

**IN A SILVER SEA, IN
THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649381944

In a silver sea, in three volumes, Vol. I by B. L. Farjeon

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

B. L. FARJEON

**IN A SILVER SEA, IN
THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

IN A SILVER SEA.

BY

B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "GREAT POZIER SQUARE: A MYSTERY," "THE SACRED
NUGGET," "CHRISTMAS ANGEL," "GRIP," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

WARD AND DOWNEY,

12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1886.

[*All rights reserved.*]

LONDON:
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE,

823
F22 Ed.
v.1

CONTENTS.

PROLOGUE.

THE LEGEND OF THE SILVER ISLE.

	PAGE
PART I.—THE SIN	1
PART II.—THE EXPIATION	25

THE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

MAUVAIN TAKES REFUGE IN THE SILVER ISLE	58
---	----

CHAPTER II.

TO THE SILVER ISLE COMES AN EVANGELINE WHOSE LIPS ARE MUTE	73
---	----

CHAPTER III.

TO THE SILVER ISLE COMES A NEW EVANGELINE WHOSE LIPS ARE ANIMATE	81
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

RANF, THE DEFORMED	96
------------------------------	----

When the story is told in the story

CHAPTER V.	
THE RETURN OF THE WANDERERS	PAGE 105
CHAPTER VI.	
THE STORY OF MARGARET SYLVESTER	117
CHAPTER VII.	
MARGARET AND CLARICE	125
CHAPTER VIII.	
MARGARET CONTINUES HER STORY	150
CHAPTER IX.	
THE BETRAYAL	169
CHAPTER X.	
MARGARET TIGHTENS THE CHAINS WHICH BIND HER TO SLAVERY	191
CHAPTER XI.	
WELCOME TO THE SILVER ISLE	203
CHAPTER XII.	
MARGARET'S DIARY, WRITTEN IN THE SILVER ISLE	215
CHAPTER XIII.	
THE CONCLUSION OF MARGARET'S DIARY	235
CHAPTER XIV.	
JOSEPH GIVES EVANGELINE A PROOF OF HIS LOVE	255

IN A SILVER SEA.

PROLOGUE.

THE LEGEND OF THE SILVER ISLE.

PART I.—THE SIN.

THIS precious stone, set in a silver sea, was an island, from which a bird might fly to England's shore and back within the limits of the shortest day. A priceless jewel, graced with loveliest form and colour; on one side rock-bound, plashed day and night by snowy spray and foam, and, on the other, lying asleep in a bed of velvet sand, over which the salt waves idled and murmured sweetest dreams. It was Nature's holiday ground. The valleys were summer-warm long after summer had passed away, and as one lifted one's head to the beautiful sky, the sun's bright rays shone upon the face, while the crisp fresh air, with a taste of mountain snow

in its breath, kissed brow and lip. The seasons were in sweet rivalry. Sometimes even in December the eye would light upon a wonder; green valleys "with daisies powdered over," and the winds would be fragrant with violets, as though Spring's wondrous birth were near; while on the north side of the Silver Isle, where rock and peak were nearest to heaven, lay a basin of eternal snow, its white bosom gleaming in the sun's eye from year's end to year's end.

On the breast of the loftiest range in the Silver Isle, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, rested this basin of eternal snow, soft, and still, and treacherous. The road to it lay over sharp rocks and dangerous surprises formed by chasm and precipice, into many of which a ray of sunlight had never wandered. The islanders avoided it in terror. On moonlight nights they would point fearsomely to the shadows gliding over the white surfaces, never for a moment still, ever changing with the changing aspect of the moon as the clouds passed across its face; and, walking in the plains and valleys, would cross themselves as a protection

against the evil spirits that haunted the spot and held unholy revel there. From their youngest days they were warned never to attempt to reach the snow-land that looked so fair and pure. "Sin is there," they were told, "and Death. Its bosom is stained with blood. Who ventures there is lost." On stormy nights, when the heavens were black, their imaginations conjured up dread shadows moving on the heights, and, sitting by their fire-sides, parents would relate to their children strange stories of the mysterious world that touched the sky, and the little ones would tremble, and hide their faces in their frocks at the sound of thunder pealing over the mountain tops. Then, mayhap, a lull in the storm would occur, and the mothers would say,—

"Be not frightened, children. The storm has ceased. Evil flies from the presence of the White Maiden. She is on the mountain."

These stories, handed down from generation to generation, lost nothing of the fantastic in their transmission. They grew like the spreading of circles on the surface of a peaceful lake, and gathered