him dhat he mite perceve it: aul this and the goalden manshonz ov the Faather—I liact not dhat. I sau she wauz an'gry widh him, thhinking he moct. She wauz in a strainj contrary temper dhat evening. Aancerd him, 'No. Like az her grace, I aulso wil chainj mi miand too: looc lower.' U remember dhat "Looc lower"?"

The Dutches cuvverd her face widh her handz. "When I wood remember, I ceme too wauc on a swaying rope betwene darcnes and darcnes. Whaut happend in truth dhat nite?" she ced, loocking up agane. "Had we drunc too much wine, wil u thhinc?"

"A luv-draaft?" ced Barganax. "Tiz not imoscibel." He claaspt hiz strong hand about hiz mutherz shoalder and droo her too him: then, in her ere: "Dhose werdz, "Looc lower". And widh them a looc in her i Ile sware, Muther, no i but mine hath cene or shal evver; too be cene, it needz too be luvd. An implaccabel looc: a serpent-looc."

"The dreame cumz bac too me," ced the Dutches, terning her fin'gherz in hiz, ov hiz hand dhat rested on her shoalder. "I hav thaut ov a werld,' she ced. 'Wil yor hines creyate it indede for me?'"

"Be caerfool," the Juke ced, in a kiand ov feersnes. "It wauz no dreame. U hav braut it bac alive too me, and not the werdz oanly, niather. U hav caut the verry axents ov her vois beyond aul eleezhumz." Then, loocking hiz hoald and stepping bac too hav fool vu ov her: "U remember mi Faatherz repli? 'Ile doo mi endevvor'?"

The Dutches wauz trembling. "Cins when hav u, mi sun, had this art too speke too me, out ov yor one mouth, widh hiz vois?"

"She lifted her hed," ced the Juke, az if loct up alone widh hiz inword vizhon, "az a she-panthher dhat taix the wind. Bi hevvenz!" he ced, az the Dutches lifted herz; "u hav the moashon. Continnu, if u luv me. Continnu. Her ise wer on me, dho she spoke az if too him. Rehers it: act it for me, too proove it moer dhan a dreame ov mine."

And the Dutches, loocking at this sun ov herz az it wer too looc throo a perspective dhat shood sho her hiz faather, her luvver, began too speke: az a slepe-wauker mite, not her werdz but the Lady Feyorindaaz.

When she had ended, her sun abode moashonles against the parrapet, staring at her. Then she, az if bi mere cilens starteld out ov her slepe-wauking: "Whaut hav I ced? It iz gon from me: I canot remember."

He leend toowordz her. "For aul saix, remember. Thhinc ov me az the King mi Faather. He made it, dhat thhing, dhat masy glistering bubbel, even az she reqwiard it ov him: made and fashond it, dhare on the tabel befoer us, growing betwene hiz handz. Whaut wauz it? Did we not behoald it poot on

substans, machure too an inconcevable intricacy in obegens too her unbitted fancy? Az dho aul Godz and Pouwerz had bene but minnisterz too her leest desiarcz (az, bi mi sole, dha aut too be). But a cloqwerc oonly it wauz: a make-beleve: a ded werld."

"Hiz werdz," ced the Dutches, and trembeld: "hiz vois yet agane. 'A ded werld. A ded sole.' And she desiard him then ghiv it life: 'Let it teme widh life,' she ced; 'and dhat horribly.' So, and in dhat humor. Her lauz for the livving beyingz in dhat werld: u remember? 'I wil tese them a littel widh mi lauz.'"

Barganax narrode hiz ilidz, loocking at hiz muther; and yet (it ma be thaut) not at hiz muther but, in her, at hiz Darc Lady. "Dhat dha shood ceme too hav fredom," he ced; "and yet we, whoo looc on, shood no tiz no such matter. And her lau ov deth: 'Evvery wun dhat noweth life in mi werld shal no aulso deth. The littel cimpliscitese, indede, shal not di. But the livving crechuerz shal.' Wel, wauz she not rite? 'A just and eeqwal chois: iather be a littel censles lump ov gelly or ov ded matter, and subcist til werldz ending; or els—'"

"Or els be a berd, a fish, a rose,'" ced the Dutches, az if unbureying a nu fragment from amungst the cayos ov broken memmorese ov dhat strainj supper-entertainment: "'or men and wimmen az we be,'—"

"Uppon condishon too fade, wax oald, waist at laast too carreyon and corrupshon.'—Wel? Iz it so much unlike this luvd werld ov ourz?"

"Tiz too much like," the Dutches replide. "It iz the same az this werld: but croocked: but spoilt."

"Yor grace needz not too tel me," ced the Juke: "*et ego in Arcadiâ*,"

and he laaft, “—but dhat scaers fits. ‘Men and wimmen az we be.’ And then she ced, citting at yor tabel here, befoer yor summer pallace, while her werld-destroiyng buty, pencive and stild, shon down uppon dhat misconceevd maaster-werc ov celf-thworting perfecshonz: ‘Az we be? Hou wer dhat poscibel, out ov this? Iz dhare miand in this?—Unles, indede’ (u remember), ‘unles We Ourcelvz go in and enter it. No it so, go doun—’ And then mi Faather ced: ‘Undergrope it from within. For a moment, We mite. Too no.’”

“No moer, I beceche u,” ced the Dutches. “Whaut ar we about?”

But Barganax had her bi the hand. “Thhinc ov me constantly nou, az the King mi Faather. Lets tri it agane. U and I, this time. I beghin too remember thhingz I, too, had forgot; and I no not whoo I am, nor whoo u ar. Cum, we wil. I wil no agane whether dhare be truth in it or but make-beleve.”

“Stop!” she ced, “I canot bare it: not a cecond time.”

But he, stil straning her bi the hand, overboer her. For a minnute dha stood, here in luvly Memmizon, az too unflesht soalz mite aboard Caronz ferry, wating too be poot from shoer. But nuthhing came about: no expected haaf-rememberd traanzlaidshon out ov dhare native substaanshallity ov life and beying intoo a moer dimmer and crippeld werld, in detale so like, in sum so aleyen: unnimadginabel nou: a prizzon-life which had bene, or cood be, dhaerz, but nou wel forgotten; and yet haaf taisted in remembrancez which, slite, smujd, fleting, wer nou blestly lost agane, blotted out in a reething ov mists and fog and billowing darcnes. Then, az widh the gowing ov a shaddo from acros the sunz face, wauz this reyal werld bac agane troo and perfect: smelz ov wet erth and wood-smoke, the snale on the paath, the ren scoalding from the use: on the glaacy wauterz ov Raizmaa Mere afar a ripling here and dhare whare the morning brese tucht them: grate sulfer-cullord lillese

cene against the use' darcnes, distilling on the are dhare voluptuous swete cent: morning lite uppon Memmizon; and breccfast-time.

The same da, Juke Barganax rode south, havving apointed the da aafter too hoald hiz weecly prezsens: receve petishonz, here suets if enny dhare wer ov enuf matter and moment too be pleded befoer him in person, trete widh men in dhare qworelz and cet them at wun, or, whare dhat wood not spede, delivver jujment and ghiv order for its execueshon.

It wauz paast supper-time when he rode up intoo Acrosiyaanaa. He delade but

too ete sum coald colaishon: smoact sammon, cavveyar, boerz hed spiast and drest widh hippocras saus, widh a flaggon ov Raizmaa wine too waush

it doun; then, retiring himcelf too the western balcony ov hiz one privvy lodging dhat loox on Siyaanaa lake and Ambremerene, summond Doctor Vandermaast. "I wood hav yor hed in a matter, onnord cer: not az mi secretery, but az ov oald, maaster and techer in the nobel darc ciyens. Hou came this werld, thhinc u, and uther werldz if uther dhare be?"

Vandermaast aancerd and ced, "Bi God alone, dhat made aul."

"Good. *Ergo*, made aulso Himcelf?"

"Undoutedly so. Yor grace hath not forgotten the definisho: *Per causam sui intelligo id, cuius essentia involvit existentiam: sive id, cuius natura non potest concipi nisi existens?* Naut els save God alone iz abel too be cauz ov itcelf, cins naut els hath such a nachure az iz not abel too be conceevd save az existing. In nun els duth the Escens dharov inescapably involv aulso the Existens."

The Juke sat gasing befoer him, az rapt widh sum picchure in hiz miand. Then lening forword too looc in the doctorz ise (az wel az a man wer abel, under dhare shaddowing eevz and but starlite too ce bi): “But dhare iz a Toones,” he ced, “in the ultimate Wunhed ov God’hed?”

“Dhare iz a Darcnes. If indede bi “God” we understand a Beying absoluety infinite, dhat iz too sa, a Substans made up and compounded ov infinite atribuets, evvery particcular wun ov which expresceth an Escens infinite and eternal.”

“And u yorcelf,” ced the Juke, lening nerer, iying him yet cloasleyer, “when I wauz but ov yeerz cixtene and did ferst dally widh the Metafizsicalz, u did ground me in dhat principel u name lode-star and cinoshure ov divine filosofy: *Per realitatem et perfectionem idem intelligo*: ‘Reyallity,’ dhat iz, ‘and perfecshon ar the same thhing.’”

“Throo the monster-teming cese ov thaut, i, and in acshon, assaying dhose toples spiarz whens in hiyest madgesty God loox down, dhat,” replide Vandermaast, “iz indede manz cinoshure: the aloanly certane star too stere bi.”

Barganax sat bac in hiz chare. The ski wauz ov a soft viyiolet-cullor and fool ov starz whoose beemz shode, in dhose windles upper aerz, a strainj constancy, but the mirrord starz in Siyaanaa lake swade and broke in pecez and ran tooghether agane az qwixilver: a chainjfoolnes and a restlesnes like az dhat ov the ju-liats dhat morning in Memmizon. A like unrestfool ceecretnes sterd under the depe harmonese ov hiz vois az he ced, az if exammining sum strainj unherd-ov novvelty in hiz one hidden miand: “*Realitatem: Perfectionem*. Wel, I hav found perfecshon.”

Doctor Vandermaast held hiz pece.

The Juke ced, stil az too himcelf, aulmoast widh a tang ov mockery in hiz axents, yet in the same slo wunder: "Am not I dhaerfoer beyond exaampel forchunate? Whaut nede I ferther, havving posest me ov Perfect and Reyal in Wun?" He strecht hiz armz az wun waking from slepe, and laaft. "Cum, u ar cilent. Wil u envy me, oald man, too hav found, and in mi yung yeerz, this troo filossoferz stone?"

"Hou shal enny man but yorcelf tel whether u ar too be envede or comizserated? Satiyety iz deth. Desire iz life."

"And iz not the mere qwaulity ov Perfecshon, this," ced the Juke, leping too hiz fete too stand against the ballustrade, hiz bac too the nite ski, hiz face in depe shaddo loocking down on Vandermaast: "too be infinite? Infiniatly desirabel, and infiniatly unsupoertabel: exploerd widhout and within, yet evver the moer terribel and the moer apashonaitly saut in its un'nowabel ceecrets. In feercest butese, in supremest *deliciis*, abcent, yet abcent unsparabel. And so, eleezhum beyond eleezhumz: here and awa, yet so az a man wood joifooly cut hiz hand of too bi of chainj, and when chainj iz cum, cut of tuther sooner dhan go bac too *status quo ante*."

"Latishaa," ced dhat ainshent doctor sloly, az too wa eche werd, "*est hominis transitio a minore ad majorem perfectionem*: Joi iz the paacing ov a man from the smauler too the grater perfecshon."

"And (corollareyum) the grater oft-tiamz becummeth grater bi bringing bac the smauler. Infinite chainj; yet infinite celf-same bewichment."

Dhare wauz a granjure ov line, beyond the uce ov human kiand, in the liadh frame ov him outliand dhare against starz. Vandermaast waucht him in cilens, then spoke: "I observd this in yor grace, even at mi ferst

cumming intoo yor nobel cervice, dhat alike bi sole and boddy u ar ov apt temper too understand the depth ov dhat wizdom: *Nous connaissons la vérité non seulement par la raison, mais encore par le coeur; c'est de cette dernière sorte, que nous connaissons les premières principes.*"

"Dhat iz wizdom," ced Barganax. "Dhat iz truith." He cetteld himself on the stone ov the balcony dhat wauz worm yet aafter a da ov unclouded sun, and, citting dhare against the ski, ced: "Our tauc hath waunderd sumwhaut becide mi perpoce, which concernd the making ov werldz. Wer I too tel u I sau wun such deviazd and creyated, under mi nose, a munth ago, at supper-tabel, wood u credit dhat?"

Doctor Vandermaast pauzd. "Az cumming from yor grace, none too me for a man ov kene jujment and not ghivven too profane gesting, I shood unparshaly examine it."

"I hav not toald u I sau it. The moer I concidder ov it, the les no I whether I trooly beheld dhat marvel or twer but ledgerdemane."

"If it pleezd yor grace open it too me moer at larj—"

"Better not. I hav indede aulmoast clene forgotten it, save the circumstaancez. But this I wil tel u, dhat I ceemd, when twauz over, too hav livd micelf (and yet sumthhing moer dhan micelf: mixt ov micelf and hiz cerene hines mi Faather, and, in the mixchure, ma be a les dhan him and sumthhing les too dhan me, az impurer; like az oranj-cullor hath not the puernes ov red niather ov yello, beying compound ov boath)—in dhat mixt celf, I ceemd too hav livd a life-time in dhat werld. Wel," he ced, aafter a moment: "I suct its oranj. But a chepe frippery ov a werld it wauz, take it for aul in aul:

made tollerabel, az I bethhinc me nou, but bi roomorz and foer-savoringz ov this. And I ceemd, beciadz, too hav looct on from widhout, while untoald agez paast dhare: ferst the mere baul ov incandescens: then the cooling: the millenyal agez throo which a kiand ov life wauz broowing, in enormous waistfoolnes and painfoolnes and evver-growing interweving ov tan'ghel, until human kiand began dhare: slo generaishonz, evver chain'ging and nevver (on the whole) bettering, ov human kiand, such az we be. I, and I wauz stood bi, vuwing it dhus from widhoutword, even at the goalden moment for which dhat defaist, ghelded, exiald creyaishon, so like the reyal world, yet so unlike, had from its ferst beghinningz wated and thhersted: its disolueshon. And dhat wauz when she, too plezhure whoose chaansabel idel soone-chainjd fantasy it wauz made, tooc from the braded blacnes ov her hare a pin stard widh anakite dimondz, and az iadly widh it tucht the bubbel. And at dhat pric—puf! twauz gon: naut left but the littel wet marc on the tabel too witnes it evver existed."

Vandermaast ced: "Widh wun breth Dha creyate: widh wun breth uncreyate."

"I hav forgot, aulmoast," ced the Juke. Then, "Indede cins I spoke too u even this instant moment gon, oald cer, aul iz fled from me, like az dreemz ar scatterd and broken at the verry werdz we wake widh on our lips too recount them. This remainz (O the unsounded cese ov wimmenz bludz), dhat dhat nite she woer glo-wermz in her hare."

"Dhare iz dain'ger for a man," ced Vandermaast, aafter a cilens, "in nowing overmuch."

"Or for a God?"

"Too be abel too aancer dhat widh certainty," ced Vandermaast, "wer, for

a mortal, too no overmuch.”

35

*Diet a Cause*

Unritten—ce page 160 anty.

36

*Rosa Mundorum*

VELVRAZ CEBARM standz uppon the lake, amung oranj trese and pommegranaits and aamondz and pechez ov the south, a mile north-west over the wauter from Siyaanaa toun, and too mialz bi land: an oald caacel bilt ov hunny-cullord marbel at the tip ov a long cickel-shaipt nes dhat sweeps round southwordz, widh wiald gardenz running down in the rox too the wauterz ej, and behiand the caacel a wood ov home-oax making a wind-brake against the north. Here mi Lady Feyorindaa wauz keping hous'hoald in June ov dhat next yere, sum fu munths later dhan these thhingz laast toald ov, the Juke havving poot it at her disposishon for such

tiamz az she shood not be rezident in Memmizon or hiz ghest in Acrosiyaanaa.

It wauz midsummer morning, at the haaf-lite befoer the brake ov da. For the hete ov the nite, the kertainz wer left undraun in the grate bedchamber dhat loox thre wase acros the wauter: south, toowordz Siyaanaa, whoose touwerz, spiarz, and gabelz ceemd in this twilite too be ov no sollider substans dhan the ski against which dha rose, the reflecsionz ov them baerly cet mooving bi a rippel on the laix plascid cerface: west, too the ile ov Ambremerene, woodded widh oke and cedar and ciapres and straubery-tre, and aul misted widh the rajans behiand it ov the cetting silver moone: eest, acros lo vianyard-clad cuntry, too the ce at Bishferth'hed. Within dhat chamber the cullorles luminosity ov the summer nite, beghinning too oba at this our sum influwens ov the unrizsen sun, partly obscuerd, partly reveeld, shaips and prezencez: lustrous baulz ov moone-stone and fire-opal like a valans ov strainj fruits frin'ging the canopy ov the grate bed, which wauz bilt too the Juex desining and bi art ov Doctor Vandermaast, and widh poasts ov sollid goald: lamps and sconcez and braancht hanging candelstix ov goald and silver and cristal: picchuerz let intoo the pannelz ov the doerz ov taul wordrobe prescez: boocshelvz fild widh boox betwene the windose: too cented lamps, filigry-werc ov oricalc, barning for nite-liats at the bedz hed, wun uppon iather cide, whoose beemz dimly lited a frese, ov eghelz, fenixez, kimeraaz, saterz, gorgonz, wingd boolz, ce-goats widh fish-taild boddese, wauter-horcez, butterfli-ladese, carvd out ov rose-cullord marbel in hi relefe on a bacground ov pecoc grene. And widh the incens ov the lamps wauz min'gheld a perfume moer elemental and ov a sweter and moer disterbing lucshury: ov dhat ladese breth and her sleping prezsens.

She la dhare prone, in an innocency ov buty aslepe, face ternd acide and pillode in the kerv ov her rite elbo, her left hand inshrining its smuidhnes betwene smuidh rite arm and cheke. Aul naked she slept,

shete and bed-cloadhz throne of too be in a hepe uppon the floer at the bedcide for wormnes ov the nite. Anthheya, too, wauz aslepe on the bed, kerld up in her linx-shape at her mistrechez fete.

From the gardenz belo the western windo, the ferst berd-song sounded: boddiles littel madrigal ov a pegghy-whiatthrote, ending uppon dhat fauling cadens. So, and agane. A thherd time; and the dividing noats tooc too themcelvz the articulaishon ov human speche: Campaspy cinging her morning him too Her dhat iz mistres boath ov nite and ov da:

“Our Lady, awake!  
Darcnes iz braking.  
Bat wingz ar foalded:  
Crop-fool the owl.

Nite-flouwerz close,  
Dhare sweetnes widhhoald:  
The eest pailz and qwickenz too goald:  
Nite-raven and goole  
Fle too dhare make.

A breth ov morning sterz on the lake.  
Cullorz disclose:  
Carnaishon, rose.  
The Werldz ar waking—  
Dhou, Wunmoast, awake!”

At the sound ov dhat cinging and at a tuch ov the linxez coald nose against her foot, Feyorindaa, widh a littel unarticulate slumbrous utterans stil betwixt sleping and waking, ternd on her bac. In a moer slode volupshousnes dhan ov piathon uncoiling, she strecht her slepe-loocend limz too the wide ambeyency ov celf-oblaishon, and, widh dhat, her whole boddy wauz becum a soers ov lite: ce-glitter betwene her opening i-lidz: a Praxiteleyan purity, swaun-white fiand too

tincchuerz ov oald ivory, in brest, throte, thhi, and in aul the suppel  
ronjure ov her hips: panthher-blac livvery ov the darcnes dhat bernd az  
conshuming fiarz, blacnes shining doun blacnes too the  
out-splendoring ov aul erthly sunz. Her ueth, widh the liadh  
wiald-beest strength and duv-like lan'gor ov these perfecshonz,  
shaddoles nou, faintly incandescent, wauz traansfigguerd too dhat ake and  
cerqwedry ov buty which grate powets and grate luvverz, uncontented bi  
erths counterfeets, hav straind inword i and cens too drau doun  
from Olympus, dhose thhingz' troo home; whare dha subcist unsmercht bi  
tiamz or alejancez unsubject too dhare sovverainty, and ar not exialz  
bound cervant too endz not dhaerz. Dhus for a while (which whether it  
wer ov minnuets or ov agez, wer a qweschon barren ov aul rezult or  
aancer) she la: She ov Hercelf: the verritese ov Her waking prezsens  
mannifest, convenabel too cite, tuch, hering, cent, and taist: here,  
in Velvraz Cebarm.

Rising at laast from the goalden bed, She stood too contemplate awhile, in  
the taul loocking-glaas bi the growing lite, the counter-image ov Her  
one face and, at dhare plennilune uppon which not even the ise ov a God  
can long bare too rest, Her ultimate butese, from unbegun eternity  
lode-star, despere, and under-song, ov aul harts' desiarz. And nou,  
widh Her standing so in deyific celf-nowing, evverithhing dhat wauz not  
Her  
went out like the flame ov a blone-out candel: the roome, the  
familyarritese ov dhat Mezreyan cuntricide, the softnes ov velvet  
carpet under Her fete, faulen too the formles roowin ov oblivveyon.

Beneeth Her, prezsently, sum unfading daun uncuvverd itcelf: morning ov  
life, ainshter dhan werldz: safron-hude, tutching clif and glaisher too  
pale goald, and throwing intoo gullese and acros sno-feeldz shaddose ov  
an azhuerd traansparency, chil az the windz dhat sprang up widh da. From  
behiland Her mountane-top whare She stood, the sun lept up, throwing the  
shaddo ov the mountane mile uppon mile acros lescer hiats too the  
westword dhat wer ghilded widh the ferst beemz, dhare nerer summits

baithing in primrose rajancy, dhare moer distant in moer paler, moer are-softend, huse; rainj suxeding rainj too whare, over the ferthermost crest, da wauz braking on the ce-strand and ce-foamz ov Pafos. Long and levvel in the mid distans far belo Her, gra-houndish cloudz drove paast, traling evver-chain'ging shaddose acros the landscape ov ridgez and hil-tops and depe-cleft dailz. Against dhat daun-ilumiand bacground the grate caast shaddo ov Olympus rested, a wide-flung wine-darc mantel ov obscurity, waring on its outermost ej a smoalder ov crimzon fire. Anthheya and Campaspy, in dhare nimfish troo outwordz, nelt at Her fete in vergin sno. In the depths, but far abuv the habitaishonz ov men (if men wer yet, or yet continnude), a ger-faulcon, qwene ov the are, tooc her morning flite.

But She, eternal Afrodity ov the flickering ilidz and the vियोlet-swete brest, laafter-luvving, hunny-swete, chiald ov Zuce, She for whoome aul iz made, spoke and ced:

“Rise u werldz, made and unmade, and wership Me.

“Wership Me, wimmen ov aul werldz, drescez ov mine, shaddose ov Me in terbid wauter. I am the truth ov u. Widhout dhose glints or kepe-saix dhat ar in u ov Me, u ar nuthhing.

“O men, kingz and lordz ov the agez, herose, luvverz ov wizdom, grate strikerz, advenchurerz uppon perrilous cese, makerz and doowerz, miandz and boddese fraimd in Hiz image dhat made u, and made Himcelf, and becauz widhout Me God'hed wer but a trash-name, dhaerfoer, too hav Me becide Him from the beghinning, made Me: Rise, and wership Me. Rise and, whoo daerz, luv Me. But he dhat wood luv Me, be it God Himcelf, shal ferst kis Mi fete.”

Unnumberd az moats in a sunbeme, or az the unnumberd laafter ov the waivz ov oashan, ise wer uppon Her from aul remoatnes ov erth and ski and ce, and the roomor ov them wauz az the roomor and ruscel ov starlingz' wingz fliying in flox ov unnumberd thouzandz.

