

# The Witch of the Marsh

By Mrs Ethel Marriott-Watson

It was nigh upon dusk when I drew close to the Great Marsh, and already the white vapours were about, riding across the sunken levels like ghosts in a churchyard. Though I had set forth in a mood of wild delight, I had sobered in the lonely ride across the moor and was now uneasily alert. As my horse jerked down the grassy slopes that fell away to the jaws of the swamp I could see thin streams of mist rise slowly, hover like wraiths above the long rushes, and then, turning gradually more material, go blowing heavily away across the flat. The appearance of the place at this desolate hour, so remote from human society and so darkly significant of evil presences, struck me with a certain wonder that she should have chosen this spot for our meeting. She was a familiar of the moors, where I had invariably encountered her; but it was like her caprice to test my devotion by some such dreary assignation.

The prospect depressed me beyond reason, but the fact of her neighbourhood drew me on, and my spirits mounted at the thought that at last she was to put me in possession of herself. Tethering my horse upon the verge of the swamp, I soon discovered the path that crossed it, and entering struck out boldly for the heart. The track could have been little used, for the reeds, which stood high above the level of my eyes upon either side, straggled everywhere across in low arches, through which I dodged, and broke my way with some inconvenience and much impatience. A full half hour I was solitary in that wilderness, and when at last a sound other than my own footsteps broke the silence the dusk had fallen.

I was moving very slowly at the time, with a mind half disposed to turn from the expedition, which it seemed to me now must surely be a jest she had played upon me. While some such reluctance held me, I was suddenly arrested by a hoarse croaking which broke out upon my left, sounding somewhere from the reeds in the black mire. A little farther it came again from close at hand, and when I had passed on a few more steps in wonder and perplexity, I heard it for the third time. I stopped and listened, but the marsh was as a grave, and so taking the noise for the signal of some raucous frog, I resumed my way. But in a little the croaking was repeated, and coming quickly to a stand I pushed the reeds aside and peered into the darkness.

I could see nothing, but at the immediate moment of my pause I thought I detected the sound of somebody trailing me through the rushes. My distaste for the adventure grew with this suspicion, and had it not been for my infatuation I would have assuredly turned back and ridden home. The sound pursued me at intervals along the track, until at last, irritated beyond endurance by the sense of this persistent and invisible company, I broke into a sort of run. This, it seemed, the creature (whatever it was) could not achieve, for I heard no more of it, and continued my way in peace. My path at length ran out from among the reeds upon the smooth flat of which she had spoken, and mere my heart quickened, and the gloom of the place lifted.

The flat lay in the very centre of the marsh, and here and there in it a gaunt brush or withered tree rose like a spectre against the white mists. At the farther end I fancied some kind of building loomed up; but the fog which had been gathering ever since my ontrance upon the passage sailed down upon me at that moment and the prospect went out with suddenness. As I stood waiting for the clouds to pass, a voice cried to me out of its centre, and I saw her next second with bands of mist swirling about her body, come rushing to me from the darkness. She put her long arms

about me, and, drawing her close, I looked into her deep eyes. Far down in them, it seemed to me, I could discern a mystic laughter dancing in the wells of light.

“At last,” she said, “at last, my beloved!” I caressed her.

“Why,” said I, tingling at the nerves, “why have you put this journey between us? And what mad freak is your presence in this swamp?”

She uttered her silver laugh, and nestled to me again.

“I am the creature of this place,” she answered. “This is my home. I have sworn you should behold me in my native sin ere you ravished me away.”

“Come, then,” said I, “I have seen; let there be an end of this. I know you, what you are. This marsh chokes up my heart. God forbid you should spend more of your days here. Come.”

“You are in haste,” she cried. “There is yet much to learn. Look, my friend,” she said, “you who know me, what I am. This is my prison, and I have inherited its properties. Have you no fear?”

For answer I pulled her to me, and her warm lips drove out the horrid humours of the night; but the swift passage of a flickering mockery over her eyes struck me as a flash of lightning, and I grew chill again.

“I have the marsh in my blood,” she whispered; “the marsh and the fog of it. Think ere you vow to me, for I am the cloud in a starry night.”

A lithe and lovely creature, palpably of warm flesh, she lifted her magic face to mine and besought me plaintively with these words. The dew of the nightfall hung on her lashes, and seemed to plead with me for her forlorn and solitary plight.

