

**A REED SHAKEN
WITH THE WIND: A
LOVE STORY**

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A Reed Shaken with the Wind: A Love Story by Emily Faithfull

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EMILY FAITHFULL

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WITH THE WIND: A
LOVE STORY**

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THE WIND:

A Love Story.

BY
EMILY FAITHFULL.

"The variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made."

MARSH.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY FRIEND,

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD,

WHO RECEIVED ME ON MY FIRST ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK,

AND WHO,

TOGETHER WITH HER FAMILY AND MANY

OF HER

NOBLEST COUNTRYMEN AND WOMEN,

GAVE ME A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE

OF

GENUINE AMERICAN HOSPITALITY,

WHICH I SHALL EVER REMEMBER WITH AFFECTIONATE GRATITUDE.

"Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend,
Such our fidelity,
Where is the end?"

HENRY ALFORD.

PREFACE.

THIS story is a simple analysis of one of the most dangerous phases of female character—a phase, alas ! but too common in fashionable city life, on both sides of the Atlantic.

I have seen with my own eyes the curious combination of intellectual power and instability of purpose portrayed in 'Tiny Harewood ; I have watched with an aching heart the shifting weaknesses and faint struggles for redemption described in these pages ; I have known women, equally and honestly critical of their own faults, who, while capable of assuming the philosophical and moral tone, occasionally adopted by my heroine, and displaying a cool acumen and penetration of ethical questions, like her, persistently "the wrong pursued." Gifted with physical and mental attractions, although conscious of higher and nobler aspirations, some appeared unable to resist the temptation of exercising their perilous love of power, and accordingly drifted hopelessly away into the shallows and quicksands of life, extinguishing God's light in the soul by the myriad *conventional* crimes which are under

the shelter of social, but not within the pale of moral, laws.

If the delineation of the chameleon nature of my English heroine, and the gradual crucifixion of the higher purpose beneath the destroying influence of a frivolous butterfly existence, enables one American reader to detect in time

“That little rift within the lute
Which by and by will make the music mute,
And gently spreading, slowly silence all—”

the publication of this tale will not be in vain.

EMILY FAITHFULL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 1, 1873.

A R E E D
SHAKEN WITH THE WIND.

CHAPTER I.

" We stand on either side the sea,
Stretch hands, blow kisses, sigh, and lean,
I toward you, you toward me ;
But what hears either save the keen
Gray sea between ? "

A. C. SWINBURNE.

" Only I discern—
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON a bright frosty day in December, not many years ago, the Boulogne steamer started from the pier at Folkestone, containing among its passengers an English family bound for a six-months' residence in Rome.

The leave-takings were all over ; friends who