1831

The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest

W. (William) F. Hawley

THE UNKNOWN,

OR

LAYS OF THE FOREST.

BY W. F. HAWLEY.

AUTHOR OF QUEBEC, THE HARP, AND OTHER POEMS.

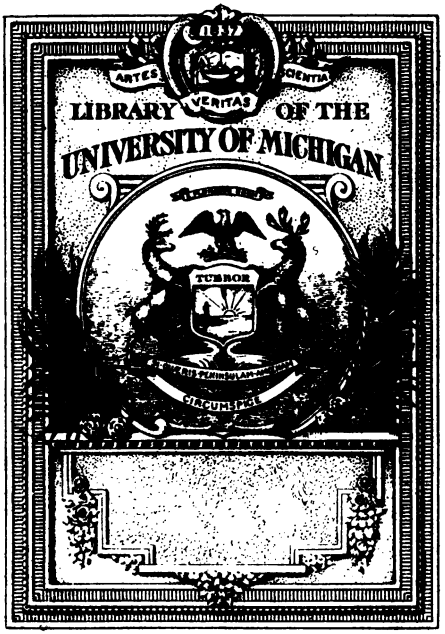
A tale of the times of old.

OSSIAN.

MONTREAL:

J. A. HOISINGTON, & CO. ST. PAUL-STREET.

1831.



THE UNKNOWN,

OR

LAYS OF THE FOREST.

TO

JAMES SCOTT, ESQ.

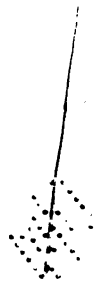
THE TALENTED EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL HERALD,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

W. F. HAWLEY.



PREFACE.

But a few months have elapsed since a first publication, composed principally of the irregular effusions of early life, was offered to the public: The flattering manner in which that volume was received, has induced the author again to claim its indulgence at this early period.

Neither the polished strains of Campbell, the wild energy of Byron, nor the magic wand of Moore, wreathed with flowers, and glittering with gems, must be expected in the wilds of America; yet, if I have essayed faithfully to delineate its unknown scenery, together with the dark traits of its early history, and to cheer the fire-side of our long winter evenings with

"The deeds of days of other years,"

the attempt may claim some indulgence.

As regards the *plan* of this work, I must confess myself an imitator; as there are many instances of several independent tales having been connected in a similar manner, among which the Arabian Nights and Lalla Rookh stand pre-eminent; and I can only hope that this circumstance may not induce a comparison, which must prove fatal to these pages. Would the reader know why this plan has been adopted, I can assure him he knows as well as myself:—It pleased my fancy, and if it please his, that is sufficient; if not, no logical attempt at a reason would induce him to "unbend his brow."

The hint for the Maid of St. Paul, is found in Chataubriand's travels in the East, where the fate of Evadne, also the massacre of the villagers, in the same poem, is delineated. With these exceptions, the characters and incidents of that and the remaining poems are fictitious.

As this is the last work which I shall publish in this country, at least, for some years, I cannot avoid expressing my gratitude to the numerous and

highly respectable subscribers, who have so liberally come forward to patronize my humble efforts, in a country where literature is in its infancy; a liberality which promises a speedy developement of the dormant talents of the country; and that talents of no ordinary class exist, no one can deny who has read the fugitive peices of Sweeny, Willis and Dugal, many of which, to use the language of the Foreign Literary Gazette, when speaking of Canadian poetry "would do no dishonour to laureled heads."

Montreal, January, 1831.

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In the year 1633, peace being restored between England and France, the storm which had threatened the utter annihilation of Canada, or New France, passed away, and the rejoicing foresters again dreamed of golden harvests, springing from the ruins of the ancient wilderness.

Quebec, Montreal, or, as the savages termed it, Hochelaga, and Trois Rivieres were the only places where the ambitious Europeans had yet sue-

ceeded in forming establishments. The last mentioned place stands midway between the other two, having for its site a sandy plain, lying upon the northern shore of the St. Lawrence.

At the period of which we write, the primeval forest had disappeared for a small distance around, with the exception of some few scattered elms, whose fantastic wreaths, almost touching the ground, appeared weeping for the destruction of their ancient friends. Among these representatives of the forest stood a few houses, built principally of rudely squared logs; and, a little detached from these humble dwellings of the strangers, was one which attracted even the eye of the savage, as he glided through the trees at night, like a noiseless spectre, to the distant ambuscade, or went forth in his pride on the shaded path of the deer.

This cot was situated on a trifling elevation, north of the principal houses, and differed from them externally, by being covered with whitewash—a sub-

stitute for paint now general among the Canadian peasantry. In front of the cottage a few trees remained, and in its rear a flower-garden threw up its perfume, and seemed to rejoice amid the wilderness.

About one fourth of a mile north of the village, the St. Maurice discharges its deep and dark waters into the St. Lawrence, and at an equal distance to the west, appeared what was termed the Coteau; although upon reaching this apparent hill, it proved to be but the commencement of a more elevated plain, extending many miles into the interior. This plain is a barren sand, covered with the moss of ages, and produces nothing but a scanty growth of small ever-greens—a few stinted whortleberries—and an occasional patch of sorry strawbery vines. This dreary back ground is only relieved by a few wild-flowers, among which the Canadian snow-drop shows its white bell, imbedded in moss.

On the verge of this upper plain, and overlooking the village, was perched a small hut, surrounded by an unusually high stockade, after the Indian manner. The only inhabitant of this lonely dwelling was a youth perhaps twenty years of age: The singularity of the stranger's choice of a situation, together with his extraordinary deportment when he left his hut, which was but seldom, made him the frequent topic of conversation. It was not known to what country he belonged, as he conversed with equal facility with the French inhabitants, and with two or three Germans and Italians who had found their way into the solitudes of the New World. At times he had an almost inanimate look, as he gazed for hours on the crystal waters of the St. Lawrence, apparently watching the stars, as they danced with the gentle undulations of the waves.

Many supposed that the youth was crazed—and they certainly had appearances in favour of such a

conclusion; others were positive that he had committed some crime, and had fled from the avenging laws of his country; while one or two venerable single ladies, whose age entitled them to judge of such matters, saw, in the wild gleaming of his eye —which really burned fearfully at times—in his pensive attitudes, and jealous seclusion from the world, a lovesick youth, seeking forgetfulness of the past in the wild fastnesses of America: However, they all agreed that the young recluse should be closely watched—and every female in the place religiously acted upon this general principle.

The stranger was tall, well formed and handsome. Jet-black hair curled slightly over his high forehead, and his dark eye was restless as those violet flames which are said to lead benighted travellers to the brink of dizzy precipices, or into the more deceitful regions of moss-covered fens. No European had entered his cot, but rumour said

that the famous Indian chief Piscaret,* when in that part of the country, was often seen to glide across the brow of the Coteau, and disappear behind his dwelling.

True it was that The Unknown, as he was termed, had acquired many habits common to the savages. He became famous for his skill in the chase, by which he appeared to subsist; he was frequently absent for days, and generally returned about the period of the friendly savages' visits to Trois Rivieres.

Perhaps none in the place regarded The Unknown with more intense interest than the inmates of the white cottage before described. M. de Lauzon, the head of that family, had once been in affluent circumstances, but by continued reverses he became much reduced, and finally determined up-

*An Indian named Piscaret, was at this time one of the captains of the greatest fame among the Adirondacks.

COLDEN, p. 25.

on trying the fur-trade in Canada, or New France, then, as now, the last expedient of of the discontented and unfortunate. His family consisted of his wife and two daughters, one about twenty years of age, the other seventeen. The mother, a weak but amiable lady, seemed slowly sinking under repeated afflictions, but the two daughters were just passing the romantic region of youth, and those fearful forebodings which would sometimes intrude, when the piercing yell of the lynx, or the still more appalling war-whoop, came through the silence of night, passed off rapidly as the shadow of a summer cloud from the bright surface of a slumbering lake.

Little Eloise, the youngest of these wood-nymphs, was a perfect specimen of an incorrigible romp, but as beautiful as an Houri; and her wild deviations from every position of the most desperete posture-master, together with her unchangeable good nature, drew many a smile from the wan lip of her

mother. Leonie was taller and less fair than her sister, and as graceful and stately as the majestic swan, when he arches his neck and glides over the golden waves to meet the sun bursting from his liquid couch.

In the early part of September, of the year abovementioned, this family group was seen in the little garden in rear of the cottage, enjoying the soft and balmy air of a Canadian autumn. The sun was just sinking in the west, and appeared like an immense ball of fire, thrice its usual magnitude. The atmosphere imparted a luminous mellowness to every object, and a tinge, not unlike that of ripe corn, rested upon the St. Lawrence. The White Maple had already felt the finger of approaching winter, and glowed like the crimson banner of a pirate; its leaves occasionally whirling and eddying through the air till they touched the ground, with a rustle like the fall of an Indian's foot—or reaching the water, glided rapidly along its sur-

face, seeming to tell how swiftly the bright things of this world hurry away.

M. de Lauzon was supporting his lady; Eloise briskly engaged in attaching a bouquet to the tail of a favorite cat; and Leonie pensively gazing at the little cot, which appeared as if drawn against the yellow west. "The Unknown has returned;" said Leonie:—He had been some time absent, and as each one looked towards the Coteau, the curling smoke was rising from the rude chimney of his solitary dwelling. They had gazed but a moment when two or three light forms glided along the brow of the hill and passed through the gate, which, contrary to custom, was open: The next instant a column of smoke burst from the door, followed by the report of a gun and the lighter sound of a pistol—a faint yell came on the air, and again all was still within the little fort of the Solitary.

Such scenes were not strange to the foresters, but an attack from the natives was at this time

particularly dreaded, as the defences of the place were in an unfinished state, and consequently useless.

M. de Lauzon hurried the females into the house, and seizing his gun, hastened to the general rendezvous. The alarm soon spread, and every man capable of bearing arms, was in a few moments ready for whatever might happen.

