DEAD.

Thick in the path the leaves lie dead;
The days of laughter are gone from me;
The blossom has dropped and the summer fled;
Swallows are all flown over the sea.
Guessed we never the end—not we!
Of the songs we sung and the words we said—
Thick in the path the leaves lie dead.
The days of laughter are gone from me.

EMILIA: AN EPISODE.

CHAPTER I.

The scene is a little mountain inn, backed by dark forest-clothed peaks, about which sullen clouds were gathering. Before the inn-door stood three horses with ladies' saddles, held by a guide; apart from these, a little farther off, was a light open carriage into which a horse was being harnessed. On a paved terrace adjoining the inn, and raised a few feet above the road, stood a gentleman in a gray travelling suit, with an open letter in his hand. He was a man of about thirty, with a thoughtful, sensitive, rather worn face, and a brown mustache, which he smoothed slowly as he read. His was the carriage that was being made ready for departure; awaiting it, he stood leaning against the low parapet that ran round the terrace and overhung the valley, absorbed in the perusal of his letter. Its contents were not new to him; the handwriting, clear and decided, without needless flourishes, was his own; the letter had been written hardly an hour ago in the little inn-room, whilst some trout was being fried for his midday meal, and he was reading it through once more now, before inclosing it finally in its envelope.

—'Let us take it for granted once for all, Emilia, —so the words ran—'that our marriage was a mistake; that, circumstanced as we were, neither of us with a heart free, we did wrong in allowing ourselves to be influenced by others, interested perhaps —let us take all this for granted, I say—what then? —let us allow that mistake to ruin our lives? Are we to allow that mistake to ruin our lives? When you left me, six months after our marriage, did you solve the problem? It is not so, in my experience, not by such precipitate action, that the problems of life are solved. Ours, I grant, was a hard one; but I think that faith, patience and friendship might have helped its solution more than a rash step which I resented bitterly at the time, but which I have long since forgiven, knowing under what misapprehension it was you labored. Knowing that you thought I had deceived you, I wonder the less that you should have acted as you did. But you have long since known that you were mistaken, and I think you must sometimes have been sorry that you would listen to no explanation, that you refused to see me, that you left my letters unopened. I should have been more urgent, if I had not fancied—forgive me, Emilia, if I am wrong —that you were not altogether sorry for the pretext; that refusing to be happy under my roof, you were glad rather of any reasonable excuse for returning to your own friends. But after three years, are you still in the same mind? Is your life so happy, is the thought of me so intolerable, that you absolutely refuse to face a future in which I should have a part? For myself, I confess that I see no reason why two honest people should not make up their minds to what is irreparable, and, patient to bear with each other, should not agree to share the burthen of life, which with the weight of the past upon it, I, for my part own I sometimes find very heavy—'

A clap of thunder and some large drops of rain startled the reader; he looked up at the sky; the rolling clouds had gathered overhead; a storm was imminent. His eye glanced rapidly to the signature of the letter: 'Henry Lawrence'; and folding the paper, he replaced it in the envelope, which he closed. For a moment he considered the address —'Mrs. Lawrence, Hotel de Paris, Bagneres de Luchon'; then placing the letter in his breastpocket, with another glance at the sky, he crossed the terrace with leisurely steps, and reentered the inn.

He turned into a little room on one side of the passage which ran through the house, that he might pay for the trout and red wine off which he had lunched half an hour before. There was a minutes delay whilst the innkeeper was counting out some change, and through an open door, English voices and English speech were plainly audible from the dining-room on the opposite side of the passage.

'I think it always rains in the mountains,' said a sweet, rather plaintive young voice; 'I remember last year in Switzerland, don't you, Sophy? how it went on day after day—and it is just the same here. I don't mind for myself, but for you, Emmy, with your delicate throat, it is very bad.' An inaudible reply from a speaker further within the room apparently; and then another voice was heard with decision in its tones:

'But you ought to mind, Emmy. Really, your attacks are no trifle, either for yourself or for anyone else. I wish we had taken a carriage for the excursion to-day, instead of riding. I see no chance of this rain ceasing, and we shall be perfectly drenched before we get home.'

Lawrence had got his change by this time; he stepped back into the passage. Through the open door of the dining-room he had a glimpse of three ladies in riding-habits; two of them, both young and handsome, were standing by the window; the third was seated at the table with her back toward Lawrence. He could see nothing but some twists of chestnut hair beneath the drooping feather of her hat, the curve of one ear, one slender ungloved hand supporting her head, whilst the other played with her riding whip. But the color of the hair, the turn of the head, the shape of the hand, the attitude at once listless and graceful, seemed not unfamiliar to Lawrence. He made a half-step forward, but paused, hesitating, before he crossed the threshold; then abruptly turning, passed again to the outer door.

'It will pour the whole afternoon,' said the same sweet, half-plaintive voice that had spoken before.

Lawrence looked round. The two ladies who had been standing at the window had followed him to the door to look at the sky and consider the chances of the weather clearing. Lawrence hesitated no longer.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, taking off his hat, 'I have a carriage here with a hood, and it would give me pleasure if I could be of the slightest use to you. Unfortunately I am driving myself, or the carriage should be entirely at your disposal; but if you would care to occupy the vacant seat—' He had addressed himself more directly to the younger of the two ladies, the one who had just spoken; and she it was who replied.

'Thank you very much, but my sister and I do not mind the rain at all,' she said; 'it does not matter to us, does it, Sophy? It is our cousin we are thinking of. She is so delicate, and she has only just recovered from an illness. Sophy, shall we go and persuade her? If it would really not inconvenience you'—she said, turning again to Lawrence.

'My carriage is at the door,' he said. 'I drove over from the Eaux-Chaudes this morning, and I am at this moment about to return there.'

'You are very good, and what you propose would be a real boon to my cousin,' said the elder sister after a moment's hesitation. 'I will speak to her. She is not easy to persuade, but I should be glad if she would consent to take advantage of your kindness. It was such a day as this that brought on her illness before.' They reentered the inn, and Lawrence waited outside in the shelter of the doorway. Five, ten minutes perhaps, passed, then footsteps and voices approached once more, and the third lady whom he had seen seated at the table appeared.

She came out, holding up her habit, a tall and slender young woman of four or five-and-twenty, moving with grace and certainty, with an air of ease and distinction proper to a beautiful woman accustomed to good society. Her features were clear-cut and refined, her complexion delicate; she had brown eyes with dark lashes and rather marked eyebrows slightly raised, giving character to her whole face in an expression half-weary, half-indifferent. She had yielded, it would seem, to the importunities of her companions, and came forward with the air of one in truth habitually indifferent to life and life's possible incidents. But she no sooner saw Lawrence than she drew back, flushing deeply.

