THE FIXED PERIOD, A NOVEL, VOL. II

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The fixed period, a novel, Vol. II by Anthony Trollope

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE

THE FIXED PERIOD, A NOVEL, VOL. II

Trieste



A NOVEL

BY

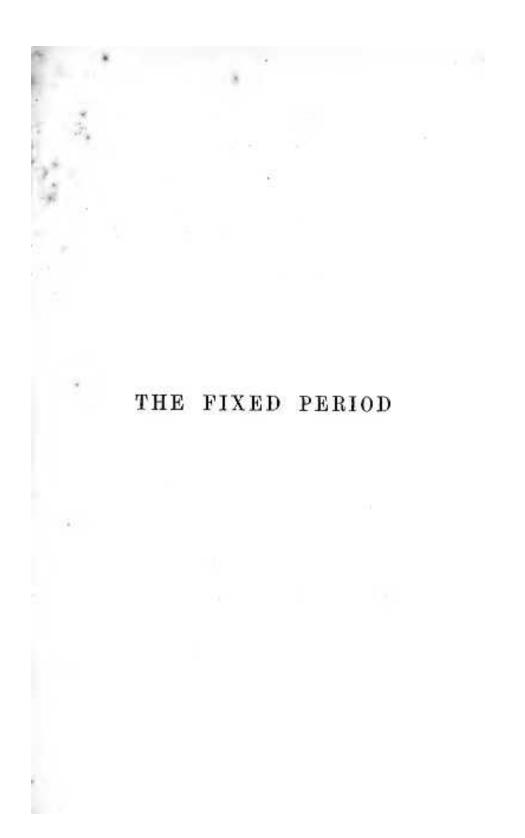
ANTHONY ¹TROLLOPE¹

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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THE FIXED PERIOD.

CHAPTER VII.

COLUMBUS AND GALILEO.

I HAD left Graybody with a lie on my tongue. I said that I was bound to suppose that Crasweller would do his duty as a citizen,—by which. I had meant Graybody to understand that I expected my old friend to submit to deposition. Now I expected nothing of the kind, and it grieved me to think that I should be driven to such false excuses. I began to doubt whether my mind would hold its proper bent under the strain thus laid upon it, and to

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ask myself whether I was in all respects sane in entertaining the ideas which filled my mind. Galileo and Columbus,-Galileo and Columbus! I endeavoured to comfort myself with these names,-but in a vain, delusive manner; and though I used them constantly, I was beginning absolutely to hate them. Why could I not return to my wool-shed, and be contented among my bales, and my ships, and my credits, as I was of yore, before this theory took total possession of me? I was doing good then. I robbed no one. I assisted very many in their walks of life. I was happy in the praises of all my fellow-citizens. My health was good, and I had ample scope for my energies then, even as now. But there came on me a day of success, -a day, shall I say, of glory or of wretchedness? or shall I not most truly say of both ?---and I persuaded my fellow-citizens to undertake this sad work of the Fixed Period. From that moment all quiet had left me, and all happiness. Still, it is not necessary that