

**IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA;
A TALE OF THE
CORNISH COAST, IN
THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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In the roar of the sea; a tale of the Cornish coast, in three volumes, Vol. II by S. Baring-Gould

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S. BARING-GOULD

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A Tale of the Cornish Coast

BY
S. BARING-GOULD,

AUTHOR OF
"MERLAIN," "CRITH," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER XX.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

CRUEL COPPINGER remained brooding in the place where he had been standing, and as he stood there his face darkened. He was a man of imperious will and violent passions; a man unwont to curb himself; accustomed to sweep out of his path whoever or whatever stood between him and the accomplishment of his purpose; a man who never asked himself whether that purpose were good or bad. He had succumbed, in a manner strange and surprising to himself, to the influence of Judith—a sort of witchery over him that subdued his violence and awed him into gentleness and modesty. But when her presence was withdrawn the revolt of the man's lawless nature began. Who was this who had dared to oppose her

will to his? a mere child of eighteen. Women were ever said to be a perverse generation, and loved to domineer over men; and man was weak to suffer it. So thinking, chafing, he had worked himself into a immersing rage when Miss Trevisa entered the hall, believing it to be empty. Seeing him, she was about to withdraw, when he shouted to her to stay.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, sir; I am in quest of my niece. Those children keep me in a whirl like a teetotum."

"Your niece is gone."

"Gone! where to?"

"Back—I suppose to that old fool McNaida. He is meet to be a companion for her and that idiot, her brother; not I—I am to be spurned from her presence."

Miss Trevisa was surprised, but she said nothing. She knew his moods.

"Stand there, Mother Dunes!" said Coppinger, in his anger and humiliation, glad to have some one on whom he could pour out the lava that boiled up in his burning breast. "Listen to me. She has told me that we belong to different worlds—she and I—and to different races, kinds of being, and that there can be

no fellowship betwixt us. Where I am she will not be. Between me and you there is a great gulf fixed—see you? and I am as Dives tormented in my flame, and she stands yonder, serene, in cold and complacent blessedness, and will not cross to me with her finger dipped in cold water to cool my tongue; and as for my coming near to her”—he laughed fiercely—“that can never be.”

“Did she say all that?” asked Miss Trevisa.

“She looked it; she implied it, if she did not say it in these naked words. And, what is more,” shouted he, coming before Aunt Dionysia threateningly, so that she recoiled, “it is true. When she sat there in yonder chair, and I stood here by this hearthstone, and she spoke, I knew it was true; I saw it all—the great gulf unspanned by any bridge. I knew that none could ever bridge it, and there we were, apart for ever, I in my fire burning, she in Blessedness—indifferent.”

“I am very sorry,” said Miss Trevisa, “that Judith should so have misconducted herself. My brother brought her up in a manner, to my mind, most improper for a young girl. He made her read Rollin’s ‘Ancient History’ and Blair’s ‘Chronological Tables.’