

**THE FIXED PERIOD,
A NOVEL, VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649176380

The fixed period, a novel, Vol. II by Anthony Trollope

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

**THE FIXED PERIOD,
A NOVEL, VOL. II**

127
5159
"THE FIXED PERIOD"

A NOVEL

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCLXXXII

THE FIXED PERIOD

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE'

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAP.	PAGE
VII. COLUMBUS AND GALILEO,	1
VIII. THE "JOHN BRIGHT,"	32
IX. THE NEW GOVERNOR,	69
X. THE TOWN-HALL,	106
XI. FAREWELL!	137
XII. OUR VOYAGE TO ENGLAND,	171





THE FIXED PERIOD.

CHAPTER VII.

COLUMBUS AND GALILEO.

I HAD left Graybody with a lie on my tongue. I said that I was bound to suppose that Crasweller would do his duty as a citizen,—by which I had meant Graybody to understand that I expected my old friend to submit to deposition. Now I expected nothing of the kind, and it grieved me to think that I should be driven to such false excuses. I began to doubt whether my mind would hold its proper bent under the strain thus laid upon it, and to

ask myself whether I was in all respects sane in entertaining the ideas which filled my mind. Galileo and Columbus,—Galileo and Columbus! I endeavoured to comfort myself with these names,—but in a vain, delusive manner; and though I used them constantly, I was beginning absolutely to hate them. Why could I not return to my wool-shed, and be contented among my bales, and my ships, and my credits, as I was of yore, before this theory took total possession of me? I was doing good then. I robbed no one. I assisted very many in their walks of life. I was happy in the praises of all my fellow-citizens. My health was good, and I had ample scope for my energies then, even as now. But there came on me a day of success,—a day, shall I say, of glory or of wretchedness? or shall I not most truly say of both?—and I persuaded my fellow-citizens to undertake this sad work of the Fixed Period. From that moment all quiet had left me, and all happiness. Still, it is not necessary that