
Master and Man

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MASTER AND MAN.



‘Walking slowly up and down the smooth walk, with his hands clasped behind him, is to be seen the rector.’—P. 7.

MASTER AND MAN:

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY S. J. FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF 'THE LANCASTERS AND THEIR FRIENDS,' 'EQUALLY YOKED,'
'COALS AND COLLIERS,' ETC.

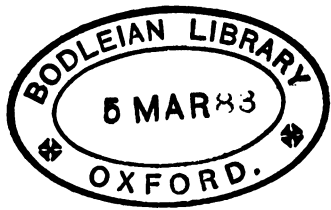


LONDON:

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1882.

251. g. 631.



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CHAPTER I.

THE RECTORY.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air :
There, in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair, moss-lined, and overhead
By flowering umbrage shaded, where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

IN one of the many beautiful corners to be found in Shropshire stood a low, old-fashioned house, with curious chimney-stacks and square windows. These same windows were divided by stone mullions. The small diamond panes were of a greenish colour, and were held together by the well-known leaden bands of ancient date. The doors, as well as all the original wood-work employed in the construction of the building, were of oak—strong as iron, and made nearly black by the hand of time. The interior of the fine old place, with its thick walls, high chimney-pieces and low fire-grates, old ‘banisters’ and wide staircases, need not claim our attention.

A few rooms only will present themselves to us, as we proceed with our story. One of them was cosily fur-