

**MARGARET MALIPHANT:
A NOVEL, IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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Margaret Maliphant: A novel, In three volumes, Vol. I by Mrs. Comyns Carr

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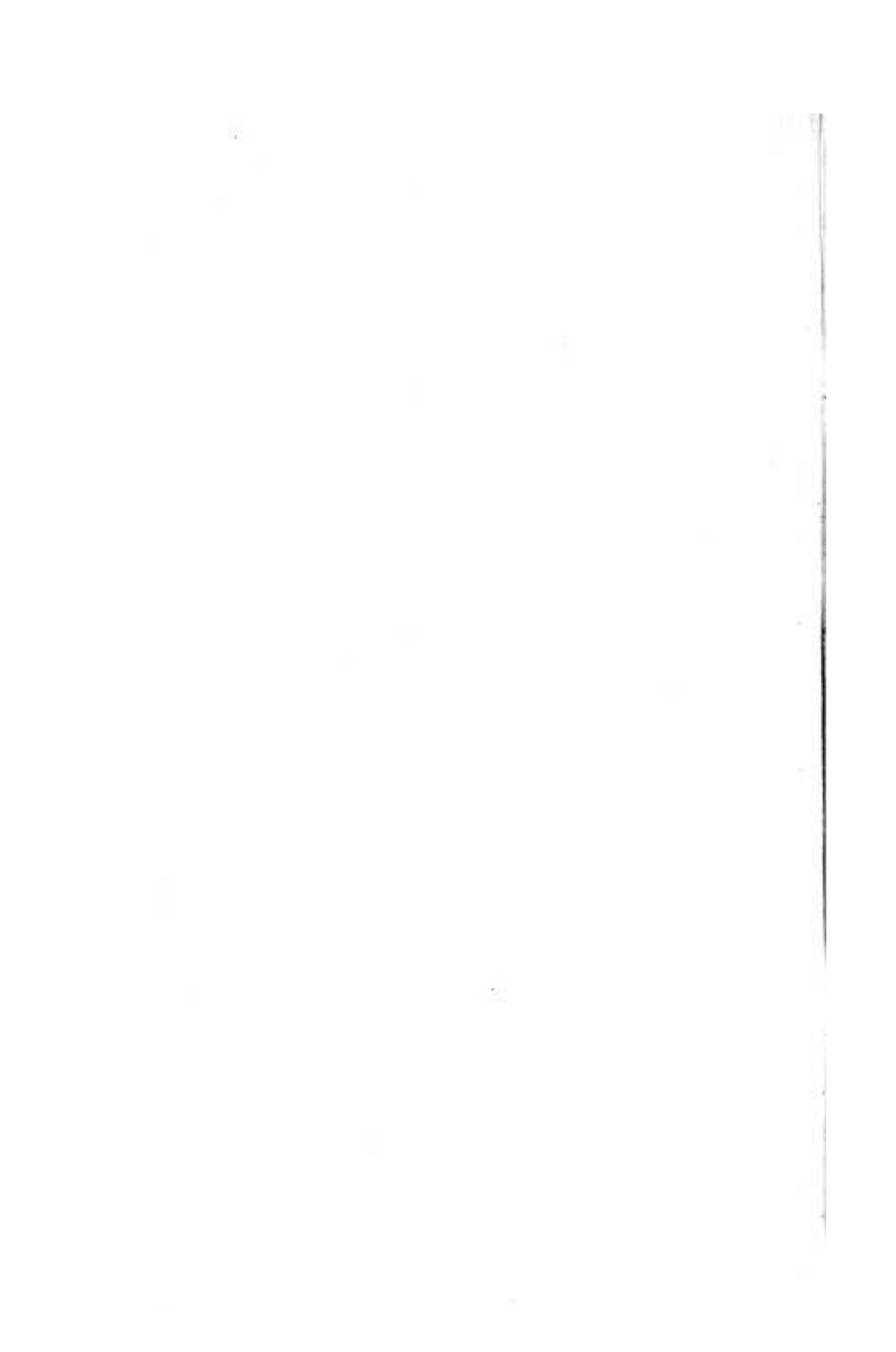
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MRS. COMYNS CARR

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A NOVEL

BY

MRS COMYNS CARR

AUTHOR OF 'LA FORTUNINA,' 'SOUTH ITALIAN FOLK,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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MARGARET MALIPHANT.



PROLOGUE.

It is twilight upon the marsh : the land at the foot of the hill lies a level of dim monotony, and even the sea beyond is lost in mystery. In the middle of the plain one solitary homestead, with its clump of trees, stands out just a little darker than anything else, and from afar there comes to me the sound of the sea, sweetly lulling, as it has come to me ever since I was a little child. A chill breeze creeps up among the aspens on the cliff, and for a moment there steals over me the sense of loneliness of ten years ago, and I seem to see once more a tall, dark fig-

Em. res. Bay 27 Feb. 51 (Bay 27 Feb. 51)

ure thread his way down among the trees, and disappear for ever on to the wide plain. But this is only for a moment; for as I look, the past lies stretched, as the plain is stretched, before me—vivid, yet distant as a dream. The white mill detaches itself upon the dark hillside, the cattle rest upon the quiet marsh; and still the sound of the sea comes to me, tenderly murmuring, as it did when I was a happy child, and tells me of a present that is wide and fair as, above the lonely land, the coming Night is blue and vast.