

**LIGHT AND SHADE:
OR, THE YOUNG
ARTIST. A TALE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649635719

Light and Shade: Or, The Young Artist. A Tale by Anna Harriet Drury

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

ANNA HARRIET DRURY

**LIGHT AND SHADE:
OR, THE YOUNG
ARTIST. A TALE**

*W. H. Miller
a. l.*

LIGHT AND SHADE;

OR,

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

J. T. L.

BY

ANNA HARRIET DRURY,

AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS AND FORTUNE," "HARTBURY."



NEW-YORK:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY,

200 BROADWAY.

1859.

*Drury
New*

TO NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
160572
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1924 L

160572

LIGHT AND SHADE ;

OR,

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

CHAPTER I.

THE afternoon service was being performed in Ely Cathedral: the rays of a clear May sunshine were glancing athwart the pillars of the nave, where several knots of individuals were lingering before the dark elaborate screen, to enjoy the melody of the anthem without the fatigue of any previous devotion. And yet the strain to which they thus carelessly listened, mellowed in the echoes of the distance, and blending with the exquisitely modulated organ chords, was of that nature which strikes direct into the spiritual part of man—lifting him, as the sun draws the vapour from the soil, up from the vexations and ambitions of a passing existence, to the lofty steadfastness of eternal promise. Slow, simple, was the construction of the air, and sung but by one voice; but that one a boy's, full, clear, accurate, as none but a well-trained voice can be—earnest, thrilling, impassioned, as can be that of genius alone. Whoever the chorister was, it was evident the city of Ely possessed a musical wonder of no small merit, and several heads nod-

ded approval, and several sturdy elbows telegraphed, in the manner peculiar to themselves, their secret comments on what they heard and knew. No one spoke, however, till the service ceased.

"Old Warden may well be proud of his boy," said one to his neighbour, as they moved down the nave.

"Ah, something to be proud of at last must be new life to the old grumbler," was the reply: "he has been holding up his head for nothing so long, I wonder how high it is now. If he was a Duke or a Dean, he couldn't think more of himself than as old Mat Warden the watchmaker. Hullo, friend, where are you coming to? I s'nt so stout as they say I am, but I'm big enough not to be tumbled over, too."

"I beg your pardon," said the person addressed, a young man with all the appearance of a walking traveller—a sketch-book under one arm, and a knapsack slung behind him, "I believe I ran the greater risk of the two; it is as well I have not much farther to go, for my foot will remember yours for a week."

"And by the same rule, my eye remembers yours: sure, it's young Mr. Ryder, and no mistake," said the stout man, thrusting out a hand, whose dimensions we should be afraid to calculate, "bless you, I tread as light as a fly—but you were blind, or star-gazing, or something, and got under my feet. Hope you're not hurt, eh? and where have you been? book full of drawings, eh? fuller than the purse, I'll warrant. Well, you're welcome back to the old place, full or empty."

"Thank you, Mr. Goss: it is flattering to be remembered, and pleasant to be welcomed. I shall pay you an early visit. You were mentioning the Wardens, I think, just now, were you not? Are they all well?"

"No: the wife's gone to rest," said Mr. Goss, lowering

his voice, which had raised itself higher than was quite becoming the aisle of a sanctuary, "and not before she needed it, poor soul: the old man is as stiff-backed as ever, though he is my friend: his own shop never owned a rustier, cruetier, mustier piece of goods, that nothing will rub smooth or hammer soft. I was just saying—bless me! I had no idea they were so near. I hope they didn't hear me."

"Who?" whispered young Ryder, hastily.

"Why, *them*,"—pointing to two respectably dressed women, passing on the other side of the pillars; one, blind and feeble, leaning on the other's younger arm. "Marian Warden and her aunt. That blind woman comes to church every day, reg'lar, and her sister and that lassie take turns to give her an arm. But where are you off to now, before I have asked you to supper? Oh, I see: well, there, please yourself, and I suppose you'll live the longer."