An immediate descent of the savages was anticipated, but an hour passed away, and nothing occurred to confirm such an opinion. Silently the shadows gathered around the cottage of The Unknown, and, as none would volunteer to cross the intervening space, the villagers remained in profound ignorance of his fate; but it appeared certain, that, had he survived the attack, he would have sought their protection against its repitition.

As the country at this time was at peace with the Iroquois, it was concluded that this outrage must have been committed by some small party of the

western Indians, who had passed down the St. Maurice. Sentinels were set, and the remainder of the villagers retired to their homes, but slept, as was usual, upon such occasions, with arms by their sides.

M. de Lauzon was too anxious for the fate of his family to rest, and offered to be one of the sentinels on the western side, which appeared most exposed. The night was near its last watch, when growing weary he leaned against a tree, his fusee resting across his left arm.

It was one of those splendid autumnal nights so common in this country. There was no moon, but each star looked from the deep blue heavens like a little watch light. A sable cloud lay in the north, its semi-circular edge tinged with dun, seeming like a dull iris, and sometimes emiting luminous streams of a bright yellow, which wavered and spread as a flaming sword, and then, drifting away across the golden stars, curled and disappeared. Then again

came a rapid succession of flashes, imitating the distant gleaming of musketry. At length the nocturnal rainbow rose gradually, till it spanned the horizon, and crossing the milky-way at the zenith, it appeared like a strip of twisted gauze, having streaks of flame continually crossing it transversely. At times the confused howl of a troop of wolves broke the stillness around, and a few solitary fireflies were yet seen among the yellow foliage of the over-arching elms.

A brighter flame from the Aurora Borealis gleamed around, and he turned his head to admire some new freak of the splendid meteor:—At this moment a fearful sound as of a thousand demons burst through the stillness of night, and as he sprung instinctively towards the houses, flames were curling along their sides. In an instant the air was filled with the discharge of guns, the shrieks of women and children, rushing half-naked from the burning houses, and the yells of the painted warriors in their

work of death. With phrenzied strides M. de Lauzon sought his own house, around which the contest appeared hottest. At the corner of the garden a female was writhing in the grasp of a powerful savage: It was Eloise—and in the agony of the moment, the father's presence of mind entirely forsook him, for whatever course he might take endangered the life of his daughter. However, before he had time to act, a dark form glided by, and the savage, with a fierce shout, fell dead at the feet of The Unknown, whose knife had found a sheath in his heart. "To the house with the girl, instantly;" he cried, and immediately disappeared in the direction of the fight.

The fire-arms of the villagers at first gave them the advantage, but as the fight became more regular, the wily foes of the Pale-faces sought the cover of the trees, and, having the advantage of numbers, nearly surrounded the little band of Europeans. The arrows were showered upon them from all

quarters; some had fallen, and many felt the sharp stony points drawing the life-blood from their veins; —their fire became fainter, and even The Unknown appeared to waver. The next moment he was seen passing rapidly from one to another of the devoted band, and then, suddenly disappeared among some small ever-greens. A more spirited fire commenced, but the savages, ashamed of being so long kept at bay by such inferior numbers, were rushing in, when the war-whoop was heard in the direction of the St. Maurice, and the villagers simultaneously shouted, "Piscaret!" At that dreaded name the savages paused, and as the war-whoop again sounded, nearer, and as if repeated by several, they fled precipitately from the village, and were lost in the deep shadows of the back ground.

The war-whoop had been raised by The Unknown as a last expedient—the stratagem was completely successful, and he rushed in to join in the pursuit, when an agonizing sound came from the house of

M. de Lauzon, and he was seen bursting bareheaded and unarmed among the victors, crying "My daughter! save my daughter!"—In that confused and fearful scene he had but just discovered that Leonie was absent. Maddened with agony, he flew towards the dark forms of the retiring foe, but his strength failed, and, overcome by his terrible fears, he fell a little in advance of the party. The Unknown, who had unconsciously assumed the command at the commencement of the affray, gave him to the care of a youth, and then led on a little, to keep up the appearance of pursuit. This, however, was unnecessary—the name of the Algonkin chief* had done more than their own desperate hardihood, and the panic had driven the foe far beyond the outskirts of the settlement.

The morning came in its beauty, but it shone up-

*Algonkin and Adirondack are different names for the same tribe.

on a scene of terrific desolation. Five of the villagers had fallen, and not one man had escaped without a wound; three houses threw up the dull columns of smoke from their ruins; the yellow leaves of the elms were grey with ashes, and under their shade lay several dusky forms, cold and stiff.

Within the once happy dwelling of M. de Lauzon a scene of heart-breaking sorrow presented itself. The pale form of Madame de Lauzon was extended on a bed, writhing in convulsions, and the physician, hardened to scenes of anguish, attempted not to hide the tears which fell on his hands, as he prepared some potion for his patient. The aged father appeared more calm, but it was the deceptive calm of intense suffering, and the once gay Eloise, burying her face in the couch of her mother, sobbed as if her heart would break with anguish.

This group perceived not the entrance of a stranger:—It was The Unknown.—He was equipped in the Indian manner; a small cap, adorned with a

tuft of eagle's plumes, covered his head; his face was painted—black lines running round the eyes, and from the corners of his mouth nearly to his ears; two red marks ran across his checks, looking like ghastly wounds, and his forehead and chin were fantastically dotted with blue. A blanket passed over one shoulder, and about his body, reaching to his knees: This was secured around his waist by a belt ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, and in this belt was stuck a hatchet, and from it depended a pouch and scalping-knife. He wore red leggins and moccasins curiously ornamented in the same manner as the belt. Upon his breast which was nearly bare, appeared a hare, in blue paint.—His gun, and an immense powder-horn by his side, completes the picture.

He gazed a moment around, and in a low voice articulated—"M. de Lauzon!"—The father started, and Eloise screamed as she saw one in that garb so near; but as they recognized their protector, M de

Lauzon arose and pressing his hand attempted to speak, but words came not to express his feelings.

"I go to seek your daughter:" said The Unknown;—"take this packet, and if I never return do what you please with it." "Leave us, Father"—cried Eloise, "and go with the good, the brave stranger." "No," said The Unknown, "it would ruin all—Farewell!"—and before M. de Lauzon could second the wish of his child, The Unknown disappeared beneath the bank of the river, and they saw his bark canoe turn the point and glide rapidly up the St. Maurice.

Winter came, with his chill mantle—the rivers were as the solid land; the bare trees whistled to the tempest, as it raised the white covering of the ground, and swept it as dust over the St. Lawrence:—Leonie—The Unknown—came not; hope sickened, and the vacant chair at the fireside of M. de Lauzon was despondingly set against the wall. All hopes of the lost one had passed away, and the

wretched family mourned the untimely fate of that generous youth, who, for one of them, had sacrificed his own life.

One evening Eloise suddenly recollected the packet, which had been forgotten in their grief; and, as all expectation of The Unknown's return had vanished, it was determined to examine its contents. They were neither gold nor precious stones—but a manuscript, written in a small, neat hand, containing four poems, over which appeared, "LAYS OF THE FOREST." All the mysterious vagaries of the young stranger were at once explained—his extravagant fooleries were no longer a wonder—he was a poet!

"The young Bard hath passed away;" said M. de Lauzon, "but perhaps he has left a legacy which, for a moment, may steal our thoughts from the past, and bear us away to the regions of romance: Come, my Child! draw thy chair nearer the light, and while the savage wind is drifting the snow against the windows of our cot, read us a tale of The Un-

known." Eloise obeyed, and the little family group soon forgot their own sorrows, as the clear, sweet voice of their daughter gave forth the simple strain of the Stranger.

MILENO.

"Spirits of earth! Spirits of air!
Come to me over the silver sea;
Lay the locks of my tangled hair,
For the lov'd, the lost one is coming to me!

I see her sailing on yon light cloud,
With wreaths of roses upon her hung,
And wildly around her moon-beam shroud
Her glistening locks of jet are flung.

I see the light of her polished brow—
I feel the beam of her laughing eye!
Come, invisible Spirits, now,
And bear me away to yonder sky!

Spirits of earth! Spirits of air!
Throw your spells on the flying shade!
For she slowly fades from the moon-light's glare,
And tells me not where her rest is made."

Thus sung a stranger, bending o'er
The cliffs which bound Italia's shore,
As night came down on wild and lea,
And hung her shadows o'er the sea.
No lines of age were on his brow,
All bare, beneath the moon-beam's glow,
His cheek, tho' pale, still full and fair,
Unmix'd the locks which clustered there;
And but a wild, unearthly gleam
Of his dark eye, revealed the dream,

Which hid in its obscurity
Life's maddening, curs'd reality.

None knew from whence the craz'd one came,
None knew or how, or whence the flame
Arose, to sear his erring brain,
Or who the fair, that in his strain,
Seemed rising to his sight again.
They only knew, when winds were high,
And threw the foam against the sky,
A fragile bark was seen to glide,
As if by magic, o'er the tide,
And dashing on the beach, there came
A stranger from its shattered frame.

Calm and unmov'd his features lay,
As on the shore, from day to day,
He wandered, till a cave he found
Upon the ocean's rugged bound;—

A dark and rayless home that cave,
Its roof and walls of ragged rock,
And its rude entrance scarce the brave
Had ever passed without a shock!
Yet there that lost, bewildered one
Groaned hours, and lingering days away;
And neither morn, nor evening sun,
With quick'ning, renovating ray,
Upon his fading form had come
Since first he found that cheerless home.
But as the shadowy evening threw
On flower and bush the chastening dew,
Then came the crazed one from his den,
And pac'd with folded arms the glen,
Or, spirit like, hung o'er the steep
To catch the shadows on the deep;
Then fearful and unmeaning sounds
Told that his vision fled the bounds
Of earthly keeping: Much he sung,
With action quick and passionate,

Of love, and often round him flung,
With rolling eye and brow elate,
His arms, as if some form were there,
Mocking the ravings of despair :
Then, as he felt their vacant close,
A wild and shuddering shriek arose,
Deep from his bare and heaving breast—
So loud, the sea-bird from her nest
Affrighted sprang, and o'er the deep
Threw her white wing, with sullen sweep.