'You are very kind,' she said coldly, answering words he had not spoken, 'but my cousins are mistaken. I much prefer to ride.' Lawrence bowed and turned as if to go, but changed his mind. 'You will not come?' he said. His voice and manner were so odd, that Clarice, the younger of the two sisters, who stood behind in the passage, opened her eyes wide and looked at him.

'Nonsense, Emilia,' interposed the elder lady in her decided voice, 'you must not risk catching another of your colds. What will mamma say if she is detained here as she was at Luchon? And since Mr.—'

'I will go,' said Emilia suddenly. She gathered up her skirt and walked quickly down the steps of the terrace to the road where the carriage was standing. Lawrence tarried for one moment before following her. 'My name is Henry Lawrence,' he said to the sisters. 'I should perhaps have mentioned it before. I am staying for a day or two at the Eaux-Chaudes.' He raised his hat and hurried after Emilia. The carriage was a small, light vehicle with a seat for the driver and one other. Lawrence helped Emilia in, raised the hood, got in himself, and they drove off. There was a moment's silence. 'This has been done on purpose,' said Emilia then, in a tone of indignant haughtiness.

'No,' Lawrence answered: 'I was aware that you were in the Pyrenees, but I thought you were still at Luchon. I only arrived at the Eaux-Chaudes last evening. Our meeting to-day was quite unlooked-for by me.'

There was another pause, broken this time by Lawrence. 'It seems hard, Emilia,' he said with emotion in his voice, 'that when I would willingly see you again under my roof, you should resent the offer of half an hour's shelter from the rain.'

'I do not resent it,' she said more gently, 'but this meeting was—unexpected. I thought it had been pre-arranged, and I have known—there has been too much of arrangement between you and me.'

'Too much, indeed,' he answered absently. Then suddenly—'Emilia, you do not still believe those absurd accusations you once brought against me?'

'No,' she said, 'I do not believe them now. I sent you word once, did I not? that the past was cancelled. Oh, let it rest! Why renew the discussion now? We have met—and are friends. In half an hour we part again, and each go our own way. Let the past rest.'

'It shall be as you wish,' said Lawrence, after a moment's consideration. 'Believe me, I have no wish to take advantage of an accidental meeting to force on you a painful discussion. We meet as friends, you say, and those words are welcome from you to me, Emilia. For the moment, at any rate, they content me.'

'That is well,' she said, smiling a little, 'and I am glad to be sheltered from the rain. So for the moment, as you say, we are quits.' They drove on in silence; Emilia, content indeed to be sheltered from the pelting rain, content to rest and say nothing, leaned back with an unexpected feeling of repose after her short moment of indignant resistance and repulsion. A sense of *bien-entre*, of personal comfort after discomort, has power to blunt even a strong emotion for a time; and Emilia, to her own surprise, found no present strangeness in this unlooked-for hour, which had brought about a meeting with her husband. A few minutes went by, and then her cousins passed her at a swift canter, the guide leading her own horse. They waved a salute as they swept past.

'These are your cousins?' said Lawrence.

'Yes,' said Emilia, rousing herself, 'I thought you knew them.'

'No,' he said, 'we never met before. They were not at our wedding, you may remember. Your cousin Sophy was still in India; your cousin Clarice was—I forget where—at school perhaps.'

'Probably,' said Emilia with indifference; 'no, I remember now, you cannot have met them before.'

She leaned back again in the little vehicle, looking straight before her at the rain-obscured, mist-blotted mountain cliffs and forests. It was strange to be driving through this strange, shrouded land with her husband, unseen for three years; but it was a strangeness that exhilarated her. The consciousness of his presence did not oppress Emilia as she would have thought beforehand that it would—that it would be a moment of painful embarrassment. On the contrary, she had a sense of freedom of adventure, of exultation even. Emilia was a woman of conventionalities, as Englishwomen brought up in a certain class of society can hardly fail to be. She lived a life that was before all things conventional, a life of social exactions, of kindly monotonous affection; but she was not conventional by nature, and she found some glamor of enchantment in this one half-hour in which she had escaped into a new atmosphere. It was only for one half-hour, a brief space of thirty minutes, of which nearly half were already gone; it pledged her, it bound her to nothing. But it revived her; it sent the blood to her cheeks, and life to her eyes. Her first mood changed; she sat up and pushed back her hat, welcoming the rain-laden gusts of wind that swept through the mountain-gorge. But Lawrence wrapped the carriage rug closer around her.

'You must be careful,' he said, 'your cousins will not forgive me if I let you catch cold.' Emilia sank back passively within the hood. She did not in truth want to catch cold; her colds were events remembered and discussed for months afterward. Lawrence's next words, kept carefully at a level of commonplace, followed not unnaturally on his last; they were prompted by a recollection of what had passed at the little inn.

'You spent some time at Luchon, did you not?' he said, 'and you will soon be leaving the Eaux-Chaudes. Your aunt seems to travel a great deal.'

'Yes, we travel a great deal,' said Emilia. 'All the winter we are at Cannes; all the spring and autumn we spend in Italy; all the summer—I don't know where—in the Pyrenees, at German baths, in Switzerland—what does it matter? it is all the same.'

'You are a good deal in Italy,' said Lawrence; 'well, that must please you. You used to long to go to Italy, I remember. You used to speak of it with an enthusiasm which—' he checked himself in whatever he was about to say. 'I remember that you had a great enthusiasm for Italy,' he concluded in a matter-of-fact voice.

Emilia did not at once answer.

'Italy?' she said at last, 'yes, you recall to me some old dreams. I too remember my enthusiasm for Italy—the Italy I loved before I went there.'

'You do not love it now?' said Lawrence.

'Do you not understand,' she answered, 'in thinking beforehand of a country like Italy, it is as a disembodied spirit that one imagines one's self there, a spirit at one with all the loveliness that one pictures—not one's self with one's life to drag one down and tinge everything to a sad monotonous coloring. Oh! I love Italy still, and in memory it always takes again some of that ideal charm—but it is not the Italy of vines and statues and sunset-skies I dreamt of as a girl. I have looked at too many sunsets since then.'

She sat silent for a minute; then, rousing herself, looked at her companion with a sort of surprise.

'How strange that I should say all this to you,' she said, smiling with an air of polite apology, as at an immeasurable distance from him. 'I never talk so, I never think so, I believe; but now I rave like a sentimental school-girl.'

