

THE ISLAND OF SHEEP

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649212354

The island of sheep by Cadmus & Harmonia

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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CADMUS & HARMONIA

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SHEEP**

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BY
CADMUS AND HARMONIA

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO
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THE PEOPLE IN THE BOOK

Mr. George Stanbury- Maldwin.	Late of the Grenadier Guards.
Mr. Penrose MacAndrew	Lieutenant in the Third United States Army.
Mr. D. C. Jonas . . .	A Labour Leader.
Mr. Philip Lenchard . .	An Imperialist.
General Ferdinand Morier	Lately commanding an Army of France.
Mr. Archibald Strath- bungo.	A Coalition Member of Parliament.
Mr. Merryweather Malone	An American politician.
The Lord Linkumdoddie	A Captain of industry.

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I

Prologue, in which two retired gentlefolk are distressed about the future of their country. To them enter the Lady Guidwillie and Mr. Barford.

IN a pleasant arbour looking down on spring meadows which sloped towards the western sea, a gentleman was reading aloud from Matthew Arnold. "The sunshine in the happy glens is fair," he read.

"And by the sea, and in the brakes,
The grass is cool, the sea-side air
B buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
More virginal and sweet than ours.
And there, they say, two bright and agèd snakes,
That once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills."

He looked up from his book. "Sing-

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larly like us, my dear," he observed to his wife.

"Yes, darling," she replied. "I feel aged, but not very bright."

Colonel Lamont rose, revealing six feet of lean manhood clad in the most ancient of tweeds. He stared for some minutes at the delectable landscape beneath him. A shallow glen, seamed by a shining river, wound to a pale blue ocean. It was bright with the young grass of May, and patched with snowdrifts of blossoming hawthorn. There was no sound in the valley except the ripple of the stream and the faint calling of curlews from the hill.

"I've been looking forward to this for four years," he said. "Peace, you know—the real peace in one's own place among one's own people. And now that I have got it I don't seem properly to enjoy it. There are too many empty houses in the glens. Too many good fellows who will never gillie for me more. And this old

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world has got such a twist that I can't see it settling down in our time. I wish to heaven I knew where we all stood. Kathie, my dear, I am feeling very much older, and I am losing my nerve."

The lady looked at him with troubled eyes. "Do you think we ought to be entertaining on such a big scale, Arthur, if we are so much poorer?"

"Confound it, my dear, it is not the money. Jennings went through my position with me yesterday, and we are still pretty well off. I wouldn't mind paying fifteen shillings in the pound in taxes for the rest of my days. No. It is the country I am worrying about. Here we have gone and sacrificed the better part of a million of our picked men, and crippled hundreds of thousands more for life. And for what? We have won, of course, but we don't seem to know what we've won. Those damned politicians are at the job again. I thought we had washed all that out."