For days no human being came
Near that abode; and on his frame
Famine came slowly—and his eye
Grew dull with want and misery!
His cheek and lips turned thin and pale—
Pale as the foam thrown on the sail
By wild tornadoes :—None would come,
For fear, to view the mad-man's home,

And if the peasant passed at night,
His heart beat faintly with affright.

There was, not distant far, a spot
Which shrinking Solitude might love,
Where, amid ruins, stood a cot,
Hard by an aged lemon grove;
And one, who left his cloister's air,
To worship God in silence there,
Had mark'd the peasant turning pale
As he disclos'd the wondrous tale
Of that craz'd stranger, who, he said,
Liv'd on—yet not by flesh, or bread!

Years were upon Bernardi's brow,
And those who sought his life to know,
Saw a long track of gentleness—
The deeds of one who sought to bless
His frail and wandering fellow men,
And bring them back to peace again!

There was no harshness in his clay—
No sordid thirstings mark'd his way—
And in his mild and passionless eye,
His brow, scarce furrow'd, broad and high,
His dignified, yet humble air,
And that long beard, and snowy hair,
In his mild voice of holy love,
You saw a pilgrim bound above—
One who had reach'd a tranquil even,
And near'd the glowing courts of Heaven!—
And such the man who sought that den,
To win the lost one back again—
To try if all his gentle art
Might wile the scorpion from his heart.

The sun had set—the stars shone out
From their untrodden depth of blue—
As near the period of his route
The holy man with caution drew.

No form was visible, and he
Paus'd in the shadow of a tree—
An aged tree, which seemed to stand
Like that wild stranger, all alone,
With neither flower nor mate at hand,
To hear its deep and startling moan,
When tempests came, with sullen sound,
To throw its sickening leaves around!

All on that spot was lone and wild—
Huge, blackened rocks, abruptly pil'd,
Paved all the height, and far below,
The ocean's everlasting flow
Groaned like a whirlwind, when it comes
To toss the seamen's watery homes.

Not long he waits, when from among
Those rocks ascends a broken song,
And slowly from his shadowy home
The maniac is seen to come :—

Bare was his head—his raven hair
Lay tangled on his forehead fair,
Sunken his cheek—his rayless eye
Fixed heavily on vacancy,
And round a frame, now all unstrung,
A faded cloak unheeded hung:—
Faintly he pac'd the height, and stood
Tottering, above the ocean flood!

But calm he seem'd, as sense again
Had half resumed its doubtful reign:—
Perhaps that hour of chastened light
Had something for that cheerless wight
Allied to former joys, ere pain
And sorrow lighted on his brain,
Which brought from out the chaos there
A gleam of sense—and of despair!

"Thou moon! whose half-formed sphere is seen
Spreading o'er earth its silver sheen—

And you, ye glorious points of flame!—
I know ye!—Tell me whence I came—
And what I am—and why this head
Seems newly from the dreamless dead!
Alas, my brain! It will not think
Upon the past!—It is the brink
Of depths more terrible than e'er
Gave to the hunter boy a bier,
And hid, in its obscurity,
His carcass from the raven's eye!

I am—I know not what—and yet,
I *am*—and ne'er can quite forget
That *being* is not well for me,
When far below me lies the sea,
With such a beauteous, snow-white pall,
Where all might be forgotten—all—
The madden'd dream of her—of him—
Hist! there is blood upon its brim!

A broad, a bright and fearful stain—
I must not see it rise again!—
Farewell! thou glorious earth!—I go
To list the ocean's tuneful flow—
To slumber in its coral bowers
On gem-lit beds of azure flowers!"—

"Stranger forbear!"—His hand he rais'd,
And on that priest a moment gaz'd—
Then rushing past, with one loud yell,
The madman sought his sullen cell;
But all too weak that nerveless frame
For such a flight, and ere he came
To that dissevered rock, the dim
And shadowy earth was gone, to him:
He fell—and on his mangled brow
The blood seem'd starting as from snow;
So pale that brow from long despair,
'Twas strange to see the crimson there!

What should be done!—The least delay
Might steal that wreck of life away:—
Bernardi was in years, yet strong—
He gently rais'd, and bore along
That pliant, shrunk and blighted form,
Which once had laugh'd at fight or storm!
With rapid stride he posted o'er
The broken, wild and rocky shore,
And hastening to his lowly shed
He placed him on his humble bed:—
Then only did Bernardi shake
Lest that repose should never break!
Vainly his humble skill he plied,
And vainly staunch'd the blood which dyed
His torn and soiled garments o'er—
It seem'd that heart could beat no more!

"Oh! when this earth hath nought to give
To tempt the writhing heart to live,
When pain brings on the leaden hours,

And life hath lost its smiling flowers,
When burning fires are in the soul,
And passions force defies controul,
When all is lost in one wide stake—
Why is the heart forbid to break!"
So murmur'd he who watch'd that frame,
As on those lids a tremor come,
So light—it might be fancy still—
The hand he held was damp and chill,
And icy drops stood on his brow
And mingled with the crimson's flow:—
He lives! at length that rayless eye
Again uncloses heavily!—
And mild and settled glances come
As reason has resum'd its home,
Like glimpses of the quiet sky
When sable clouds are out on high.

"Stranger!"—Bernardi stop'd him—"Nay,
Unbroken rest to-night, and day—

I know what thou would'st ask—shall give
All that I know:"—Unhoped reprieve,
To one just on the verge of time,
Awaiting the reward of crime—
When blank futurity looks dim,
And all of life seems lost to him—
Kindleth no incense for the heart,
Bringeth no hallow'd influence,
Like that which gentle deeds impart
To waning life and wavering sense!
A sickly smile came o'er him then,
And e'vn his eye was most again.—
Ah, days, long days their watch had kept
Since he had either smil'd or wept,
And now that smile was strange and grim,
As human smiles were not for him!

Calm as a sleeping child he lay,
And thought those creeping hours away,

And as a mother o'er her child,
The good Bernardi watch'd and smil'd;
But not without an effort came
That stillness on his wasted frame;
A silence which was gratitude—
For he could not seem rashly rude,
To one whose gently chiding eye
Seem'd as his sires in infancy.

The morning came—and did it bring
Oblivion on its crimson wing?
Ah, no! The sun may rise and set—
Still burning memory haunts him yet!
But calm he seem'd, at times, and ne'er
Betray'd by word, or sigh, or tear,
The weight of sorrow—or of sin—
Which lay immutable within!

In seeming rest a week had sped,
And he would rise from that dull bed,

To gaze upon the glorious sky
And talk with nature's majesty :—
And well he knew that hallow'd place—
For brighter hours had left their trace
Too vividly for years of pain
To blot them from his heart or brain !
Here had that master-spirit dwelt,[1]
At whose proud shrine the nations knelt
In after days—and he would rove,
Once more, in that deep orange grove,
To dream of nobler times that were,
And then awaken—to despair !

'Twas evening, and the shadows grew
Along the ocean's azure hue,
When from a rustic seat that pair
Sigh'd o'er the spot, so lone, yet fair :—
Beneath them were the waves which bore
Æneas to that silent shore,

Around, those ruins grey and lone—
Arch'd passages, and vault, and bath,
With envious weeds half over-grown—
Nor distant far that sign of wrath,
(A sign of everlasting shame,
'Gainst that Triumvirate of blood—
A glory to his freedman's name,)
The monument of murder, stood! [2]
The orange grove in silence lay,
In silence Ischia, on the Bay,
And hush'd was Somma's [3]breath of fire,
Like giant slumb'ring from his ire.

"Mark ye," the stranger said—"how deep—
How beautiful is nature's sleep!"
Solemn and low, his accents fell—
"There is a sad, a sacred spell
Upon me, when the silent night
Has put the noisy day to flight!

I ne'er may feel that spell again—
Nay, I am calm—despair and pain
Are slumbering deep within my heart,
And ere its care-worn fibres part,
For they are waxing feebler fast,
I would disclose all—all the past."—
He paus'd—no tears those drops below—
They started from his marble brow!
That momentary struggle o'er,
And all was tranquil as before.

"My name Mileno—why do'st start?
I thought that name was laid apart
From the frail memory of the land—
Indeed this *was* no stripling's hand!—
Well, when a boy, my sire was slain
By one Filario, on the plain,
Not far from Rome:—The murderer fled
To foreign climes. My mother shed

Few tears—but, O! how oft she sigh'd!
And with the summer flowers she died!
And then I wept—long, long I wept,
And as strange feelings on me crept,
I rais'd my little puny hands,
And vow'd to visit distant lands,
And vow'd a bloody blight should come
Upon the spoiler of my home!

"But time swept by, and rumour brought
A balsam to my brooding thought:
They said Filario died in blood,
Where Jordan rolls his sullen flood;
Again I wept—with joy I wept—
And then my boyish spirit slept!—
Then youth with its wild thirstings came—
I only wish'd to grasp a name,
A cherish'd place in that fair roll
Which heeds nor change, nor time's controul!

"My name was e'vn in early life
Coupled with bold and bloody strife;
For where the wildly desperate were,
The young Mileno grappled there!
A dreamer I had ever been—
O! that my dreams had ended then,
In the wild chaos of the fight—
Then had not been this sickening blight!