'Not at all,' said Lawrence; 'you speak what I also have felt in moments of depression.'

'But I am not a depressed person,' said Emilia still smiling; 'far from it. My life is a happy one —ideally happy, some people might call it. I have a home, friends, ample leisure, no cares, no responsibilities. It is responsibility, you know, that weighs a life down, that makes it really depressing.'

Lawrence did not answer; there was a false ring in Emilia's voice that forbade response; but as the horse slackened its pace up an ascent, he glanced round at his wife, and his eyes rested for a moment on her profile, clear and pale beneath her plume-shadowed hat. Emilia blushed, conscious of his gaze, though her eyes were downcast; and angry with herself for this involuntary blush, she bit her lip in vexed embarrassment, and colored more deeply. Lawrence instantly turned away his eyes, and shook the horse's reins to quicken its pace.

'I am afraid you will hardly escape a wetting, after all,' he said; 'these little hired horses have no idea of hurrying themselves.'

'But I am not at all wet,' said Emilia, 'and I am glad to have been sheltered from the drenching I should certainly have had on horseback.' She spoke cordially. Her mood changed from moment to moment. This half-hour was in truth strange to her, and each minute seemed to mark an epoch. To herself it was as though some familiar habit of mind, some long-worn mask were slipping from her and she must continually strive to grasp and fit it on again. Lawrence, who was not a man of moods and wore no mask, was comparatively at ease, and drove on in unembarrassed silence. They were nearing the hotel by this time; the gorge narrowed, the first houses of the village were in sight through the streaming mists. Lawrence loosened the reins that the horse might walk up the last ascent, and drew the letter he had been writing at the inn from his pocket.

'I had written you a letter,' he said; 'I have been unfortunate hitherto in my letters. In the somewhat wandering life you lead, they seem constantly to miss you.'

Emilia blushed. 'I have received them,' she said.

'But you would not answer them?'

'No, I would not,' she replied coldly; 'I burnt them unread.'

Lawrence considered for a moment. 'Why?' he said then. The question was a simple one, but it disconcerted Emilia.

'I—I did not wish to read them,' she said; 'the past is past. Why return upon it?'

'I suppose because we have still a future which it cannot but modify,' said Lawrence. 'You will do me a favor Emilia by reading this letter—and by answering it. Next month I am going to the East; I have a three-years' appointment in Constantinople. It shall rest with you to decide whether all communications between us shall cease for those years or not. To-morrow you shall give me your answer, and I will abide by your decision.' He put the letter in her hand. They had reached the hotel, and he helped her to alight from the carriage.

'You look tired,' he said with concern, as she hesitated before entering the house. 'You have not been well lately, your cousins told me. You do not look strong.'

'Oh, I am well now,' said Emilia carelessly. She turned to go, then turned again. 'Thank you,' she said, 'you have been kind and generous in this last hour, when you had it in your power to be otherwise; you have insisted on no point that could give me pain. It might have been a painful moment: your consideration has made it otherwise. On one half-hour at least in our lives I shall look back with pleasure.'

She smiled slightly as she spoke the last words. Lawrence did not smile; he simply bowed without speaking, and Emilia passed on into the house. As she went along the upper corridor, the door of her cousin Clarice's room half opened and she looked out.

'It is you, Emmy,' she said, 'you are better off than Sophy and I are. We are drenched, absolutely drenched. Emmy, who is that Mr. Lawrence? Surely it is not—'

'Yes, it is my husband,' said Emilia coldly, and passed on to her own room.

CHAPTER II.

Emilia went down to dinner that evening, feeling shaken, excited with an excitement that was assuredly not pleasure, and yet was not pain; an exaltation rather, lifting her above the usual dead level of her existence. She had thought for a moment of excusing herself, of remaining up stairs with some ordinary pretext of a headache; she accused herself of stupidity in at once admitting to her cousin that it was her husband she had met; she was sure that she would now have to undergo inquiring looks, even perhaps sympathetic words—and Emilia, like most of us, hated a sympathy that insisted on what was abnormal in her lot. Decidedly, she had thought, she would remain upstairs. But her aunt, Lady Meriton, a confirmed invalid, was apt to resent all illness but her own as a personal affront; or at any rate, illness that came at *mal à propos* moments when she was not in the mood for petting it. With a gentle interest in many things, in her daughters, in society, in select gossip, in afternoon tea, in Emilia's unhappy marriage, she had only one very ardent interest in life outside her own health, and that was the health of her three dogs—Reine, Duchesse and Marquise. One or other of these was seldom absent from her side or her thoughts; they habitually travelled with her, they were the present representatives of a long line of favorites, whose biographies, advent, life and death she faithfully held in sacred memory. 'When my girls were little they used to be quite jealous of the dogs,' she had been known to say plaintively, 'but that was absurd. Of course the children couldn't be to me what the dogs were; they couldn't lie in my arms all day and never leave me at night, like Fifine. It nearly broke my heart when she died; nothing could make up for her loss. I have never really got over it.'

For the rest, Lady Meriton was a gentle, kindly woman enough, and as far as possible kept her dogs to herself and her maid—a virtue rare enough in your true dog-lover, and one appreciated at its full worth by her family and friends. But Emilia at once abandoned her half formed project of a headache, knowing that her absence from the table d'hote might create a commotion worse than anything else to bear. Besides, she wanted—she thought she wanted to see her husband again. She had not the remotest intention of changing her present mode of life. It suited her, she said to herself now, as she had often said before, while her maid removed her damp riding-habit and began to arrange her dress for dinner. As for the mutual duties of husband and wife, their just relations to each other and to society, she held no account with them at all; they had nothing to do, she had long since told herself, in a marriage into which she had been persuaded against her will, in which there had been no pretence of love on either side. That episode in her life she had closed and never meant to reopen. She did not read her husband's letter; she had not even made up her mind whether she would read it; it lay on her writing-table for consideration later on. But she thought she would like to see him again, to readjust her ideas concerning him. Emilia was ignorant as to whether Lawrence were staying in the hotel or no; but nevertheless she made her toilette with more care than usual this evening. As a rule, beyond a preference for certain stuffs and colors, she showed an absolute indifference in the matter of dress, resigning herself entirely to the hands of her maid; but this evening a new sentiment made her rouse herself, select herself the gown she wished to wear, and give an unusual attention to the arrangement of her hair.

