

**PATTIE DURANT:
A TALE OF 1662**

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Pattie Durant: A Tale of 1662 by Cycla

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CYCLA

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A TALE OF 1662**



PATTIE DURANT:

A Tale of 1662.

By CYCLA,

AUTHOR OF "Aunt Dorothy's Will," "Daybreak,"
"Warfare and Work," etc., etc.

*"How the truest, tenderest Love,
Ever fills Thy Heart, my GOD!
Helping, cheering, on their Road,
All who in Thy Service move.
All things else have but their Day,
GOD'S Love only lasts for aye."*

LONDON:

Imprinted for VIRTUE BROTHERS & CO.,
at 1, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.
1863.

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PATTIE DURANT.

CHAPTER I.

Pattie.

ONE Evening late in *June, 1862*, watching the gradual mellowing of the gorgeous Tints in the far-off western Horizon, her Arms resting on a low Wall, stood *Pattie Durant*, my Heroine.

June,
1862.

She was tall and slight in Figure, with a round, girlish Face; not beautiful, by any Means, when seen under ordinary Circumstances, but beautiful now, when, with Lips slightly parted, and a strange, earnest Look in her dark Eyes—as though the Soul within were but just dimly conscious of some higher Life yet to be attained—with the glowing evening Tints lighting up her Face, and gleam-

1662. ing amid the Masses of her dark Hair, from off which her Hood had fallen, she leant against the turf Wall, so lost in Thought as to have forgotten that she was not alone.

Stretching far away before her was a dreary peat Moor, purple now, and seeming almost to merge into the Horizon on her Right; in Front the Sun was slowly and majestically sinking away, above hung some golden-edged Clouds, ever changing in Form and Colour as they floated across the western Sky; and on her Left was a large Plantation of dark-green Firs, looking darker and denser in contrast with the rich orange Glow behind them. From a Field close to the turf Wall came the smell of new-mown Hay, and a gentle Wind rustled among the Leaves of the large Sycamore-trees behind.

Presently little Feet came pattering along the terrace Walk.

“*Pattie* and *Robert*, ye maun come in.”

The Speaker was a sturdy little Urchin of about eight Years old; and to give greater effect to his Words, he caught hold of *Pattie's* Dress with one Hand, and with the other grasped

grasped *Robert's* Foot, which dangled over the Side of the Wall, and mischievously knocked the Heel into the Turf, for the Pleasure of scattering the Soil on to the Path.

1662.

Pattie heeded neither his Words nor the energetic Pulls upon her Dress; and *Robert*, with an amused Glance from his pre-occupied Companion to the restless Boy beside him, made no Effort to move except to disengage his Foot from the Hand of *Mark*, whom, though but two Years younger, he looked on as a mere Child compared to himself. Truly there was a great Difference between them. The one was robust, restless, active, — a thorough country Boy: the other was pale, quiet, and studious; scarcely taller, in spite of his two Years' seniority; better pleased to sit on the turf Wall beside his Cousin *Pattie*, watching the Sunset, and indulging in his quaint, unchildlike Conceits, than to run or wrestle with young *Mark Aires*, who was ever eager to display his Superiority in those Accomplishments.

Mark was not inclined to stand there long
unnoticed