"Filario had an only son—
A brother soldier—and to shun
My father's murderer's son I tried,
Though oft we struggled side by side,
In desperate strife.—His sister—nay!
That son, in one forlorn affray,
When all my men around me lay,
Dying and dead—Filario's son
Rush'd through the bloody field, and won
My forfeit life, when hosts of foes
Around me were about to close;

And back we struggled—by my side,
He fought like one that had been tried—
And gain'd our friends, to join the cry,
The glorious shout of 'Victory!'
He was a noble youth, and died,
Soon after, fighting by my side,
And murmured faintly, as he fell—
'Mileno—sister—fare thee well!'

"That sister was a cherished one,
And I had sworn, an hour before,
If, ere that fatal fight was done,
His star grew dim, to shine no more,
That lone, deserted flower should be
As father—mother—friend—to me:

"Bernardi—dost thou see this scar?—
I found it that bloody war:
Long, long that wound refus'd to close—
They said it needed time—repose—

Inglorious ease:—I hied to Rome,
That solitary orphan's home—
Be still, thou fiends!—one little hour,
And then exert thy fiercest power!"

He ceas'd—again that pallid cheek
Was flush'd with anguish, and his meek,
Subdued, and almost rayless eye
Grew lustrous with insanity!
But soon the rising storm was quell'd,
And every startling glance dispell'd.—
He gazes on the quiet sky—
The starry gems are bright on high,
And seem upbraiding with their rays
That phrenzied dream of other days!
He looks upon the boundless deep—
And there the evening shadows sleep,
Like spirits of those waves suppress'd,
All dim and silent in their rest!

Calm and subdued his accents fell—
" Bernardi—'tis not—'tis not well,
That this still hour—perhaps my last—
For, to that bourne I hurry fast—
It is not well this hour should be
All wild as in its wrath yon sea!—

" I said I went to Rome—and there
I found that sister of my friend,
Whom I had sworn to love—defend :—
I will not say that she was fair—
It were like looking on the sky,
When not a cloud appears on high,
And calling that bright heaven blue!
She was a wild-flower—in whose leaves
Were blended, with its gentle hue,
Those veins of beauty all unknown
To ruder eyes—where nature weaves
Its hidden charms!—To me were shown

The folded plumes of that young dove—
And wilt thou ask me, did I love!—

"*We* lov'd!—and o'er me, day by day,
Did Clari watch—and smile away
Each piercing pang—each hovering dream
Of glory; and each martial gleam
Was as a vision—dim and faint,
Though, at each loud and wild complaint
Of dark defeat, my blood grew high—
Yet, as I gave a soldier's cry,
And murmur'd 'Death or victory!'
Oh! she would look so sad, so lone—
That frail young being of an hour—
'Twere base and heartless to be gone,
To leave her in the rude world's pow'r!

"Indeed it had been madness then,
To tempt the sulphurous field again,

Yet, but for her imploring eye,
That wound had been as naught, and I
Again the maddened strife had tried—
Rush'd to the field—and fought—and died !

" And time—I know not how it flew—
Rush'd by :—Again I freely drew
My wonted breath, but then there came
No burning for the field of fame !
Those hours of love were all to me,
And in my spirit's revelry,
The past was but a troubled sea,
All wild with its immensity !

" We rov'd beneath the palm-tree groves—
Rut never whispered of our loves !
She little said—nor oft her eye
Was lifted to the sunny sky,
But rested upon gentler things—
The transient fly's transparent wings,

The tiny blade, the fragile flow'r,
Unfolded for one little hour,
The glossy streamlet's sparkling throes,
Where cool and fresh, the lily rose,
The woodland songster's cheerful cry—
These things could raise a smile or sigh.

"But oft she smil'd not—and the world
Was as a fearful banner furl'd—
A frightful thing, whose very breath,
Or burning touch, were worse than death!
Yes, Clari was like those fair flowers,
Which, peering from their silent bowers,
View the rude things around with dread,
And drooping, hang the fragile head!
We lov'd!—Oh! could I linger on
That sound—those days—till years were gone!
If years were mine to cast away
On words and times as chaste as they!

"But no—a wilder tale must come!—
At morn it was my wont to roam,
To breathe the free and chastened air,
While heaven and earth were bright and fair;
And by the Coliseum's wall,
All rent, and tottering to its fall,
I thought upon the shapes of old—
Those mortals of immortal mould:
And, as I mus'd, a stranger came
And look'd upon that mighty frame—
Perus'd the noble columns o'er,
As he had seen that wreck before,
For no emotion, or surprise
Show'd in his motions, or his eyes—
He rather seem'd to scan the scene
To find what changes there had been.

"Some fifty winters he had told,
But still, his broad, herculean mould,

And buried sinews, seem'd to say
He had not seen so long a day.—
I know not why—my bosom burn'd
At that side-face—at length he turn'd—
Filario!—Heavens! It cannot be—
The murderer died beyond the sea!
It was! for well that face I knew,
In childhood—well remember'd, too!—
'Villian!'—my hand was on my sword—
And our eyes met at that stern word:—
He started, for in me was seen
What in his youth my sire had been—
He would have fled!—'Nay, coward! see
That murdered father's son in me!'—
'Coward! His son!'—He fiercely turn'd,
And fearfully that dark eye burn'd,
And forth that fatal sword he drew,
And firm as ice each muscle grew:—
'I would not add thy death to guilt—
But, young intruder! as thou wilt!'—

We fought—how long and fiercely fought,
Is now to me— to thee—as naught:—
Filario fell—he fell, and I
Liv'd on to curse my victory!

"He had not left his father's land,
But liv'd a wild and fierce brigand—
The leader of a bloody band!
And one disguis'd the story bore,
Of death upon a foreign shore,
That every trace of him might lie
In deep and safe obscurity.
He died—and in that clenched hand
Held firm in death his spotted brand;
In his grim face and glaring eye
A fearful threat still seem'd to lie,
As if of vengeance yet to come—
A presage of my early doom!

"And Clari—Clari—where wert thou,
With that soft eye and gentle brow!
That thought came on me, as a blight
Of many years:—*Thy* father's blood
Was on my hand!—All—all was night,
And chill'd, and statue-like I stood!
'Twas true, he fell in dark disgrace—
But still it was *her* father's face
Which coldly, darkly threatened there,
And bade, in silence—to despair!

"And there I stood—and when the cry
Of blood arose, all wild and high—
When 'blood for blood' was all the sound
Of the base rabble closing round—
I calmly sheath'd my smoking brand;
And when they knew the fierce brigand,
I did not heed their joyful shout,
For all my soul was welling out—

Not from the pricking's of his blade—
Mere scratches were the wounds it made,
And faint his nerveless weapon fell,
Or I had not this tale to tell!

"But that fair being then to me
Was as a form of memory!
A lovely, yet a shrouded thing—
For, thinkest thou that I could bring
This hand, which bade her father die,
To meet that meek, upbraiding eye!—

"Bernardi—from that fearful day
My failing spirit turns away!—
I thought—and thought—and glimpses came
Of hideous thing—of blood and flame!
My brain grew wild, and tempest-tost,
But sense was not yet wholly lost,
And weeks went by in that wild dream,
And, now and then, a fitful gleam

Of reason came—but all was pain,
And fearfully I rav'd again!

"And far, and farther did I stray
To drive those fearful things away:—
O'er shaggy mountain heights I fled,
Or dwelt among the ancient dead,
Within the gloomy, vaulted tomb—
Or strayed at night through silent Rome,
To gaze upon that pillar high,
As lone and desolate as I,
And call'd it in my wanderings
The monument of brighter things—
The wreck of that fair temple, now
Laid, as my peace, forever low.

"One star-lit night, unconsciously,
Her little bower I wandered by,
And she—Bernardi—she was there,
All pale and faded—yet how fair!

She saw me not—and bending o'er
A stalk with neither leaf nor flow'r,
Such tones came from her as before
Ne'er thrill'd the heart at that still hour:
It was the deep and solemn sound
Of autumn winds, when all around
Of bright and beautiful has flown,
And dewy flowers and birds are gone.
'My flow'rs!' she said—'I heed them not,
But, O! this is a hallowed spot!
The confident of gentle things—
And faithful, taunting memory brings
Me here to dream of seasons fled,
And weep as o'er a brother dead!
Yes, father—brother—*all* are gone!
Mileno craz'd—and I alone!'

"And I *was* craz'd—for from that hour,
I knew nor sense nor reason's pow'r!

Yes, madness darkened o'er my thought,
And deep and perfect ruin wrought,
My brain, a fabric overthrown,
With e'vn its deep foundation gone!—
And all was depth of night, till thou
Didst find me on the cliff's rough brow:
That evening, things that were, again
Came crowding on my heart and brain!

"Bernardi, didst thou ever see
The black clouds rising heavily,
Till heaven, and earth, and ocean—all
Were darkened with their sable pall,
And then, a fairy bird on high,
With snow-white plumes against that sky?
If so, thou know'st how fair, how bright,
Amid life's high and troubled sea,
Those transient hours of joy and light,
When love and hope were young, to me!"

With faint and tottering steps he rose,
And sought within that cot repose!
All hush'd, in seeming quiet, there
He lay—no sigh escap'd again—
But his lips mov'd—perhaps with pray'r—
Perhaps with lingering words of pain!
But all was still, as if the dead
Had slumbered in that lowly shed.

What rap is that at midnight deep?
What woman's voice, when such should sleep?
Ask ye who never deeply lov'd,
Nor woman's warm affection prov'd!
Ask ye, dark souls! who never knew
What frail and blighted frames can do!
But yester-night she heard them say
That he was dying, far away—
But yester-night she heard that tale,
Upon a couch of sickness, pale,

And fading like a fragile flower,
Beneath the autumn's chilling power.
To-night is Clari here! She is!
And, in that wild and long embrace,
All motionless her form and his—
So still there seems of life no trace!
In one sweet dream their souls are met,
And there they linger—yet—and yet—
That dream has naught of care or pain—
That dream!—They ne'er shall wake again!