Her husband was not at the table d'hote. She ascertained it at a glance, as she looked down a row of familiar faces. She was late, her cousins and her aunt were already seated—her aunt with her two dogs, Reine and Duchesse, one on either side. They were charming dogs, silky, well-kept, well-behaved; but there were people in the hotel unfeeling enough to rejoice that the third dog, Marquise, had been left at a Pau hotel in charge of Lady Meriton's man. She and her maid had agreed between them that they could not manage more than Reine and Duchesse on their few days' excursion into the mountains; and though there had been a moment of grave deliberation as to whether it might not be worth while to bring the manservant also to attend upon Marquise, it had been decided finally to leave them both behind. But Lady Meriton was not at ease; she had constant words and thoughts to give to her absent favorite, and she was talking about her now when Emilia came in.

Emilia, seated between her two cousins, found herself obliged to submit to all the attentions proper to the nervous headache she had thought of as a pretext for absence. Not that they supposed she had a headache; it was their way of showing sympathy—the sympathy she deprecated—for the mental discomfort they imagined her to be undergoing. Her aunt spoke to her softly, in carefully lowered tones; her cousin Sophy filled her glass with wine, her cousin Clarice offered her the use of her fan and smelling-bottle. Emilia, half amused, half exasperated, sat helpless through dinner; but as soon as they had gone upstairs afterward to their little salon, she took the matter into her own hands.

'I met my husband to-day, Aunt Clarice,' she said, 'he is staying here.'

'So Clary told me, my dear,' said her aunt in a tone of gentle compassion. 'Well?'

'That is all,' said Emilia indifferently; and taking up a review, she checked all comment by setting herself to read. But she could not read. An unopened letter came continually between her and the page, a letter that lay awaiting her on her table upstairs. She presently rose and, wishing her aunt and cousins good-night, went up to her own room. She dismissed her maid at once, and wrapping herself in her long white dressing gown, she began to pace her room with unquiet steps; she began to do what for three years she had shrank from doing—she began to review her life.

Emilia was not a woman to live alone; the whole course of her education had tended otherwise. She was cultivated without being learned, accomplished as girls with French nurses and German governesses and London masters learn to be accomplished; she played and drew well, she spoke several languages fluently, she read all the new books and a good many old ones; but she was not self-sufficing, she had no independent ways; she was out of harmony with the ever-increasing rush of womankind along lonely, deviating paths. To travel about the world a solitary woman, or even accompanied by a maid, would have been wholly repugnant to her. She had no advanced views; a London house with social science lectures, with philanthropic schemes, with coffee taverns and school board meetings to fill her days, would have suited her hardly better than a life of lonely wandering. She was essentially a woman to be moulded to anything by the will of one for whom she greatly cared, to turn politician, secretary, diplomatist, nurse, camp follower, to meet the needs of a husband whom she loved. Or to reverse the picture, in an atmosphere of praise and affection, as an adored and cherished wife, she would again have been in her element, and a hundred charms of tenderness and gracious ways would have blossomed in the friendly air. Left to herself, half of life would always be wanting. She had done what she thought best, when she left her marriage six months after their marriage day. On a married brother, elder than herself, and on his wife, she laid the blame of a marriage arranged for her and insisted on at a moment when her spirit was weakened, nearly broken by the desertion of a man she had loved. She had come to live with her aunt and cousins, for whom she had a sincere affection, and who had taken her part throughout in her disagreement with her husband. She could live with them without feeling that she was a burthen; on the contrary, her ample means were of practical use in the wandering life which modern ideas and ill-health combined, induced her sickly aunt to lead; carriages could be had, expeditions could be planned when Emilia was there, unthought of at other times. They lived an exclusive life, with a select circle of friends, who gathered round them in the winter, whom they met at different tarrying-places in the summer; and in this limited world everyone understood. For outsiders, and mere acquaintances, for their opinions and conjectures, Emilia cared but little. She went out not at all; she saw only the society she met at her aunt's house at Cannes, with which she mixed unaffectedly, but with reserve. She avoided all complications. Always gentle and intelligent, with a certain dignity and gracious kindliness to those about her, she was liked and admired by all who knew her; but nothing more. She had made a mistake; that was past and irremediable. Given the mistake, she had done the best she could with her life. And yet what a life it was!

The thought came into her mind, as, pausing in her walk, she glanced round her apartment. She went up to the table; she opened one or two of the books; she took up a water-color sketch and laid it down again. A deadly sameness, a fatal mediocrity seemed to her eyes to be written on every page, to deaden everything she touched. What was to be the end of it all? To what could she look forward? What aim or hope did the future hold?

She sat down by the table and thought. For three years she had been answering the question in her own fashion; she had answered it in every letter she had burnt unopened, in every appeal from her husband she had left without response. Emilia was less generous than her husband; she knew that she had been at least partly in the wrong; but she had not wanted to own it—not yet.

But to-night another letter lay before her, a letter which she might leave unread indeed, but which she could not ignore. Should she burn it? For a moment she held it toward the flame of the candle. A moment and all would be ended; to-morrow he would go away, and she would return to her old dead peace, to the old indifferent life with her aunt and cousins, the aimless travelling, the purposeless sight-seeing—a darkness seemed to settle down upon Emilia at the thought. No, that could never be again; anything, any change, any pain even, as a relief from that. The meeting with her husband had shaken her to her very soul; she felt it now, she felt herself torn away from the old life with its unexpectant dulness, to take part in a drama of vital interest. With a quick movement she drew the letter away from the candle, she laid her hand upon the envelope to open it— A knock at the door startled her. 'Come in,' she cried. She glanced at the timepiece on her table; it was not late. She had come early to her room, and it was little past 10 o'clock. It was her cousin Clarice who entered, pale and with dilated eyes.

'Oh Emmy,' she said, 'we have had such a scene! Poor mamma—'

'Aunt Clarice is not ill?' said Emilia hastily.

'Not now—no. She was a little hysterical at first, but that is over now. No, it is not that; but we have had a letter from Stevens. It came up by a messenger from Pau; poor little Marquise is taken ill, and from what Stevens says, mamma is convinced that it is one of the attacks she had before we left Cannes, and that Stevens will not know how to treat it. Mamma is frantic; you know what it is, dear Emmy—she wanted to go off at once, only of course there is no possibility of getting a carriage to-night, and so I came to tell you that she wants us all to start at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. Hardman will stay behind to do the packing, and follow in the evening. You won't mind, will you, Emmy?'

'I shall mind immensely,' said Emilia, with an energy that surprised herself, 'I cannot possibly go to-morrow.'