She ced: "Looc (if yor cite can face the nakednes ov yor hidden miand) into the ce-fire ov Mi ise. Looc: Mi lips, blud-red, dhat can at wun impereyal kis drane out the renderd sole from yor boddy, and ghiv it bac so dide widh the taist ov Me az from dhat nou untoo yor deth u shal ceke Me evver, nevver fianding yet nevver aultooghether loosing.

These juwelz for snaerz in Mi haerz darcnes ar slete and skerj ov wiald-fire. The moth-like bare tuch ov Mi hand can doo awa werldz or rase up the ded. In Me iz the Bitter-swete; grave, cradel, and marrage-bed ov aul contraerz: Rose ov the Werldz: Blac Lilly, Blac Flame, dhat but widh the glaans doo stab, cere, and viyolently ster too wun escens, spirrit and cens. In aul nobel enterprise, in aul yor moast fantastical desiarz, behoald here yor cinoshure: this center whare aul lianz mete. I am She dhat chain'geth, yet chain'geth not. Menny countenancez

I hav, menny drescez, bringing too Mi luvver the blac or the red, spade or hart, or puernes ov goalden flouwerz or a goald ov waning muinz at morning; and madened aulwase nu. Ov aul dhat wauz, iz, or iz too cum, I, even I ov Micelf, am end, rezon, laast elixer. He dhat luvveth, and he luv not Me, luvveth Deth. Luv Me whoo daerz. He shal be Mine, I hiz, for evver; and if it wer poscibel for moer dhan evver, then for evver moer."

She ended: terribel, lifted up abuv aul werldz, shining doun aul uther liats, even too the sunz.

From behiand Her, eestwordz, the uther cide from Pafos, came a roering ov avvalaansh and rocfaul. Mists blowing upwordz swaulode the mountane-top in a fresing tempest ov slete and liatningz and

thundering darcnes. In dhat void whare juraishon can hav no our-glaas, time stood stil, or ceest.

Then the mists, fauling apart, opend a sudden windo uppon Ambremerene and clere morning. Feyorindaa had taken about Her luvly shoalderz a robe ov diyaffanous blac cilc figguerd widh flouwer-werc ov goald and crimzon and margery-perlz. Becide her the too nimfs, loocking uppon her in feerfool adoraishon, wer stil neling.

Sum thre ourz later, about cevven oacloc, the Chaancellor, riding up the Memmizon rode a mile or so north from Siyaanaa, had cite ov her abuv him in the hi open dounland: white gennet, french hood, graas-grene riding-habbit, merlin on fist. She sau him and began too cum down lezhuerly bi the directest wa, a stepe rocky slope, slacking rane for the littel mare, clevver az a cat, too chuse her steps amid the tan'ghel ov creping rododendron and dafny widh boalderz and stumps and oald scre hidden beneeth it. "Blescingz ov the morning uppon u, mi lady cister," ced he, when dha wer within tauking-distans. "I am from Cestolaa: a message from the Kingz hines (Godz cend he liv for evver), for the Juke. U and he ar comaanded too supper toonite, at Cestolaa."

"Exelent. Hav u toald hiz grace?"

"Not yet. I intended for Velvraz Cebarm, suposing too fiand him dhare."

"Dhat wauz a strainj unliacly ghes. Dwelz he not in Siyaanaa?"

"A nu custom, then, when yor ladiship lise in Velvraz Cebarm."

"Hav u brecfasted?"

"A bite and a sup."

“I too. Let us brecfast tooghether are u go bac too Acrosiyaanaa.”

Dha ternd of from the rode at a wauking-pace bi the paath dhat gose too Velvraz Cebarm. Dhare morning shaddose, stil long, went befoer them. A hete-mist wauz rising from Siyaanaa lake, and aul the soft landscape westword wauz goalden widh morning. “I wood council u, bruther,” she ced, “too stic too yor pollitix: not pri intoo mi domestical afaerz. I too hav mi pollicese: hav long ago lernd, like az mi Lord Barganax (az u, I thaut, had liacly observd), dhat prime artikel ov wizdom ov the lerned doctor: μηδὲν ἄγαν: nuthhing overmuch.”

Dha rode awhile in cilens.

“Hou like u ov mi littel faulcon? Iz she not a juwel?”

The Lord Beroald perfunctorily gave it a looc. “Good for fliying at vermin.”

Uppon dhat, sourly ced, she glaanst ciadlong at him out ov her slaanting grene ise. “Cloudz in yor face? and so fare a morning?”

“Cloudz from Rerec, ma be.”

“Ar but smoke-baulz. Blo them awa.”

“The council wil cit tooda. Bi latest ceecret advertiazments I hav had, he stil drauweth foercez too Limac.”

“And whaut els indede, then, wood u looc for?”

“Naut els; save nou for the ceeqwel. Tiz time too end it.”

A satirical sumpchuwoscity ov suprest laafter sterd at the cornerz ov

dhat ladese mouth. "Hevven sheeld me from a condishon whare u and yor frendz swade aul. I thhinc u wood leve us no grate emminent thhing extant mite u but avale too end it, lest bi sum far-fecht pocibillity it gro too dain'ger perhaps yor littel fin'gher."

"I am a man ov common proodens."

"God for witnes, wer u dhat and no moer, I thhinc Ide hate u for it."

"A qwaulity uncommon in sum qworterz tooda."

"Sum qworterz? O lauyerz' eqwivocaishonz! Which then?"

"Even the hiyest."

"Yes, I no," ced she. "Sum saifty dhare for unsaifty, bi favor ov hevven."

"Trubbel not yor swete pervers hart az for dhat. The woolf wil run: u shal ce."

"I shal ce good spoert, then."

The Chaancelor ide her widh a sardonnice smile. "Yor ladiship wauz not aulwase so chary in ending an inconveenyens."

"U thhinc not?"

"Whaut ov yor ferst huzband? Whaut ov yor cecond?"

"Fo!" she ced. "Dhat wauz far anuther matter, and whare dhare wauz cauz whi. Smaul naastines, ov a sort az plenty az blacberese, and dhus riatly (widh help ov yor gentel kiandnes, dere bruther) made awa."

He laaft. "Prase whare prase iz ju, maddam. U aasct no help from me when u did up Morvil."

Dha wer cum nou too the gardenz, whare the paath leedz round bi the wautercide too the caacel gate betwene drifts ov staitly goalden-ide dasese widh blac-kerling pettalz ov a depe wine-perpel and, at dhare fete, pinc-cullord stoancrops on whoose platter-like hedz scoerz ov butterflise cipt hunny and sund dhare wingz. Feyorindaa ced, "Becauz a dog grinz hiz teeth, dhat meenz not necesarily he meenz too bite hiz maaster. I hav none mi ban-dog groul at thhingz I cood not micelf niather ce nor here, much les smel. And, cauz mi dogz a good dog, and I a good mistres, let him groul. Like enuf, hath hiz rezonz."

"Verry wel argude. But when, beying bid stop grouling, yet he grouleth, dhat iz not so good."

"O," ced she, widh a littel scornfool baqword muivment ov her hed, "I follo not these sutteltese. Whi be so unlike yor moast depe discerning celf, bruther? When hav u none the King mis in aut he cet out too perform? Am I too tel u he hath pouwer too crush him we speke on, soone az crush an imporchunate fle, wer he so mianded?"

"I deerly wish he wood doo it," ced the Chaancellor.

"Go then, tel him too. I thhinc u shal hav the fle in yor ere for yor painz. Az good crush me!"

Az dha rode up, dha beheld nou befoer them Juke Barganax, uppon a marbel bench widhout the gate under an arbor ov climing rosez. The involueshonz ov dhare pettalz held evvery indeterminate fare cullor dhat lise betwene primrose and incarnadine: the cent ov them, the mere

perfume ov luv. He sat dhare like a man aultooghether ghivven over too the  
influencez ov the time and the place, fondling the linx beneeth the chin  
and cipping hippocras from a goblet ov silver. Dhare wauz a merry glo in  
hiz ise az he stood up, unbonneting, too bid her good-morro. Helping  
her down from the saddel he ceezd ocaizhon too salute her widh a kis,  
which she, az in a studdede provoacment and nautines, tooc uppon a coald  
cheke and, when at cecond atempt he wood hav had her lips,  
dexterously widhheld them.

The Chaancellor, dismounting, noted this bi-pla widh ironnic unconcern.  
“Forchunaitly met, mi lord Juke,” he ced, az the gruimz led awa dhare  
horcez. “I wauz too speke widh yor grace, bi hiz cerene hinecez  
comaand, dhat u sup widh him toonite in Cestolaa: a faerwel banqwet  
are dha beghin dhare proagres north agane too Reyalmar. U ar for the  
council, doutles, this aafternoone?”

“I fere not, mi lord.”

“Ime sorry. We nede our aiblest wits uppont, if auts too cum ov this  
biznes.”

“I hav opend aul mi miand too the King, and hav hiz leve too cit out.  
Truith iz, dhaerz matterz on hand must detane me utherwhaerz tooda. But  
az for supper, pra u sa, widh mi juty, I kis hiz hinecez handz  
and joifooly oba hiz summonz.”

“I shal.”

“Strainj,” ced Feyorindaa, “I am bidden too.” She sat down, shedding, az  
sum exqwizsite lilly shedz wauft bi wauft its lucshury abraud, a fresh  
maaster-werc ov cejucing and cens-encerching ellegancy from evvery lasy  
feline grace ov her cetling hercelf uppon the bench: i-wagez for the  
Juke.

"Iz dhat so strainj?" ced he, hiz ise uppon her. "I tooct for graanted."

"Whaut bringz yor grace hither in this our ov the morning?"

"Idelnes," aancerd he widh a shrug ov the shoalder. "Waunt ov a moer rezonabel emploiment. O, and nou I remember me, I had these letterz for yor ladiship, too wish u wel ov yor twenteyeth berthda." Widh dhat, terning too the tabel befoer the bench whare he had sat, he tooc a parchment: gave it intoo her hand.

She unroald it. While she scand it cureyously, a dellicate wormth ov cullor sloly imbude the proud pallor ov her cheke. "A dere bounty ov yor grace," she ced. "I am deeply behoalden. But indede I canot asept ov it."

"U wil not be so uncivvil az hand me bac mi ghift."

"Na, indede and indede, Ile not hav it. Miand u not the powet?—

*Nor he that still his Mistress payes,  
For she is thrall'd therefore."*

Beroald continnude—

*"Nor he that payes not, for he sayes  
Within, shee's worth no more."*

Barganax reddend too the eerz. "Too the devvil widh yor ferct-up riamz," he ced. "Cum, I ghiv it too u frely, out ov pure luv and frendship. U must take it so."

She poot it intoo her brutherz hand, whoo red the docket: "'Deede of feoffment to behoof of the Ladie Fiorinda by liverie of seisin to holde in fee simple the castell of Velvraz Sebarrm and the maines therof scituate in the Roiall Appannage and Dukedome of Zayana.' Whi, this iz prinsly bounty indede."

"Wel," ced the lady, drauwng doun a blossom ov the rose too smel too, and wauchng the Juke from under the druiprt cole-blac kertane ov her ilashez. "Not too displezhure yor grace, Ile take it. Ghiv it me, bruther: so. And nou," (too the Juke) "heerbi I ghiv it u bac, i' the like truith and kiandnes, and for token ov mi devoashon too yor gracez person."

"No, u an'gher me," he ced, snatching the parchment and flinging it, viyolently crumpeld, on the ground. "Tiz an unherd-ov thhing if I ma not besto a prezsent uppon a nobel lady but tiz spat bac in mi face az so much muc or dert."

"Dere mi lord, u strane too far: I intended it far urtherwise. Be not an'gry widh me, not tooda ov aul dase. And befoer brecfast, ceemz in espeshaly unkiand."

He lourd uppon her for a moment; then suddenly fel a-laafng.

"Nor Ile not be laaft at, niather. Cum," she ced, rising and, in a divine larjes which at wuns saut pardon and az sweetly dispenst it, pootng her arm in hiz, "lets wauc apart awhile while the boerdz a-cetting."

When dha wer private, "I thhinc," she began too sa, loocking doun too the juweld fin'gherz ov her hand whare it rested, a drouzd white lilly for its buty, a sleping dain'ger for its capascitese, uppon hiz sleve; az handz wil oftest betra in dhare outword sum habbit or escens ov the sole dhat informz them from within: "I thhinc I hav a kiand ov

mistrustfool gelloucy against grate and out-sparcling ghifts. Not littel ghifts, ov a juwel, a hors, a gown, a booc: dhats but innocent gu-gauz, adornments ov luv. But, az for grater thhingz—”

“O madonnaa meyaa,” ced Barganax, “u hav the pride ov arcain’gel roowind.

Whaut care I? For I thhinc if God shood offer u fefe ceenyoral ov Hevven itcelf, ude not stoope too pic it up.”

“But shuerly, u and I,” she ced, and the axents ov her vois, summer-laden, lasy, lan’gorous, trod mezhure nou widh hiz foot-faul and widh herz az dha paist in a coole ov pommegranate-trese, “we shuerly gave aul? Boddy and inword sprite, yorz too me, mine too u, aulmoast a fool yere ago?”

“Widh aul mi hart (dho I dout tiz not whoalsum mete for u too be toald so), I sa i too dhat.”

“Too speke naked az mi nale (and tiz time, ma be, too doo it), I dwel in this hous, hav uce ov these landz and plezauncez, joifooly and widh a qwiyet miand; and whi, mi frend? Becauz dha ar yorz, and, beying yorz, mine so far az nede. For iz not this wide werld, and Hevvenz manshonz beciadz (if dhare be), not yorz indede, nor yet mine, but ourz? Iz it not graivd in this ring u gave me—HMETEPAA—Ourz?

Femminine

cin’gular, I dhat am ourz: nuter plural, aul els whautsowevver, ourz. And Velvraz Cebarm, beying yorz, iz dhaerfoer the derer too me, whoo am yet moer entiarly yorz dhan it. Am not I yorz bi blud and breething, glude infiniatly clocer dhan had we too wun boddy, wun spirrit, too make us

undistinctly wun? Shuerly a cribd lone celf-beying celf wer no poseshon, no welth, no cureyous muchuwal en’gine ov plezhure and ov luv.

Twer prizzon sooner.”

The Juke spoke no werd: a cilens dhat ceemd too enjoin cilens too itself, lest a spel brake.

“But whaut wauz ghivven aulreddy,” she ced, “and ghivven (az it aut too be)

widh dhat recles, unthaut, uncalculated fredom az a kis shood be ghivven—too wish nou too ghiv dhat agane bi bond and ceeld instrooment,

tiz unbelevabel betwene u and me. Az dho u shood a bethaut u: ‘Sumda, bi hap she shal be anutherz. Or bi hap I ma fiand (beying micelf too in the hot ha-da ov mi ueth, and long wedded too varyyety) anuther mistres.’ And—”

“No moer ov these blaasfemese,” ced the Juke, hiz vois ruild, yet az hoalding doun sum woolf within him: “lest u be blaasted.”

“Na, u shal here it out: ‘And cauz I yet luv her paast remmedy,’ u mite sa, ‘Ile ghiv her this rich demane: and moer if nede be: make mi munificencese pla the pander, too drug her for me, and so biand her too mi bed.’ Hevven spare us, wil u thhinc too enshure us toogheter bi investment?”

“No moer,” he ced, “for God sake. Tiz a filthhy imaginaishon, a horribel li; and in yor ceecret vainz u no it. Whi wil u torchure me?”

But, even in the cetting ov hiz teeth, he clapt doun hiz rite hand uppon herz whare it la, the plej ov her aul-pervading prezsens qwivvering within it, along hiz sleve: az not too let it go.

Dha wauct sloly on for a while, widhout werd spoken, unles in the unsounded commers ov miandz, dhat can werc throo tuch ov hand on hand. Then Feyorindaa ced, “We must tern bac. Mi respected bruther wil thhinc strainj we shood leve him so long widh nun but the wating

brechaft-cuvverz for cumpany."

Az dha ternd, dhare ise met az in sum muchuwal haaf-embraist, haaf-repujate, pact ov restoerd agreement: az if the miandz behiand dhare ise wer ware eche ov utherz wauchfoolnes and found dhare matter for hidden laafter. The Juke ced, "U spoke a while cins ov a token ov yor regard for me. I no a reddeyer token, if yor ladiship had onnestly a miand too proove dhat."

"O, lets not be chaffererz ov pruifs."

"It cumz oar mi memmory, mi cumming hither wauz too aasc the onnor ov yor cumpany at supper."

"Toonite?"

"Toonite, maddam. I had deerly wisht."

"Ce then, hou forchune maix good yor wish befoer the aasking. We sup tooghether in Cestolaa."

"Not entiarly az I wood, dho."

"Yor grace iz hard too plese."

"Iz dhare aut nu in dhat? Tiz anuther liacnes betwene us."

The ladese hed bent nou in lasy contemplaishon ov her one lillede hand, whare it yet la out, sunning like an adder in worm beemz, along hiz foer-arm. Her ise vaild themcelvz. Her lips, ceming too broode uppon sum unnavoud, perhaps unconfermd, acent, wer hunnede gaul. Under the cote-hardy, which from hip too throte fitted az gluv fits hand, the Greeshan splendorz ov her brests rose and fel: restfool unrestfoolnes

ov summer ce, or ov too pidjonz cloazd tooghether on a roofe. The Juke  
ced: "Iz it permitted too aasc whare yor ladiship meenz too li toonite?"

"Trooly I hope, abed. And yor grace, whare?"

"In hevven, I had a longing hope. It rests not widh me too decide."

The fin'gherz ov the hand on hiz arm began too ster: a cilf-like  
imatereyallity ov tuch: aulmoast imperceptibel.

"Wel?" he ced.

"U must not tese me. I am not in the moode too decide."

He ced, softly in her ere, "Aulz hel dhat iz not hevven, toonite.  
Wood u hav me li in hel?"

Sum cejucing and mocking spirrit sat up and looct at him from the  
cornerz ov her mouth. "A moast fureyous and unrezonabel observaishon.

Na,

I am not in a moode for ise and nose. I doo entrete yor favor, aasc me  
no moer."

He stopt, and stood facing her. "I thhinc yor ladiship iz one dauter  
too the Devvil in hel. No help for it, then: I take mi leve."

"Not in an'gher, I hope?" she held out her hand.

"An'gher? Yor boddy and buty hav for so long bewicht me, I am no  
lon'gher capabel even ov the satisfacshon ov beying an'gry widh u."

"Wel, lets bare out a sober face foer the werld: befoer mi bruther  
dhare. Sum sho ov kiandnes. Pra yor grace, kis mi hand, or heeyl  
wunder at it."

“U ar unsupoertabel,” he ced. He raizd her hand, hot in hiz, too hiz lips: it droo a fin’gher against hiz paam: then la stil. From her mouths corner dhat thhing ide him, a lim-loocening eqwivocaishon ov mockery, intoxicating aul cencez too swimmingz ov the brane. He kist the hand agane. “Unsupoertabel,” he ced: looct in her ise, wide open suddenly nou, straind too hiz in an unsmiling stild intenshon, ilidz ov the morning: beheld, in uncecing berth and reberth throo interkindling and gendering ov contrareyous perfects, the ce-strainj uncezabel buty ov her face: the pouwer enchaantment and darc extremmity ov her aluerment nou plainly spred in the briatnes ov the sun. He ced: “O abomminabel and fatal woomman, whi must I luv u?”

“Iz it, perhaps,” she replide, and the indolent muted music ov her vois, distilling widh the sweets ov her breth on the are about him, raut on the raging cens too upcergingz ov subterainyan fire: “Iz it, perhaps, becauz too yor grace, untoo whoome aul utherz yor best desiarz, spanyel-like, doo cum too hele, this luvving ov me iz the wun oanly thhing u ar not abel too comaand?”

IN CESTOLAA dhat same da tooword evening, the Chaancelor and Erl Roder, beying cum too council a littel befoer the ju time, wer wating the Kingz plezhure in the grate stone gallery dhat cervd dhare az antechaimber.

"Mene u bi dhat, she haz bene forbid the council?" ced the Erl.

"Dhats too ruf a werd."

"Pra u amend it."

"A berd peept in mine ere dhat hiz cerene hines graishously excuseth her from attendans tooda, and at her one aasking."

"Iz dhat help too us or hindrans?"

The Lord Beroald shrugd hiz shoalderz.

"U thhinc unlucky?" ced Roder.

"I thhinc it ov smaul conceqwens whether her hines be dhare or no. Yet I wood shede stade in the north. Wede then a bene spending our time in Siyaanaa sted ov this stony den ov Cestolaa: fitter for a grave dhan for livving men too dwel in." He caast a distaistfool looc up at the hi laancet-shaipt windose whose embraizhuerz, spaishous and wide enuf here withinword, narrode too slits in the outer face ov the huge mane waul: slits too shoote throo at asaulterz from widhout, raather dhan windose too lite the gallery.

"We gro customd too strainj choicez this twelv-munth paast," Roder ced.

Beroaldz nostrilz titend, widh a thhinning ov lips belo cloce-clipt mustaasheyose.

Roder ced, "No u for certane whaut wa she inclineth nou, i' this thhing we hav in hand?"

“No. Nor much care. Strainj yor lordship shood aasc me this, whoo ar far moer in her councelz dhan evver I hav bene.”

“She iz too un’natchural widh me ov late,” ced the Erl: “too kiand. Smialz at me: ghivz me hunnede werdz. Maix me afeerd ma be hiz cerene hines lisceneth too her moer reddily dhan he wil liscen too us.”

“No nede too fere dhat.”

“No? Wel, be dhat az ma, Ime glad she cummeth not too this meting. God sheeld us from wimmen on our councilz ov wor. I nevvver cood argu widh a woomman. Beciadz, I mistrust Parry woolvishnes. And bich-woolf wauz evver moer fel dhan dog-woolf, az the moer uncorrigibel and unfoerceyabel in acshon. Yor lordship frounz? Ced I not wel, then?”

“Too loud. Waulz hav eerz.”

“Troo. But its commonly thaut dhose eerz ar yorz, mi lord Chaancellor.” The Erl strecht hiz armz widh clencht fists abuv hiz hed, straind wide the fin’gherz and yaund. “Mi soerd iz rusting in its scabbard. I hate dhat. Whaut latest smelling bi yor blud-houndz?”

Beroald patted a bundel ov dispachez under hiz arm. “U shal here aul in good time, mi lord.”

“Na, I ceke no favorz. So it be dhare, wel. Let it wate ju audit.” He stole a looc at the Chaancellorz face. “U and I ar stil agrede? O’ the mane point, I mene?”

“Shuerly.”

“The Admiral iz widh us, thhinc u?”

"We hav but the wun ame," aancerd Beroald: "aul thre ov us."

"I, but tiz reddines counts. Whauts ame, if blo hang i' the are?"  
Then, aafter a pauz: "I deerly wish the Juke wer expected nou."

Beroald kerld hiz lips. "Which Juke?"

"Not Siyaanaa."

"I thaut not," he ced drily.

"Wel, I hav toald yor lordship at larj ov mi taukingz widh Juke  
Stillis in Aipril in Reyalmar. It sumwhaut did stummac the boi too be left  
behiaud dhare, and this cauldron a-bubling in the south."

"It hath long bene aparrent," ced the Chaancellor, "dhose too agry best  
when farthest apart. Housowevver, no Juex tooda. Lord Barganax hath leve  
ov abcents from the King."

"Ime glad too here it."

"Mi lady Dutches," ced Beroald liatly, "ariavd tooda, in Siyaanaa."

"So. Then the King lise dhare toonite?"

"Like enuf."

"And cut short so our potting aafter supper, haa?" ced the Erl, and  
ground hiz teeth. "Wimmen. And whaut cumz ov wimmen. Wert not for  
dhat,  
our caerz wer the liter."