Their hearts were shrinking blossoms, made
For some wild glen's sequestered shade:—
Thrown open to the winds, and worn
Feeble—with leaves and fibres torn—
A burst of sun-shine on them came,
And fell'd them with too bright a flame!

They rest together on the shore,
As such should sleep when life is o'er,

And long a flower its perfume shed,
And wept its dew-drops on their bed;
And oft that aged priest was there,
With sighs and tears for that young pair!
Bernardi, and that flower are gone—
All—all departed, and unknown!

Eloise read the sad close of Mileno with a voice faint and tremulous with emotion, and walking to the window, looked out upon the clear but boisterous heavens. The moon was near the full, and shone with a chilling lustre upon a few white clouds, driven furiously across the sparkling points which studded the light-blue sky. At times the wind seemed raising the whole body of snow from the ground, and whirling it aloft, every object became hidden as in a thick mist. Then again it came in eddies, and striking the hollows of the drifts, the snow spun upward in spiral columns, many feet into the air, and then seemed to dissolve like the spray of a cataract; and when a momentary calm occurred, the surface of the plain, white as alabaster, sparkled as with myriads of silver spangles.

But all seemed desolate and cheerless. The

very moon and stars, although shining with a lustre never seen in warmer climes, appeared emitting the most intense cold. With a shudder, lest some shelterless wretch should then be exposed to that fitful blast, Eloise sought her couch, but her once light and joyous slumbers had departed; and she dreamed of the hapless Clari, labouring through the drifting snows, and finally perishing amid a thousand horrors.

Clear and intensely cold the morning rose upon Trois Rivieres. The wind had fallen, and the sun shone with a dazzling splendour upon the tops of the drifts, raised many feet in height, and looking like the waves of the sea, when the tempest has covered its broken surface with foam.

The frost with which the air was filled sparkled like a shower of gold dust, and, when the doors opened, a cloud of vapour was seen hovering about them. Few of the villagers ventured from their cabins on that day, and those who did felt a prick-

ing sensation, like the points of needles entering the skin.

The short day soon passed, and as night again drew the family of M. de Lauzon about the cheering fire, Eloize brought forth the manuscript of The Unknown—and commenced another of the LAYS OF THE FOREST.

ZEMIN.

A PERSIAN TALE.

The sun over gay Shiraz is bright, [1]
And happy the birds in its arbours singing,
And beautiful are its flowers of light,
And pure its founts from marble springing :—
But purer, brighter, happier far
Than fountain or flower or bird at play,
Is the rose of the vale, young Nouronnihar, [2]
On the smiling morn of her bridal day !

And, Zemin! hast thou escap'd at last
From the fields where war hath blown his blast,
From the Genii's spells and Peris' pow'r, [3]
To clasp thy bride in this blissful hour!
Then give to the winds thy warrior dreams—
For false and wild are their vapoury sway—
From streams of crimson their meteor-gleams,
Leading the heart and hand astray:
Away with thy sword and waving plume!
Not for war is that band appearing,
Not for the field those cheeks of bloom—
Nor for the fight that joyous cheering!
Thy spear may slumber to-day from war,
And thy noble steed to the trumpet prancing,
In her crimson veil comes Nouronnihar,
With her fairy troop of maidens dancing!
She comes—and her chosen virgins lead
By the gilded rein her snowy steed, [4]
And one of that light and joyous band
A mirror bears in her snowy hand, [5]

Behind are coming a festive throng,
And around her arises the Bridal Song:

"Look again!—then forever
Lay thy maiden mirror by!
Once again—and then ever
View thyself in Zemin's eye!

Should his eye lids close,
Hush'd in deep repose,
Let not ev'n the rose
Wave within thy bow'r;
Lest his dreams should be
Of war's troubled sea,
Or of aught but thee,
In that silent hour!

Look again—ere to-morrow
Zemin's cares and tears are thine;
But, to-day, tears and sorrow
Are no guests of thine or mine!

Joyful moments fly—
Youth soon passes by—
Dreams of ecstasy
Break at opening day:
Ere those flow'rs depart
Bind them round the heart,
Tho' thy tears may start
O'er their memory!

Once again—and forever
Then thy maiden mirror shun:—
See, it breaks!—Thus must sever
Woman's heart from all but one!"

The bridal day hath sped, but yet
The bridal festival is heard,
And that gay troop again hath met,
With buoyant hearts and sportive word :—
What means that cloud upon thy brow,
Young Zemin ?—all are happy now—
Thy bride is smiling in thy eyes,
As if to read their dark disguise —
Is not thy craving fancy full ?
And is she not as beautiful
As thou couldst wish ?—Young soldier, say,
What cloud is on thy heart to-day ?
Doth she not love thee truly ?— Yes !
Or else that chill upon thy bliss—
That settled musing of thine eye,
Had pass'd her all unheeded by !

He started as her hand was laid
Gently on his, and saw the shade

Upon her brow—her lids of jet
Half-clos'd, and their deep fringes wet!
"Zemin!"—Her voice came hus'd and low,
Like deep and solemn music's flow,
Which seems to linger and depart,
To steal upon the stricken heart:—
"Nouronnihar, 'tis nothing—nay—
But I must leave thee for a day."—
"Leave me!"—
"But for a few short hours:—
The Sultan to his armed pow'rs
A message sends, but"—
"Are there none
But thou, to bear the message on!
The Sultan knows—yes—knows it well,
Not past our marriage festival!"

"Fear not!—and hours as quickly pass
As shadows from the stainless glass!

Go tune thy lute—and teach its strings
To speak of bright and happy things;
Or tend thy flowers—that opening one—
That rose will bloom while I am gone,
And thou shalt pluck it, Love, for me,
When I return again to thee :"—

One kiss—and Zemin is away!
"He's gone! yet only for *one* day!"
And still that parting seemed to tell
Of darker things than that farewell :—
His hurried words and saddened tone
Fell on her heart when he was gone;
And with her deep, convulsive sigh
Came tears—and yet she knew not why!

A moment passed—a mounted train
Swept through the street, and o'er the plain :—
"Tis Zemin's plume!—Yet why that throng,
To speed the Sultan's word along?"

Again her thought forboded ill,
And on her heart came faint and chill
The gleaming of those lances bright,
Which fell and wavered in their flight
Like groves of firs, when winds are high,
And bend their needle points awry.

Another sun hath shone and set,
But still her Zemin comes not yet:—
Another, and another fled—
She weeping hangs her aching head:—
"Tis but a vision I have seen,
Such as in infancy hath been!
Ye visions of the starry night!
Alas! how fleeting—yet how bright!—
When I had wings and flew afar,
And saw the groves of Bisnagar, [8]
And caught the nightingale at rest
Upon his blushing flowret's breast

Alas! those dreams of early home—
Those dreams again may never come.
And this, the brightest dream of all,
Is folded in its sable pall!'

And is there, then, no resting place
When hope and innocence may lie,
In deep and safe obscurity?—
Where blighting sorrow has no trace—
Where flowers may bloom unfadingly,
Nor storms obscure the azure sky,
Nor birds one little prelude sing,
Then, lifeless, hang the ruffled wing!

"A week has wing'd its lazy flight,
And where is he this stormy night?
Ah, Zemin! false, forgetful one—
Thus to forsake thy bride so soon!
Could'st thou not set one thought apart,
And send to cheer my boding heart?

They told me often, when a child,
Thy sex our gentle hearts beguil'd
With tender word, and well-feign'd sigh—
Then, as a bauble, cast them by!
And yet I fondly dream'd that thou,
With that warm eye and noble brow,
Wert one apart from all thy kind—
A changeless being, form'd to bless;
And dream'd that I was blest to find
A flower amid the wilderness!"

Nouronnihar—thou erring one!
Know'st not what blighting deeds are done,
What changes wrought ev'n in a day,
Along the warrior's troubled way?
But yester-night thy Zemin stood
Victorious on a field of blood,
His panting warriors gathering round,
And shouting to the trumpet's sound:—

To-night those warrriors all are slain—
Or swell the haughty victor's train,
And he alone, of all those bands,
Escap'd, all chill and fainting stands,
Not distant far, amid the gloom,
By thy own cherish'd Hafez' tomb :— [9]

Long had he press'd his failing steed,
Half doubting, through the dubious night,
And now he hail'd that marble white, [10]
Appearing in his sorest need;
For he had grop'd for hours along,
Bewildered in his shrouded path
And saw no light—and heard no song—
And felt—the beating tempest's wrath:
The peasant's song was hush'd with fear,
For wild and ruthless war was near!

Dismounting, to his steed he said,
"Rest thee a moment, by the dead,

And then again we seek our home,
To try what more of ill may come:"—
That steed shall never bear again,
His master over ford or plain!—
Alas, his last wild race is done—
He reels and sinks without a groan:—

"Alla! my steed!"—That youth had borne
Defeat, and felt the laurels torn,—
Those laurels won by toil and blood—
As if by lightning, from his brow;
Had seen the young, the brave, the good
Falling around, yet until now
Had murmur'd not:—That steed had been
The plaything of his infancy,
The sharer of each bloody scene,
Companion of each victory;
And he, upon that fearful day,
When all was lost, had borne away,

Through crossing spears, o'er heaps of slain,
His lord in safety from the plain!

Long—long he lean'd against that stone,
And thought upon the triumphs gone—
His noble steed—the coming day—
When Sultan Mahmed might repay
His days of toiling in an hour,
And give him to the headsman's pow'r,
Or silently that cup prepare
Which revellers but once may share;
And, Alla pardon! if a thought
Of fearful import on him wrought;
As, half unsheath'd, his bloody brand
Was firmly clench'd within his hand!

