

**THE HAGGARD
SIDE, BEING ESSAYS
IN FICTION**

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The Haggard Side, Being Essays in Fiction by John Hutton Balfour Browne

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JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR BROWNE

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THE HAGGARD SIDE

BEING ESSAYS IN FICTION

OC
BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TIMES AND DAYS," "AUTO DA FÉ"

ETC.

By the author of "Times and Days," "Auto da Fé," etc.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>THE BEYOND</i>	1
<i>A COWARD OF CONSCIENCE</i>	22
<i>PREYS</i>	38
<i>PLAYING AT LOVE</i>	47
<i>QUITE A SIMPLE STORY</i>	57
<i>A TRADE TRAGEDY</i>	67
<i>THE CENTRE OF THE STORM</i>	81
<i>"CHEATS ALL ROUND"</i>	94
<i>CRIMINAL</i>	114
<i>TOOK'S COURT</i>	130
<i>A TALE TOLD BY GOSSIPS</i>	139
<i>GUILTY</i>	155
<i>A LAW FOR THE RICH</i>	184

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THE BEYOND

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No doubt there is a great deal to be said in favour of a large life, with many interests and numerous friends. But this largeness has its drawbacks. To-day, we know our education has given us, as it were, all the kingdoms of the earth. We know a little of everything. We take an intelligent interest in such matters as public health, army organisation, evolution, philology, wireless telegraphy, and a great number of other matters. To-day, too, we have many friends. We know a hundred people to bow to. Were it necessary, we could fill our drawing-room and stairs with five hundred people; and although they are only acquaintances, and many of them not even that, we call them all friends. The fact is, we are mere smatterers, both in knowledge and in heart. We do not know anything thoroughly.

We do not love or hate well. It was very different in the old days, and is very different even now in places remote from the thoroughfare of our times. There even now people love and hate with their whole hearts. Love and hate are to these a matter of life and death. In our great towns it is a matter of passing an hour, or, perhaps, a trip to the Divorce Court.

Caistor House was a great, bleak building standing on a small rising ground, from which it overlooked the salt marshes to where the sea-bank breasted the great glistening sea. There were a few scrubby trees about the house, and these trailed away like cowering things from the winds which blew from the ocean. There was a tangled place within high stone walls which had been a garden. But it had got out of hand, for Thorne, the gardener, was a cripple, and the weeds were too many for him.

It was in Caistor House, in one of the rooms which, with its gaunt windows, looked towards the sea, that Elizabeth Temple was born, and it was in that room that, a few hours after her

birth, her young mother died, not sorry to leave the world, which she had found an untoward place, but sorry to leave the little thing which had rested for an hour upon her weary arm, and whose nestling had consoled her almost for all her long suffering. But she went, and her husband, Mr. Temple, a man who was as sour as his own salt acres, who had treated the young girl he had married with a harshness and austerity which made her crawl from him as the trees did from the rough sea wind, mourned her after a fashion, for he swore more and drank more even than was his wont, and as Thorne, the cripple, and Elenor Cass, the housekeeper, said, "his temper knew no bounds."

What was worse, almost, according to the same authorities, Mr. Temple "didn't take to the child," and it was possibly out of a sense of antagonism to him and his inclement ways that Mrs. Cass's heart and Thorne's heart adopted the little motherless thing, that cried more than most children did, and "no wonder," as they said, "to be left by such a sweet mother, and to have such a brute of a father."