Her cousin stood aghast. Never since Emilia had lived with them had she asserted herself in this way; never had she shown anything but a half-indifferent acquiescence in whatever was proposed. 'Why, Emilia,' she said in her plaintive voice, 'I don't see what we are to do. I tell you, mamma is frantic about Marquise, and after all, it is only starting a day or two earlier than we proposed.'

'You can go without me,' said Emilia, 'why not? I will follow with Hardman when the packing is done; or I will keep Maria, and then Hardman can go with you. Aunt Clarice might prefer that.'

Clarice stood speechless with dismay for a moment. 'Why, Emilia,' she said again, 'you know mamma cannot bear that we should separate, and just now when she is so nervous too—and then if poor little Marquise were really to die, she would be miserable. You know how she adores her—'

Emilia nearly laughed. She thought of her husband awaiting her reply to-morrow, while she should already have started on her way to Pau to help nurse a sick dog. But her cousin's widening eyes and look of dismay checked her. Evidently Clarice thought some strange spirit had entered into her cousin, changing the gentle, indifferent Emilia she knew, into a singular being, possessed of a will and energy of her own. And suddenly Emilia's mood changed. Why should she not go? If life must ever be a bondage, had she not chosen this one in preference to that other bondage against which she had revolted, from which she had fled? Had she not borne it for three years, and held herself content?

'I will go, Clarice,' she said, smiling a little at her cousin. 'Don't look so miserable, child. I believe we shall find Marquise perfectly well, and that it is only a device of Stevens's to get away from Pau, where he is tired of being left alone. But I will go, and if you will kindly send Maria to me at once, she can pack up all that I shall want for to-morrow; the rest can come in the evening with Hardman.'

But when her maid had once more left her and all was quiet for the night, Emilia again paced the room from hour to hour with unquiet steps. She paused presently, and taking up Lawrence's letter again, stood looking at it in a strange hesitation and uncertainty. Suddenly, with a brusque movement, she tore open the envelope, and sinking back in her armchair, she took out the letter and read.

She read with mixed feelings of pride, of remorse, of struggling pain; but she read the letter through twice, thrice; then throwing it down, she rose, and resumed her restless pacing of the room. All at once, moved by some sudden thought, she took a candle from her writing-table, and approached the looking-glass. She set down the light and twisting back her loosened hair with one hand, stood gazing at the reflection of her own face. She recognized that she was young, that she was beautiful, that life after all was only beginning for her. 'Would to God that I were free!' she cried in a passionate outburst, clasping her hands above her head. Her hair loosened from her grasp, fell in long untwisting coils below her waist. Emilia took up one of the wavy chestnut locks, and looked at it, half smiling, passing it to and fro between her white fingers. Then, with a sudden shiver, she gathered it all together again and coiled it into a tight twist at the back of her head.

'O God!' she cried again, 'why was I sacrificed? Why am I not free?'

And yet Lawrence's letter worked upon her. Against her will, as it were, she took it up and read it through once more; in spite of herself, the kind words, the kinder for their implied reproach, touched her heart. Here was a generous nature, she could not doubt, a good and kindly heart. She had behaved hardly, ungenerously to him, and he had no words of harsh reproach to give her; still less a strain of misplaced sentimentality that would have repelled her. He advanced no claim; he made no demands; he only appealed to her more generous nature, and that appeal she was free to accept or reject. Free—for these three years past she had been free to shape her life as she pleased; and what had she made of it? What poor, empty, shattered thing was it that time had left on her hands? Nay, if she were quite and altogether free, if her husband were to die to-morrow—A thrill ran through Emilia; she did not want him to die, she said to herself hastily and pitifully, as though someone had reproached her with the involuntary thought. He had been kind to her that afternoon; she had not thought him kind years ago, when they both hated an indissoluble bond—but he had been kind and patient and thoughtful this afternoon. It was long since anyone had been kind to her in that way. Yes, she must see him to-morrow, if it were only to bid him a friendly farewell. They would part friends this time— She went to the window and looked out. The night was nearly over, spent in these restless communings, the dawn was at hand; but Emilia felt no fatigue. She lifted her face, she stretched out her arms in the chill air that precedes the dawn. 'Not peace,' she cried, 'but life!'

CHAPTER III.

Lawrence also passed a sleepless night.

Lawrence, somewhat strangely, perhaps, was more sensitive to the world's gossip, more irritated by the false position in which he and his wife stood toward each other, than Emilia. Probably more of that gossip reached his ears. Emilia, conscious that her conduct was irreproachable, knowing that at the time she left her husband she had thought to have excellent reasons for taking that step, wrapped herself in an impervious cloak of pale virtue, a cloak that gave no warmth to her heart, but kept off the chill of the censorious world; and safe within the shelter of a circle of sympathizing friends, heard nothing and held that she cared nothing, for comments on her life. But Lawrence chafed in his position of deserted husband, at the odious breach in his domestic life that allowed a flood of light to fall on his private affairs and permitted them to be matters of public discussion. His wife was above suspicion of reproach; he had no uneasiness on that point; but it was impossible for him not to feel that the very fact that was his consolation shifted the entire responsibility on to his own shoulders. Was he looked upon as a tyrant or a libertine? he sometimes wondered bitterly. And then it angered him that a young and lovely woman, whom he had the right to call his wife, should be less to him than the last pretty girl he took down to dinner; that the circumstances of a loveless marriage forbade him in all generosity from pressing his claims in a bond which she hated and had done her best to sever. It angered him, and it grieved him, for his was in truth a generous nature. He did not believe that Emilia was happy; how could she be happy in this chill and anomalous position in which she had placed herself? She did not look happy. Lawrence knew far more of Emilia than she had known of him during these three years. He had taken the habit lately of tracking his wife's footsteps when it was possible for him to do so, of spending a day or two in the town which was her abode for the time being, and disappearing before she could be aware that he was there. There were few promenades in Southern cities with which he had not become familiar, where at one time or another he had not recognized his wife's graceful head and indifferent glance as she sat driving at her aunt's side. To-night he reproached himself for a weak-minded fool, in not having sooner dared a meeting, in not having insisted on being heard, and breaking down the barrier his wife had raised between them. And yet would it have availed anything—would it avail anything now?

When Clarice came to seek Emilia early the next morning, she found her room empty, save for the lady's-maid, who was engaged in locking her mistress's travelling-bag. Clarice inquired for Mrs. Lawrence. 'She had gone out,' the maid replied; and further stated that she had found her mistress already dressed when she took her in her early cup of tea, and that she had gone out immediately after, saying that she should have time for a walk before they started.