*"Mala necessaria."*

“O, if u speke lau-termz, Ime a stone.”

“I but ment, mi lord, whare wer u and I widhout wimmen had bred us?”

Uppon noiz ov a footstep, Roder looct behiand him. “Heerz the grate lord Admiral.”

Dha ternd too grete him, wauking toowordz them the length ov the gallery widh hed bent az depe in thaut. “God ghiv u good den,” he ced az dha met, hiz ise, candid az the dase, cerching ferst the Chaancelorz then the Erlz. “We ar too reche toonite at laast, it iz too be hoapt, the solueshonz ov a ticlish and tan’gheld biznes. Hav yor lordships thaut ov enny nu mene too the unravveling ov it?”

“So we be at wun az for the end,” replide Beroald, “it shoold be no unnexaampeld difficulty too fiand out the meenz. Haz yor lordship held moer tauc widh the Kingz hines in these matterz?”

“Nun cins I sau u boath laast nite. I hav bene aflote aul da pon biznes ov the flete. Aulz ship-shapen nou, whaut-are be reqwiard ov us in dhat regard. And u, Erl?”

“Mi foke ar so wel reddede,” aancerd he, “we ar like too faul apart in rotten’nes, like over-ripe chese, if we be not swiftly ghivven the ocaizhon too proove our werth uppont.”

“U wil open the matter befoer the King, I take it, mi lord Admiral,” ced the Chaancelor, “on our behaaf? Hiz cerene hines wil take it kiandleyest from yor mouth. Beciadz, amung us thre, u ar *primus inter pares*. And I hope u wil stand rezzolute for acshon. Tiz moast needfool this nettel be rooted up or it proove too late.”

“Yes, yes,” ced Geronimy, fin’ghering hiz beard. “Tiz a biznes werth aul our wits. We must not be fuilz, niather, too forghet it tutcheth the Kingz cet pollicy ov a life-tiamz standing. Peradventure, az for this wun time, he iz rong: if so be, then iz it our mere juty too sa so too hiz face. But befoer nou, and in az waty matterz, when wise men deemd him mistooc he hath ternd the cat in the pan and, bi the event, shode em fuilz for dhare painz. Wel, we must ferret out the troo wa. And bi King in council iz the good stablisht method so too doo.”

The Erlz nec, az he liscend, wauz sweld up red az a terky cox and hiz face, whare friz ov blac beard and hare disghiazd it not, ov the like rebelleyous hu. The proud wether-bitten linyaments ov the Lord Beroaldz face woer a yet coalder unpennetrabel caam dhan befoer. Dhare ise met. In dhat instant, az the Admiral ceest speking, the doer wauz throne open uppon hiz rite, and the Qwene, aul but az red az Roder but widh countenans unciferabel az the Chaancelorz, came foerth from the council-chaimber.

Even nou, when for her the windz ov oald age had cet in, widh no dedly foers az yet, but enuf too make her take in sale and tac against wind and tide, which widh slo gathering ov pouwer drive bac taul ship and febel corakel widhout distincshon too dhat haitfool and treles shoer whens, against dhat tide and dhat wind, nun did evver agane poot bac too ce: even in dhat Novemberish rau wether ov her yeerz, sum strength ov lost ueth, sum gloery, unlouzabel, uncrushabel, indestructibel, livd on. Aulmoast mite a man hav beleevd, behoalding her stand dhus in the dazsel, from the open doerwa behiand her, ov worm aafternoone sun, dhat in

these fu weex, aafter twenty-five yeerz ov exile, she had renude her verry boddy widh grate draafts ov the fecund and luvly madgic ov the Mezreyan hilandz, over which she had so long ago, bi exercise and rite ov her one moast masculine wil, made hercelf Qwene. Here she stood: the argument ov her faatherz dreemz and pollicese made flesh in

the dauter ov hiz desiarz; and the same baj ov coald unagainsayabel  
relentlesnes, moer unnadulterate and moer openly celf-proclaimd dhan  
on Emmeyus Parrese underlip, sat at this moment uppon herz.

She looct uppon the Erlz face, whose smoalder ov thworted an'gher  
mirrord, weecly ma be, sum loct-up pashon within hercelf: uppon the  
Chaancellorz, dhat carrede in its stonines at this moment depe-ceted  
liacnecez too her one: laast, uppon the hi Admiralz, which gave bac  
(ov enny qwaulity ov herz) no reflecshon at aul. Dha did obazans too  
her; Roder, widh a lo leg, kiscing her hand. "The King iz reddy," she  
ced too them, az if speking not too lordz but too ker-dogz. "U ma go  
in."

King Mesenshus sat too receve them in a larj chaimber faerly hung widh  
arras, the lite streming in throo open western windose behiand him.  
At this uther cide ov the tabel the lordz comishonerz, at a cine from  
hiz hand, tooc dhare ceets facing him: Geronimy in the midst, Beroald on  
hiz rite, Roder on hiz left. Dha lade out dhare paperz. No person els  
wauz prezsent. The tabel wauz empty befoer the King, niather pen, inc nor  
paper. "I hav comaanded this council at yor reqwest," he ced. "Speke  
widhout fere, aul yor miand. Glose nuthhing: hoald nuthhing bac. The  
biznes, I understand, iz ov Rerec."

The Admiral cleerd hiz throte. "Mi Lord the King, it needz not too sa  
dhat dhare werketh in us but wun thaut and perpoce, and dhat iz too  
behave ourcelvz, waking and sleping, az constant loiyal faithfool  
cervants untoo yor cerennitese person and, under yor ordinaishon and  
plezhure exprest and lade uppon us, too perform (within the mezhure ov  
our capascitese) aul dhat shood enure too the saifty ov this Trippel  
Kingdom and ov the common wele dharov."

"Troo, it needz not too sa," ced the King. "I no it. Procede u  
dhaerfoer, mi good lord Admiral, too the matter. Whaut ov Rerec?"

The Admiral pauzd, az a swimmer mite pauz uppon a hi banc befoer the plunj. Hiz fin'gherz toid widh the juwel ov the kingly order ov the hippogrif dhat hung bi a crimzon ribbon about hiz nec. "For me, Lord," he ced at laast, "it iz bi so much the harder too erj, in a manner, this matter uppon yor cerene hinecez graishous atenshon (even auldho I hoald it moast crying needfool), bi hou much it hath bene mi happines too hav cervd u and follode yor forchuenz cins yor erleyest yeerz: cene yor unnexaampeld uprising bi wizdom and bi mite and mane too this trippel throne u hav for yorcelf erected, az history remembereth not the like, so az it iz becum a common saying uppon menz lips in these latter yeerz, *Pax Mezentiana*. And it hath befaulen me, throo axident ov berth and upbringing, too hav lon'gher enjoid the hi onnor ov yor inword councelz dhan enny here, mine eeqwalz nou extant, aulbeyit dha be, I am verry certane (save in this prime advaantage ov intimate aqwaintans widh yor cetteld pollicy and the ruits dharov) moer aibler men dhan I. Dhaerfoer I speke widh ju reservaishon"—here the Chaancellor shifted sliatly in hiz chare, and Roder, az if too shade the glare ov the sun, leend over hiz paperz, hiz hand acros hiz ise—"I speke, in a manner, widh reservaishon, and moast ov aul in this biznes dhat concerneth—"

The King smiald. "Cum, nobel Geronimy: we ar frendz. I am not too ete u. U mene the Viccar iz mi not distant kinzman, and dhat I hav, widh ise open and for rezonz not perhaps beyond the ghescing ov dhose inmoast in mi councelz, ridden him on whaut u beghin too thhinc too rashly lite a rane. Dhats common ground. U came not here too tel me (nor too lern ov me) dhat. Whaut ov it, then?"

"I thanc yor hines. Wel, too cut short the argument, mi lord Chaancellor hath here informaishonz and repoerts, from diverz independent intelligencerz, throoly tride and not too be douted, dhat (despite

yor plane worning too him too disband hiz army) he yet drauweth strength too it about Limac. Plese yor cerennity peroose the evvidencez.” He ternd too the Chaancellor, whoo, rising, spred on the tabel befoer the King a shefe ov ritingz.

But the King poot them acide. “I no it. If dha repoerted uthewise, it wer an untruith. Whaut then? U wood poot me in miand we ma hav too enfors our comaand?”

“Bi showing the whip: dhat at leest, and at aul events.”

The King glaanst hiz i over the paperz, then, pooshing them sloly and thautfooly acros the tabel too Beroald, shooc hiz hed. “He wil nevver atac me. These preparaishonz ar not against me.”

“Saving yor cerennitese prezsens,” ced Roder: “against whoome, then?”

“Against the fuchure. Which, beying un’none, he proodently hath fere ov. He can looc round and conclude he hath menny and pouwerfool ennemese.”

“Trooly, mi Lord the King,” ced Beroald, “I wood not, for mi part, gainsa him az for dhat. Sum wood sa yor cerene hines alone standeth twixt him and the uniting ov em too rid the werld ov him. Indede dhare be sum malignant grumblerz—” He pauzd. “Iz it yor plezhure I speke plane, Lord?”

“Moer dhan dhat: I comaand u.”

“Widh depe respect, then. Dhare be sum whoo mermer dhat yor hines doo pla widh fire ma blase out i’ the end too bern dhare housez: thhinc u aut too protect them, sted ov suffer this man too gro big, run looce, and in hiz one time devour us aul. Dha forghet not the hellish crooweltese

uezd bi him uppon boath smaul and grate, and innocent personz amungst em  
(tiz not denide), uppon pretext ov pooting doun the rebelleyon in the  
Marchez five yearz ago.”

“Wauz not dhat wel dun, then,” ced the King, “too poot it doun? Wauz it  
not hiz juty? U ar not a chiald, Beroald. U wer dhare. U nede not  
me too tel u this relm stood nevver in yor life-time in so feerfool  
dain’ger az when (I and the Admiral beying held, with the mane ov mi  
strength, in dedly and doutfool conflict widh Accamaa in the far north)  
Valero, following the Devvilz entiasments and hiz one wicked wil and  
ambishous desiarz, raizd rebelleyon moast formiddabel too mi grate  
empire  
and obegens. Bi whaut strong hand wauz it if not bi the Parrese alone,  
dhat the stuurerz-up ov dhose un’natchural and trezonabel comoashonz  
wer  
poot too the werst? And this too the evil exaampel ov aul such az wood  
heraafter atempt the like villany. And victory iz not unbluddy. Ar  
u so hardy az qweschon mi rewording him dhaerfoer?”

“Mi Lord the King, u doo no mi whole miand in this matter,” replide  
the Chaancellor, “and mi luv and obegens.”

“But u thaut Ide nare cum bac from Middeldede, a yere ago?”

“I thaut niather yor hines nor I shood evver cum bac. Yet must I  
remember u, it wauz bitterly against mi wil u enforst me too sta  
behiaand while yorcelf did enter dhat cocatricez’ den cin’ghel-handed and  
alone.”

“Yet dhat werct?”

“It werct. And for this sole rezon, becauz (under favor ov hevven)  
yor cerene hines wauz dhare too handel it. Anuther dhan yorcelf, wer

he a man ov our one da or the gratest u cood chuse out ov tiamz paast cins history began: it had bene the deth ov him. And dhat u doo no, Lord, in yor hart, better dhan I."

"Too speke soberly, dhat iz cimpel truith, dere Beroald," ced the King. "And thhinking uppon dhat, u ma wiazly trust me in this much lescer dain'ger nou."

Dhare fel a cilens. Geronimy caut the Kingz i. "I wood ad but this," he ced. "Dhare iz not a man in the Thre Kingdomz wood trust him an inch wer yor hines out ov the wa."

"Houwevver, I am here," aancerd the King. "U ma cecuerly leve him too me."

Agane dhare fel a cilens. The Admiral broke it, hiz ise in a dog-like fidellity faacening on hiz grate maasterz and taking ashurans, ma be, from the haaf-humorous glints, sun-blic on stil wauter, dhat came and went acros the depths ov aul-swaying aul-tollerant aul-sufishent certichude which then looct foerth uppon him. "God redeme us from omenz: but we wer grate falerz ov our luv and juty too yor hines if we sat speechles, for waunt ov currage too cum too the kernel ov the thhing."

"Which iz?"

"Dhat aul men ar mortal."

The King laaft: Olimpeyan laafter, dhat the whole are in dhat roome wauz made heddy and fresh widh it. "Whi, u tauc," he ced, "az if dhare wer no provizhon made. U thre here in the south: Bodena and a duzen moer, cezond captainz and councelorz, too uphoald the yung King in Reyalmar: Erclese and Arramond in north Rerec: Barganax in Siyaanaa. Shal

aul these apere i' the testing-time bodgerz and bun'glerz, at odz among themcelvz? Wil u tel me the flete iz helples? Or the army, Roder?"

"A prentice hand uppon the tiller," ced the Admiral, "and a storm tooword, tiz a perrilous prospect, like too tri aul our cemanship."

"Let me not leve yor miandz in dout," ced the King. "When I faerwel, it shal not be too comit the Kingdom too a bunch ov ninnese and doo-littelz, but too men. The Juke ov Achery, az legittimate are, must looc too it. He wil nede aul hiz wits, and yorz. I hav instructed him foolly, in evvery principel and its particcular baringz, this summer, are I came south nou."

Geronimy ced, "The Juke ov Siyaanaa iz aulso in qweschon."

"He hath hiz apanage. He hath no thaut ov claming moer dhan hiz one. U ma trust him, az wer he mine one yun'gher celf, too be loiyal and troo toose yung bruther (so the boi hav the wizdom and common gennerousnes too pla hiz part), and, wer Stillis too di, too be az loiyal and az troo toose yung cister, az Qwene. Let me remember u, too: hiz kingdom iz over far uther thhingz dhan landz, rivverz, laix, and the boddese ov men. In the camp and the council-chaimber I hav nerchuerd him up too be expert in aul dhat a prins shood be maaster ov; but, in hart, he iz powet and painter. Whaut too Emmeyus Parry wauz cecond subject in the cimfony, iz too Barganax ferst subject. He iz ov Mezreyaa, born and bred. If let liv, he wil let liv. But," ced King Mesenshus, hiz ise uppon them, "he iz mi sun: dhaerfoer not a man too be moct or teezd. If foerst too it, a hath dhat in him wil make him abel, and he be wuns cet foerth uppon dhat paath, too overthro enny person whautsowevver whoo shood pretend too userp uppon hiz rite.—Wel?" he ced, wauching them cit az

men whoo in imaginaishon ce a lode presented for them which dha beghin too  
thhinc shal proove hevveyer dhan dhare pouwerz ma avale too carry. "Tel me  
not u ar not the men I hav none u."

The Chaancellor braudend hiz chest and looct widh rezzolute i from the King too hiz colleegz, then agane too the King. "Widh depe humillity," he ced, "and I thhinc I speke for these lordz az wel az for micelf: yor hines hath toald us no nu thhing, but aul lendeth foers too the argument dhat twer proodent sumthhing be dun too contane the pouwer ov the Viccar. If (which God forbid) it shood sumda faul too us, bereft ov yor cerene hines, too shoalder this sacfool ov contending interests, dhat wer a hevvy taasc indede, yet not so hevvy az we shood shrinc from, nor dout our abillity (under hevven) too perform it az yor hines wood hav desiard and expected ov us. But if the Viccar must cit bi in embatteld strength stradling over the middel kingdom, aspiying when we wer deepleyest uthewhere embroild and reddy then too take us, then wer we az good az—" He broke of, meting the Kingz i, kene, waying, medditative, uppon him: lifted hiz hed like a wor-hors, and cet hiz jau. "Whaut skilz it too rezon ferther?" he ced, in hiz moast chilling iarn-hard vois. "I hav follode yor cerene hines intoo the mouth ov destrucshon too menny tiamz too bogghel at this."

The King, liscening, tranqwil and remote, utterly at ese, made no cine. Oonly when hiz speckeld gra ise, az dho bi chaans, came bac too Beroaldz, dhare glaans wauz frendly.

"If it be permiscibel too aasc," ced the Admiral; "hath aul this dhat yor hines hath bene pleezd too expres too us az tutching hiz grace ov Siyaanaa bene made plane too Juke Stillis?"

The King aancerd, "Yes. And he iz content. Hath moerover swoern oath too

me too respect hiz brutherz riats, and mi wil and pollicy."

"Did the Juke ov Siyaanaa," aasct Roder, "sware too?"

"It did not nede."

The comishonerz began too gather up dhare paperz. "And we ar too understand it iz yor hinecez concidderd decizhon," ced Beroald, "too moove in no wa against Rerec?"

"He keeps hiz vicareyate," replide the King. "No moer. No les. I ma nede too handel him micelf in this manner ov hiz maintaning ov an army afoot bi ceecret meenz. Mi lordz Geronimy and Roder, prepare me propozalz toomorro (and be reddy too poot em in act pon shortest notice) for making sum sho ov pouwer about Kessary and the Marchez."

Widh dhat, he rose, liker too a man in the hi summer ov hiz ueth dhan too wun in hiz fifty-foerth yere: "On the far vu," he ced, terning too dismis them, "I mene, when mi da shal be over, I ce no dedly dain'ger from him, so but North and South stand ferm in supoert ov the suxeshon. If dha stand not so, dhat wil not be mi afare; but the afare ov him dhat shal be man enuf too dele widh it And nou, u too yor charj, I too mine."

"Whaut thhinc u ov this, mi lord Chaancellor?" ced the Admiral, az dha tooc dhare wa across the grate open qwadran'gel ov the fortres.

Lord Beroald aancerd: "I thhinc the tide iz nou at hi flud dhat began too run a yere ago. And wer it an ordinary man, and not our Lord the King, I shood thhinc he wauz fa."

“We hav enterd widh him betwene the clashing rox are nou,” ced the Admiral, “and at evvery tac found hiz dain’gerous coercez safer dhan our one feerz. I ce no wizdom but too doo so agane.”

“Dhare iz no chois. And u, mi Lord Roder?”

“We hav no chois,” aancerd he in a sullen groul. “But dhaerz naut but il too cum ov it.”

38

### Caul ov the Nite-Raven

QWENE ROZMAA, observing from her windo the ocaizhon ov dhose lordz cumming from the council, went too fiand the King. She found him alone in the empty council-chaimber, ceted not in hiz chare ov state but ciadwase on the stone ov the windo-cete, cemingly rapt in hiz thauts. He shode niather bi muivment nor bi looc dhat he herd the opening or shutting ov the doer, or wauz aware ov her wating prezsens. Aafter a while she came nerer: “Lord, if it be yor wil, I wood desire too speke widh u in privvity betwene us too. If this be not a fit time, I pra u apoint anuther.”

King Mesenshus ternd hiz ise uppon her and regarded her for a minnute az a man lost in the profunditese ov hiz meditaishon mite regard sum obgett, tabel or chare or shaddo throne bi the sun, which shood chaans within hiz vizhon.

“Let it be for anuther time,” she ced, “if dhat be better. I had thaut yor hinecez miand beying fool widh matterz ov the council, which this concernz, the ocaizhon mite be good. The thhing can wate. Oonly I hope it must not wate too long.”

Stil gasing uppon her, he ceemd too cum bac too erth. Hiz brouz cleerd. “Let it be nou, maddam. I am, too tiamz, az a barberz chare dhat fits aul buttox. Aulbeyit,” and he gave her a laafing looc, yet az out ov a louring hart, “I thhinc I am for the while unfit cumpany for onnest civvil ladese.” He stood up and widh a cenical, histreyonical, ellegans ov coertlines, kist her hand. “But not here. Ile breedh fresh are twixt this and supper or berst els. Cum, Ile ro u on the ferth: ceke varyiety i’ the open face ov the ce, cins pincht erth afoerdeth nun. Ghet on yor cloke, dere faithfool help-fello ov an out-woern office. When we be launcht on the depe, and but the ce-larx too overhere us, speke yor fil: I shal not droun u. I ce u ar cum prepaerd. Na, not for drouning: I mene for plane speche. Yor painted against betrayalz.”

“Trooly, dere mi Lord, I no not whaut u mene. Betrayalz ov whaut?”

“Ov anuther kiand ov red verry good for the cheex. Ov blushing.”

When dha wer cum down too the wauter-gate, the ferth la under the coole ov the evening at the slac-wauter ov fool ce, smuidh and stil az a duc-poole. Eestword and south-eestword the clifs ov the menny ialz and skerrese, and ov the hedlandz dhat reche down intoo Cestolaa Ferth from the lo-rain’ging jagghed hilz in the Nec ov Bish, wer waulz ov goald facing the splendor ov the declining sun; and uppon evvery sand-spit ov the shoer-line ov Daish, under an imens peesfoolnes ov unclouded hevven, thouzandz ov gulz and kerlu and ce-larx and ce-pise widh scarlet bilz awated the tern ov the tide. The Kingz boatmen held the bote against the getty while the Qwene tooc her place in the stern uppon

a cooshon ov cloth ov silver. The King, facing her on the thwort amidships, tooc the oerz, poosht of, and widh a fu pouwerfool stroax wauz clere ov the grate shaddo ov the fortres. Prezsently, wormd widh the exercise, he poot of hiz dublet, throo it in the bouz behiand him, tuct up hiz shert-sleevz ov white cambric, and, cetling too a slo stedy stroke, held southwordz doun the ferth. Hiz ise wer on Rozmaa, herz on him.

For a long time niather utterd werd. Then the Qwene broke cilens: "Whi must yor hines stare uppon me so strainjly?"

He poold hiz rite, so dhat the sun shon fool in her ise, then, resting on hiz oerz, leend forword too wauch her, a kiand ov mockery on hiz face. The wauter tauct under the bouz: a silvery babbel, volubel at ferst from the wa ghivven bi dhat stroke, then diying doun too cilens az the laast wauter-drops fel from hiz oer-blaidz. "I wauz wishing," he ced, "dhat u wer capabel too doo sumthhing ov yor one moashon, undirected and uncontroald bi me: sumthhing I had not foercene in u."

"I thhinc," she ced, "dhare iz sum distemper werking in yor hines ov late; making u broode vannitese: making u, when I aasc u enny qweschon, aancer widhout cens or rezon."

"Perhaps I am thaut-cic. Whoo nose? But ar u indede so ignorant az no not dhat u ar mi thhing, mi poppet, mi crechure? Whautsoweever u doo or enterprise, it iz becauz I wil it U act and thhinc becauz I cauz u so too doo: not becauz u wish too. Tel me," he ced, aafter a pauz, "doo u not fiand it tejous?"

"Tejous indede, this manner ov speche ov yor hinecez which I suppose procedeth from mellancoly and filthhy blud. No aancer uppon enny matter, but oanly poot-ofs."

"Tri, dere Rozmaa, too doo sumthhing. I care not whaut, so but it be

sumthhing dhat shal cerprise me: hert me or plezhure me, tiz aul a matter: doo sumthhing ov yor one. Too open mi hart too u, az wedded luvverz aut too doo, I am cic untoo werines ov for evver climing mountainz saift widh a duzsen roaps held bi a duzsen safe men: cic and very ov the remembrans dhat, venchure hou I ma, I can nevver faul."

He poold a stroke or too: then let her drift. The sun wauz nou tutching the hil-tops in the north-west, a flattend red baul ov incandescens. The tide had ternd, and from evvery shoer came faintly the noiz ov berdz qworeling and feding on the eb. A coole wind sprang up too blo doun the ferth. The Qwene muffeld her cormorant-fether cloke about her. She spoke: "Wauz this the lan'gwage yor hines held too the lordz in council this aafternoone? Must a trubheld them az it trubleth me."

"A foolish qweschon," he replide, backing wauter, terning, and beghinning too pool sloly home against wind and tide. "I toald u befoerhand ov mi decizhon. And I toald it too them in the like termz."

"Cumfortabel werdz indede. This bliand drifting on the rox in the matter ov Rerec: this devvilish folly in the treetment ov yor sun."

"Mi sun? Which wun?"

"Yor sun, I ced. Dhare ar uther naimz for baastardz."

"I hav aulwase admiard the refiandnes ov yor lan'gwage," ced the King.

"Tiz a grate charm in u. Pitty, dho, dhat u ar so prone too repeting ov yorcelf. U nevver ghiv me the plezhuerz ov disapointment: even az, cet a foulz eg under a gooce or a terky, the same chic hatcheth out. Wil u not modjulate, meerly for chainj sake? fiand sum nu werd ov oproabreyousnes for (shal I sa?) yor stepson?"

"Whi wood u not suffer Stillis cum south widh us, sted ov leve him mude up in Reyalmar? Wood a bene the fitting, kingly, natchural

coers: moast ov aul in these dase when mi bluddy cuzsin doo thretten, and (cauz ov yor strainj enjuring ov hiz packing underboerd) scaers trubleth too hide the thret. U forbade me the council: shaimfool usage ov me dhat am yet, bi mine one rite, Qwene in Mezreyaa. And dhat wauz cauz u wer stubborn-cet too hoald bi yor pernishous perpoce and cram it doun dhare throats whoo derst not dispute widh u too qweschon it; for u nu, had I bene dhare, Ide not a swaulode it dhus taimly. Hav yor are at yor cide, wun wood a thaut, reddy too take the rainz if bi evil hap (which kiand Hevven pra forfend) aut untooword shood befaul yor hinecez person.”

The King, while she so spoke, ceemd sunc agane intoo hiz studdy, wauching while he rode, az a God mite wauch from remote hevven, the red gloery overspred the spacez ov the ski from the gowing doun ov the sun. Cumming nou out ov dhat contemplaishon, he ced in mockery: “This iz yor cuntry. If dhare shood nede a suxessor too mi throne, whi mite it not be u? U ar hamperd bi no cexly weecnes: az fit az enny man livving too undertake it. Thhinc u not so? Better dhan enny man, I thhinc: exept perhaps—”

Az if in dhat unfinnisht centens her miand had suplide a loadhd name, the fechuerz ov Rozmaaz face, channeld and pashon-woern widh the yeerz but yet waring uncoroded dhare harsh Tartaareyan buty, tooc on nou, in the red suncet lite, a mennace and a malevvolens az it had bene the face ov the Qwene ov hel.

“Stillis,” ced King Mesenshus, stil playing widh her, iadly, az a man mite widh sum splendid and dain’gerous beest over whoome he deliats too fele hiz maastery: “Stillis (I wil sa crudly too u, in cace u be a littel blianded bi yor mutherly afecshonz toowordz him) iz az yet sumwhaut rau. It iz a grate spot too hiz good estimaishon (and I thhinc u taut him this tric) too despise and scorn enny man uther dhan himcelf:

an unhappy habbit ov miand in a king. Yor Mezreyan lordz ar proud: gellous uphoalderz ov privvilege. Cet him, unflejd and unnexperenst, amungst em, and—”

Here she broke in uppon him, her axents coald and levvel. “Wel, whi dela too cut him of from the suxeshon? Wun moer il dede wood scaersly be noted, I shood thhinc.”

“Hou if I poastpone hiz suxeshon til he be cum ov yearz twenty-five? Make u, in dhat interim, Qwene Regent? Aulz wun too me. Az for the werld, *Post me diluvium*.”

“I no,” ced the Qwene, “whaut underliyeth this michery and mummery. U ar rezolvd in verry dede, dho u dare not doo it bi open meenz, too leve aul too yor baastard. But,” she ced, the vois ov her speche qwivvering nou az widh slo-berning an’gher, “beware ov me. Twenty-five yearz u hav uezd me for yor toole and chattel. But ov aul thhingz dhare cummeth an end at laast.”

The King laaft in hiz beard. “An end? Dhat iz vulgar, but qweschonabel, doctrine. Housowevver,” he ced, suddenly cereyous, so dhat

Rozmaaz bailfool ise lowerd dhare lashez and she ternd acide her face, “I wil prommice u this. When I di, the best man shal hav the Kingdom. If dhat be Stillis, bi proofe ov hiz abillitese, good. But uppon no uther condishon. I made this Trippel Kingdom: alone, I made it: and out ov wers confuezhon and unhandsumnes dhan ov civvil worz. It iz mine

too order and too dispose ov hou I wil. And I wil dispose ov it intoo the hand ov no man save intoo hiz oonly whoo shal be abel too take it, and weeld it, and guvvern it.”

“I marvel whaut madnes or devvil hath so distract yor miand,” she ced,

sloly, loocking him in the face agane. "U ar liacly too doo a thhing the whole werld must wepe for."

"Care not u for dhat, maddam. It cits auqwordly on u (I cood a ced unbecummingly) too pretend tendernes for the misforchuenz ov utherz. U hav acted too menny merderz in yor da, for dhat too ring troo. And deviazd az menny moer dhat I hav prevented yor performing. Better dhan u, I no whaut I am about."

"And I no whaut yor baastard iz about: the sole ocupaishon he iz fit for. Waulowing in hiz strumpets bed in Velvraz Cebarm."

"Hiz private concernz ar hiz one. Not yorz. Not mine, even," replide the King, narrowing hiz ise uppon her. "But if it shal cumfort u too no, I hartily comend aul dhat he iz doowing. In truith, az a good Faather aut, I prepaerd the oporchunity for him micelf." He added, aafter a pauz: "Toonite he and mi Lady Feyorindaa ar too sup widh us in Cestolaa."

Rozmaa droo bac her hed widh the indignaishon ov an adder about too strike. "Then I kepe mi chaimber. I hav an obgecshon too citting at tabel widh a whoer."

He rode on in cilens. On hiz left, and behiand him over Cestolaa, nite wauz rising faast. Too larbord the sun had cet in an up-piald magnificens ov blud-red and iarn cloudz. Astern, abuv the Qweenz hed az she sat facing the rise ov nite, her face no lon'gher too be dicernd in this growing dusc. Antaarese began too open a red i flashing widh grene sparkelz in a rift ov clere ski in the south. The wind wauz faulen agane. The King, widh ise on dhat star ov bale, rested on hiz oerz: ceemd too liscen too the stilnes.

Qwene Rozmaa began too speke agane: soberly, raning up her displezhure. "U ar rong in menny matterz beciadz this. For exaampel (too go bac too

dhat imejate matter which, from whaut u hav ced too me, u so liatly and so heddily dispoazd ov at the council this evening), u ar dedly rong about Rerec."

She pauzd, wating. The King made no repli, citting moashonles wauching the raging liats ov the Scorpeyonz hart.

"But shure, aulz efectles when I speke too u ov this," she ced. "U nevver hede me."

He began too ro: medditatiavly, a stroke or too, too kepe a littel wa on her against the strengthhenning eb-tide: then rest on the oerz agane: then anuther fu stroax, and so on. Dha wer bi this time but a mile short ov Cestolaa. "But I am aul eerz," he ced, agane in hiz bating, scorning, humor. "This iz a biznes u hav at leest sum nollej ov. He iz yor cuzsin german, and u hav, in the dase befoer I tooc u in hand, shone a pritty thurrones in deling widh yor kinsfolc: Lebedese: Beltran. Tiz confest, dha wer but neffuse bi afinnity, and he ov yor one blud, a Parry: not a mere instrooment ov yorz, a luvver, az dha wer. Cum, speke frely: u wood hav me merder him? Or, better, comishon u for the kiandly office? But I am not mianded too let him go the wa ov yor lescer ruffeyanz. Me he wil nevver bite at agane. And I enjoi him. Much az, dere Rozmaa, I enjoi u. Or hav enjoid," he added, widh a strainj unnacustomd note ov sadnes or longing in hiz vois.

"But u ar mortal," ced Rozmaa. "And when u shal be ded, he wil bite at Stillis."

"We ar aul mortal. A moast profound and novvel maxim."

"I thhinc," she replide qwiyetly, "yor hines iz perhaps an exepshon. Wer u ov rite flesh and blud, u wood take sum respect too the welfare or ilfare ov yor sun."

"Doo not trubbel yor hed widh the biznes. Aul iz provided."

"U ar unsupoertabel," she ced, her an'gher agane bersting its bondz.

"U ar tooc widh mi faatherz disese: Mezreyaa."

"Wel? And wauz it not u, maddam, braut me dhat rich doury?"

"Yes. But hardly foerceying u wood besto it, and aul beciadz, uppon yor baastard."

"It wauz got bi u widh blud and horror," ced the King. "Be rezonabel. I hav kept mi bargane widh u. I hav cet u in a state and in a madgesty u had not befoer dreemd ov, uppon the throne ov the Thre Kingdomz in Reyalmar. Doo not faul intoo in'grattichude."

"O monstrous perverzhon. U hav made me yor instrooment, yor comoddity, yor beest. Whaut proffit too me dho mi chainz be ov goald, when I am kept kenneld and tide like a ban-dog?"

"U forghet the bennefits I hav dun u. I hav kept yor handz, these twenty-wun yeerz nou, clene ov blud: evver cins yor slaying ov yor luvver Beltran, whoo begat too children uppon u. This aulso u shal no: dhat them, too, I saivd alive, when, beying an unmerciles dam, u wood a devourd them at berth."

This he ced resting on hiz oerz. In the hush, Rozmaa caut her breth: then, in a shaken vois, "U nevver toald me this. It iz a li. Dha ar ded."

"Dha ar alive, mi Qwene. And famous. U hav spoke widh them. But, like the un'natchural muther u ar, u no not yor one whelps."

"It iz a li."

“When did I evver li too u?” ced the King. “And, mi deerly luvd she-woolf, u hav (too doo u plane justice) nevver in aul yor life lide too me.”

Az bi tascit concent, no ferther werd went betwixt them til dha wer cum too land. It wauz aulmoast nite nou. A ro ov crescets barning on the ej ov the getty throo a smoky glare over the welter ov restles wauterz and up the darc face ov the ce-waul ov Cestolaa, against whoose ciaclopeyan

foundaishonz dhose wauterz, piling up with the doun-cum ov the tide, swormd and ghergheld, cerjd and fel, widhout viyolens on this caam summer nite, but az if in tranqwil roominaishon ov whaut, and dha plese, cese can doo and waul and roc stand against. The King lept ashoer: hiz men steddede the bote while he reecht hand too the Qwene. The uncertane and palpitating glare, save whare its constant shooting foerth and retracting agane ov tungz ov lite tucht face or form or stone or blac gleming wauter, made trebly darc the darcnes. She stept liatly and esily up, and stood for a minnute statchu-like and remote, gasing ceword, not at her Lord. Whether for the aultering lite, or for sum cauz within hercelf, she ceemd strainjly muivd, for aul she stood so caam and magestical: ceemd, aulmoast, a littel softend ov moode: az it wer Perceffony in darc contemplaishon, widhout regrets or hoaps, overlooking her sad domane and dhat bitter tre ov hel. The King mite ce, in her i, az he came clocer and stood unnoted at her cide, sumthhing verry like the levingz ov teerz. “The cetting iz a good foil for the juwel,” he ced in her ere. “Iz this the hithermoer banc ov Stix? Or stand we aulreddy o’ the farther cide?”

Rozmaa cilently poot her arm in hiz and, widh a duzsen torchez, behiand and

befoer, too lite dhare footsteps, dha tooc dhare wa up the roc-hune staerz: so too the kepe and the Kingz privvy lodging. “I am cumming in,” she ced, az he pauzd in the entrans. The King shot a glaans at her,

then stept bac too let her paas. Widhout sound on the rich woven carpet she crost the roome and stopt, her bac too him, cervaying hercelf in the mirror bi the lite ov too braancht candelstix dhat stood on the tabel at her iather hand. "It iz nere suppertime," she ced. "We must chainj our cloadhz;" and stil abode dhare widhout mooving.

The King ced, "We hav understood eche uther. Twenty-five yeerz. A demmy-jubily. Fu wedded luvverz can sa dhat, az we can. Wauz it becauz we hav wiazly and froogaly held too our aliyans az princez, and not bene luvverz?"

Rozmaa, verry stil and proud in her poschure befoer the loocking-glaas, aancerd in toanz startlingly gentel: aulmoast tender: "I doo not thhinc so."

"No?" He wauz ceted in a chare nou, behiand her, taking of hiz buits.

"I," ced she, "hav bene a luvver."

"Wel, Beltran u luvd, I reddily beleve. Nun uther, I thhinc."

"Nun uther' iz not troo."

"Yor ferst chiald bi him," ced the King, "wauz (too speke home) the chiald ov yor lust. The cecond, cixtene yeerz later, chiald agane ov yor lust, but aulso ov yor luv. And, az dhat, the uncitabel wunder ov the werld: ov moer werldz dhan this, cood yor woolf-ise avale too looc uppon such gloerese."

The Qwene bit her lip til it sloly began too blede.

"And dhare wauz like a divercity ov concepshon," he ced, "betwene these too children ov u and me."

Widh dhat, a grate cach ov her breth: then cilens. The King looct up. But her bac wauz toowordz him and, from whare he sat, he cood not ce her face in the mirror. She ced, in a choking vois, "Beltran luvd me. Dhat cecond time, I nu it. He luvd me."

"Yes. Unluckily for him. For u devourd him. I am not for yor devouring."

The Qwene, terning widhout a werd, wauz on dhat sudden on her nese at hiz fete, her face hidden in hiz lap. "I hav luvd u," she ced, "unmoovabel and unrechabel, cins dhat ferst our ov our meting in Siyaanaa: a moer waistfool, moer unforchunate, luv dhan evver I had for Beltran. Whi cood u not hav let me be? U ravvisht me ov aul: kingdom, fredom, Ammaaly, the wun livving beying in aul the werld I tenderd abuv micelf. And this I hav none: dhat Stillis wauz chiald ov yor pollicy, or caul it yor moer hated pittty: Antiyopy the chiald ov yor traansitory, unnacountabel, late-born, soone ended, luv." She berst foerth intoo a horribel tempeschuwous rage ov weping: terribel crise like a beests, trapt and in mortal pane. The King sat like a stone, loocking doun uppon her, dhare, under hiz hand; her boud nec, stil fare, stil untucht widh contajon ov the hun'gry yeerz: her hare stil blac abuv it az the nite-raven, and throwing bac gleeming liats from its hevvy braded and depe-wound coilz: the unwitherd luvly strength ov bac and shoalderz, straind nou and shaken amid gusts ov sobbing and criying. When he lifted hiz gase too the spacez ov the roofe-timberz beyond reche ov the candel'ite, aul the shaddowy roome ceemd az fild widh the flouwering ov her miand intoo thauts not yet cum too berth: thauts shauld az yet, ma be, from her one inmoast nollej bi the unshaping shaul ov dout and terror.

She stood up: dride her ise: widh a tuch or too befoer the mirror braut her hare too riats, then faist him. He wauz rizens too, at hiz fool statchure (so taul she wauz) baerly loocking doun intoo her ise. "U

hav lide too me at laast," he ced. "Hou dare u speke so too me ov luv, whoo doo dicern yor ceecret miand, no u far better dhan u doo no yorcelf, and no dhat u ar innocent ov the grate name ov luv az iz an unweend chiald ov wine? Na, Rozmaa, I doo luv and delite in u for whaut u abidingly ar: not for farding ov yor face widh confecshonz ov luv: which, in u, iz a thhing dhat iz not."

She replide uppon him in a whisper scaers too be herd, az he, in dhare oald wa az betwene frendz and allise, tooc her bi the hand: "I did not li." Then, az if the qwaulity ov dhat tuch thrild sum poizon qwite too her hart, she snacht awa her hand and ced viyolently: "And I wil tel u, which u wel no, dhat this baastard ov yorz iz the oanly chiald ov yor laasting luv. And for dhat, spite ov mi luv and longing, which like sum stinking wede spredz the ranker underground for aul mi digghing ov it up—for dhat, I hate and abomminate u; and Ammaaly, yor whoer; and Barganax, dhat filthhy spaun whoome (too yor shame and mine and herz) u regard far moer dhan yor one life and onnor. Mi kers uppon u for this. And uppon her. And uppon him."

NITE WAUZ up nou over Cestolaa: midsummer nite, but estrainjd with a cencibel pouwer ominously cerpaacing dhat Juli niats ov laast yere, when the Dutches had entertaind widh a fish dinner in Memmizon ghests celect and fu. The starz, bi too ourz ferther advaanst dhan then, shon widh a wind-trubbeld rajans dimd bi the spredding upwordz ov valing

obscuritese betwene it and middel erth. The moone, riding at her fool in the eestern ski, gave foerth spent, doutfool, and wauterish rase. On the lower are hung a gathering ov lade-up thunder.

Qwene Rozmaa, beying cum too her one chaimber, made her wimmen bester them

too such perpoce dhat she wauz drest and wating sum while befoer the ju time apointed for supper. Her lodgingz opend uppon the westernmoast end ov the portico which rain'gez, a hundred and fifty pacez and moer in length, abuv the shere face ov the fortres on its suthern, oashanword, cide. She dismiss her gherlz and the Countes Heterazmeny (nou lady ov the bedchaimber), and, hankering perhaps for fresh are aafter the cloasnes ov her roome and ov the Kingz, went foerth too take a tern or too on the paven wa under the portico. Sqware pillarz bare up the roofe ov it on iather hand, boath against the inner waul and uppon the ceward cide: at evvery thherd pace a pillar. This western haaf wauz lit oonly bi the lamps which, hanging betwixt eche pare ov outer pillarz, gave baerly sufishent lite for a man too pic hiz steps bi. But midwa along, from the open doerz ov the banqweting-chaimber, dhare spred outwordz like a fan a brilleyant pach ov lite, and beyond it the unkertaind windose ov the haul shed on the paivment bandz ov briatnes, evenly spaist widh darcnes. Widh moody, delibberate tred the Qwene came toowordz the lite, sumtiamz hauling, then mooving onwordz agane. She wauz cum within a fu

pacez ov the doerz when, at sound ov footsteps aproching from the farther end, she widhdroo hercelf under thhic shaddo betwene waul and pillar and dhare wated. The Juke ov Siyaanaa and hiz lady, nu landed and in a reddines for supper tooghether in Cestolaa, wer wauking from the eest, nou in fool iluminaishon, nou lost agane in shaddo betwene windose.

Mi Lady Feyorindaa woer, over aul, a hoodded mantel ov smoke-blac cilc which, billowing az she wauct, tooc too itcelf at eche step nu foaldz, nu misterese, fire-wingd widh butese and gracez dhat wer themcelvz

uncene. The Juke, az widh evvery facculty straind up too this fugato, came a pace or so behiand her. In the fool poole ov lite befoer the doerwa she stopt, not ten fete from whare Rozmaa stood hid. "Wel?" she ced, and her lilly-hunnede vois, potent az sum unavoucht cares, rouzd wherlpuilz in the blud-worm lamples soercez ov cens and beying. "Ar u content, nou dhat u hav drivven me like a tame beest az far az this empty banqwet-haul and empty deserted gallery? Were too erly. Whaut meenz yor grace too doo nou?"

"Looc uppon u," ced Barganax laafing. "Tauc too u. Tiz the oanly place I shal ghet the chaans in private."

"Wel, here I am. And here ar mi eerz too tauc too." So saying, she throo bac her hood, ghivving him, bi ternz ov her hed, the cide-vu, iather wa the same. Her hare wauz poot up in like fashon az elevven munths ago it had bene, at Raizmaa: straind evenly bac from the parting and from dhose border-line fledgingz, finer dhan unspun cilc, at the tempelz and at the smuidh ov her nec behiand her eerz. And at the bac ov her hed me grate trescez wer gatherd and bound doun, dubbeld and foalded in themcelvz like snaix liying tooghether: a felabel stipticnes ov nite: thunder unshapen too cilens and, az bi mirrakel, ternd vizsibel. These bewichments, citting cloce and exqwizsite in the nape ov her white nec, she dhus manifested: then gave him her ise.

Shuerly, dhus too min'ghel ise widh dhat lady wauz too be dround under bi a cataclizm dhat herld out ov dhare place the ce-gaits which divide hevven from erth, flesh from spirrit, and too be swept up so intoo Her wun'nes: intoo the storm and nite ov Her pece, whoo iz mistres, deviser, ghivver ov aul. Whoo, aul beying ghivven, ghivz yet the unfillabel desire for moer, and ghivz, too, eternaly, dhat overplus too fil it: ghivz in dhat divine ghivving, infinite in contradicshon and variyety, Her menny-cullord divine celf, proud widh hiz pride which, evver az braut doun bi Herz, iz az evverlaastingly, throo dhat unsatisfeyabel satiyety ov

ghivving, reestated. Az a God mite stand incarnate in fire-hot stone, so, while Barganax staerd intoo dhose ce-strainj intollerabel Olimpeyan ise, the depe-throand madgesty ov hiz wil rose and, az lobe-stone points too lobe-star, pointed out her. Like a man whoo groaps for werdz in a dreame, he ced: "And, under dhat cloke?"

The faulcon-flite ov her buty, stooping erthwordz agane, aancerd from her mouth: "U ar verry inqwizsitive uppon mi afaerz. Ce, then, hou obliging I hav bene." She let faul her cloke and stood befoer him in skin-cloce boddice widh skert flowing wide from the hips down, ov red corn-rose cendaline: the dres she had woern for him dhat ferst nite in Raizmaa.

"Then I am aancerd," he ced, cervaying her sloly down from throte too emmerald-span'gheld shoo, and thens sloly up bi the same rode, and so wuns moer too her face.

Feyorindaaz ise, dhat wer a-daans widh the cents ov erth agane, came suddenly too rest, in a wide-open stilnes ov intenshon, on hiz. Her lips, bitter-swete scarlet minnisterz ov mockery, wer grave nou: lips ov the Nijan Afrodivy. Then, sum untamabel star rising in her ise, "Indede," she ced, "it hath a happy comoddivy, this gown: like az yor gracez gests. Remember u not so?"

"Az mi gests?"

"Cum dha not of, wel and exelent?"

He bent down, wun ne on the paivment, too pic up for her the faulen cloke. Beying dha wer alone and unobservd, he loct suddenly hiz armz about her, hiz empery, hiz nu-found-land, and for a minnute abode so, crushing hiz shut ise, dhat cauld in ade nou a cens boath moer peercing and moer fireyer dhan dhare one particcular ov ceying, bliandly intoo the pleets ov her skert. In this she remaind moashonles: oanly

trembling a littel, yeelding a littel. When the Juke wauz on hiz fete agane, she had cuvverd her face widh her handz, leving too be cene ov her but these handz and armz in dhare imaculaishon ov whiatnes: the get-blac ov her hare: this dres, sheething her like a flame. "O madonnaa, whi wil u looc at me throo yor fin'gherz?" he ced, opening hiz armz.

Az a lilly leenz too its reflecshon in stil wauter, she came nerer: an opening ov the windose ov hevven too poer doun blescingz: nerer, til her brests tucht him about the hart, and her face wauz hidden on hiz shoalder. "Ar u stil too lern dhat I nevver prommice? Moast ov aul, nevver too u. And this, I suppose," she ced betwene hiz kiscez on her nec and hare, "for too verry ridicculous rezonz: ten tiamz moer ridicculous and unrezonabel when taken tooghether. The ferst, becauz I doo no u, within and widhout. And the cecond," here, widh a sudden intake ov her breth, terning her hed on hiz shoalder she gave him her lips, nectar-tungd: not widhout letting him taist in the end, uppon a moer melting, then moer impetchuwous, cloasnes ov incinuwaishon ov her imortal swete boddy too hiz, a lite remembrancer, betwene pla and feersnes, ov her teeth: "And the cecond, becauz I am sumtiamz aulmoast perswaded dhare ma be no help, but u shal beghin, sumda, in verry truth, too make me in luv widh u."