“Behold!” I cried, “witch or devil of the marsh, you shall come with me! I have known you on the moors, a roving apparition of beauty; nothing more I know, nothing more I ask. I care not what this dismal haunt means, nor again these strange and mystic eyes. You have powers and senses above me; your sphere and habits are as mysterious and incomprehensible as your beauty. But that,” I said, “is mine, and the world that is mine shall be yours also.”

She moved her head nearer to me with an antic gesture, and her gleaming eyes glanced up at me with a sudden flash, the similitude (great heavens!) of a hooded snake. Starting, I fell away, but at that moment she turned her face and set it fast towards the fog that came rolling in thick volumes over the flat. Noiselessly the great cloud crept down upon us, and all dazed and troubled I watched her watching it in silence. It was as if she awaited some omen, and I too trembled in the fear of its coming.

Then suddenly out of the night issued the hoarse and hideous croaking I had heard upon my journey here. I reached out my arm to take her hand, but in an instant the mists broke over us, and I was groping in the vacancy. Something like panic took hold of me, and, beating through the blind obscurity, I rushed over the flat, calling upon her. In a little the swirl went by, and I perceived her upon the margin of the swamp, her arm raised as in imperious command, I ran to her, but stopped, amazed and shaken by a fearful sight. Low by the dripping reeds crouched a small squat thing, in the likeness of a monstrous frog, coughing and choking in its throat. As I stared, the creature rose upon its legs and disclosed a human resemblance. Its face was white and thin, with long black hair; its body gnarled and twisted as with the ague of a thousand years. In a flash of horror I realised this monster had once been a man!

Shaking, the creature whined in a breathless voice, pointing a skeleton finger at the woman by my side.

“Your eyes were my guide,” it quavered. “Do you think that after all these years I have no knowledge of your eyes? Lo, is there aught of evil in you I am not instructed in? This is the Hell you designed for me, and now you would leave me to a greater one still.”

The wretch paused, and painting leaned upon a bush, while she stood silent, mocking him with her eyes, and soothing my terror with her soft touch.

“Hear!” he cried, turning to me, “hear the tale of this woman that you may know her as she is. She is the witch of the marshes. Woman or Devil I know not, but only that the accursed marsh has crept into her soul and she herself has become its Evil Spirit; she herself, that lives and grows young and beautiful by it, has its full power to blight and chill and slay. I, who was once as you are, have this knowledge. What bones lie deep in this swamp who can say but she? She has drained of health, she has drained of mind and of soul; what is between her and her desire that she should not drain also of life? She has made me a devil in her Hell, and now she would leave me to my solitary pain, and go search for another victim. But she shall not!” he screamed through his chattering teeth; “she shall not! My Hell is also hers! She shall not!”

Her smiling untroubled eyes left his face and turned to me: she put out her arms, swaying towards me, and so fervid and so great a light glowed in her face that, as one distraught of superhuman means, I took her into my embrace. And then the madness seized me.

“Woman or witch,” I said, “I will go with you! Of what account this pitiful past? Blight me even as that wretch, so long as you are with me!”

She laughed, and, disengaging herself leaned, half-clinging to me, towards the coughing creature by the mire.

“Come,” I cried, catching her by the waist. “Come!” She laughed again a silver-ringing laugh. She moved with me slowly across the flat to where the track started for the portals of the marsh. She laughed and clung to me.

But at the edge of the track I was startled by a shrill, hoarse screaming; and behold, from my very feet, that loathsome creature rose up and wound his long black arms about her, shrieking and crying in his pain. Stooping I pushed him from her skirts, and with one sweep of my arm drew her across the pathway; as her face passed mine her eyes were wide and smiling.

Then of a sudden the still mist enveloped us once more; but ere it descended I had a glimpse of that contorted figure trembling on the margin, the white face drawn and full of desolate pain. At the sight an icy shiver ran through me. And then through the yellow gloom the shadow of her darted past me to the further side. I heard the hoarse cough, the dim noise of a struggle, a swishing sound, a thin cry, and then the sucking of the slime over something in the rushes. I leapt forward: and once again the fog thinned, and I beheld her, woman or devil, standing upon the verge, and peering with smiling eyes into the foul and sickly bog.

With a sharp cry wrung from my nerveless soul, I turned and fled down the narrow way from that accursed spot; and as I ran the thickening fog closed round me, and I heard far off, yet never lessening, the silver sound of her mocking laughter.