'But the carriage is there,' said Clarice in distress, 'and mamma will be ready immediately.' She went to the window and looked out. 'They are putting the things into the carriage already,' she said, 'and mamma cannot bear to be kept waiting. You don't know which way Mrs. Lawrence went, Maria? Do go and inquire downstairs; someone will perhaps have seen her pass, and I can go and look for her.'

Lawrence, who had also risen early, was standing on the hotel steps, a dismayed spectator of the packing of the travelling-carriage. It was for Lady Meriton's party, he was told by a waiter standing by; they were leaving unexpectedly. What, were they all going, all the ladies? Yes, all; all the rooms were given up; only one of the lady's maids remained behind to do the packing, and she was to follow in the evening. Lawrence felt hurt and indignant as he had never felt before. That Emilia should elude him now, wounded him inexpressibly. Something more than this, he said to himself, he had a right to expect from his wife. He had counted—all night he had counted upon seeing her to-day; she had no right to refuse him another interview, to deny him the answer he had asked for. She was no slave to her aunt, she was independent, she could assert herself. At this moment Maria appeared to inquire if anything had been seen of Mrs. Lawrence. Lawrence heard the question and the answer; he saw the man point in the direction Emilia had taken when she passed him half an hour before. Without a moment's hesitation he started to follow her. This time he would have an answer; she should not escape him this time.

Emilia had not gone very far, and she was at that moment hardly a hundred yards from the house. A turn of the road hid her from sight; but only a few steps afforded her a view of the hotel door, and assured her that she was not lingering too long. She herself could hardly have told why she had come out. But when she indeed saw Lawrence coming toward her, she knew it was the hope of meeting him once more that had brought her to here.

He came toward her quickly with long strides. She was leaning on a low stone parapet that overhung the torrent, the fresh morning sunshine was upon her, and her face, shadowed by her dark hat, showed no trace of last night's vigil. Rather, a more vivid carnation tinged her cheeks, a clearer light shone in her eyes; for Emilia was young, and excitement lent its hue more readily than weariness. Lawrence forgot his brief indignation as he came up to her. She turned and accosted him gently.

'I am glad to see you,' she said; 'we are leaving suddenly for Pau; but I wanted to see you, I wanted'—she hesitated for half a second—'I wanted to wish you good-by.'

He was silent for a moment. 'Well,' he said after that pause, 'good-by is a hard word; but what you say I can but echo. Good be with you, Emilia.'

Neither of them moved. There was again a silence broken by Lawrence.

'The time is short,' he said, 'looking not at her, but at the rushing waters below, 'and I have some words which, were I only your suitor would come from me with grace, which as your lover I might utter with a passion you could not despise, that I might urge upon you with a warmth that you could not resent; but which, being your husband, I must speak with reserve and command myself to pronounce without too much emotion. When we married, I did not love you, as you know; I loved another woman, of whom we need not speak. But now, Emilia, I love you.'

His voice changed involuntarily. He uttered the last words in dry and husky tones, and turning, leaned his arms upon the parapet, and awaited her reply. It did not come; only a warm flush dyed her cheeks and deepened as he moved at last and his glance met hers. In a minute he went on, speaking in his usual voice:

'Such words between you and me are folly no doubt, for as in the past so in the future. I make no claim on you, Emilia. So far as I can set you free, you are free—' He broke off. 'Would to God,' he cried with gathering passion and energy, 'that you were in truth altogether free, so that you and I might meet on equal terms; that I might woo you, as I believe, before Heaven, I might win you yet!'

He walked away a step or two, then came back to where Emilia stood, silent and motionless.

'Farewell,' he said, holding out his hand, 'since farewell it is to be. You cannot love me, and that is my misfortune, but not your fault. We part friends, and that is well. I wish you well in your life, and you, I think, will give me a kindly wish to carry away with me into mine. I leave you with friends, to the life you have chosen, where you are happy—'

'Emilia!' cried Clarice's plaintive voice at a little distance among the trees, 'where have you gone? We are all ready, and mamma is waiting.'

Emilia started. Lawrence loosened his grasp of her hand, but unconsciously her own grasp tightened.

'Oh!' she said, 'my life is not happy—is not happy—is not happy—'

She dropped his hand and put her handkerchief to her eyes, a strange betrayal of emotion in Emilia. In a moment she recovered herself.

'Good-by,' she said, holding out her hand to Lawrence, but with an averted face. He took the hand, but it was he who now firmly held it clasped in his, as she tried to pass him by.

'We cannot now part like this,' he said. 'Not happy—you say that your life is not happy? Is it possible—good God!—is it possible, Emilia, that you could trust it again to me—'

She did not answer; pride struggled, and reserve, and doubt. Oh! to end this uncertainty! And there stood the travelling-carriage; she could see it through the trees from the bend of the road where they stood; her place was prepared; her old life awaited her—how much simpler, how much safer to return to it. She tried to free her hand from Lawrence's, but he held it firmly. The moment was his at last. 'Be generous, Emilia,' he said, 'give me a frank answer. So much at least I have a right to claim.'

There came another cry of 'Emilia.' Lady Meriton had appeared on the steps of the hotel, accompanied by the bowing landlord; Reine and Duchesse were being settled on their cushions; a familiar bark and yelp reached Emilia's ear. Then she turned and answered Lawrence. She spoke quickly, yet with gentleness and dignity.

'You have a right,' she said, 'a right that I have neglected too long. Because you have been generous, I have been ungenerous; I see it now. Claiming nothing from you, I shut my eyes to a claim you would not urge. No, my life is not happy. It has become an inexpressible weariness to me. I cannot return to it—I speak frankly, as you tell me to do—I think—' her voice faltered a little, her speech became nervous and more hurried—'I think that with you my life might be better, worthier. We are friends; do not ask me to say more—not yet. But my place is at your side—' her breath came and went, she freed her hands from his clasp. 'You told me to be frank,' she said, turning away. 'Oh, be generous still—'

'Emilia—oh, there you are at last!' cried Clarice, running toward them, 'you must come, please. Mamma is ready—you know she cannot bear to be kept waiting, and she is so nervous this morning.'

'You must go?' said Lawrence, 'then I come too.' She put her hand into his once more. 'Come,' she said, with gentle decision. Then turning to her cousin,

'Clarice,' she said, 'this is my husband. I want you to know him.—[E. F. Poynter.

THE WEST WIND.

From The Boston Transcript.

Blow, freely blow
Over the snow, O wind;
As merrily blow o'er the hills of snow
As if never a man had sinned,
As if never a woman had wept,
Or a delicate child grown pale,
Or a maiden's warm tears crept
To hallow a faithless tale.