What thought arrests that inward war?
A gleam of thee, Nouronnihar!
His sword is dash'd into its sheath—
"Yes, come what may—disgrace or death-

I will not fly from hated life
While that bright star is in the sky,
Tho' every hour with death be rife,
"And every thought be misery!"
Hot blood was in young Zemin's veins
The blood of princes, and the reins
To passion now were wildly thrown,
As his bright hopes of fame had flown;
For well he knew defeat to be
A sign for death or infamy!
Yet, yet a feeling wilder far,
A doubt of his Nouronnihar,
Came on his heart, and lull'd despair—
But made a fearful chaos there!
For tho' he lov'd as few may love,
And deem'd that gentle one above
All of her sex, he doubted *all*,
And thought them like the sunny wall
Where every passing form might cast
The shadow, but when each had pass'd,

Retaining not the slightest trace
Upon its fickle, sunlit face!

And should another sit beside
His early lov'd, his beauteous bride!
And should another find his rest,
When he had pass'd, upon her breast!
No! it were better to live on
Tho' every other hope were gone—
Better to live a wretched thing,
If he could 'scape his vengeful king,
And into other regions fly
To slumber in obscurity!

Again he o'er his courser bent,
To find if life was wholly spent:—
"All stiff and cold!"—He turn'd away—
The cypress boughs around were sighing,
As through them swept the tempest's sway,
Like the last murmur of the dying!

Drown'd was the voice of Roknabad [12]
And not a single gleam was shed,
From heaven or earth to cheer his eye,
And guide him in his misery!
No object but that spectral tomb
Was visible amid the gloom,
And that uprear'd its snowy form
As the wild spirit of the storm.

Not far Shiraz—the space between
In youth had often travers'd been,
When hope and friends were gay around,
And joy sent up its syren sound;
But now a chill was on his brain
Colder than even that chilling rain,
And when his weary feet had stray'd
An hour along the shrouded glade,
No sound familiar caught his ear,
No guiding light sent forth its cheer,
And as he deem'd his dwelling near,

Sharp rocks and roaring streams around
Proclaim'd the mountain's rugged bound.

Famish'd and cold—oppress'd with care—
Say, were it strange if wan Despair
Came fiercely on his whirling brain,
And bound it in his mad'ning chain?—
Yet long his feeble limbs he plied,
By rugged rock and swollen tide,
Till strength, and thought, and courage grew
Like ships with neither helm nor crew,
And failing in his rugged way,
Cold and inanimate he lay—
His stiff, and seeming lifeless form
Out-stretch'd beneath the pelting storm.

What fairy being hovers near,
With wand of light, and smile of cheer!
She wav'd that wand—no drop of rain
Came on his pallid form again!

The rock uncloses at her feet,
And round a band of maidens meet,
Who gently raise the youth, and go
By winding marble steps, below!

His eyes unclose:—Is this a dream?
Or is that mild and soothing gleam
Beaming around, from Alla's throne,
In the blest bowers of Paradise?
Such forms of beauty never shone
To glad the child of earthly skies,
As burst upon his coming sight
Within that hall of shadowy light!

At one extremity, a throne
Of Indian gold [13] with diamonds shone,
And on the throne a silph-like form
Was half-reclined, her snowy hand
Under a cheek with crimson warm;
And round her brow a jewelled band,

With white and azure flowers entwin'd,
Bound half her dark, and silken hair,
Yet many a raven lock resign'd
To show her brow and neck more fair:—
Not Agridagh's untrodden snows [14]
Are purer than the spotless lawn,
Which half her fair proportions shows,
Like glimpses of the earth at dawn!
Over her spread a canopy
Of azure silk—a mimic sky!
For many a topaz sprinkled there
Shone out like golden Stars—and bright
The green embroidered hangings were
With flowers, and gems for dews of night!
And she, the Queen of this fair show,
With her soft eyes, and beauteous brow,
And smiles for which a saint might fall,
Was fairer, lovelier than all!

A crimson velvet couch was spread
Just at her feet, o'er which were shed
Such perfumes, from a viewless hand,
As sham'd the flowers of Sarmarcande,
And every breathing of the air
Brought eddying showers of rose-leaves there :—
Upon that couch Zemin awoke,
When first the light upon him broke ;
Surpris'd, bewilder'd, half uprais'd,
The wond'ring youth in silence gaz'd,
Like one awaken'd with the sound
Of siren music breath'd around !

On either side that fairy hall
Was bounded by a crystal wall,
On which, as in a mirror seen,
Were verdant bowers of waving green :
In one a pearly fountain sprung
From mossy rocks, all overhung

With myrtle boughs, which kiss'd its spray,
And held a pair of doves at play:
The other show'd a dnsky grove—
A place for gentle words of love?
And as the breezes stole among
The boughs, where golden fruitage hung,
The ripened peach and orange fell
On jasmine, rose and asphodel:
Within a narrow vista, there,
A snow-white shrine was seen, and fair
Young forms were gliding from those bowers,
With offerings of fruits and flow'rs.

A golden lamp above the throne
Hung from a wreathed silver chain—
But shadowy was the light which shone,
And one might look, and look again,
To find the ceiling whence it came;
And round that soft and chastened flame

Lustres of opal, chrysolite,
Of amethyst and emerald green,
Of hyacinth, of saphire bright,
And azure torquoise-stone, were seen,
Like a gay cloud of butterflies,
When summer lights the sunny skies.

That spacious hall's remotest verge
Was visionary as the surge
Of ocean, when the night descends,
And with the waves its shadows blends!
There unrevealed shadows throng,
Form, and dissolve, or sweep along
Looking like shades escap'd their graves,
And Riding on the foam-capp'd waves!

Bewildered, Zemin gaz'd around—
He saw no movement heard—no sound:—
All silent, soft and motionless—
Not even wav'd one fairy tress

Of that bright being, brighter far
Than even thee, Nouronnihar!

She claps her hands—that distant gloom
Shows eyes of light, and cheeks of bloom!—
A band of smiling maids advance
And to the lute's soft music dance,
Forming a wreath about the throne
Of glancing eyes and waving hair;
And coronal and turban shone,
With many a burning diamond there,
O'er forms luxurious as the sky
Of Iran, when the moon is high!

Each varied dress in that array—
And all unveil'd—and all were gay,
As in those holy dwellings where
No jealous eyes are on the fair. [16]

Some were equipp'd with turban light!—
An azure tunic to the knee—
A sash with clasps of diamond bright,
And trowsers high as phantasy!
Their little yellow slippers seen
Gliding along that carpet green,
Seem'd daisies waving gracefully
Upon the meadow's emerald sea.

One a sweet song of Hafez sung [17]
And the deep notes were upward flung
With trembling lip—with dewy eye—
And heaving breast of ecstasy!
Another, dress'd in many a fold
Of stainless white, and zone of gold,
Seated herself at Zemin's feet
And threw her snowy fingers o'er
A light guitar:—A voice as sweet
As greets the blest upon the shore

Of Paradise, came on his heart,
Bidding each thought of earth depart:

SONG.

"We Peries are gay
As the bulbul in May,
When the rose is in bloom
And the air free from gloom!

Zemin, rest thee here awhile!
Earth hath nought for thee to cherish;
False the fairest mortal's smile—
Things of earth are born to perish!
Here no tyrant's rod is hung,
Here no tempest's breath is sighing;
Giauhara, ever young
Sways the bright and never-dying!

We Peries are bright
As the vision of light,
In the infant's repose,
At the day's silent close!

Zemin, thou shalt be our king!
We will cull thee fairer flowers
Than in earthly regions spring,
From our ever-bloomiug bowers:
Lutes shall bring thee sweet repose,
And thy bright and joyous dreaming,
When those weary eye-lids close,
Shall have nought of earthy seeming!

We Peries are true
As the heavens are blue,
O'er the land of thy birth,
On the sorrowing earth!"

The song is hush'd, those forms are gone,
The Peri Queen remains alone:
Then first she spoke, with voice as soft
As summer's zephyr, flung aloft
From angel wings, to clear the sky
Of Iran, when the plague is nigh:

"Zemin, thy guardian spirit am I!
I tended thy couch in infancy,
And when in young boyhood thou didst stray
I hover'd invisible, over thy way
I chill'd with my wand the coiled snake,
I frightened the tiger from the brake,
I cool'd the fire of the sultry day,
I chas'd the withering plague away;
And when as a soldier thou didst ride,
With thy sword of Shiraz [18] and helm of pride
I shivered the spear as it near'd thy heart,
I dash'd away the careering dart,

I shook the folds from the veil of doom,
Till victory sat upon thy plume!

"But thou wert growing too proud and high,
Forgetting the Power above the sky,
And the order came for thy cup to be
Drugg'd with the bitterest misery!—
And now thou mayest return again—
But I warn thee of biting care and pain—
Or thou may'st dwell forever with me,
Forgetting, in love and revelry,
The deceptive wreath of tumultuous war,
And the fading charms of thy Nouronnihar!"

That thriling name struck at his heart,
And fast the burning tears did stream,
Those burning tears which seldom start
But for some fondly cherish'd dream!
"Peri, tho' earth hath nought for me
But mocking and inconstancy—

Tho' poverty and lone despair,
With sickening touch, await me there,
Yet would I not forsake that star,
My own, my lov'd Nouronnihar,
Not, Peri for the brightest eyes
That ever shone in paradise!"

"Mortal, then receive thy doom
As a bird with fairy plume
Thou shalt die, yet find no tomb!

Ever changing shalt thou be—
For a spell is over thee,
To fulfil thy destiny!"

She wav'd her wand—and throne and hall,
With odorous lamp, and crystal wall,
Faded as in a dream away,
And round him was the opening day!

But, ah! the charm hath on him wrought,
And chang'd him with the speed of thought,
As a young nightingale he flies, [19]
Spreading his pinions to the skies!
Ah, luckless Zemin! such a fate
Hath often fill'd thy dreams of late,
When slumbering on the crimson ground
With bleeding friends and foes around.

Away he flits, and in an hour
Is hovering o'er his lady's bow'r:—
All silent there—the weeds had sprung:
The flow'rs, neglected, drooping hung—
Where once were flowers and music glad
All seems forsaken, lone and sad.

