

folded themselves over his grave, sufficiently attest the recognition of it by his countrymen. His funeral, restricted and officialized, was none the less a magnificent "manifestation." I have read the accounts of it, however, with a kind of chill, a feeling in which assent to the honors paid him bore less part than it ought. All this pomp and ceremony seemed to lift him out of the range of familiar recollection, of valued reci-

procity, into the majestic position of a national glory. And yet it is in the presence of this obstacle to social contact that those who knew and loved him must address their farewell to him now. After all, it is difficult to see how the obstacle can be removed. He was the most generous, the most tender, the most delightful, of men; his large nature overflowed with the love of justice; but he was also a rare genius.

*Henry James.*

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### LEPAGE'S JOAN OF ARC.

ONCE, it may be, the soft gray skies were dear,  
 The clouds above in crowds, like sheep below,  
 The bending of each kindly wrinkled tree;  
 Or blossoms at the birth-time of the year,  
 Or lambs unweaned, or water in still flow,  
 In whose brown glass a girl her face might see.

Such days are gone, and strange things come instead;  
 For she has looked on other faces white,  
 Pale bloom of fear, before war's whirlwind blown;  
 Has stooped, ah Heaven! in some low sheltering shed  
 To tend dark wounds, the leaping arrow's bite,  
 While the cold death that hovered seemed her own.

And in her hurt heart, o'er some grizzled head,  
 The mother that shall never be has yearned;  
 And love's fine voice, she else shall never hear,  
 Came to her as the call of saints long dead;  
 And straightway all the passion in her burned,  
 One altar-flame, that hourly waxes clear.

Hence goes she ever in a glimmering dream,  
 And very oft will sudden stand at gaze,  
 With blue, dim eyes that still not seem to see:  
 For now the well-known ways with visions teem;  
 Unfelt is toil, and summer one green daze,  
 Till that the king be crowned, and France be free!

*Helen Gray Cone.*

## A ROMAN SINGER.

## XIII.

I WENT to Palestrina because all foreigners go there, and are to be heard of from other parts of the mountains in that place. It was a long and tiresome journey; the jolting stagecoach shook me very much. There was a stout woman inside, with a baby that squealed; there was a very dirty old country curate, who looked as though he had not shaved for a week, or changed his collar for a month. But he talked intelligently, though he talked too much, and he helped to pass the time until I was weary of him. We jolted along over the dusty roads, and were at least thankful that it was not yet hot.

In the evening we reached Palestrina, and stopped before the inn in the market-place, as tired and dusty as might be. The woman went one way, and the priest the other, and I was left alone. I soon found the fat old host, and engaged a room for the night. He was talkative and curious, and sat by my side when he had prepared my supper in the dingy dining-room down-stairs. I felt quite sure that he would be able to tell me what I wanted, or at least to give me a hint from hearsay. But he at once began to talk of last year, and how much better his business had been then than it was now, as country landlords invariably do.

It was to no purpose that I questioned him about the people that had passed during the fortnight, the month, the two months, back; it was clear that no one of the importance of my friends had been heard of. At last I was tired, and he lit a wax candle, which he would carefully charge in the bill afterwards, at double its natural price, and he showed me the way to my room. It was a very decent little room, with

white curtains and a good bed and a table, — everything I could desire. A storm had come up since I had been at my supper, and it seemed a comfortable thing to go to bed, although I was disappointed at having got no news.

But when I had blown out my candle, determining to expostulate with the host in the morning, if he attempted to make me pay for a whole one, I lay thinking of what I should do; and turning on my side, I observed that a narrow crack of the door admitted rays of light into the darkness of my chamber. Now I am very sensitive to draughts and inclined to take cold, and the idea that there was a door open troubled me, so that at last I made up my mind to get up and close it. As I rose to my feet, I perceived that it was not the door by which I had entered; and so, before shutting it, I called out, supposing there might be some one in the next room.

“Excuse me,” I said loudly, “I will shut this door.” But there was no reply.

Curiosity is perhaps a vice, but it is a natural one. Instead of pulling the door to its place, I pushed it a little, knocking with my knuckles at the same time. But as no one answered, I pushed it further, and put in my head. It was a disagreeable thing I saw.

The room was like mine in every way, save that the bed was moved to the middle of the open space, and there were two candles on two tables. On the bed lay a dead man. I felt what we call a brivido, — a shiver like an ague.

It was the body of an old man, with a face like yellow wax, and a singularly unpleasant expression even in death. His emaciated hands were crossed on his breast, and held a small black crucifix. The candles stood, one at the head and one at the foot, on little tables. I entered the room and looked long at the