Blow, stoutly blow,
Strong in thy heathen joy;
Sorrow thou surely canst not know,
For thine is the heart of a boy—
For thine is the freedom and strength
Of a rover careless and gay,
Over the fair land's length,
Joyfully wand'ring away.

Blow, bravely blow
Out of the fields of air,
Till we see thy garments' airy flow
And the gleam of thy flying hair—
Till the light of thy broad bright wing
And thy glad eyes sets us free,
And we feel in our hearts the spring
Of a joy that was wont to be.

O. C. AURINGER.

AN UNCEREMONIOUS PRINCESS.

From London Society.

Here is an anecdote of the Princess Royal when she first went to her home at Berlin: A Prussian Princess, for instance, is not allowed by her mistress of the robes to take up a chair, and, after having carried it through the whole breadth of the room, to put it down in another corner. It was while committing such an act that Princess Victoria was lately caught by Countess Perponcher. The venerable lady remonstrated with a considerable degree of earnestness. "I'll tell you what," replied, nothing daunted, the royal heroine of this story—"I'll tell you what, my dear Countess: you are probably aware of the fact of my mother being the Queen of England?" The Countess bowed in assent.

"Well," resumed the bold Princess, "then I must reveal to you another fact: her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland has not once, but very often, so far forgotten herself as to take up a chair. I speak from personal observation, I can assure you. Nay, if I am not greatly deceived, I noticed one day my mother carrying a chair in each hand, in order to set them for her children. Do you really think that my dignity forbids anything which is frequently done by the Queen of England?" The Countess bowed again and retired, perhaps not without a little astonishment at the biographical information she had heard. However, she knew her office, and resolved to prove not less staunch to her duties than the Princess to her principles.

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS.

From The Saturday Review.

Unluckily, the result of all romantic and "naturalistic" reactions against consecrated formulæ is to introduce new commonplaces, or to set each poet on inventing commonplaces which become characteristic of his own work. Poetry must always be more or less a matter of convention. Some epithets are allowed; others, just as appropriate, are tabooed. Then comes a poet who employs a tabooed word successfully, and instantly a school of imitators convert the novelty into a conventional formula. For example, it has long been common to talk of an "orange" sky. Orange sunsets fade, and crimson dies into deep orange, and no one is offended. But, let a poet try a lemon twilight; let him say that the lemon-colored sunset smiles, or that the orange sunset dies and fades into pale lemon o'er the sea, and the bard will have the critics down upon him. Yet the late sunset is very often lemon-hued, so that lemon-yellow is found in every box of water-color pigments. And lemons are just as poetical articles of commerce as oranges—more so, we venture to think—and the pale glow of lemons in the dark glossy leaves on the southern coast is as beautiful as any golden apples ever known to the "lily maidens," as Quintus Smyrnæus calls the Hesperides. Thus it seems unfair to "bar" lemon; but if a poet makes a hit with lemon, all the poetasters in England will be rhyming to "the bells of St. Clement's," and we shall have a new convention. When Coleridge called a twilight sky "green," there was an indignant protest, and it seemed that no one had ever seen that the sky could be green before. But now we all hint green, and print green, as, according to Mr. Browning, the followers of Keats "hint blue" and "straightway turtle eat," or "print blue," and "claret crowns their cup." But "What porridge had John Keats?" as Mr. Browning enigmatically inquires. Once more, a fish is as poetic as a vegetable, for all that we can see. But we can speak, and Mr. Tennyson does speak, of "daffodil sky," while poets seem shy of talking about a "mackerel sky." Yet the sky as often displays arrangements like those we admire in the mackerel as colors like that which pleases in the daffodil. It is perilous to write of "sticky chestnut buds," but "drooping chestnut buds" were perfectly safe. Now, young chestnut buds are much more obviously sticky than drooping. There were forms like "sunny warm," "thunder fires," "wan light," "dewy dark," which Mr. Tennyson employed long ago, and which were rapidly becoming poetic commonplaces when the master wisely discarded them. There is also the frequent employment of the words "happy" and "windy," which has always marked the Laureate's style. In his earliest volume, and in a "Chorus in an unpublished drama, written in very early life," we read of

mountains riven
To shapes of wildest anarchy
By secret fire and midnight storms
That wander round their windy cones.

No one but Mr. Tennyson in all the roll of English poets could probably have written the italicised line. But now the industrious poetaster has made free with "windy" and "happy," and "most can raise the flower, for all have got the seed."

With Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Morris and Mr. Rossetti came in a new set, or several new sets, of conventionalities. Original and striking, if perhaps too prominent, in the works of the poets, these forms are excessively irritating in the works of the poetasters. With Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta" (for the "Queen Mother" passed unnoticed) came in the constant use of "iron," the eternal references to "fire" and "blood," and a certain meteoric way of writing about the great blind forces of the world, stars, winds, foam and so forth—if foam can be called a "force," except when used to fashion the deadly bolt with which Indra slew Ahti. Before Mr. Swinburne we almost doubt whether girls were called "white," or necks and other portions of the human frame "warm"; certainly kisses did not "sting," nor were things in general so apt to be "wet." William Morris presented the poetaster with "wan" as an epithet of water. "Wan" had been a formula in the Border ballads from time immemorial, but Mr. Morris first thought of introducing this inseparable epithet of water. It was very pleasant in "Jason," but now it meets one everywhere. Mr. Morris's girls were "slim," as those of Mr. Swinburne were white. Both he and Mr. Rossetti added another to the scanty rhymes to "love" by employing "thereof"; and now we never meet "love" in a poem without an anxious feeling that "thereof" is lurking in the neighborhood. Who endowed the common poetaster with "utter" we do not know. Mr. Barlow—an author rather sensitive, we fear, to criticism—has ridden "utter" very hard, also "wonderful." Almost everything which is not "utter" with this songster is "wonderful," and anything that escapes these epithets is apt to fall a victim to "warm." The habit of laying stress on the last syllable, when the penultimate is accented in speaking, is probably derived by Mr. Rossetti and his admirers from old English verse. "Di-al," "wa-ter," "flo-wer," "bo-dee," for "dial," "water," "flower," and "body," are now among the most ordinary conventionalities of the modern Muse. They have ceased to attract by their strangeness. We know that water is more likely to rhyme now to "beer" than to "daughter," and that Byron was in error when he said that

They caught two boobies and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body.

He should have written, and, if he were a minor poet now, he would write—

They caught two herring, and of whitebait three,
And now no more must eat the dead bo-dee.