What female comes with pensive pace,
With mourning garb and palid face?
Nouronnihar!—what do'st thou here
So early?—Dost thou seek to cheer

Thy loneliness by sight and sound
Of birds, and dew-drops glistening round?
Or is thy Zemin in thy mind
  Like traces of thy infancy—
His name a sound with ease resign'd,
  Uncherish'd in thy memory?—

If doting woman fondly love
  And he belov'd be doom'd to perish,
If thou would'st that affection prove,
  To find if she hath aught to cherish—
Go look into her swollen eye,
  Go gaze upon her faded cheek,
And listen to the deep-drawn sigh—
  Those are the words which truly speak!

Her eye was as the star of night
  When filmy clouds have o'er it flown—
Her cheek, the moon-beam's yellow light
  Upon a foaming billow thrown!

Her eye was on a fading rose,—
Her bosom wild with passionate throes—
And silent gushings of despair
Fell mingling with the dew-drops there!
That was the rose of which he said,
When he to join the battle sped,
"And thou shalt pluck it, love, for me
When I return again to thee!"
She deem'd him dead, for such the tale,
Nor dream'd that this young nightingale,
Hovering so fondly round, was he—
The idol of her misery.

"Young bird"—she murmur'd with a sigh—
"With ruffled wing and heavy eye,
Hath some rude hand thy flowret taken?
Or hath the storms its frail leaves shaken?
Go—there are many flowers for thee,
But, bulbul, only *one* for me!"

The day hath pass'd, and in the west
The weary sun descends to rest,
Yet still that nightingale is there,
By thy pale rose, Nouronnihar!—
A rushing sound is in the sky—
An eagle cleaves the air on high,
And dashes on that mournful bird—
One short and piercing cry is heard,
And Zemin's spirit takes its flight,
Resting within a frame of might—
An Arab steed with waving mane
And furious blood in every vein!

And what is he who guides that horse,
With galling heel and brutal force?
Who but the Persian Shah!—he goes
With might to quell his fiery foes!

He mingles curses for his steed
With curses on the brave who fell,
And swears that all did tamely bleed
Who died in yonder star-lit dell!

The night hath clos'd—the dews are down—
And slumbers he who wears a crown?
He sleeps— but fearful dreams arise
Of black revenge—of gurgling cries,
From victims ere the souls depart,
With lance and dagger in the heart!

The crouching foe has on them set,
And crossing sword and spear hath met!
Upon the air is shout and yell
As if the earth and air were hell!—
The Persian Monarch mounts to lead
Where fiercest fight, and stoutest bleed,
For strong were both his heart and hand,
And none have met and shun'd his brand;

But ere his eager horse could start
A Persian dagger finds his heart—
A slave whom he hath made a slave
Has sent the tyrant to his grave!

What form is starting from the earth?
Is it a son of mortal birth?
It is—and mystic words of cheer
Are sounding in that mortal's ear!

"Zemin, arise! the spell is past—
The despot of Iran hath breath'd his last!
Hush'd to sleep is thy fiery pride,
And true thou knowest thy gentle bride:—
Never forget, in thy wayward mood,
That forms of light are around the good:
Never forget that a power on high
Rules in wisdom thy destiny!
Here is thy own good sword and steed—
Mount! and away! to the combat lead!"

Again his reeling sense returns,
Again his blood for battle burns,
A few are quickly gathered round,
And charge as swells the trumpets sound:—
Ah, fearful is the struggling fight
In the dim watches of the night
The fiend-like shout—the sabre's clash—
The changing squadron's mingled crash—
The meteor light from meeting brands,
Showing fierce eyes and bloody hands—
The horse unridden dashing by,
And the deep groan of agony!

Then Zemin's name came fiercely out
In many a wild and cheering shout,
But hosts of foes were on them yet;
And oft, on every side beset,
His hand had hew'd a bloody way
To some more numerous array;

For broken early in the fight
They strive in vain to reunite
The scattered powers of either host,
And more than once all seem'd as lost,
And more than once a victory,
Deceptive, seem'd to either nigh.

Fierce bands swept swiftly round the plain
And met—never to part again!
And when the opening dawn of day
Lifted from earth its mantle grey,
It shone upon disjointed bands,
On single pairs, with struggling hands,
On many a gor'd, and heaving burst,
And bloody banners roll'd in dust!

Then, Zemin all his might did wield
To join his powers upon the field;—
Quick words, with quicker acts obey'd,
Were given to meet those bands that stray'd;

The rallying sound was shrilly blown
And fallen banners upward thrown!—
The leaders to their chargers set,
Soon as a fair array had met,
Then dashing on the broken foe
Defeat and perfect overthrow,
Wild flight, and rapid victory,
Sent up their noises to the sky!

Zemin hath left the sounds of war
And lists to the lute of his Nouronnihar:—
She pluck'd for him that promis'd rose
As the day sent up its silent close—
She hath twin'd a laurel crown for him,
But still with a tear her eye is dim!
Such tears alone may she ever know,
Or purer drops for another's woe!
Like a distant dream is her sorrowing,
And Zemin the brave—is Persia's King!

Several evenings intervened before the ill health of Madame de Lauzon permitted the continuance of those tales of The Unknown. Her nervous system had become completely deranged, and the barking of their old and faithful dog, raised images of horror in her mind, with difficulty allayed by the assiduity of M. de Lauzon and Eloise. However, at her own request the manuscript was again resumed, and Eloise seated herself by her bed-side and commenced the third tale.

THE MISANTHROPE.

1.

"Aged one, the sun hath set
The shadows of night in the east have met,
And the bird hath sought its nest:
Thy time-thin'd locks are hoary white,
Thy bended form hath lost its might,
And the old should rest with the closing night—
Enter my cot and rest."

II

"Youth, thy cheek is round and fair,
Full and soft thy waving hair—
And bright thy joyous eye:—
What across thy path hath sped,
What of blight upon thy head,
Which hath taught thee thus to shed
A joy on misery?

III

"Had thy journey been as mine,
Hadst often knelt at sorrow's shrine,
Thy pity were not strange:
And yet the bitter scenes of life,
Shrouded in malice and in strife,
With burning thought and passion rife,
From gentler things estrange!"

IV.

"Hoary stranger, mirth and joy
Are not over with the boy,
On his morning way;
Yet the path appears so bright,
When thy weary heart grows light,
I would know if sorrow's blight
Dash'd those locks with grey!"

V.

The aged man hath doff'd his care
And smiling, smooths his snowy hair,
And talks of startling themes;
Of wonders seen in foreign lands—
The youth in listening silence stands;
With arched brow and folded hands,
And his eye with pleasure gleams!

VI.

And yet the curious boy would know
Of that darkly hinted tale of wo,
And asks the boon again:
A cloud comes o'er the stranger's brow,
The fire of his eye hath ceas'd to glow
And his bosom heaves with a passionate throe
As if with awakened pain!

VII

"Youth, thy prying will be done!—
Nay—I would not chide, my son,
But that tale to me
Raises forms too often met—
Forms which I would fain forget—
Forms too wildly cherish'd yet
Ever to fade or flee!

VIII.

"But that hated tale may be
As a gentle warning voice to thee;
And a word in youth
Cheats the path of after life
Of its sharpest thorns, of its wildest strife,
And leads old age, with honours rife,
To wisdom and to truth.

IX.

"Ah! youth with me was wild and bright,
A scene of enchantment and delight,
Of unknown angel forms!
Each beat of the heart was ecstasy,
Each sound of earth a melody,
Each motion the reckless revelry
Of the eagle amid his storms!

X.

"And I thought the gentle words around
Were something more than a courteous sound,
Unmeaning as the strain
Of the mocking-bird, which mimics the jay
Or the nightingale's more serious lay,
Or, if the raven be nearer than they,
Re-echoes his croak again!

XI.

"I thought those smiles, so light and free,
Spoke of the kind heart's innocent glee,
Nor dream'd of treason or harm,
Nor knew that the brightest smiles lay where
Is spread for the young and unwary a snare,
More fatal far than the tiger's lair,
Or the treacherous serpent's charm.

XII.

"But boy-hood's golden fruits and flow'rs
Faded and fell, as the last fair hours
By laughing Time were told;
And manhood came—and then I knew
That poisonous weeds have blossoms too!—
Slandered and cheated, in time I grew
Suspicious, reserv'd and cold.

XIII.

"But a light fell on my waywardness:
Youth, seest thou this auburn tress?—
It wav'd o'er as fair a brow
As ever was lit by an azure eye—
An eye of fire and mystery,
Which told of feelings warm and high,
And spirits of endless flow!

XIV.

"She, too, look'd coldly on the throng
Of busy idlers, passing along,
And learn'd that throng to shun;
Quickly a union of feeling grew—
We said in our hearts there are but two,
Chaste and faithful, honest and true,
Breathing beneath the sun!

XV.

"Then we those perfect ones, did wed,
And the world, for which we car'd not, said,
The eagle hath found its mate;
For we were alike in voice and form,
In those passionate feelings, high and warm,
In that glance which seem'd to defy the storm,
And laugh at the shocks of fate.

XVI.

"We err'd, and that very erring made
Our hearts as near as the tree to its shade
Or the morn to its crimson hues:
But she was the gentler, milder far—
I, like the comet, she, the star,
And her love half lull'd the ceaseless war
Which I with the world had made.

XVII.

"And yet, ere many months had sped
A coldness seem'd in all she said—
It might be fancy all—
But this I know, my words grew chill,
Her fairy voice grew dull and still,
And her haughty eye foreboded ill,
But no lenient tear did fall.

XVIII.

"I warmly lov'd—but confidence
And gentle words were banish'd hence,
For I deem'd her affection dead;
But pride was on us in his might,
He whisper'd to each that each was right,
And threw a chill on that season of light,
And our flowers were faded and shed!