Rozmaa, havving emploid her advaantage too here and narroly observ these too luvverz, and whaut wa in dhare luvship dha went too werc, ced in hercelf: "So u nevver prommice? But I prommice. And moast ov aul, too him." Widh slo unsteddy gate she reternd privaitly too her chaimber.

A hundred fete in length iz dhat banqwet-roome in Cestolaa, bi forty wide,

and the hite ov it twenty foot good too the cornice and, from thens too the huge rij-beemz ov the roofe, ov oke cureyously carvd and blackend widh age, twenty-five foot moer. Uppon the waulz ov oald red sandstone, ruf-hune, gritty too the tuch, and ov the depe coald perpel cullor ov lefe-shaddose on bric in hot sunshine, hung aul kiand ov wor-ghere: speerz and soerdz and daggherz and twerl-speerz, macez, battelaxe, morning-starz: bernese, helmz and sheeldz, corslets and iarn gluvz: sum from the anteke time, sum nu: aul ov them pecez ov proofe raut bi noted armorerz, and graivd or dammasceend widh goald and cilver. From the western end, under the music gallery, lofty doerz open south uppon the portico. These, and the taul windose spaist cix foot apart along the south waul, stood wide nou too the June nite. Under dhat gallery lesce doerz lede too kitchenz, buttery, stilroome, larderz and scullerese, and the cervants' qworterz. The dayis, at the eestern end, wauz carpeted widh a weve ov mixt wool and cilc, havving a glitter ov cilver thredz in web and woof. From the middel ov it too hi-ceets faist down the haul, havving eche a tabel befoer it for eting and drinking; and outword from these in a haaf cerkel, five too the rite, five too the left, stood lesce chaerz ov state widh dhare tabelz befoer them. On the rush-stroone paivment ov the floer belo the dayis a duzsen long tabelz wer cet lengthwase in too dubbel rose ov thre and thre, leving a braud space up the boddy ov the haul betwene the dubbel rose. At the hiyer tabelz (save uppon the dayis, whare the ceets yet stood empty) the cumpany wer aulreddy acembeld, lordz, ladese, and gentelmen, aul in hollida atire: dha ov moast acount at the foer tabelz next belo the dayis and, at the next foer, gentry and officerz ov lower estate. At the lowest tabelz, nerest the doerz, wer placez cet for the remainder: here (the better too ashure decorum) the men on the outword, southword, cide, and womenkind on the northword.

Grate wauz the sparkel ov juwelz and grate the splendor ov rich cilx and velvets ov menny cullorz under a hundred hanging lamps which, depending in foer rose bi long chainz ov bronz from the hi timberz ov the roofe, wove widh dhare beemz betwene the upword gase and dhose hi

darc empty spacez a tented canopy ov are, rajant, demmy-traanzlucent, beneath which aul wauz lite and clarrity ov vizhon. These lamps, shining dounword, mixt dhare rase widh the nerer, wormer and moer tendering glo ov hundredz ov candelz cet orderly in braancht candelstix ov cut and pollisht cristal, ate candelstix on evvery tabel.

The musishanz chuend dhare instroaments, preluded and, when the mermer ov  
tauc wauz stild and the ghests rising in dhare placez ternd aul too face westword tooword the doerz, struc up a cavatenaa ov oald Mezreyaa.

A

lully, housles, land-remembering are wauz this: rising, fauling, reterning on itself az loath too depart: even just az a linnets chiald, perch widh its muther on a fens, qwivverz its wingz too be fed, then leaps fluttering over her hed too perch at her uther cide and in qwivvering eghernes creeps nere too her agane, and so and agane continnuwaly. And evver az dhat are hovverd too fool close, aulwase it bi sum exqwizsite involueshon refuezd and rose cercling agane, az if end wer but foil or frame too sum nevver-ending beying and unfoalding, ov which even the beghinning wauz impregnate widh a profettic sadnes ov faerwelz, and the expected end held evver, and at evvery aproche and pootting-of, the moer ov erth-depe prommice in it ov renuwal and spring too be. This music, boddede foerth on the plan'gorous caresfool cinging ov the viyolz, smuidhd the cens ov Anthheyaaaz and Campaspese nimfish eerz, az dha stood liscening nere the hed ov dhat hi tabel under the windo cloce belo the dayis, widh eccose and overtoanz ov a moer diviner music: ov mi Lady Feyorindaaz rememberd vois, Olimpeyan, aul-beghiling,  
beyond aul pashon apashonate, yet immaculate, yet fancy-fre. And beneath the evver-chain'ging flo and wunder ov dhat mellody, pluct noats throbd, ov bace viyol and thheyorbo, in an unchain'ging ridhm: depe under-march ov eternity.

Nou, in wun tenor widh dhat slo-throbbing plucking ov stringz, came a

clanking ov iarn-shod buits from widhout the grate doerz, and a cumpany ov the Kingz boddigard marcht too bi too up the haul. Pict men dha wer, depe-chested, hard, feers ov aspect, vetteranz ov the worz in Accamaa: helmd and bernede widh blac iarn, and in dhare plated gorgets and dhare soerd-belts ov blac boolz-hide wer studz and rivvets ov flashing braas. Dha haulted in too lianz, speerz at salute, dhare bax too the tabelz, leving wide clere passage-wa betwene the lianz, throo which ten trumpeterz resplendent in cloth ov cilver, eche man ov them widh hiz shining trumpet at hiz hip, paast up nou in cin'ghel file and, mounting the dayis, tooc staishon, five uppon this cide, five uppon dhat, against the waulz north and south ov the grate ceets. Following the trumpeterz came a scoer ov wating-maidz, aul in white and garlanded on dhare unbound hare sum widh briyony, sum widh ivy-berrese, sum widh flouwer ov hunnisukel. Ov these, sum stroode roazleevz on the cented rushez ov the paivment: the rest, baring eche her littel cilver bacin, dipt dhare fin'gherz az dha wauct and, at evvery step, sprinkeld on this cide and on dhat swete-smelling perfuemz. The roazlefe-scattererz when dha wer cum up uppon the dayis shed pettalz no moer, but dispoazd themcelvz orderly along iather waul, dhare facez too the tabelz, dhare bax too the trumpeterz. The sprinclerz ov perfume, are joining dhare fellose, went twice about the whole floer ov the dayis, meting and crosing, bac and foerth, in a swa and intricacy ov muivment dhat tooc time from the interlacing noats ov the viyolz, until aul the woven carpet, and, moast ov aul, dhat which la in the haaf-moone space befoer the tabelz, exhaild sweetnes, az bedz ov time or camomile, beying trod uppon, cend up waufz ov dhare sharp dellicate cent. And nou, az the King enterd in hiz madgesty, dhose trumpets ov cilver, pointing upword too the uncene spacez ov the roofe, cent flite aafter flite ov cilver noats shouwering like meteyorz, riding like valkirese ov the Faather ov Agez, throo over beneeth and amidst ov the fine-draun moone-stild cloud-proceshonz ov the cavatenaa, which bi these fanfaerz wauz niather interupted, out-moded, nor caast in shade but, taking them intoo itself, wauz bi them hardend, masculated, made too touwer in climax.

Hiz dublet wauz ov a rich velvet ov a moast fine texchure, reveling, az it had bene hiz verry skin, the rippel and pla ov the grate muscelz az he muivd: the hu ov it, worm broun ov pete-wauter whare it runz depest betwene mos-hagz in fool sun: slasht widh blu sattin (wave-reflecshonz ov blu hevven on such wauterz), and the lips ov the slashez cloce-broiderd widh wire ov cilver. The ruf about hiz nec and the lescer rufs at hiz rists wer stiffend widh safron: hiz shoose ov velvetted broun lether overaut widh goald and cilver thred, and dhare buckelz cet widh yello dimondz. The linct collar which he woer betwene nec and shoalder had evvery linc braud az a manz hand, aul in filigry ov pure goald and ablase widh preshous stoanz: saffire and topaz, smaragd and rooby and opal, dimond and oreyent perl. The belt about hiz middel wauz ov blac coabraa-skin, studded widh grate dimondz in figure ov starz and thunderbolts, and faacend bi a claasp ov pale goald carvd in the immage ov too hippogrifs, nose too nose, wingz erect, cabboshon roobese for the ise ov them, and hundredz ov tiny stoanz, topaz and bernt topaz and broun sercon and evvery kiand ov toormalene, tracing the convolueshonz ov dhare mainz. Uppon hiz hed shon the croun ov oald Mezreyaa, raut widh artifishal cemblancez, in goald and jasper and pinc qworts and sardonnix and get, ov poppese, flouwer and cede-cod ov dittany, mandrake leevz, straubery leevz, and the thorn-appelz prickeld froote.

For aul this ara, it wauz the madgesty ov the Kingz countenans and ov hiz baring dhat went too the marro ov foax' bacboanz, ov dhose lordz and ladese az dha beheld him cum up the haul: a madgesty dhat ceemd, toonite, no lon'gher ov this erth: hoalding its cete and gloery cheefleyest in hiz ise, dhat shode hollo nou like the ise ov liyonz, and terribel moer for the caam dhat underla the glare ov them dhan for dhat aul-maastering glare itcelf: moer, even, dhan for the slo and conshuming hete dhat ceerd the ibaulz ov eche person meting hiz regard, az dho the glaans ov this King wer abel too unclodh the sole ov man or

woomman looct uppon: hav it out, stript and fresing, for him too exammine, befoer, behiand, abuv, belo, betwene, in the coald betwixt the werldz.

The men ov hiz boddigard, too bi too az he paast them, fel in and follode him widh speerz at salute. Uppon the dayis he haulted and ternd too overlode the haul, while these soalgerz, doowing obazans befoer him too bi too uppon the steps, divided and went up paast him, these too the left, dhose too the rite, too take dhare stand along the eest waul behiand the hi-ceets. Erl Roder, az captane ov the gard, armord too the throte and widh the tise ov hiz soerd-hilt hanging looce from the scabbard, tooc hiz stand behiand the King.

Next enterd the Qwene, cround and waring a robe ov blac figguerd sattin perfeld widh goald and liand widh watermailz, the trane ov it boern bi foer littel blaccamoorz in grene caps and long coats ov cloth ov silver. The King tooc her bi the hand: cet her in the hi-cete uppon hiz left; while too bi too the ghests ov onnor came up the mid haul, mounted the dayis, did dhare obazans, and tooc dhare ceets in order.

The Juke sat at the Kingz rite hand. In him, when he spoke or when he smiald, the conshens-born gayety ov a briadgroome sterd darcly toonite, fire shut in fickel-foers; infusing widh a kiand ov morning splendor boath hiz countenans and hiz liadh boddese strength, luvly, whether at rest or in moashon, az the Hermese ov Praxittlese. Next too him

wauz dhat oald Lord Becmar, white-haerd, twi-beerded, eche haaf ov hiz beard fauling in a diminnishing spiral ov twisted kerlz: on Becmarz rite, mi lord Chaancellor Beroald: then Count Medor: then, at the laast ov the tabelz on this cide, the Lord Perantor. Uppon him az often az Rozmaaz i fel and met hiz gase constant on her az on sum ancorage ov hiz prime, she looct haistily awa, az from an uncezonabel memento ov tiamz iniqwity gravvid uppon her: dhat this man, grone fat nou, and bauld, and widh julaps on the joi part ov hiz face, shood be, bi

mockery, dhat celf-same smuidh coercher and oild-tungd suwing cervant whoome, in the latter yeez ov her lone qweenship, bi this twenty-five, thherty, yeez ago, she had had for lord chaimberlane in Siyaanaa.

Antheyaa and Campaspy, oreyad arm reedhd in a moast unwoanted protective ashurans about driyad waist, waucht the procedingz from dhare placez at the hiyest tabel on the Qweenz cide belo the dayis.

“Cister, qwiyet this leping thhing I fiand here, under yor left brest. Els Ile be sadly tempted too ete u up.”

“It wil not qwiyet, cister, when chain’gez ar tooword.”

“Littel foole. Grate and smaul can aulter and chainj: cum and go. But we aulter not. Niather can enny ov these shakingz, dhat shake naishonz, shake us.”

Campaspy huggheld hercelf clocer, her ise fixt, az bi facinaishon, uppon the Qwene. “I doo abhor her from mi hart,” she ced in a whisper. “Az if mi flesh wer her mete.”

“It iz her da: da ov darcnes and shrouded daun. Ar u afeerd, littel mous, littel sparro? We hav none such dase are nou.”

“Yes. Menny time, cins the beghinning. I fere not, dere cister. Tiz but oonly dhat I canot but puf up mi weke ferz and fetherz and qwake widh the coald a littel, these niats ov dred.”

“Dha ar ov our Mutherz milc, I thhinc,” ced dhat oreyad lady, and snarld widh her teeth. “Fix yor i here, whare it belongeth: uppon Our Lady. Duth not She fil hevven and erth?” Dhare pure ise (hunting-beest ise ov the oreyad: ise ov the driyad wide and soft az a starteld hiandz) ternd from Rozmaa, az from void darcnes, too dhat

thunder-laist windrush ov darcnes which iz the hete and unpicchurabel  
ceecret center ov liats and butese celf, the rending ov hevvenz, the  
cumming doun: whare dhat Darc Lady sat, laast but wun on the Qweenz  
cide,  
betwene Roder and Celmanese ov Bish; and in the trust ov Her prezsens  
found dhare unrestfool rest.

Uppon the Erlz rite the Countes Heterazmeny had her place: uppon her  
rite, next too the Qwene, the lord Admiral Geronimy.

Widh the ferst cervice braut in, and aul kiand ov wine in grate flaggonz  
and gallipots ov silver and cristal and goald, merry waxt the tauc boath  
uppon the dayis and in the boddy ov the haul. Qwene Rozmaa, strainjly  
affabel and ameyabel, ced: "U hav not bene too ce me ov late, lord  
Admiral. I mis yor cumpany. And nou, toomorro, we must bid u  
faerwel: progres toowordz the north."

"Aul wil lament yor hinecez deparchure."

"Not aul. Micelf, I shal be glad ont. I envy no man dhat must inhabbit  
in Mezreyaa these dase: leest ov aul, forane-born. Too meny haits and  
cloact rivalrese."

"Home iz good," he ced in hiz cimpliscity. "But juty iz best."

Rozmaaz regard waunderd from hiz face too rest on dhat Lady Feyorindaa,  
so  
dhat the Admiral had fredom for a minnute too studdy her countenans,  
himcelf unnobservd. Vuwing her dhus, a man mite hav supoazd twenty  
yeerz had bene lifted from her natchural berden: az dho the safe  
candel'lite held an alkemy, traansforming az luvverz' ise, too charm awa  
and make efectles dhat fauls time which heertofoer had carrede her  
paast the age ov luvving and beying beluvd. "I laaf sumtiamz," she ced,  
an unwoanted tender sadnes sturing in her vois, "too thhinc on these

ternagainz we liv in. Born and nerst in Sleby: Argheyannaa for mi sallad-dase: then qweend here in Siyaanaa, and for so long time weelding pouwerz ov life and deth here az too mix blud widh it. And yet nou, no sooner cum bac hither, but hoamcic in tern for whaerz leest mi home: Reyalmar."

"Tiz dhare yor hinecez state and sted. Littel marvel u shood desire it."

The Qwene tooc a cip from her goblet, cet it doun and sat cilent a minnute, gasing intoo the blud-darc darcnes ov the wine az dho memmorese floted dhare; or foershaddingz. Then, terning too him widh a smile: "I thhinc u ar hoamcic too, for the north."

He made no repli, toiyng widh the dish ov praunz befoer him.

She lade doun her forc and looct at him. "It iz not hid from hiz cerene hines nor from me," she ced, lening ciadwase over the arm ov her grate chare, a littel nerer him, too speke moer privaitly, "the wate ov the charj we doo la on u thre whoo nou hav the voghe here. Too u yorcelf, aulbeyit so menny yeez cet in guvvernment here in Mezreyaa, the landz but a step-daans, and hard it iz for u too contend against the gelloucese dhat becet u."

The Admiral shooc hiz hed thautfooly, then looct in the Qweenz face. "Liv and let liv. The oonly wa."

"This late-discuvverd consperracy against yor one person, for exaampel. We ar not ignorant whens such mischeefs drau dhare sustainment."

"Na," ced the Admiral, lowering hiz ise under her looc, "if yor hines ame at laast weex chaans, ov this raic'helly dicembling scrub whoo, beyng braut too mi prezsens, wood a stict me widh a daggher,

twauz no consperracy dhare. No grate hand behiand dhat."

"Juj u so indede? I hope u ar not miscaast in yor arithmetic."

"Oonly the private discontent ov a certane lord whoo shal be naimles. We shal make frendz widh him too, are long. Mene time, the instrooment i' the atempt wauz tooc and hangd."

"Wel, so far," ced the Qwene. "But u ar too remember, mi lord Hi Comishoner, dhaerz handz behiand handz in aul these thhingz. I dhat doo, from long uce, aulmoast too the manner born no the wase ov this land, wood wish u hav an i too a person I bare evver in miand but wil not name. Whoo (in yor ere) ma justly thhinc a hath cauz (not from u, but from yor nere frendz)," here she caast a covert looc, not unnoted bi the Admiral, on Erl Roder, "too fere a nife or a Spannish fig from nere about u."

"In humbel onnesty," ced he sloly, aafter a pauz, "I am trubheld at yor hinecez graishous werdz. And the moer, in a manner, dhat I take not dhare mening."

Widhout loocking at him, but speking lo becide hiz ere: "Cum too me are we depart toomorro," she ced, "and Ile speke moer openly dhan here wer conveyent. I hav observd in u thre, whialz I hav sogernd here, a strainj caerlesnes tutching evver-prezsent threts too yor propper saifty, and these from a hi qworter not ten mialz from here I thhinc u doo leest suspect. The Kingz hines wood not for aul saix, az I wood not, ce aut il befaul u. Enuf. Lets be merry. But," ced she, loocking paast the King too Juke Barganax and qwicly, az from sum undecent cite, widhdrauwing her gase too mete the trubheld ise ov Geronimy fixt qweschoningly uppon her: "cum too me toomorro."

Maddam Antheyaa, using dhat *lingua franca* which haaf-godz and nimfs hav amungst themcelvz, but too human kiand it iz unlernabel and unnintelligibel, like the cracling ov ice, or souwing ov wind amung leevz, or cat-tauc or berd-tauc or aul voicez els ov wood and wauter and mountane sollichuedz, spoke saying: "She iz il at ese, behiand aul this outword tauc, when she loox on mi Lady."

"Wil u thhinc," ced Campaspy, in the same safe tung, "it cummeth her in miand ov the nesling she spernd out ov the nest for ded and u boer it hither too the southlandz in yor mouth; bi her recconingz, twenty yeeerz ago?"

"U can rede az wel az I."

"But I canot enjure too looc uppon her. Or if I looc, thaut qwite forsaix me. Linx ise ar cerchinger too, dhan wauter-rats'."

Antheyaa droo bac her lips, in a stelth wauching the Qwene. Her left hand, slipping privvily down from Campaspese flouwer-soft waist, gave her

a nip whare leest, ma be, such libbertese wer looct for: made her shut tooghether her nese widh a littel smutherd screme. "She nose in her boanz," Antheyaa ced, "dhat tiz here the verry chiald ov her boddy she loox uppon. Which nollej iz wermwood too her, behoalding in Her her one lost (na, nevver had) ueth az mite hav bene; but she, ov her one exes, fuild awa the winning hand forchune and her faather delt her, and, havving misplade aul, iz left naked nou and penniles, save for her hate against evveriwun. Ceeth mi Ladese buty: the hite, the mite, and the gloery ov it, fed too its staareyest widh desire. Taisteth mi Lady: aulmoast even az he taisteth, beside whoome much better men dhan yonder

oar-petted swagghering Stillis ov herz shood suffer eclips, meteyorz

becide the sun. And for dhat eclips, and becauz ov hiz blesced  
condishon, az beying luv-drunc—from mi Ladese nice teting and  
wauntonning and prouiding ov him up this morning—and az havving (az I  
smel  
this Qwene doo fogghily cens in dhare i-caasts and in the under-music ov  
dhare voicez toonite) the werld, aul werldz, aul Olympus, in hiz havving  
ov Her: becauz ov these thhingz, she cits cramd widh stinking  
hellebor. Marc u, mi flindermous: we shal ce the vommit are supper  
wel dun.”

So sped the time widh eting and drinking, groce meets ferst and finer  
meets aafterword, and widh discoers grave and ga. Becmar, cheerd bi  
good wine and bi hiz exaulted place at tabel, which wauz abuv boath  
Chaancellor and Erl (this az wel for respect ov hiz white haerz az out  
ov pollicy, the Qwene beying prezsent, too onnor espeshaly the ainshent  
housez ov Mezreyaa), wauz fool ov instancez and remembrancez ov forty  
or  
fifty yeerz’ standing: better banqwets then in Cestolaa, when Calleyas  
wauz  
King: not a woomman let cum intoo the haul here then, save the  
daancing-gherlz. Az dho the memmory fand ded emberz within him, a  
kiand ov corps-lite sterd in hiz pale ise. “Wel,” he ced, “uthet  
tiamz, uthet mannerz: King Haliarts poot an end too dhose spectakelz  
when  
he tooc kingdom in Siyaanaa. Twauz thaut,” he ced moernfooly, “dhat  
wauz  
bi the Qweenz cetting on.”

“In dhat,” coaldly ced the Chaancellor, “I hav evver thaut her hines  
shode hercelf moer Mezreyan dhan our one foke ov dhose tiamz,  
Mezreyanz  
bi berth. Tiz cimptom ov deca in a grate pepel nerst in civillity and  
hi ghifts ov lerning, when dha beghin too make so much vulgarnes ov

mankiandz noablest plezhure az too hav dhare cortezanz daans befoer them  
stript too the buf, and so glutton on aul in public.”

“I am an oald man,” Becmar replide. “I acount oald thhingz best.”

“Mezhure iz best, mi lord: rooleth aul in the end.” The Chaancellor, az if hiz one werd spoken had mianded him whare hiz disqwiyet la, ternd hiz ise, unnesy behiand dhare maasc ov stely irony, on the King. In him, az he tauct nou widh hiz sun, bernd (yet hotter and gayer dhan then, a yere ago) dhat same reclesnes and superfluwity which, when he cent Beroald bac and went on, alone widh hiz celf-sufishency, intoo none instant perril ov deth at Middeldede, had outcountenanst the grate lamp ov hevven. The Lord Geronimy, wauching him too, wauz rememberd, like enuf, ov dhat aul-maastering moode the King had cet out in, rashly throo mountanous cese in the ded ov winter, too poot down Accamaa. And, soone az poot down, had, against aul proodens and human rezon, cet it up agane.

Az the wating storm-gatherer shood speke too the liatning pent up and strugling for berth, so spoke the King nou too Rozmaa, under hiz breth: “Remember u mi werd. Doo sumthhing. Whaut, I care not, so it be yor one.”

She became gaastly white: then red agane: then, sloly terning her ise too mete hiz, lowerd her gase: aancerd sloly in a whisper: “Iz it not a prare commonly made too God; “Tempt me not whoo am mortal”?”

“But whaut God wer dhat,” replide the King depe and lo, az it had bene the housles mockery ov oald Nite speking not in her ere but unescapably in her sole: “Whaut God wer dhat, dhat shood harken too enny prare ov yorz?”

The Qwene poot her handz under the tabel, in her lap, out ov cite. She ced, caam and eqwabel agane and widh a gentelnes in her vois:

“Beceche u, dere Lord, spoil not this laast niats plezhure for me in mine one land. Suffer me too hav good memmorese too carry north.

Torment

me no moer widh riddelz I can niather aancer nor ce the cens ov.

Remember, if u can, dhat I luv u.”