This may seem a queerly way of writing (for if we should say "grimly" for "grim," we must say "queerly" for "queer"), but it is "right," it is "the thing."

If we might offer a word of advice to a young poet, it would be somewhat in this manner. Do not be fashionable. If you find you have spoken of a slim maiden or a white girl, cut out the adjective. If you must have an adjective, find a new or disinter an old one. But beware of "brown," for that is Mr. Rossetti's private property. Make as little use as possible of "withal," and in other words do not displace the usual accent, so as to make it rest heavily on the ultimate syllable. Forswear "utter," "white," "wet," "warm," "sweet," "wonderful," and generally keep a keen eye on "foam," especially if it shows a tendency to be "blown." Distrust "ah," especially if conscience whispers that Matthew Arnold would have sighed "ah" in this very place if he had been working on the same subject. Avoid metres invented or revived by Mr. Swinburne; they are many and meritorious, but you cannot well write them with originality. As you value your reputation, do not call the waters "wan"; and if tempted to use a violet or orange sunset, try if a tomato sunset will not do just as well or better. The color of the tomato is beautiful, and only its association with chops prevents this vegetable from being as poetical as oranges. Try something like this:

Tomato-red the sunset glowed
On verdant waves cucumbering,
Till night, descending, indigo'd
With blue the mournful deep divine.

If you are successful, you will soon have followers enough; and indigo, cucumbers and tomatoes will be as common in song as roses, oranges and daffodils.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S DREAM.

From The Manchester Times.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the celebrated English painter, once related to Mr. Pope a dream. "A night or two ago," said Sir Godfrey, "I had a very odd sort of dream. I dreamt that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking up a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people about it. I walked on toward them. As I drew near I could distinguish St. Peter with his keys, with some others of the Apostles; they were admitting the people as they came next the door. When I had joined the company I could see several seats, every way, at a little distance within the door. As the first, after my coming up, approached for admittance, St. Peter asked his name, and then his religion. 'I am a Roman Catholic,' replied the spirit. 'Go in then,' says St. Peter, 'and sit down there on those seats on the right hand.' The next was a Presbyterian; he was admitted too, after the usual questions, and ordered to sit down on the seats opposite to the other.

"My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke, who was standing just by, turned toward me and said, with a great deal of sweetness, 'What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, from England?' 'The same, sir,' says I, 'at your service.' On this St. Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we had both of us followed in this world. He entered so far into the subject that he seemed almost to have forgot the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself and said, 'I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you! But, apropos, pray, sir, what religion may you be of?' 'Why, truly, sir,' says I, 'I am of no religion.' 'Oh, sir,' says he, 'you will be so good, then, as to go in and take your seat where you please!'"

THE TRUE HEROINE.

From The London Globe.

The heroine of fiction at present is often anything but a good girl; in fact, a regular thorough-going naughty one is rather a favorite with many of our novelists. "Vixen" was not at all a good girl, nor was "Madcap Violet," nor Miss Thackeray's lovable "Elizabeth," and the stories might almost be counted by the dozen in which the first two or three chapters get the heroine into some wild scrape, for which she suffers all her life afterward. We are fortunate when the scrape is an innocent one, and nothing worse can be said of the heroine than that she does not know how ordinarily well brought up women are accustomed to behave.

Among all these different types, old and new, with their endless varieties and gradations, there must be something in common, which makes us really interested in the fate of one woman—plain or pretty—while we are quite indifferent about that of another. It is so in real life. Some women strike us at once as interesting; people talk to them with meaning; things happen to them; everywhere they form a centre, and their presence is felt. These are heroines; and when an author succeeds in transplanting one into his pages, his story breathes and moves. But what makes them so? Not always either virtue or beauty, certainly, nor even force of character; but a certain emotionalness, which they can communicate to others. They feel keenly, and they are always feeling or ready to feel. They are never torpid or absorbed in everyday matters; for however they may be occupied in such things, they respond so much more readily to a call of feeling that their minds are never too much dulled to reflect a vivid image. If they are sympathetic they are the most delightful of confidants, for their sympathy is warm and interested, and you know that you cannot bore them with your affairs, any more than by reading them a story. If they are selfish they generally succeed in imposing upon others their own sense of the supreme importance of what they are feeling, and command unlimited sympathy and allegiance. Always their natures are strung to a high pitch, and when others come into harmony with them, it is when they are wound up beyond their wont. At such culminating points, when life is fullest and nerves most highly charged, events are likely to happen, hidden feelings blossom like the aloe once for all, and imprisoned words spring out. Thus it is that heroines are made and romances begin; for they carry not only the hazel twig which tells where the springs of emotion lie hid, but the serpent-rod which calls them forth.

Many people—both men and women—in whom this peculiar faculty is not strongly enough developed to attract attention, and make events cluster round their path, yet are heroes and heroines in themselves, by dint of a cultured imagination. Looking at the occurrences and inevitable changes of their own life with interest and with an eye trained to see events in orderly sequence or graceful combination, the incidents group themselves picturesquely, the feelings that rose with them cling to them, keeping for each its peculiar savor—distinct, though growing faint; and a life, which seems very commonplace viewed from outside, is to its subject a story constantly read, but always to be continued.

TWO OF GENERAL GORDON'S ANECDOTES.

From The Monroe Advertiser.

With all the General's gayety and imagination, he is, and always has been, sincerely a pious man, and never went into an engagement that he did not ask Divine assistance and favor. Once, however, he almost lost his gravity at prayers held on the eve of a battle—the battle of the Wilderness. One of the common soldiers was called on to pray, and men could pray at such times, knowing that within the next hour or two one or more of them must be lying in the dust. On this occasion the soldier began: "O Lord! thou knowest we are about to engage in a terrible conflict, if you take a proper view of the subject." At this time the hearers lost their gravity, and fought the battle of the Wilderness with their internal spirits giggling all the way through.

At another time, when Gordon was about to lead an attack at Petersburg, he and General Heth and some others went into a little school-room on the lines to pray. Sol Heth, the General's brother and adjutant-general, who was always on the lookout for a drink, was standing a little way off, and Henry Peyton, one of General Lee's staff, beckoned him to come to the house and join them. Sol did not understand their object, but totally misconceiving it, held up his canteen and shaking it said, "No, I thank you; I've just got hold of some."

"Where ignorance is bliss!" Paterfamilias (looking at the society medals, which he innocently supposes to be prizes for excellence in studies, etc.)—"That's right, my son. I see you are making good use of your opportunities here; keep on winning prizes as you have done, and you may draw on me for any reasonable amount."—[Harvard Lampoon.