Urged on by emotions of rage and jealousy, to which her pure and resigned nature had heretofore been a stranger, regaining her strength in the excitement of her grief, Marie rushed into the garden, devoured the space, passed the door which communicated with the formerly deserted house, and with one bound ascending the staircase, she placed herself like a shadow on the threshold of the lighted room. Pallid, erect, she resembled a spectre whose haggard eye comes to interrogate the living. You would have said that she demanded an account from that man for the profanation of her life. He was there miserably crouched at a table covered with empty bottles. With purple face, drunken eye, drooping and besotted lips, he smiled on a young villager, seated near him, vigorous, beautiful, but of a merely carnal beauty. The furniture was in disorder about them; the most precious works of art had been profaned; upon pictures of great price lay some remnants of the food; Etruscan vases were filled with liquor and wine, and this apartment, adorned by the love of a noble woman, was now stained by orgies and debauchery. Marie remained motionless; consternation took from her all power of speech; she thought herself mad. Suddenly Guillaume raised his eyes; he saw this white form, this face where there was no longer life; he was affrighted. The girl who was near him turned her head to the same side, and full of fear pressed close to Guillaume, saying, "what does that phantom want of us?" Marie remained motionless; Guillaume trembled; "Pardon," cried he with altered voice, "I knew that you were dying, that you were dead, and I have chosen in life a woman who resembled you; this girl is beautiful as thou wert when I saw thee at Utrecht; she grants me the happiness that you have always refused me; I love her in memory of thee. Oh! Marie, do not curse me! ..."

Intoxication plunged Guillaume in a kind of hallucination which showed to him, as a spectre escaped from the tomb, her whom he had killed by his outrages. At these words, Marie turned her ardent eye on the young girl, who rested on the heart where she alas! could never repose; she eagerly scanned her features; and, recalling her own face before grief had fied it, she recognised the resemblance which Guillaume had remarked; there was the same car-

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**SILENCE AND SPEECH.**

A little pleasant bubbling up
From the unfathomable ocean,
A little glimmering from the unmeasured sun,
A little noise, a little motion—
Such is human speech:
I to thee would teach
A truth diviner, deeper
Than this empty strife—
For thou art the keeper
Of the wells of life.

Godlike Silence! I would woo thee—
Leave behind this thoughtless clamor,
Journey upward, upward to thee.
Put on thy celestial armor.
Let us speak no more,
Let us be divinities
Let poor mortals prate and roar;
Know we not how small it is
To be ever uttering,
Babbling and muttering!
Thou canst never tell the whole
Of thine unmanageable soul.
Deeper than thy deepest speech,
Wiser than thy wisest thought,
Something lies thou canst not reach,
Never to the surface brought.
Masses without form or make,
Sleeping gnomes that never wake,
Genii bound by magic spells,
Fairies and all miracles,
Shapes unclassed and wonderful,
Huge and dire and beautiful,
Dreams and hopes and prophecies
Struggling to ope their eyes,
All tiff is most vast and dim,
All that is most good and bad,
Demon, sprite, and cherubim,
Spectral troops and angels glad,
Things that stir not, yet are living,
Up to the light forever striving
Thoughts whose faces are averted,
Guessed dwelling in the dark,
Instincts not to be diverted
From their ever-present mark—
Such thy inner soul, O man.
Which no outward eye may scan,
Wonderful, most wonderful—
Terrible and beautiful!
Speak not, reason not—but live;
Reins to thy true nature give,
And in each unconscious act
Forth will shine the hidden Fact.
Yet this smooth surface thou must break,
Thou must give as well as take.
Why this silence long and deep?
Dost thou wake, or dost thou sleep?
Up and speak—persuade and teach!
What so beautiful as speech?
Sing us the old song,
Be our warbling bird,
Thou hast sealed thy lips too long,
And the world must all go wrong,
If it hath no spoken word.
Out with it—thou hast it!
We would feel it, taste it.
Be our Delphic oracle,
Let the Memnon-statue sing,
Let the music rise and swell,
We will enter the ring.