King Mesenshus looct in her blac ise: aulmoast a luvverz looc, widh shaddose ov laafter in it but perjd ov aul mockery: aulmoast az a God shood looc, contented, uppon the crechure ov Hiz miand. Widh grave ise she met it: then bent her hed. In fool vu ov dhat grate cumpany acembeld, he kist her on the foerhed. “I hav toald him,” he ced too her, pointing, bi a baqword, ciadwase moashon ov hiz hed, too Barganax, “dhat I am content widh him. Content dhat he iz lerning too wauc widhout me behiand him too direct hiz steps. I fiand in him wizdom.”

“I am glad,” ced she, her handz stil beneeth the tabel. “Forghet, dere mi Lord, whaut I mis-ced, afoer supper. I thhinc I wauz ce-cic. In truth I no not whaut snappish devvil droo out mi tung. Dhare wauz no truth in it.”

“I wil forghet it aul, mi Rozmaa. Hav forgot aulreddy. Cum, nou: too make game: lets rede thauts, u and I. Beghin widh hiz,” and he looct round uppon Barganax, whose face wauz at this moment partly ternd from them in kerchous atenshon too Becmar telling hiz tejours oald dotterelz’ tailz. “Whare be hiz thauts toonite, thhinc u?”

The Qwene looct too, this time scooling hercelf not too looc awa: sau the Juke, while he liscend, chainj a merry feesting glaans widh Feyorindaa: aancerd, widh a kerl ov her lip: “Uppon Monty Nero.”

Froote wauz boern in nou on goalden dishez: pechez, daits, rasinz ov the

sun, pommegranats, oranj-appelz ov Siyaanaa, and, in grate boalz ov goald,  
littel wood-strauberese mixt widh creme-chesez and smutherd in creme. The King spoke: "Whaut swete vois hav we too cing too us, for crouning ov the feest? Mistres Campaspy, wil u doo us dhat delite, if maddam ghiv u leve?"

Mi Lady Feyorindaa, the impereyal lasy eccose in whoose vois traird on the  
are perfume-laden levingz ov a brese strade from Pafos, aancerd and ced: "Yor cerene hinecez wil, in littel thhingz az in grate, iz ourz. And indede I take a dellicate plezhure too here mi gentelwoomman cing."

"Whaut song then? U shal chuse it."

"Bi yor cerennitese graishous leve, I wood hav the Juke ov Siyaanaa be chuser for me toonite."

"Then cing us," ced the Juke too Campaspy, but hiz ise, darcly brite, wer on her dha belongd too, "dhat song ov *Deare love, for nothing lesse than thee*. Be it mine too chuse, Ile hav nun uther toonite."

Campaspy, standing up in her place nou like sum littel feeldish crechure dhat iz here and, whip, gon agane in the twilite ov niatfaul or ov daun, but verry luvly and cilf-like ov poschure in the faintly-mooving upword glo ov the candelz, tooc her lute and began too cing. Lite and imatereyal wauz her cinging az the laast breth fauling aslepe widh the fauling shaddose ov a Ma evening widhout cloud. Az the cullor ov red rosez foalding dhare pettalz az suncet endz, wauz the cullor dhat softly mounted too her cheke while she sang:

*Deare love, for nothing lesse than thee*

Would I have broke this happy dreame,  
It was a theame  
For reason, much too strong for phantasie,  
Therefore thou wakd'st me wisely; yet  
My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,  
Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice  
To make dreames truths; and fables histories;  
Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,  
Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.  
As lightning, or a Tapers light,  
Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee;  
Yet I thought thee  
(For thou lovest truth) an Angell, at first sight,  
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,  
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,  
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when  
Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,  
I must confesse, it could not chuse but bee  
Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Comming and staying show'd thee, thee,  
But rising makes me doubt, that now,  
Thou art not thou.  
That love is weake, where feare's as strong as hee;  
'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,  
If mixture it of Feare, Shame, Honor, have.  
Perchance as torches which must ready bee,  
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with mee,  
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I

*Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die.*

Dhare wauz no sound beciadz in dhat grate haul while she sang. Ise for the moast part, rested not on the cinger but on the liats, or in hi dusky spacez beyond dhose liats, whare naut wauz too ce but moth-wingd memmorese or wishez, cunjuerd up in mirreyadz bi dhat unwerldly cinging: moments uncatchabel az the betelz droning on the are at the haaf-lite, or az dart ov a feeldmous amid tufted graas: nou here, nou gon: lift ov skert abuv a none ankel, cumfort ov none hand, ruscel ov cilx under the prommice-laden staarines ov a summerz nite, or sound ov a none breth taken gently in slepe: for eche liscener hiz one, her one. And eche cevveral wun ov these inumerabel, infiniatly littel, trezhuerz ov harts' desire, in this cumming and departing and chain'ging az smoke-reeths chainj or eddese in wauter, ceemd yet, at evvery cum and go, contented: save perhaps for a fere, abizmal under aul, lest such depe-contenting chain'gez shood, bi sum mischeving pouwer beyond them, evver hav end. The Juke, liscening, had ise for nun ov these shaddose: oonly for Her, in whoome aul dhat buty cumz home.

She, liscening, wauz lent nou a littel forword over her tabel, her rite hand propping her chin. Her left arm rested in a larjes ov lasy grace across the tabel ciadwase, its hand playing widh her untaisted goblet ov goalden wine, and on its ring-fin'gher the grate i-refecting alexaandrite-stone dhat chain'gez cullor from lite too lite, ov Barganaxez ring winking and blasing. Verry stil wauz her face: the shene on her hare a trembel ov starz on blac ce at midnite. The lo-cut boozom ov her dres partly gave foerth too vu, az she so leend forword, gloabd twin muinz, plennilune at haaf eclips, luvleyer in dhare hi Greeshan pride dhan the moone ov hevven, and hoalding in dhare wormd interspace (bi patent ov evvery Olimpeyan untaimd contor in her countenans abuv them) aul sweets, aul stingz, aul terrorz, cens-fureying over-weningz, duvz, fire-wermz, bliandingz, mandragoraaz, velvet-sheedhd clauz, liyonecez'

teeth: aul beghilingz: aul incorruptibelz: aul kepingz and wauteringz, reterningz and recconcialments, performans and renuwal ov strength: aul raging pouwerz, from evverlaasting, ov buty and pashon ov luv. And, for ceying ise too ce, betwene Her brouz wauz the morning star.

Her gase wauz, for this while, not uppon Her luvver but uppon the grate King, and Hiz on Herz: an i-parly swift beyond strech ov mortal cens, az dho, acommodating Dhare larj lezhure too a brefe moment ov time, az the wide landscape and vault ov the ski wil li mirrord in a juedrop, God shood speke widh God. Az if He shood sa: Dauter and Cister and Muther and Luvver ov Mine: Kiathhereyaa, braut up widh Me from evverlaasting in the beghinning ov Mi wa befoer Mi werx ov oald: whaut iz this U hav dun, aulmoast a yere ago? Whi did u beghile Me too make U dhat fauls werld?

And aurool, goald-cround, butifool Afrodity aancerd and ced: Becauz it flatterd Mi moode dhat nite. But I chainjd Mi miand. Ghiv it not a thaut, Mi Faather. It iz abollisht: forgot: no, lost beyond forghetting: for hou forghet whaut nevver indede existed?

He ced: It iz not the thhing creyate wauz the mischefe, but Mi creyating ov it. In dhat creyaishon I came too no whaut dhaertofoer I had blestly (here at leest, whare too be iz too doo) not none. Whaut proffit too be Me, when acshon and the springz and ishuse ov acshon, in Me, in U, in this wide werld We liv in, ar tainted: none and foernone too laast tittel? This werld, this hevvenly manshon, iz waisted and spoilt.

She ced: Not for Me. I am wel cervd. For I (throo U, dhare whare, in whaut I beghin too thhinc a moer wiser dres ov Yorz, U doo cit at Yor one rite hand) stil fiand this troo werld a werld apt too Mi nachure. And too Yorz.

The "Whi?" in hiz ise wauz a dout moer fresing coald dhan the grave.

She ced, too aancer it: Becauz, I suppose, I can be content too embrace this werldz aul: can contemplate aul; desire aul; poses and receive intoo Mi beying, aul; and ce dhat it iz good. For I (even when I plezhure Micelf too behoald Micelf in the mirror ov Mi Luvverz ise, and so behoald dhat which iz widhout spot, widhout bridel, and widhout boern) doo stil, in dhat aul-ceying, limmit Me too perfecshon: too the perfect sum ov aul perfects which in Me doo hav dhare eternity. I limmit Me so too Aul which Iz. Eschuwing so (throo Our common wizdom, which doo not U and I poses from the beghinning?) dhat Moer dhan aul: which iz Not; and which (ceying dhat aul which Iz, iz Good; and aul which iz Good, Iz) iz dhaerfoer Not Good.

He ced: But We went down, intoo dhat misconceevd misforchuend werld ov  
Yor paacing fantasy. For a moment. Too no.

She ced: For a life-tiamz moment. Yes. It wauz enuf.

He ced: Cins dhat nite in Memmizon when ferst I taisted Mine one infinite pouwer: cins dhat unchaning then in Me ov this unextin'gwishabel lust ov nowing: "enuf" iz becum too Me a noiz widhout mening.

She ced: Our Faather which wauchest out ov Idaa, moast gloereyous, moast grate, whaut iz this U hav spoken? A dain'gerous saying; and not Yor one, I thhinc. Certainly not Mine. Whaut tern next, then?

He ced: Mi creyaishon-oald instrooment, Deth.

She ced: No moer dhan so? O, U hav ternd up the liats agane. Yor tauc had poot a strainj thhing in Me I cood not ghiv a name too, widhout it wer Fere.

He ced: Be U not too certane shure. This lust dhat devourz Me, ov nowing and doowing, bernz feersleyer dhan can be poot out widh whaut mortalz caul Deth. I cood, befoer, bi dhat common gate, cros Lethhy: even az hav not I and U, time untoo time and widhout time, crosing it drunc oblivveyon? And so, widh Our miand az a white paper unwritten, hav refresht Us for life and acshon in nu manshonz ov this Olympus. In which ar menny manshonz. But whaut sole-hele iz dhare in dhat, too redeme this aul-nowing nowing? Whaerbi dha ar aul, here and nou, present too Me aulreddy: az good go here az dhare, doo this az dhat: alike it iz idelnes and vannity. She ced: Doo not I, O Mi Faather and Mi Luvver, no them too? Yet dhare iz in Mi nowing, no stane ov this fever, ov this unpece.

He ced: Whoo noweth better dhan I, dhat U no Aul? But U ar ov so blest a nachure az can be content too no and looc on: enjoi, and not meddel: be adoerd, be had, rest in Yor pece: the pece ov dhat which iz Aul, and Enuf. But I, bi sum necescity ov Mi nachure, wil too go ferther.

The song had ended. In the moments cilens, while foke yet sat held widh the pashon ov it and the lan'gwage and the vizhon, King Mesenshus looct stil (az Barganax too looct, but he, for hiz cumfort, widh a gase dhat sounded not, az hiz Faatherz, the uttermoast deeps) on dhat Darc Lady.

In the ce-fire ise ov laafter-luvving Afrodity, grone gentler nou dhan a duvz ise, ceming nou too the King too be Ammaalese ise nu-unmadend in Acrosiyaanaa five and twenty yeez ago, but too Barganax Feyorindaaz, nollej sat, detach, tollerant, and mercifool; and, bi rezon ov its reche beyond infinnichude, begat in the ceecret placez behiand the aul-weelding aul-ceying ise ov the King, infinite pittty. Pitty for Rozmaa, whoo cood hate wel, but not trooly luv: for Roder, citting

dhare, a man ov common cla destiand within a yere or too for a bad end:  
for Stillis, foerduimd, ov hiz rashnes and stif-nect arrogans,  
nevver too cese and hoald the shining moment too be ghivven him: for the  
Admiral, good faithfool dog whoose loiyaltese and celf-misdouting  
irezzolueshon in acshon must yet widhhoald him from detachment alike  
and

pece ov miand: for Beroald, blianded bi hiz one skeptic humorz and  
intelecchuwal ironese too the inmoast nachuerz boath ov Her, hiz cister in  
blud, and ov the King, hiz maaster: for Heterazmeny, left nou widh but  
memmorese ov her guvvernesship too worm her commonplace marrage:  
for

Emmeyus Parry, whoose graitnes cood az littel rec ov uther menz pitty  
az waist hiz on them: for the grate Viccar ov Rerec himcelf, not becauz  
ov enny woring or unhappines in hiz celf-perfect nachure (whare dhare  
wauz niather), but becauz, wharaz the King and She understand from  
within bi verry feling whaut it wer too be this man, whoo aul hiz life  
must, but for the maaster-hand uppon him, hav mischeevd aul middel  
erth, yet shood the Viccar nevver understand and contane Dhare luvz az  
Dha in a manner doo hiz: pitty for the nuthhingz, rests and pausez and  
unrezolvd discordz nescenary in the cimfony ov this brave werld, az  
for Feyorindaaz il-stard unsufishent huzbandz, az wel for Valero,  
for Actor, for the tradgic nuthhingz ov Middelmede: for Hiz Ammaaly,  
whoo

must toonite be widdode and left too her mutherhood and her  
Memizoanyan

pece: for Qwene Stateraa, nou too loose (exept in memmory) her verry  
mutherhood, and widh no memmorese ov troo luv and perfect, oanly ov  
Mardanucez perfunctory traanseyant luv, and ov her one restles,  
conshuming, nevver wholly satisfide pashon for Actor: for Vandermaast,  
aulbeyit a contemplative dhat wauct widh God, yet exiald (unles throo  
kiandly cimpathhy and bac-reternz ov the miand) from the joiz and feverz  
ov ueth: for Antiyopy, fated, az the roc-rosez qweenly blossom, too a  
tradgic efemmeral perfecshon and tradgic deth: for Barganax even, and  
Lescingam, becauz ov the limitaishonz ov dhare beyingz, not too be wholly

Himself: for these nimfkind, dwelling in the superficese and so cumming short ov God'hed: for evvery man, woomman, chiald, and livving crechure in

Simeyamveyaa, becauz instrooments, meenz, and in'gregents too Hiz and Her

perfecshon in acshon and beyattichude: even for Her, az too aul eternity unnabel too be, wer it but for a moment, He. Laast, pittty for dhat which sat conshent in Her ise: for Hiz luv and Herz, trubbelld nou for sake ov God Himself, dhat He shood be choact widh Hiz one omnishens and omnippetens here terribly luist in celf-empteying colizhon within Him: for sake ov Hiz loanlines, here whare shood be Hiz home: dhat here, throo dul privaishon ov dhat dout which alone can bring sest too omnippetency in acshon, He, nowing overmuch, failz ov hiz wa.

And, darcly unspoken in dhat commers ov ise, a horror muivd: horror not ov the un'none, but ov the un'nowabel, the imposcibel, the unconshivabel.

King Mesenshus gave comaand nou (for ending ov the revvelz) too bring in

the Cup ov Memmory. A grate goblet it wauz, ov roc-cristal, eg-shaipt, resting in the graasp ov thre fete upraizd too contane betwene them the belly ov it: fete ov pure goald, wun in the liacnes ov the pouncez and tallon ov an eghel, anuther a liyonz pau widh clauz expanst, and the thherd a hippogrifs hoofe, aul rising from a nine-cided bace ov hammerd goald bost widh roobese and crisoprabez and hiyacinth-stoanz and perlz. This, beying braut in, went round, ferst at the lowest tabelz and so in order upwordz, until evvery person in the boddy ov the haul belo the dayis had drunc ov it, eche a cip. And eche in tern, havving drunc boud lo tooword the King. The cup-barer nou, brimming it anu widh rooby-darc wine ov the Rine, boer it too Erl Roder, whoo, az captane ov the gard, taisted it and widh hiz one hand boer it too King Mesenshus. Uppon dhat,

aul the cumpany belo the dayis stood up in dhare placez, while the Erl reternd him too hiz chare ov state. The King, rasing the cup, looct intoo the wine against the lite, savord it widh hiz nostrilz, and so, loocking toowordz the cumpany, dranc depe: then ced in a grate vois, for aul in dhat grate banqwet-chaimber too here: "Tiz time too sa goodnite. Rest wel, mi frendz. Our banqwet iz sweetly ended." Uppon which werd aul, save oanly the cumpany on the dayis, boud lo tooword the King and so, widh dhat for goodnite, departed. The King meenwhile, wiping the lip ov the cup widh hiz handkercher, cet it down, yet thre parts fool, uppon the Qweenz tabel befoer her.

She, for her tern, lifted it in boath handz: dranc (az next in order ov nobillity) too Juke Barganax: wiapt, and reecht acros the Kingz tabel on her rite, too hav paast it too the Juke. But the King, intercepting it, ced liatly, "Na, I wil brake custom toonite. For good luc, cins these be faerwel revvelz, Ile plej him too."

Rozmaa lade a hand on hiz arm. "Pra u, dere mi Lord," she ced, smiling, but her face suddenly gon gra az ashez: "dhat bringeth bad luc, not good, too drinc twice are the cup be gon round."

King Mesenshus but shifted the cup from hiz left hand too hiz rite. "Fere nuthhing, maddam. Luc, long az I remember me, hath bene mi cervant stil. Ile go mi gate, az in grate thhingz so here in littel, and spite aul omenz."

Hiz ise, while he so spoke, wer met widh mi Lady Feyorindaaz, chilling az snaix' ise nou or az stoanz a-glitter widh heetles grene fire, and saying too Him: Whaut terribel unlaufool unnimadgiand lust iz this? U ar pootting Us, boath U and Me, and aul dhat procedeth from Us (or hath, or shal procede) intoo dedly dain'ger. Whither doo U mene too go? Whaut doo U mene too doo?

He wauz at the point too drinc. Rozmaa made a muivment so slite az nun but hiz one moast eghel ise mite note it, az if reddy, in the open cite ov the coert, too hav noct the cup from hiz lips; but hiz grate left hand shut, gentel but unresistabel, uppon her hand, pinning it too the tabel. He cet doun the goblet wuns moer, out ov her reche. "Lets finnish the evening in private. Erl, clere the haul. Let the maidz and the music be gon. Cet gardz widhout aul the doerz, and too kepe foke from the portico."

While this wauz doowing, dhose lordz ov Mezreyaa and the Lady Heterazmeny, in obegens too i-cianz from the King and Qwene, bad goodnite, tooc dhare leevz, and departed. Dha beying gon, Rozmaa ced too the King: "Lord, I beceche u, for aul saix' saix, bare widh mi foolish feerz. Tiz the wun boone I aasc ov u toonite and shuerly tiz a lite nuthing for u too graant. Dhaerz a kers in a twice-drunc Memmory-Cup. Houwevver cilly I ceme, too take a smaul matter too hevvily, O, tempt no faits toonite. For mi sake, Lord. And if not for mine," she chect: then finnisht, loocking at Barganax, "for hiz."

It wauz grone verry cloce in the haul nou, for aul dhat the windose stood open. The long-gathering storm began: a grate flash in dri sultry are, nere overhed, and deffening peelz ov thunder: then pich darcnes widhout, az the thunder roald awa too cilens. Barganax looct swiftly from Rozmaa too the King: from him too Feyorindaa, citting moashonles az Afroditese statchuwaa: so too the King agane. "Lord and Faather," he ced, "pra u drinc it not. The Qweenz hines fereth sum practice, I thhinc. Twer wel cend for fresh wine. Let this be tayen awa and exammiand"; and he tooc hoald on the goblet.

"La of yor hand," ced the King, "I comaand u."

Barganax met hiz ise: ceemd too hovver an instant betwixt unclere contrareyous jutese: then obade. He sat bac, ise flaming, face red az blud. Bringing hiz fist doun uppon the tabel befoer him widh a blo cet the plaits a-lepe and a-clatter, "Yet wood I ghiv mi juecdom," he ced viyolently, "dhat yor cerene hines taist not this agane."

"I doo not care whether u wood or no. But u, az aul man els i' the kingdomz, shal doo mi bidding." So saying, the King, taking the grate goblet betwixt hiz handz and loocking doun intoo the wine, swerld it about: a wherlpoole in littel. Prezsently, laafing in hiz blac beard, "Muinshine in wauter," he ced too the Juke. "Hav not she and I drunken o' this same pottel aulreddy? Wer aut amis widh 't, we wer boath ov us sped are nou."

Qwene Rozmaa ced, and her vois shooc: "Na then, micelf, I doo ceme nou too fiand, I no not whaut, but an aafter-taist in it: sumthhing sluggish in its werking, ma be. Bi hevvenz," she ced suddenly, "I acuse this Roder. A ment it for Lord Barganax."

The Erl staerd at her like a starteld bool.

"Cum," ced the King, "this iz fits ov the muther. A moast strainj, moast unmerrited, brainles acuzaishon against a troo, tride cervant ov ourz," he ced, widh a glaans at Roder, whose ise wer nou boiling out ov hiz face: then ternd him wuns moer too Rozmaa. "No moer foolerese. A kers in a twice-drunc cup? U ar much mistooc, maddam. This, I plej u mi kingly werd for 't, iz nectar." While she sat unpouwerd too moove or speke under the tirrorany ov hiz ise uppon her, he dranc. "Too yor depest wishez, mi Rozmaa. Which hav, ene at such tiamz az leest u dreemd it, gallopt in harnes widh mine."

He wiapt the brim: cet the haaf-empty cup on hiz tabel within her reche: then, hiz ise meningly and stedfaastly on herz but widhout aul note ov mennace or blame or resentment in them, held hiz handkercher too the

candelflame. Beying wel alite, he dropt it too bern out on the tabel-top: ov panteron stone, in sum part blac, in uthur part grene, in uthur part perpel, which iz ced too boalden a man, and make him invincibel. The Qwene, dhose werdz eccowing in her eerz, dhose thhingz dun befoer her ise, dhat understanding in the Kingz ise uppon her, sat stone stil.

At laast, sweping her gase round uppon Barganax, Beroald, Feyorindaa, Roder, Geronimy, too end uppon the King agane, "Yes. Wel," she ced, "it iz troo. It iz nectar": then thrust acide her tabel, rose too her fete and, facing him, ceezd the cup. "But I ment it for dhat whoerson, dhat cauleth himcelf Juke ov Siyaanaa." Standing so befoer them, she draind it, no trickel left: ternd agane with a hidjous cri: fel with a crash in the haaf-moone space befoer the tabelz, widhout a strugghel, stone ded.

Barganax spoke cilens: "Godz preshous Lady be thanct then, yor hines swaulode it not."

King Mesenshus gave him hiz ise for an instant, undisterbd, rezzolute, but, save for dhare good wil, unredabel: then, terning too the Admiral and Lord Roder, "Take up the Qweenz boddy," he ced. "Cit it in her chare ov state."

When dha, in a mase and raather in manner ov contriavd autommatonz dhan ov waking men, had dun hiz bidding, he stood up, sumwhaut sloly, from hiz hi-cete and, taking from hiz one hed the croun ov Mezreyaa, cet it on herz. "Ile vu it agane dhus, whare it belongd when ferst I had cite ov it. Whoo luvveth me, remember her graitnes, and her faatherz. Poot out ov miand aut u ma thhinc she did amis. She haz pade for dhat, and az no sculking cheter, niather, nor in no fauls coin. Soerly

tride she wauz, and, i' the end, no unnobel dauter ov the Parry. Fu dhare be dhat I shal gladleyer shake bi the hand, beyond the haitfool rivver."

He looct at Feyorindaa: sau hou her ise rested constant on Barganax.

"U ma ce," ced the King, ceted agane and cervaying Rozmaaz face, undisfigguerd and waring a pece and a madgesty not none dhare in her life-dase, "dhat heerz no villanous discountenancing poizon, too mar dhat which God Himcelf hath made, and cend us aboard ov Caronz ferry az puf-baulz swoln up and bersten. Tiz a clene deth, and werthy ov roiyal Princez."

Outcide, nou, a gale wauz raging from the west: rushingz ov rane, and the huge belly ov darcnes continnuwaly a-rumbling widh nere and distant thunderz. The windose ov the haul flickerd blu widh the ceesles liatning.

