

wheel passed over it. The dog uttered a shrill, piercing cry, but, curiously enough, was not at all hurt. The brougham was stopped, and the spaniel placed on the seat by the side of its mistress. The driver drove about for an hour or so, and receiving, at the expiration of that time, no directions from his mistress, he turned to her for instructions as to what course he should take next. To his horror he found her pale and speechless. He drove at once to St. George's Hospital, which was near at hand. She was quite dead, however, before she reached it, death having been, probably, instantaneous, and the result of heart disease, accelerated by the excitement caused by the accident to the spaniel. Word was sent at once to her husband, and the message broke his heart. "Ah," said the old man in the very midst of his Edinburgh triumphs "the light of my life has clean gone out." In his diary, he wrote down these words:—

"She lived nineteen days after that Edinburgh Monday; on the nineteenth (April 21, 1866, between 3 and 4 p. m., as near as I can gather and sift), suddenly, as by a thunderbolt from skies all blue, she was snatched from me; a 'death from the gods,' the old Romans would have called it,—the kind of death she many a time expressed a wish for; and in all my life (and as I feel ever since) there fell on me no misfortune like it; which has smitten my whole world into universal wreck (unless I can repair it in some small measure), and extinguish whatever light of cheerfulness and loving hopefulness life still had in it to me.

"O my dear one, sad is my soul for the loss of thee, and will to the end be as I compute. Lonelier creature there is not henceforth in this world; neither person, work, nor thing going on in it that is of any value in comparison, or even at all. Death I feel almost daily in express fact, death is the one haven; and have occasionally a kind of kingship, sorrowful, but sublime, almost god-like, in the feeling that that is nigh. Sometimes the image of her, gone in her car of victory (in that beautiful death), and as if nodding to me, with a smile, 'I am gone, loved one; work a little longer, if thou still carest; if not, follow. There is no baseness, and no misery here. Courage, courage to the last!' that sometimes, as in this moment, is inexpressibly beautiful to me, and comes nearer to bringing tears than it once did. . . . Not all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *cokue* of 'celebrated scribbling women' that have strutted over the world in my time could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman."