

**FROM SHADOW
TO SUNLIGHT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649589852

From Shadow to Sunlight by John Douglas Sutherland Campbell Argyll

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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JOHN DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL ARGYLL

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From Shadow to Sunlight

BY THE
MARQUIS OF LORNE, G.C.M.G.
AUTHOR OF
LOVE AND PERIL, A STORY OF THE FAR NORTHWEST, ETC.



NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1891

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THE
TEXT OF
EVERETT JARVIS WENDELL
1878

By John Douglas Pritchard & Campbell,
7th ed. of Cyclopedia.

Authorized Edition.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNLIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, let me see the cavern. Do take me if the weather be fine enough," said a beautiful American girl, who with her father was visiting Europe, and had found her way to a Scotch country house, after tasting of the joys of the London season. Her father was a gentleman who had been in office in New York State, but had given up public life for the leisure which he loved to use for travel and reading. As in the case of most Americans who love literature, he had at his fingers' ends most of our great authors. Scott's novels had of course made him wish to see Scotland, and he had gladly accepted for himself and daughter an invitation given to him by

the proprietor of some wild coast and moorland on the West of Ross.

"Well," he said, after his daughter had spoken, "I am of Dr. Johnson's opinion in the matter of caves. There is hardly one that repays the trouble of a scramble down into their gloomy passages. Even in the Kentucky Mammoth Cave or those of Virginia I have been very glad to escape from the underground corridors and holes, although they are filled with exquisite and elegant stalactitic forms, and to leave them all behind, again to emerge and breathe the free air of heaven."

"Yes, sir, you are right with dear old Sam Johnson," said the old laird who venerated the great Sam, his dictionary and everything that he had ever written, with the reverence often shown by a simple-minded gentleman for a literary bear; "but Sam Johnson himself was much pleased with a cave on a neighboring coast not unlike that one which I desire

to show to you to-day. You will here experience none of the unpleasant sensations of being in a hole underground, for you will be able to see the ocean from a great part of the interior, and light coming from the sea even in its largest hall, though not beyond that."

"If you and my daughter unite your forces, I yield with the best grace," and so the matter was settled to the young lady's great delight. She had much enjoyed her "good time" in England, and was prepared to be as enthusiastic about Highland scenery as she had been about Westminster Abbey. She liked the freedom of life in the country house, where two or three of the bachelors were already devoted to her, and willing even to forego a day's grouse shooting or stalking to take part in any expedition she might indicate as agreeable to her somewhat wayward fancy. She had charmed the old laird by insisting on playing chess of an

evening with him. He was a venerable ancient who looked antique enough to have drawn a sword for Prince Charles, and whose memory was well stored with the legends of the neighborhood where he now spent his last years, after a long service in the army. It was a very pretty sight to see the tournaments in which he engaged at chess with Mary Wincott. His strategy was by no means so good as we may hope it had been in the days of his military youth. Perhaps he thought more of his opponent than was quite compatible with the confidence in his own powers, which is so necessary an element of victory. It was certainly wonderful to see how much surprised he appeared to be when the flashing eyes and pearly teeth shone for a moment between the lovely lips opposite to him, laughed in his face, and "Check Queen!" rang from the round throat of "little Miss Mary," as he called her. His tall frame, bowed with

years, and clothed in a handsome dressing-gown, below which he wore a long crimson velvet waistcoat, would stretch forward, and then the fine old head, with the white locks brushed carefully forward in the old style, the fine curve of the prominent nose, and white mustache and beard, would bend over the board, and then look gravely up into Mary Wincott's face, and he would say :

"By George, I believe you've got me this time!" and she, with a wealth of darkened, cloudy locks, shaken back from her straight and splendid brows, would let the starlight of her great blue eyes illumine her perfectly molded and happy countenance, and then she would sweetly say :

"Never mind, Colonel McLain, you will win next time."

Yes, indeed, it was a sight well worth seeing when the head of the old man and the head of the girl were bent toward