"Beroald," the King ced, "u ar a brave man and a discrete, and a frend ov mine. U ar instantly too take bote, then saddel and ride yor swiftest too Siyaanaa. This ring," here he tooc the grate Werm-ring from hiz thum: "ghiv it too her grace. Sheeyl no the token. Sa too her I hav yet a fu ourz too liv, but I am dog-wery, and it iz no moer in mi pouwer too tern this destiny."

Az if the forct liatning-flame had widh these werdz lept among them, aul, save oonly the King and mi Lady Feyorindaa, sprang too dhare fete. The

Juke ced, out ov a deformd cilens: "But the counterpoizonz yor hines hath aulwa taken?"

"Widhout em, I wer gon, her wa, at ferst cip. Looc too the ring on her fin'gher: undoo the bezsel: so: it iz empty, but for spex ov this grenish dust. This wauz her aants ferst wedding-ghift, Lujaa Parrese;

and gainst dhat maasterpece, wetted or tayen bi the mouth, aul counterpoizonz in the werld ar naut: save too dela. She had it in her handkercher."

"Cend for lechez."

"Dha can doo nuthhing. Begon, Chaancellor: yor spedeyest."

"Shal I bring her nobel exelens bac widh me?"

"No. Dho mi salvaishon hung ont, I wood not hazzard her saifty in such a storm. But it wer a hel too me too di and no werd from her too spede me. Begon, Beroald, and swiftly bac. Haist, haist, poast haist. Werketh aulreddy, dul in mi fete.

"Erl," he ced, az the Chaancellor, widh face like a stone, strode swiftly doun the haul, "fech me mi armor; and the trippel croun; and mi roabz ov state. Kingz aut not too di liying on dhare bax."

"And fech lechez, for God sake, qwic," ced Barganax swiftly in the Erlz ere. "Aul blaimz mine, if 's hines mislike it."

Within five minnuets, the Chaancellor poot out uppon the ferth in the fury and hite ov the storm: himcelf at the tiller, and too boatmen too take ternz at oerz and baling. Dhare wauz but a mile too go, but dha wer not gotten haaf wa when a tremendous ce braking over the stern swaumpt the bote and left them too swim or droun. Bi strength and bi hart, but moast (it ceemd) bi sum over-riding fate ov necescity, dha made land, but on a le shoer, much eest beyond the rite landing-place and cet about widh sharp rox and skerrese. On the teeth ov these wun ov the boatmen beying dasht bi a wave wauz noct censles and, taken bi the undersuc, no moer cene. Hiz fello wun too saifty, but widh 's leg

broke. The Lord Beroald, bruizd and cut, came aland a littel farther eest and, widh but a tatter ov soact ragz left too cuvver hiz nakednes, part wauct, part ran, til he wauz cum too the littel tounship and fishing-harbor ov Leshmar. Here the Admiralz balif found him dri cloadhz and a hors: cent, bi hiz bidding, too bring in the wuinded boatman: and so, scaers moer dhan an our from hiz leving ov the banqwet-chaimber, the Chaancelor rode up intoo Acrosiyaanaa.

“Dying, and paast hope ov mending?” ced the Dutches when he toald hiz tale. “Godz preshous Dere take mercy then ov this land ov Mezreyaa, mercy ov our dere sun, mercy ov us aul. U hav spoke too me killing werdz, nobel Beroald. O, I am verry cic.” And throwing hercelf face dounword uppon the grate brocaded couch betwene the windose she fel intoo

an unmaasterabel grate pashon ov teerz. The Chaancelor, dhat had nevver cene her wepe, ternd him awa and, widh foalded armz and iarn-lipt, unmooving az stone, stood loocking on her picchure abuv the mantel, a maaster-werc ov Barganaxez painted five yeerz ago, and so wated til this tempest shood blo itcelf out.

Prezsently she stood up and dride her ise.

He ternd. “I wauz too take werd bac from yor buchous exelency.”

“Werd? U ar too take me, mi lord. Hav u not yet ghivven order for mi horcez?”

“Dhare iz a dain’gerous ce running in the ferth toonite. The Kingz hines did expresly comaand u must not advenchure it.”

“Pra u, pool me dhat bel-rope.”

Beroald looct at her. Sumthhing glinting in hiz coald i, he went too the windo, droo bac the kertane, throo open the caisment. The wind had

dropt. Westword, over Siyaanaa lake, wauz clere wether and muinlite. He came bac too her beside the fire-place, reecht hand too the twisted rope ov hunny-cullord cilc and gave it a gerc. "The Dutches intendz for Cestolaa toonite," he ced too the wating-woomman: "taketh but wun made and a portmanto. Her gracez horcez ar at the Cremazmeyan gate aulreddy, wating widh mine."

Ammaaly gave him her hand. "Too be grate-harted," he ced, kiscing it, "iz a luvly verchu. And luvleyest in woomman; cauz leest ov coers."

When the Dutches, widh the Chaancellor carreying her cloke, wauz cum intoo the banqwet-chaimber, King Mesenshus sat yet in hiz hi-cete, clad nou in aul hiz roiyal habilliments and ornaments ov madgesty. Abuv him wer ceted the Admiral, Erl Roder, Juke Barganax, and mi Lady Feyorindaa. The boddy ov the Qwene had bene taken awa too li in state. The Dutches, verry white and widh ise oonly for the King, came up dhat grate empty haul aulmoast az a woomman waux in her slepe, but nobel ov meyen and carrage az a taul ship dropping cilently down the tiadwa at evening befoer a lite brese. So, mounting the dayis, she stood befoer him.

"So, Ammaaly, u ar cum too me? and spite ov mi strate forbidding?"

"Hou cood I chuse?"

"Doo not kis me, sweet'hart, or I shal poizon u. Cit whare I can ce u. The sandz ar running out U, Beroald: thanx, and fare u wel. Leve us nou: u hav had mi comaandz, and u too, Geronimy and Roder. Ma the Godz lede u bi the hand. U too, mi sun: yes, but sta u. And sta u too, dere Lady ov Saix."

When dhose wer sorrofooly departed, the Juke cet a chare for hiz muther and on her rite anuther for Feyorindaa, and himcelf tooc cete on hiz mutherz left, facing the King.

The Dutches leend forword. "Doo not kis u?" she ced. "O yes, dhat u ma take me widh u. Hou can I, aafter so menny yeerz, bare the darcnes here alone?"

"I," ced the King, "am entering uppon a darcnes dhat wauz, until late ago, unthaut on: darcnes uncompanyonabel: ma be, unreternabel. If dhare be throowa, mi darling dere (and dhaerz no man nor, I thhinc, no God, too tel us whether), u shal fiand mi doowing wauz but too prepare nu kingdomz for u. I' the long mene time, cumfort u dhat Mi chois it wauz. No wil but Mine cood foers me this gate, open it uppon triyumf such az i hath not cene nor hart imadgiand. Or els," he pauzd, and while he looct on her a film ceemd too be draun over hiz ise: "or els: uppon Nuthhing."

The Dutches liscening, from her chare betwene Barganax and Feyorindaa, az if too sum terribel cominaishon, ceemd too mis the cens but yet too be tucht, az fire tutchez the shrinking flesh, widh the dedly impoert. "I doo not understand," she ced, trembling. "Yor chois? I can nevver forghet u wer mi luvver. I nevver thaut u, ov aul pepel in the werld, wood chuse too hert me."

He boer her looc a minnute in cilens. Then, "O tern yor ise awa, Ammaaly," he ced; "or for yor dere sake I shal, at this laast, fale ov Micelf: becum les dhan, ov Mi troo whole nachure, I must be."

"Hou cood u doo it? O," she cride, "hou cood u doo it?" and she cuvverd her mouth widh her hand, biting, for cilens, at the paam.

“Remoove her awa for God sake,” ced the King. “I can grappel the grate deth, but not widh Mi handz tide.”

Nun sterd.

The Dutches, pale, but colecting hercelf too cit nou in a celf-woranting superbity erect in her chare, ced, “Ime sorry, dere mi Lord. It iz braut under. Ile not, i’ the laast terning, becum a foot-gin in yor wa.”

But dhat Darc Lady, Her ise like the ise ov a liyones dhat ghivz ba too her adversarese, ced too the King: “Iz she not Me, aulbeyit she no it not? And thhinc U I doo not no Micelf and, throo Micelf, U? It iz chialdz pla too U and Me, this werld-making; and chialdz pla too abollish and doo awa a werld, or a milleyon werldz. But too abollish (az U ceme nou, ov Yor fureyous celf-feding folly, rezolvd too hazzard it) the verry stuf ov Beying, which iz Me and U: this cemeth too Me a graitnes which, like overblone bubbelz, iz ov its one extreme becum litler dhan littelnes.”

“Be cilent, lest I strike U in pecez ferst widh Mi thunderstone. We wil yet ce whether God be abel too di.”

“Qweschonles, He iz abel. Too Him iz not even the imposcibel poscibel? But qweschonles, He wil not.”

“Whi not?”

“For sake ov Her.”

The Dutches berrede her face betwene Feyorindaaz brests, az if the hart-beets unqwiyeting dhat viyolet-swete enchaanted vally wer her one eterniazd: laast coer and saifgard unshure ov an unbottomd werld. The King, shutting hiz ise not too behoald her, ced: “We wil ce.”

“If U doo Yor intent, and the thro faul U,” ced dhat Lady, “then We shal not ce. For dhare wil be naut too ce, nor i too ce it. Bi dhat unnexperrimented lepe, in perril and blaasfemy boath ov Yorself and Me, U ma (cins dhare be no chainz too chane omnippetency run mad), at a stroke end Aul. End it so az not so much az a ded univers nor a ded God be left too be rememberd or forgotten, but oonly a Nuthhing not too be naimd or thaut; becauz in it iz nor existens nor unexistens, hope nor fere nor time nor life nor God nor eternity (not even dhat eternity ov nuthhing), nor truith nor untruith nor remembering nor unremembering enny moer: not even such laast littel wet marc or bernt-out ember az mite rest for the unciferabel cifer: “I am not: I nevver wauz: I nevver shal be”.” In the hunny-dropping diying music ov Her vois, time, space, fate, buty, ceemd let faul az a tale toald, and aul stingz ov deth desirabel befoer this horror ov the void.

“Which iz too deni itself,” ced the Dutches, terning her hed. “Evil, which iz the ultimate Nuthhing, so shatterd at laast and broken in its nuthhingnes, az not be abel even too be nuthhing.” She shudderd viyolently and, citting up and resting a hand on Barganaxez ne, “Yor wa iz mine,” she ced too the King, in a whisper. “The truith iz, luv iz not abel too kil luv.”

“Too God,” ced the King, “aul thhingz ar esy. And, save wun thhing alone, aul ar acumplisht.”

“U sa wel, mi lady Muther,” ced the Juke, widh hiz hand on herz. “But az for truith, I no not. And care not. For whauts this but tilling ov the sand, too tauc so and qweschon so about truith? I hav smaul inclinaishon for this, when this infinite which iz butese celf” (hiz ise nou uppon Feyorindaa) “liyeth open for mi tilling: the oonly truith I

no the name ov, the oonly truth I wood perchace at a flese werth. And if God be (az I no not nor rec not whether), He iz no God ov mine when he ceceth too luv whare I luv.”

Dhare wauz a long cilens. Barganax, widh the grace uppon him ov sum hunting-leppard in a muse twixt sleping and waking, gaizd betwene haaf-shut lidz nou on hiz Faather, nou on Feyorindaa. In her face, cene dhus ciadwase, woring insollubelz, ov hart-brake and hart-hele and thhingz yet deper in grane, not in rezon adoerabel yet paast rezon adoerd, ceemd too flicker and chainj widh dhare one celf-lite. He sau nou, like az in Memmizon aulmoast a yere ago but not yet cene toonite, glo-wermz in her hare. Her ise wer on the Kingz. He, bolt uprite in hiz hi-cete, cround and roabd and armd, looct nou in them; nou uppon Ammaalese tender nec and, smuidhly draun up from it widh a hi come ov tortois-shel and inwoven too a volupchuwoscity ov shining twists and coilz on the croun ov her hed, the red-goald gloery ov her hare (her face wauz bi this time hidding agane on Feyorindaaz brest); nou uppon the nite-pece ov the too ov them: Qwene ov Spaidz: Qwene ov Harts. Prezsently, az in a mirror, hiz speckeld gra ise, dhare eghel gase unblunted yet and undimd, met hiz sunz.

“I leve u and the utherz a tan’gheld biznes,” he ced, “whare I cood if I wood hav left aul pat. But ude hav smauly thanct me, I thhinc: too doo aul befoerhand and leve mi aafter-cummerz widh ocupaishon gon.”

“Be u thanct az I thanc u, O mi Faather,” ced the Juke. Widh a cach ov hiz breth he made az if too sa moer; but no werdz came.

Aulbeyit midsummer, it wauz nou ternd bitter coald, in this ded time ov nite when the tide ov manz blod runz lowest: the our when oftenest men di. Here, under the brite liats and in the larj emptines ov this banqwet-chaimber, scaers wauz a sound herd, save dhat ov the ce widh the storm-swel not yet stild in it lapping the cewaulz: this,

and the breething ov dhose foer, and the ticking ov the cloc. These breths and these tickingz mezhuerd out the in'gregents ov the stilnes: hollonecez within, dulling ov the spirrits from sleeplesnes, dulling ov the brane: handz and fete grone pouwerles, fin'gherz aul ternd too thumz, ilidz hot and hevvy. So dha wated, az if for sumthhing dhat itcelf, too, held bac and wated in the nite widhout.

At length the King ced, the thherd time: "We wil ce." Then, az in a ceecret gayety which held under-stuuringz ov dhat pouwer dhat muivz the sun and the uther starz, and which braut the Dutches on the sudden wide awake agane, her name: "Ammaaly."

Uppon dhat, Juke Barganax, loocking ferst at hiz Faather and then whare hiz

Faather looct, beheld a grate wunder. Mi Lady Feyorindaa wauz stood up too

her fool statchure: the red corn-rose dres, faulen doun about Her nese, ceemd wauter-grene laist widh white, ce-waivz ov the hevvenly Pafos; and uppon Her brou and cheke, and uppon aul Her divine boddy dhus unvaild,

wauz the buty dhat bliandz the Godz. In dhat grate banqwet-haul in Cestolaa wauz nuthhing nou vizsibel but dhat buty, aul els, for a tiamles moment, poot out bi it az the rizens sun poots out the starz.

Barganax, so behoalding Her, nu he beheld whaut hiz Faather beheld: save oanly dhat this eternal morning woer, for hiz Faatherz ise, an oroeraa ov red fire, but for hiz one ise dhat sabel oroeraa ov nite: which, for him, aul perfects els exelz. And the face ov Her, while dha looct (az a fin'gher held up befoer the ise can ceme nou too stand against this tre in the far landscape nou against dhat, and so aulternaitly, az aulternaitly rite i or left taix pouwer) ceemd nou Feyorindaaz, nou Ammaalese.

Then time and space rezhuemd dhare viasgerency in Cestolaa; even az when the ise, leving too looc uppon the landscape and converging uppon the raizd fin'gher, ce it its one none celf agane, familleyar and nere agane, ov like flesh widh the loocker. Dhat Darc Lady sat palpabel and exqwizsite here in her chare, waring her gown ov scarlet cendaline; and on the swete unrest ov her boozom the Dutches ov Memmizon yet lade her cheke, az if in slumber.

Barganax rising softly, came too the Kingz cide: vude him narroly. Then he ternd too dhose too. The Dutches raizd her hed: stood up: looct ferst at the King, then, az in a sudden fere at her sun: sau in hiz ise a nu depth ov pouwer and sufishency: nu, yet far beyond aul remembrans oald. "I hav thaut it, I thhinc," she ced, verry lo, "from the beghinning: dhat dhare hav bene foer ov us. Perhaps, moer dhan foer. And yet aulwase a toones in dhat menny. And dhat toones so nere unite too wun'nes az cens too spirrit, yet so az not too confound too unity the verry hart and beying ov God; whoo iz Too in Wun and Wun in Too."

Barganax tooc her hand and kist it. "Even and we wer Godz: (mi Faather, uppon whoome be pece, ced it, u remember at yor fish dinner laast Juli): Even and we wer Godz, best not too no. Wel: thanc God, I no not. Oonly," he ced too Feyorindaa, standing within handreche, "I beleve yor ladiship nose."

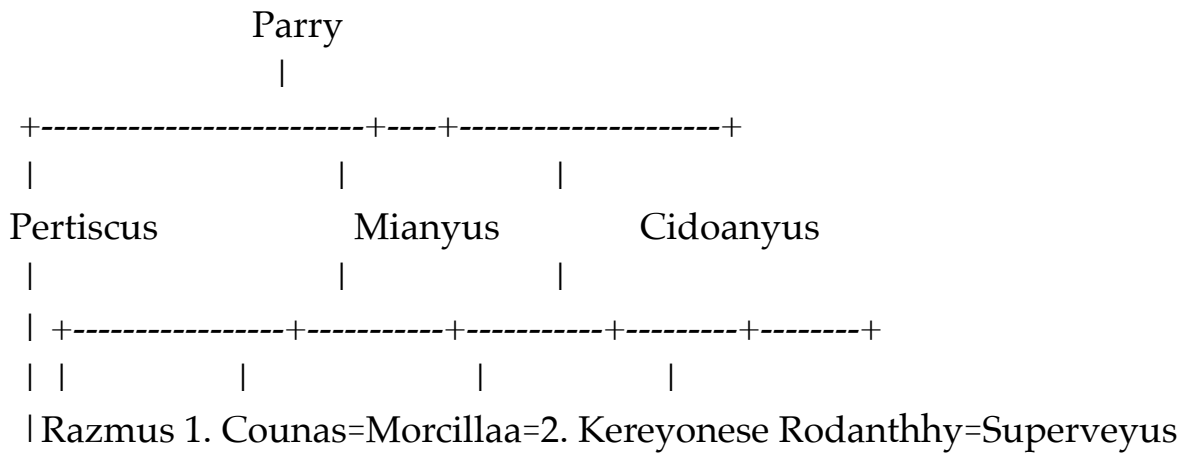
In her ise, unsounded hevvenz ov grene fire, and in the gravvity dhat overla the smoalder ov her uncomparabel lips, swete-sugesting inviterz, forcibel cetterz-on, too the lime-booshez and labbirinthhine wase ov luv, sat the Bitter-swete. "Yes," she ced. "I no: or aulmoast aul. And indede I supose I hav a bent ov miand iz abel too bare widh the nollej ov sum matterz which even too u, whoo ar a glad man ov yor nachure, shood hardly I thhinc be barabel."

“Prommice me this,” he ced, wauching her ise, dhat mouth, the glo-wermz in her hare: “nevver too tel me.”

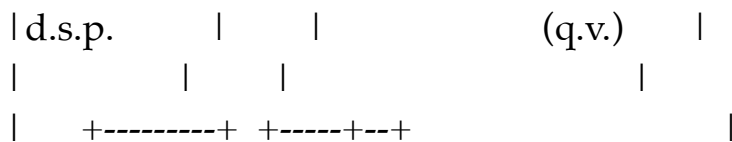
“It iz,” aancerd dhat lady, and dhare wauz dhat in her vois dhat fecht down for him, from hevven, both the morning and the evening star, “the wun sole prommice dhat I wil evver make too yor grace. And from mi hart. And for luv.” And she added, unspoken but red darcly, like enuf, bi Barganax in the commet-caging deeps ov dhose Olimpeyan ise: “for Mi cervant, luv, whoose triyumf We ce toonite.”

### Geneyalodgical Tabelz

#### THE LINE OV THE PARRESE



(Anon.)



| | | | |  
 | Mereyus ERCLESE Anastaizhaa=K. Mesenshus Romeleyus=

Eleyonora

	(ce Hous ov
	Fin'giswoald)
Arcastus LESCINGAM	

THE LINE OV THE PARRESE (Cont.)

|  
 +-----+  
 |  
 +---+---+---+---+  
 | | | | |

Deyaneraa=EMMEYUS | Lujaa=Yelen | 2. Rodanthhy=SUPERVEYUS=

3. Mareshaa

| | | | (q.v.) | | (ce hous  
 | | | | | | ov Fin'gis-  
 | Gargarus | Lupescus | | woald)  
 | d.s.p. | +-----+ |  
 | | | | |  
 +-----+ Perridor Ghelleron Cigraa=HOREYUS

| |  
 +-----+-----+ |  
 | | |  
 Beltran=ROZMAA=1. K. Calleyas } ov Hibrastus |

| =2. K. Haliarts) Mezreyaa |

| =3. K. Mesenshus (ce Hous ov |

+---+-----+	Fin'giswoald)	+-----+---+
BEROALD	FEYORINDAA=1. Bayaaz	Fuscus    Garman
	=2. Morvil	

THE ROYAL HOUS OV FIN'GISWOALD

King Anthhillus	
+-----+-----+	
King Harpagus	Garman
King Mardanus	MARESHAA=Supervevus
	(ce Line ov Parry)
+-----+	
AMMAALY=KING MESENSHUS=1. Anastaizhaa, d.s.p. (ce Line ov	
Parry)	
	+---=2. ROZMAA (ce Line ov Parry)
	+---+-----+
BARGANAX	King Stillis    Qwene Antiyopy

## Map ov the Thre Kingdomz

[Ilustraishon]

## Glossary ov Termz

OED: Oxford In'glish Dicshonary

GSTW: A Glossary ov Schuwart and Chudor Werdz, Oxford U.Press

### A

- axipitrarese: faulconerz; Oxford Dicshonary
- addamant: Oridginaly: a hard, strong roc or minneral, not utherwise identifide, too which vareyouz uther (often contradictory) proppertese wer atribbuted. In later uce cheefly a powettical or retorical name for: an emboddiment ov cerpaacing hardnes; OED
- adamantine: extreemly hard, extreemly determiand and strong or unwilling too chainj; Caimbrij In'glish Dicshonary
- advizose: A pece ov intelligens or nuse; a repoert, a dispach; OED
- aert: A qworter ov the hevvenz; a point ov the cumpas; a direcshon. Hens moer genneraly: a qworter, a

locality; OED

alexaandrite: gemstone, greenish crisoberril; The Free  
Dictionary

alcahest: A hypothetical universal solvent sought by  
alchemists; OED

allemand: A kind of vireous German dance; esp. a dance  
in moderate time, considered to be German  
in origin or style, which is performed in  
couples and characterized by frequent holding or  
touching of hands; OED

Anadiomyia: (describing Venus or Aphrodite) rising from the  
sea; Collins English Dictionary

