

**DREAM OF  
PROVENCE (ORGEAS  
& MIRADOU)**

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Dream of Provence (Orgeas & Miradou) by Frederick Wedmore

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**FREDERICK WEDMORE**

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DREAM OF PROVENCE

*(Orgeas and Miradou)*

# Dream of Provence

(ORGEAS AND MIRADOU)

BY

FREDERICK WEDMORE

*'Nous ne sommes que par l'âme'*

LONDON:

ISBISTER & COMPANY

1 AMEN CORNER

1905

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

THE imaginative piece here reprinted was first issued for private circulation—Twenty-five copies only. It was soon afterwards published in *The Nineteenth Century*; and then in book form: 'Orgeas and Miradou, with other Pieces.' It is now again isolated, in deference to a desire expressed widely, in quarters I respect; and the titles it originally bore—'Orgeas and Miradou: Dream of Provence'—are transposed, in scrupulous consideration of only English-speaking folk.

F. W.

London: February, 1905.





## DREAM OF PROVENCE

(ORGEAS AND MIRADOU)<sup>1</sup>

ORGEAS and Miradou had lived together—together with no third—since the mother had gone from them; and that was thirteen years ago, when Miradou was five. Since then it was her father who had cared for her: the mother's name was never named between them. Had she died amongst them in her recognized place, they must from time to time have talked of her, as well as mourned. Those two hearts, made for affection—made for it so much that it

<sup>1</sup> The masculine termination of the feminine name is a Provençal characteristic. In Grasse, *Ave Maria* is *Vou saludi Mario!*

was the air they breathed, the bread they fed on—must have kept of her their tenderest memory. Death, had he come to her there, could never have really separated them—could not have banished her from all their thought. Some communion still was possible. But the mother had no likeness to these two. Callous at first, and then a disgrace and a humiliation, she had gone out of their lives for ever. One luminous night, between two shining days of August, she and a Piedmontese lover had tramped towards Italy—by the long mule paths (was it?) and the olive groves, and then by the bare hills.

At first, of course, to Orgeas, the disaster had seemed irreparable. Out of doors, a shame greatest of all because the lover was no Grassois and no

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Frenchman, but of the hated Piedmontese —rivals in life, and there in Grasse at least, rivals of necessity in labour. Indoors, it was a sorrow to be brooded on, and it made a dire loneliness. The foreman came home from the printing press, and none but the little child was at home to greet him.

But the child had taken her place. Months passed, and life became endurable — years, and life became sweet. Parents and children in France are the heartiest friends generally; even when no special circumstance and no peculiar demand for affection, bring them more closely together. With Orgeas there was the special circumstance and the peculiar demand. Link upon link was formed, of interest, kindness, and association. That was the visible chain.