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COLLECTION  
OF  
BRITISH AUTHORS  
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 1274.

EXPLATED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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I cannot tell what thoughts they bear  
    Who gaze on battle's iron brow ;  
I know not how men frame the prayer,  
    When gapes their billow-leaguered prow ;  
But I have seen, in common life,  
    Such vehemency in heart and brain,  
The soul so labouring in its strife,  
    The muscle plied with such quick pain,  
That ye might weave from storm and fray  
Less passionate, less strange a lay.

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# EXPIATED.

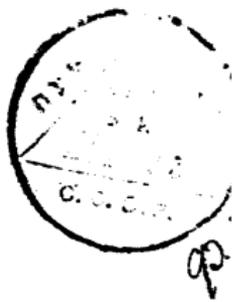
BY THE

AUTHOR OF "BEHIND THE VEIL."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1872.

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## P R E F A C E.



THE PRESENT WORK is, and was intended to be, a tragedy, striking the deep notes of human emotion, human error, and human suffering; and the novel-readers who may honour it with their perusal are kindly requested to accept it as such. A main incident of the story, in fact, although cast in widely different times, was suggested by the "Hippolytus" of Euripides.

## E X P I A T E D.

## OVERTURE.

## THE SEA-BEACH.

A small fishing-cove, piled on its upper margin with masses of broken rock, below which the sand stretches hard and firm to the water-line.

On the sand, two children playing; a boy and girl: no great difference in their ages, she is eleven or thereabouts, and he may be some months older; of gentle condition both of them.

Their second play on the beach that day. All the morning they had played there; delving and shovelling away the loose sand with their spades; pausing—for the tide was flowing—to watch some long wave come curling in from the open roadstead outside, and fret itself away, with a swash and ripple, on the curving bay-line. Then the spades again; then another pause, as some pebble was thrown up, white and sparkling with the seawater, almost to their feet, and borne off in triumph before the wave had time to wash it back again. And while this was being discussed and examined, perhaps a merchant-ship would appear in the offing with all sails set, courting every breath of the light