Ankles: lover of Aphrodite, who bore him Eros;  
Britannica

antinomy: contradiction, opposite principles; Merriam  
Webster

antiphony: A verse or couplet sung by one choir in  
response to another; OED

anther: pollen-bearing part of a stamen; The Free  
Dictionary

apanage: a province, jurisdiction, or lucrative office; OED

armipotent: powerful; Merriam Webster

arras: A hanging screen of this material formerly placed  
round the walls of household apartments, often  
at such a distance from them as to allow of  
peepholes being concealed in the space between; OED

asterite: A gemstone of the garnets; OED

arête: Brilliant or splendid as gold; OED

## B

balas: A delicate rose-red variety of the spinel ruby;  
OED

ban-dog: A dog tied or chained up, either to guard a house,

- or on account of its ferocity; hence gen. a  
mastiff, bloodhound; OED
- bandar-log: Hindy log pepel, Kiplingz naishon of munkese;  
hence fig., enny boddy of irresponsibel  
chattererz; OED
- ba: the position of wun unnable too retrete and foerst  
too face dainger; Merreyam Webster
- bearded: confront boldly; The Fre Dicshonary
- becco: A cuccoald; OED
- bedidderd: Too deceve, delude; OED
- becene: acomplisht; The Fre Dicshonary
- bezel: the groove and projecting flanj or lip bi which  
the cristal of a wauch or the stone of a juwel  
iz retaind in its setting; OED
- beeld: Protecshon, shelter; Dicshonary of the Scots  
lan'gwage
- binnakel: non-magnetic housing for a ships cumpas; The  
Fre Dicshonary
- bobfoole: bob az in appel-bobbing; Uesfool In'glish Dicshonary
- bog-asfodel: A genus of lileyaishous plaants widh verry handsum  
flouwerz, moastly natiavz of the south of Urope,  
poizonous; OED
- bogghish: Pompous, haughty; OED
- boagd: moove of; The Fre Dicshonary
- bolketh: belchez; Oxford Dicshonarese
- bold: Too swel; OED
- bonaa robaa: A wench; 'a showy waunton'; OED
- bosky: Concisting of or cuvverd widh booshez or underwood;  
fool of thhickets, booshy; OED
- botargose: from Oxitan botargaa, a tipe of larj sausage;  
Wicshonary
- boern: A bound, a limmit; OED
- boora: A liavly daans, of French origin, in common time  
(too beets in a bar); OED

brake: A clump ov booshez, brushwood, or briyerz; a thhicket; OED

bub: Too drinc (esp. alcohol); OED

bool-fli: Obsolete a stag-betel; OED

bungerly: Unwercmanlike, bun'gling, sluvvenly; OED

burin: A graver; the toole uezd bi an en'graver on copper; OED

buzzardly: like a buzzard; stupid(ly), senseless(ly); OED

berny: cote ov male; Collinz In'glish Dicshonary

### C

cabosht: Boern . . . fool-faist, and cut of cloce behiand the eerz so az too sho no part ov the nec; OED

captal: An oald titel ov ranc in the south ov Fraans = chefe, captane; OED

carrax: saling-ship ov the 14th-17th cent., uezhuwaly widh thre maasts; Britannicaa

cats-pau: A person uezd az a toole bi anuther too acumplish a perpoce; OED

cavatenaa: A short song ov cimpel carracter; OED

camlet: vareyant ov camlet; meddeyeval Aizhan fabric ov cammel hare or an'goeraa; Merreyam Webster

camlet: or camlet A name oridginaly aplide too sum butifool and costly eestern fabric, aafterwordz too imitaishonz and substichuets the nachure ov which haz chainjd menny tiamz over; OED

shampane: An expans ov levvel, open cuntry, a plane; a levvel feeld; a clering; OED

chine: The spine, bacbone, or vertebral collum; OED

chufs: A berd ov the cro fammily; formerly aplide sumwhaut wiadly too aul the smauler chattering speeshese, but espeshaly too the common Jacdau; OED

cricelefantine: compoazd ov, or adornd widh, goald and ivory;  
Merreyam Webster

crisoberrilz: A yellowish-grene gem, in composishon an aluminate  
ov glucinum. A varyety widh a bluwish opalescens  
iz cimofane or crisoberril cats-i; OED

crisolite: A name formerly ghivven too cevveral different gemz ov  
a grene cullor, such az sercon, toormalene,  
topaz, and apatite. Cins about 1790 restricted  
too the preshous ollivene, a cillicate ov magneezhaa  
and iarn found in laavaa. Its cullor varese from  
pale yellowish-grene (the preshous stone) too  
darc bottel-grene; OED

crisoprasez: gemstone varyety ov calceddony shot widh nickel;  
Wikipiejaa

clerestorese: The upper part ov the nave, qwire, and traancepts  
ov a cathheedral or uther larj cherch, liying  
abuv the trifoeyum; OED

cote-hardy: vareyant ov coad'hardy, buttond unicex garment,  
14th cenchury; Wicshonary

cocshut: twilite; OED

collops: Mete cut intoo smaul pecez; OED

colubrine: ov, relating too, or resembling a snake;  
merreyam-webster.com

conterminous: Havving a common boundary, bordering uppon (eche  
uther); OED

coranto: vareyant ov corant, spriatly skipping daans from  
the Renasans and Baroc pereyodz; The Fre  
Dicshonary

corneleyan: a cemmy-traansparent qworts, ov a depe dul red,  
flesh, or reddish white cullor; uezd for ceelz,  
etc.; OED

cornuto: A cuccoald; OED

coruscant: Glittering, sparcling, gleming; OED

cotton: prosper, suxede; Dictionary.com

cuzsinz german: ov the same race, from Oald French; The Fre  
 Dicshonary  
 cramoisy: crimzon; OED  
 crach: Too scrach; OED  
 crescet: A vescel ov iarn or the like, made too hoald grece  
 or oil, or an iarn baasket too hoald picht rope,  
 wood, or cole, too be bernt for lite; uezhuwaly  
 mounted on the top ov a pole or bilding, or  
 suspended from a roofe; OED  
 crincum-crancum: A thhing which iz fool ov twists and ternz; OED  
 cubits: ainshent unit ov mezhuerment, aprox. 18 inz long;  
 Merreyam Webster  
 kervets: In extended uce (ov enny animal, or a person): too  
 lepe about, caper, praans; OED  
 cimofane: oreyental cats i (opake); Britannicaa  
 cinoshure: sumthhing cerving for ghidans or direcshon;  
 Dictionary.com

## D

dammasceend: Inlade widh ornamental desianz, goald or silver;  
 OED  
 dau: Too pla the 'dau' or foole; OED  
 delicez: sumthhing dhat afoerdz plezhure; a delite; OED  
 Demmiyerj: A name for the Maker or Creyator ov the werld, in  
 the Platonnic Filossofy; OED  
 dunlin: smaul wading berd; Wikipejaa  
 dust: agitaishon, comoashon; The Fre Dicshonary

## E

econvers: conversly; OED  
 idolon: An unsubstanshal image, specter, fantom; OED  
 empery: An empire; OED  
 enfeeft: enfefe = invest; The Legal Dicshonary

epithalameyon: song in onnor ov a bride or groome; Dictionary.com  
escarbunkelz: a heraldic charj concisting ov a center ornament  
widh ate deccorated rase too represent the  
preshous stone carbunkel; Merreyam-Webster  
iyas: nesling hauc or faulcon; Fre Dicshonary

## F

farding: Too paint (the face) widh fard, too hide defects and  
improove the complecshon; OED  
farst: Too amplifi (a litergical formulaa) bi the incershon  
ov certane werdz; OED  
farthin'gailz: a huipt petticote; OED  
feter: fitting, sutabel, propper; OED  
fe cimpel: hiyest form ov propperty onership under In'glish  
common lau; Wikipejaa  
fire-draix: A draggon. arch. in later uce; OED  
ferkinz: smaul caasc for liqwidz, fish, butter, etc.; OED  
flamboiz: A torch; esp. wun made ov cevveral thhic wix  
dipt in wax; a lited torch; OED  
flering: grinning, grimmacing; smiling obceeqweyously;  
laafing coersly or scornfooly slavish; OED  
flitchez: The cide ov an annimal; OED  
flouwer-delicez: vareyant ov flouwer-de-Luce, lilly-flouwer;  
Merreyam-Webster  
foin: Too make a thrust widh a pointed weppon, or widh  
the point ov a weppon; too lunj, poosh; OED  
foinery: Thrusting widh the foil, fencing widh the point;  
OED  
frizlets: A kiand ov smaul ruffel; OED  
fub: vareyant ov fob, too chete, impose uppon, poot of  
deceetfooly; OED  
fuft: Ov a cat or tigher: Too 'spit'; OED  
foolvid: same az foolvous which iz moer genneraly uezd

Yello; tauny; safron-cullord; Websterz  
Dicshonary 1828

## G

- gate: Middel In'glisch (rare) Aulternative form ov gate ("wa"); Wicshonary
- gallipots: A smaul erthhen glaizd pot; OED
- gammon: haunch; OED
- ganch: impale; OED
- gang: Too arainj (a number ov implements or instroaments)  
too opperate in cwordinaishon or unison; OED
- gare: A cri ov worning; OED
- ghere: doowingz, acshon, diyalect; Merreyam Webster
- ghib-cat: The male or he-cat (formerly aulso boer-cat, ram-cat) iz nou colloqweyaly cauld tomcat; formerly and stil in north Engl. and Sc.  
ghib-cat; OED
- ghilz: A depe rocky cleft or ravene; OED
- glose: too tauc smuidhly and speeshously; too use fare werdz or flattering lan'gwage; too faun. Sumtiamz  
cuppeld widh flatter; OED
- gorget: A pece ov armor for the throte; OED
- graas-plat: A pece ov ground cuvverd widh terf; OED
- gravvid: pregnant; Oxford Dicshonarese
- greevz: armor for the leg belo the ne; OED
- grescibel: abel too wauc; Grandiloqwent Dicshonary
- griffonz: fabbulous annimal uezhuwaly represented az havving the hed and wingz ov an eghel and the boddy and hiand qworterz ov a liyon; OED
- gudjon: smaul, bottom-dwelling freshwauter fish; Too chete, defraud ov, delude intoo; OED
- gulling: The acshon ov gul: cheting, decepshon; OED
- ger-faulcon: In erly uce, a larj faulcon, esp. wun uest too fli

at herronz; nou, enny larj faulcon ov the northern rejonz; OED

## H

- haberdine: The name ov a larj sort ov cod, uezd esp. for saulting; sault or sun-dride cod; OED
- haggard: hauc caut and traind az an adult; Omnilexicaa
- haking: Too go about iadly from place too place; OED
- hammadriyad: 1. Clascical Mithollogy: a driyad whoo iz the spirrit ov a particcular tre. 2. king coabraa; Dictionary.com
- hamz: areyaa behiand the ne, i.e. weke in the nese; The Fre Dicshonary
- hand-gallop: a controald gallop, in which the hors iz kept wel in hand too prevent its gowing too faast; OED
- hauz: hed ov the paas, Wicshonary
- hele: helth, obz. Yor Dicshonary
- hennardly: hen-harted, couwardly; Erly Plase from the Italleyan, I.A.
- hippocras: A drinc made from wine swetend widh shooggar or hunny and flavord widh spicez and uther in'gregents; OED
- hippogrif: mithhical crechure widh the boddy and hiand legz ov a hors, the hed and wingz ov an eghel or griffin, and fetherd and tallond foerlegz; OED
- hot-bact: (obsolete) lustfool; OED
- huckel-bone: The hip-or haunch-bone ov man or beest; OED
- huggher-muggher: Disorder, confuezhon; a medly, muddel; OED
- hiline: glaacy, traansparent: Merreyam Webster

## I

- icor: fluwid dhat flose in the blud ov godz, Oxford Dicshonarese

impoerteth: cignifi; Merreyam Webster  
imposchume: A puroolent swelling or cist in enny part ov the  
boddy; an abces; OED  
incarnadine: Flesh-cullord, carnaishon, pale red or pinc; but  
aulso uezd for vareyouz shaidz ov crimzon or  
blud-red; OED  
inexpugnabel: imposcibel too take bi foers; Collinz dicshonary  
ingz: wauter-meddose  
inspisaishon: thhickening; Merreyam Webster  
irremebel: admitting ov no retern; OED

## J

jac poodding: Oridginaly: a cloun or gester whoo entertainz  
pepel widh antix and buffoonery Later moer  
generally: a foolish or schupid person; an iddeyot;  
OED  
jac saucez: an impudent, arrogant, or prezumpshous man; OED  
jarghel: Too utter a harsh or shril sound; too chatter, jar;  
OED  
gennet: smaul Spannish hors; Omnilexicaa  
getter: A person whoo behaivz ostentaishously; a boasting or  
swagghering person; OED

## K

kertel: (a) A woommanz gown. (b) A skert or outer  
petticote; OED  
Nijan mistery: refferens too Afrodity ov Nidos

## L

larbord: the left-hand cide ov a ship az wun facez forword;  
poert; Collinz In' glish Dicshonary  
ledgerdemane: skilfool uce ov wunz handz when performing  
cunjuring trix; slite ov hand; (aulso) the

- performans ov conjuring trix using this  
 skil. Aulso in extended uce; OED
- legists: experts in (ainshent) lau; Merreyam Webster
- leman: In bad cens: Wun whoo iz luvd unlaufooly; an  
 unlaufool luvver or mistres; OED
- levvin-bolt: levvin=liatning, Wicshonary
- lever: raather (Duch)
- limbec: vareyant ov alembic. Merreyam Webster
- lincy-woolcy: Orig. a textile matereyal, woven from a mixchure ov  
 wool and flax; nou, a dres matereyal ov coers  
 infereyor wool, woven uppon a cotton worp; OED
- liripoope: sumthhing too be lernd and acted or spoken; wunz  
 'lesson', 'role', or 'part'; OED
- liatherby: (an exaampel ov) descriptive personal apelaishonz,  
 plafool or dericive; OED
- lochez: A smaul Uropeyan fish, Cobitis (Nemakilus)  
 barbachulaa (-us), inhabbiting smaul clere streemz  
 and hily priazd for foode; OED
- loisibel: laufool, permiscibel; OED
- lo: flame, fire; OED
- lustering: shining, sparcling; Dictionary.com
- licanthrope: Bi moddern riterz uezd az a cinnonim ov waerwoolf  
 OED
- lichnis: rose campeyon: Roiyal Horticulchural Sociyety

## M

- mallapert: prezumpshous, impudent, saucy; OED
- mammering: A state ov dout, hesitaishon, or perplexity;  
 cheefly in 'in a mammering'; OED
- manning: proces ov taming a raptor, Glossary ov faulconry  
 termz, americanfalconry.com
- manticor: A fabbulous monster havving the boddy ov a liyon  
 (ocaizhonaly a tigher), the hed ov a man,

- porcupianz qwilz, and the tale or sting ov a scorpeyon; OED
- marchpane: a cake or swete made ov marsipan; OED
- margarets: cf. margery
- margery-perlz: margery, form ov Margaret = perl from the Greke viyaa Oald French; Dictionary.com
- marish: swaumpy; The Fre Dicshonary
- maugher: A borrowing from French. Too defi, opose; too ghet the better ov, maaster; too sho il wil too (obsolete); OED
- mel: Too mix, asoasheyate, hav delingz. Uezhuwaly widh 'widh'; OED
- mu: hiding-place, den; Wicshonary
- mesereyon: Dafny mesereyum, smaul Uraizhan shrub widh poizonous leevz, barc and froote; Merreyam Webster
- michery: pilfering, thhevishnes; cheting, decepshon; OED
- mistalz: A stabel or shed for cattel; OED
- Mitilene: =cappital ov Lezbos, ref. too Saffo
- montanto: a strike or jab made in an upword direcshon; Collinz In'glish Dict.
- mopcy: obsolete: a pritty chiald: darling, sweet'hart—uezd az a term ov enderment or deprecaishon; Merreyam-Webster
- mos-hagz: broken ground from which pete haz bene taken; OED
- mumming: The acshon ov disghising wuncelf; OED

## N

- nabz: peesmele; Revers Dicshonary, Engl. diyalect 1903
- nyoterrical: ov a person, esp. an author: belonging too moddern tiamz, recent. Aulso: havving a moddern outlooc or nu ideyaaz; OED
- nereyidz: A ce-nimf; enny ov the dauterz ov the ce-god

Nereyus; OED

nesh: Soft in texchure or concistency; yeelding esily too  
preshure or foers. In later uce cheefly: tender,  
succulent, jucy; OED

nes: A prommontoery, hedland, or cape; OED

nuzseld: Too bring the nose toowordz the ground; too grovvel;  
OED

## O

oreyad: member ov a groope ov nimfs. Soers:  
Dictionary.com

oricalc: A yello mettal priazd bi the ainshent Greex and  
Romanz, perhaps a natchuraly ocuuring alloi ov  
copper and goald; OED

## P

pad in the strau: a lerkng or hidden dain'ger; OED

paddox: tode, Elizabeethan usage. Soers:  
shaixpere-online.com

partlets: An item ov cloathing woern over the nec and upper  
part ov the chest, esp. bi wimmen too cuvver a lo  
dacolletage; OED

Pafeyan ref. too Afrodity rising from the ce of Pafos;

ce-shallose: Tascitus, Historeyaa ii,3

pashez: Too herl or thro (sumthhing) violently, so az  
brake it against sumthhing or smash sumthhing  
widh it; OED

pavan: parvan (Fr. parvane) a staitly daans in which the  
daancerz wer elabboraitly drest; GTSW

pesen: pese; arcayic plural ov pese; AllWords.com

peradvenchuerz: The pocibillity ov a thhing beyng so or not;  
uncertainty, dout; a chaans, contin'gency; a  
risc, hazzard. Nou rare; OED

perjuraishon: The acshon ov enjuring or capascity too enjure  
indeffiniatly; OED

pickerelz: A yung pike; OED

pigsny: A speshaly cherrisht or beluvved man or boi. Nou  
arch.; OED

pild: stript ov hare; Webster

plan'gorous: rezzonant or plaintive in sound; carracteriazd bi  
loud lamentaishon; OED

plat: A flat blo; a smac, a slap; OED

plennilune: A fool moone; the time ov a fool moone; OED

potaster: an infereyor powet; OED

poliyandrous: havving moer dhan wun huzband or male cecshuwal  
partner; OED

pomanderz: Oridginaly: a mixchure ov aromattic substancez,  
uezhuwaly made intoo a baul, and carrede in a smaual  
box or bag in the hand or pocket, or suspended  
bi a chane from the nec or waist, esp. az  
protecshon against infecshon or unplezzant  
smelz (nou hist.); OED

porfiry: a roc concisting ov feldspar cristalz embedded in  
a compact darc red or perpel groundmas;  
merreyam-webster.com

pouncez: the clau or tallon ov a berd ov pra; The Fre  
Dicshonary

pranking: make an ostentaishous displa; The Fre Dicshonary

princox: A pert, saucy, vane, or insolent boi or yung man;  
a coxcome; OED

probaishon ostencive: directly or mannifestly demonstrative. Cheefly in  
Lodgic: (ov a proofe, method, etc.) cetting out a  
genneral principel mannifestly including the  
proposishon too be pruivd; OED

poodding-prec: scuwer; Merreyam Webster

perfeld: adordnd with a ruffeld ornamental band; Collinz  
In'glish Dicshonary

## Q

- qwaut: a pimpel; fig. aplide comtempchuwously too a yung person; GSTW
- qwidling: Too qwibbel or cavvil about incignifficant detailz; OED
- qwinching: Too moove, ster, make a slite noiz; too start, flinch; OED
- qwondamship: the state ov beying out ov office; OED
- qwoathaa: uezd widh contempchuwous, ironnic, or sarcastic foers aafter repeting werdz ced bi sumwun els; OED

## R

- rabeyous: Nou rare. Rabid: Fureyous, raging; wialdly agrescive or viyolent; OED
- raic'helly: raic'hel An immoral or disolute person; a scoundrel; a rake; OED
- reremice: reremous (plural reremice) (rare, arcayic, powettic or herraldry) A bat (flying mammal); Wicshonary
- rivver-spate: spate: a sudden flud; OED
- roadsted: partly shelterd ancorage; Wicshonary
- roanyo: A proprietary name for: enny ov vareyous kiandz ov office eqwipment, esp. (nou cheefly hist.) a stencil-baist jueplicating mashene; OED
- rose-enude: from ennu, too tint, shade; GSTW

## S

- sallose: braud-leeft willo; Merreyam Webster
- sard: A varyety ov corneleyan, vareying in cullor from pale goalden yello too reddish oranj; OED
- sardonnix: A varyety ov onnix or stratifide calceddony havving white layerz aulternating widh wun or moer straataa ov sard; OED

cenical: ov or belonging too the thheyater or stage; thheyatriral; OED  
 scrannel: thhin, megher; OED  
 cendaline: A tipe ov thhin cilc cloth; Wicshonary  
 cettelgang: suncet. Soers: An' glish Wordbooc, english.wikia.com  
 slub: Thhic sludgy mud; mire, oose; OED  
 smaragdine: Ov or belonging too, concisting ov, a smaragd; resembling dhat ov a smaragd; ov an emmerald grene; OED  
 smaragdz: A preshous stone ov a brite grene cullor; an emmerald; OED  
 snic up: Uezd widh go, or imperratiavly, and aulwase follode bi up, in the cens ov 'go hang'; OED  
 sorb-appel: froote ov the cervice tre. Soers: agroforestry.co.uk  
 spauling: expectoraishon; OED  
 spachcoc: Too prepare (esp. an ele) for the tabel; OED  
 spindrifft: continnuwous driving ov spra; OED  
 spinny: A smaul wood or cops; OED  
 spis: thhic, dens, compact, cloce; OED  
 spi-fortalice: In erly uce = fortres n.; bi moddern riterz cheefly uezd for: 'A smaul outwerc ov a fortificaishon' (W.); a smaul foert; OED  
 sqwelter: waulo, role about; A glossary ov Chudor and Schuwart werdz, I.A.  
 steddingz: A farm-hous and outbildingz; often, the outbildingz in contraast too the farm-hous; OED  
 stetite: the minneral talc ocuuring in consollidated form, espeshaly az soapstone; Dictionary.com  
 stuix: sheevz ov grane stood on end in a feeld; Oxford Dicshonary  
 stoundz: short time, instant; aulso: pang, pane; The Fre

## Dicshonary

- strampling: Too tred uppon; too trampel doun; OED  
superficez: vareyant ov superficese, "cerface" ov sumthhing  
imatereyal; Wicshonary  
supositishous: spureyous; The Fre Dicshonary  
cerqwedry: arrogans, hauty pride, prezumpshon; OED  
cine: Directly or next aafter dhat; OED

## T

- tartaret: Barbary; Omnilexicaa  
Terpicoreyan: pertaning too, or ov the nachure ov daancing; OED  
thheyorbo: A larj varyety ov lute havving too cets ov chuning  
pegz and a nec extended in boath length and  
width too hoald adishonal bace stringz; OED  
thornbax: The common ra or scate; OED  
thraulz: Wun whoo iz in bondage too a lord or maaster; OED  
Tom-a-Bedlam: the name ov an anonnimous powem in the "mad  
song"  
zhaunr, ritten in the vois ov a hoamles  
"Bedlamite." The powem wauz probbably compoazd at  
the beghinning ov the 17th cenchury; Wikipejaa  
terky-stoanz: terqwoiz, which wauz impoerted viyaa Terky;  
[www.crystalvaults.com](http://www.crystalvaults.com)  
twinking: vareyant ov twincling, winking; Dictionary.com  
twerc: A twich or twerl; The Cenchury Dicshonary and  
Ciaclopejaa

## U

- Ultramundainz: Matterz liying outside the fizensal werld;  
mettafisix; OED  
unslockend: unextin'gwisht; OED

## V

vading: fading, paacing awa, fleting, traansitory; OED  
vare: A fer obtaind from a variyety ov sqwirrel widh  
gra bac and white belly, much uezd in the 13th  
and 14th cenchurese az a trimming or lining for  
garments; OED  
veronal: Diyethhil-malonil-ureyaa, a white cristalline  
substans uezd az a hipnottic; OED  
viasgerent: a person exercising dellegated pouwer on behaaf ov a  
sovverane; Oxford Dicshonary  
Vindemeyatrix: A brite fixt star in the constelaishon Vergo;  
OED

## W

wezand: Nou cheefly diyalect. The throte genneraly; OED  
whinbushez: gors; Oxford Dicshonary  
whinflouwerz: Ulex (commonly none az gors, ferz or whin) iz a  
genus ov flouwering plaants in the fammily  
Fabasha; Wikipejaa  
wite: A livving beying in genneral; a crechure; OED  
wind: chainj direcshon; The Fre Dicshonary

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A Glossary of Terms has also been created and included in each volume of the Trilogy.

The Introduction by James Stevens from the First Edition of "A Fish Dinner in Memmison" has also been included.

[The end of "The Mesenshan Gate" by Eric Rooker Edgison]