Ryder did not wait for this encouragement: he was by the side of the watchmaker's daughter as she passed through the cathedral doors. "*Marian!*" It needed but that word, and a bright, glowing, half-frightened, glad face turned to greet his own. "Oh, goodness me! Edward—Mr. Ryder—where did you spring from?" and then more sparkling tears than are usually exposed to public view.

Two years had passed since they took leave beneath the shadow of those holy walls; and in two years how much of change for evil and for good may sweep over the hearts of beings making their first entrance on the contest of life? Two years, of roving and variety, and bold exertion on his part—of patient, silent, yet often weary waiting on hers: and now they were again together, side by side, hand meeting hand, and before a question had been answered, or a word of love exchanged, both knew all between them was as true and steadfast as ever. Marian's tears dried up as suddenly as they had flowed, and she was able to give a cheer-

ful, though rather hurried explanation, to the somewhat startled companion leaning on her arm.

"It is Mr. Edward Ryder, aunt Susan, who used to lodge with us, you know: he has been away for two years; don't you remember him?"

"To be sure I do: I should know his voice among a thousand," said aunt Susan, turning her face in the direction where she supposed him to be; "he told me when he went away, he should come back with a fortune. I hope he has kept his word." The young couple exchanged a look of half-sorrowful meaning, before Ryder answered, "I promised to come back at any rate: with a fortune if I could—if I could *not*, without; and here I am, and I hope my welcome will not only depend on the amount at my banker's."

Marian looked at him again, and somewhat reproachfully: though a deep sigh rose from her heart that chilled the glow of happiness with the dread of renewed disappointment.

"To be sure, Mr. Edward," said aunt Susan, innocently, "you don't think so poorly of us as all that: I've heard Marian talk of you so often, and count up the months and weeks you've been away, without an idea about what money you were making; and I dare say she is glad to see you, as I'm sure, if it was God's will, I should be thankful to do."

"It is time you were at home, aunt," interrupted Marian, suddenly drawing her on, and keeping her face perversely away from Edward Ryder at the moment he was most eager to look in it: "aunt Claribel will wonder what has become of us."

"And how is Miss Claribel?" asked Edward, walking on beside them uninvited, "is she as great a politician as ever? Has she set up the Parliament of Women since I left?"

"Oh, fie, Mr. Edward, now you are at your old jokes again," remonstrated aunt Susan; "Clary is very clever, and very good to me, and reads out the paper all through, when-

ever there is anything very dreadful going to happen to the country; and explains to me (for I am very stupid, you know) all about the corn laws and the standing army, and the taxes and the wrongs of the people, and that sort of thing: and she tries hard to make me remember, but I can't always. But as to a Parliament of women, she never thought of anything half so wicked!"

"Wicked?" repeated Marian, "that is a hard word, aunt Susan, to come from you. Why should a Parliament of women be wicked, and a Queen good?"

"My dear, where there is only one woman, you may expect a deal of good—where there are a hundred, you will get nothing but chatter and squabble. I was at a meeting of wise ladies once, and I thought my poor head would just split into as many pieces as there were tongues. No, no, let the women keep silence, and take care of their husbands at home, Marian; and if they have none, like you and me, why let them be blessings to their parents, as you have always been, and thankful for others' kindness as I ought to be: and that's my politics, Mr. Edward, though I dare say you are laughing, if I could only see you."

Edward earnestly protested he had never heard better argument or sounder sense, and pressed Marian's hand in token thereof, though she pulled it away from him with a blushing, "Don't, Mr. Ryder!"

"Mr. Ryder? am I only that to you now, Marian?"

To this there was no reply: Marian had none to give, that was not either too cold for her heart, or too encouraging for her prudence.

In the principal street of Elchester stood Matthew Warden's little shop; and there sat Matthew Warden at work morning, noon, and night. A frame, tall when erect, but bent to half its size—a forehead projecting and broad,