XIX.

"One night, returning with hound and gun,
(For in sports like these I sought to shun
The upbraiding of her eye)
I swore my thoughts should all be told;
And if, as it seem'd, her heart was cold,
'Twere better to know, than thus grow old
In doubting misery.

XX.

"My heart grew light with that wiser thought,
With quicker step my home I sought,
But my bride was sought in vain!
"I saw a note:— Tis time to fly—
I go to one whose gentle eye
Hath nought of man's inconstancy—
We never may meet again!

XXI.

"She sought the home of her youth—and I
Those fields where the wretched cannot die—
Where the young and cherish'd fall;
But I pass'd on as a guarded thing,
The raven would not flap his wing,
The coiled serpent would not spring,
Nor the sulphur spread my pall!

XXII.

"Earth had no kindred clay for me,
My heart became a mystery,
Blighted and withered then;
Strange fancies thickened day by day,
I would not think, and could not pray,
Nor drive those hated forms away,
Those forms of my fellow men!

XXIII.

"Yet nought of gloom was in my eye,
My bosom never was heav'd with a sigh,
And I laugh'd with a horrid glee;
But that cherish'd hatred of all my kind
Came with its spell o'er my wandering mind,
Like the fiery wing of that fatal wind
To the rover of Araby.

XXIV.

"I know not if my brain was craz'd,
But a fearful fire was there, and blaz'd
Like the fires in church-yards seen;
A living light among the dead.
A gleam upon those moments fled,
A memory of the feelings sped
Never to come again!

XXV.

"But I could not bear the jocund glee
Of my warrior mates in their revelry
And I laid aside my helm;
My plumes were thrown to the tempest's breath,
My sword was left to rust in its sheath,
And I left afar that sea of death,
For its waves would not o'erwhelm!

XXVI.

"Then I bade farewell to my native land,
And vow'd to visit each foreign strand,
And said, if I could find
But *one* whose heart was gentleness,
Whose soul was form'd its fellow to bless,
I would forego my wretchedness,
And dwell in peace with my kind.

XXVII.

"And thus for many years I stray'd,
And the part of a spy with men I play'd,
But the hearts of men were steel;
Indeed they were not always cold,
When their eyes were on my lavish gold—
And their souls I found were readily sold,
But dead to other appeal!

XXVIII.

"The great survey'd the boundless world
As a mystic roll for them unfurl'd,
Where the vulgar might not read;
And they glanc'd upon earth's lowly child
As another being, strange and wild,
As if no God upon upon him smil'd
In his pleasures or his need!

XXIX.

The poor beheld the lofty brow
Of the rich with curses deep, if low,
And eyes with envy fill'd
And the haughty glance of the others eye
Emitted no beams of sympathy—
Nor at sight of his fellow's misery
One pitying drop distill'd.

XXX.

"And holy men, with chastened gait,
With action formal and sedate
Look'd on sin with sorrowing;
They gave to the poor with a visible hand,
They took a high and threatening stand
Against the vain ones of the land—
And worship'd some hidden thing!

XXXI.

"There were zealots, too, of each varied creed,
Ready to combat, burn, or bleed
For their own all-perfect code,
And each his neighbour's faith revil'd
With passionate speech and action wild,
And each the other's flock beguil'd—
And each—forgot his God!

XXXII.

"The young warrior wore his plume with a grace;
With a luminous eye—with an angel's face
Was the babe and its mother slain;
And the patriot fought for liberty
With a powerful arm and a flashing eye,
And exulting shouts went up the sky
As he gave a triple chain!

XXXIII.

"The fair and beautiful ones of earth
Wrought their spells amid scenes of mirth
And sybil revelry,
For the smiling young and the wealthy old,
And ever their eyes were caught with gold,
For they heeded not if their charms were sold
For glittering pageantry!

XXXIV.

"But flowers are not for the frosty head,
And when the moment of doting had fled
They crush'd them without a sigh,
Yet the younger kill'd with a gentler art—
Each set his chosen victim apart,
And winning with smiles and sighs the heart,
Left if alone to die!

XXXV.

"Such was the world to my darkened eye,
But the days of my prime were passing by
And brought a calmer time;
Again the rustling sails unfurl'd,
Again the billows around me curl'd
As I left the track of the polish'd world
To hide in a barbarous clime.

XXXVI.

"I sought the east, where the Tartar roves,
Where the tiger lurks in his orange groves!
And a fancy on me came,
To throw each trace of splendor by,
And once again as a mendicant try
If the earth had aught of humanity
To quench that mysterious flame.

XXXVII.

"I learn'd the sounds of a savage tongue,
My beard and hair around me hung,
And a Callender's garb was mine, [3]
But ere a second sun did rise
The Faithful [4] saw my frail disguise.
And the death-blows follow'd my quick surprise,
And my carcass away was flung!

XXXVIII.

"But the angel of death was absent yet,
And when the evening sun had set
An ancient Dervise came:
He bore in his feeble hand a spade,
That my frame with its kindred earth might be laid,
For he would not have a banquet made
For beasts, of the human frame!

XXXIX.

"A fluttering pulse the stranger found—
He stole me away without a sound
To his humble clay-built cell;
He hid me within an inner part—
Well did he ply his simple art,
And he kept intrusive steps apart
And nurs'd a Christian well!

XXXIX.

"And when again my reason came
Gone was that self-consuming flame—
I wept—I wept for joy!
I had found a gentle soul at last,
The clouds from my erring brain had pass'd,
And I curs'd the chain which had held me fast
Since an innocent, happy boy!

XL.

"My hate to men had sprung in pride,
I found no light for I sought no guide,
And how should those wanderings cease?
But readily in the hour of need
That stranger of another creed
Came to the dying one with speed,
And offered the hand of peace!

XLI.

"There liv'd within that friendly gate
A mother and her children eight,
And each did well its part,
The children smil'd around their guest
The mother bade the Christian rest
And the sire each lingering fear suppress'd
And sooth'd my sicken'd heart.

XLII.

"I told my tale—the Dervise said:
'Brother a thousand have been led
Astray, as thou hast stray'd;
But the earth hath both its weeds and flowers,
Its blasting storms, and its genial showers;
Go again to that land of yours,
And with man thy peace be made!

XLIII.

"'And if a weary wanderer come
Across thy path, without a home,
Do thou as I have done;
And thy spirit shall find a gentle rest—
The lisping infant shall call thee blest,
And thy sun as it calmly sinks to rest,
Leave a glow on the clouds when gone!

XLIV.

"'Go in peace! and our common God
Be with thee in thy distant abode!'—
His threshold I pass'd with a sigh,
And linger'd in sorrow a moment there,
And gave up a warm, a glowing pray'r
For a lengthen'd eve on the gentle pair—
Those beacon-guides to the sky!

XLV.

" Again I sought my native land
And stood upon its well known strand
A renovated thing;
Tis true, this hair is waving grey,
This hand hath lost its powerful sway,
And my life is near its closing day,
But my spirit is in its spring.

XLVI.

" My heart and head from thraldom freed,
Many a gentle word and deed
Came from the hearts of men;
But still one sorrow doth here remain—
That bride of my youth hath been sought in vain,
And could I but hear her voice again
My spirit would slumber then. '

XLVII.

"Bless'd be my Herbert then!" said a voice,
"Bless'd be the one of my early choice!—
The stray bird hath return'd to his nest!
Father, behold thy stranger son!
Husband, receive thy repentant one!"—
Her voice grew faint, and her words were done—
She fainted upon his breast!

XLVIII.

She had shrunk when she heard a stranger there,
For her days had pass'd in lonely pray'r
Since the wayward one had fled;
But his voice had come as a lovely sound,
And her heart at his closing words did bound,
For the cherish'd form of her soul was found;
And came as if from the dead!

XLIX.

The mounting sun, as he came from the sea,
And burst through his clouds in majesty
To light the impearled flowers,
Look'd upon three whose hearts were one,
That father, mother and gentle son;
And three more blest he ne'er shone upon
Since he left his infant bowers.

The increasing ill health of Madame de Lauzon for some weeks precluded every thought of amusement within their little cot. The fate of Leonie was evidently preying upon her weak frame, and M. de Lauzon saw with agony the probability of a loss which he felt he could not survive.

His Lady had become capricious as the April winds which were then alternately freezing and thawing the masses of snow, still remaining in those places least exposed to the rays of the sun. Instead of avoiding melancholy recollections, she almost continually spoke of Leonie. She would revert to her infantile peculiarities; and, with a retention peculiar to persons of her temperament, recall long-forgotten traits of her demure childhood, which had given her the title of *La petite Madame.* From this subject she would wander to her own dear France;

and then again would come strange fancies of The Unknown, for she imagined a resemblance between him and a distant relative who had married in Italy, and eventually fallen in a duel. This singular conceit had so far taken possession of her mind, that the manuscript of the stranger was looked upon as a family relic, and Eloise was again called upon to read the remaining poem. M. de. Lauzon never openly opposed her fancies, but, laying a painful restraint upon his own desponding reflections, endeavoured to lead her mind to more cheerful subjects. This however he seldom effected, and Eloise, naturally sensitive, aided but sadly in its accomplishment.

The first spring rain had commenced as the evening closed on which Madame de Lauzon called Eloise to the bed-side, and requested that the Lays of the Forest might be brought to wile away the tedious hours. She obeyed with alacrity, and began the last poem of the Manuscript.

THE MAID OF ST. PAUL.

And art thou fallen, land of song and lyre!
Thy temples silent, and thy martial fire,
Which not the Persian throngs could overwhelm,
Lighting alone the bandit's blade and helm!—
Where are thy joyous shouts, which fill'd the sky—
Thy laurel'd heads and songs of victory?—
Seek not for Greece—her halls are desolate,
Where words of thunder broke, and sages sate!

Yet, land of Helen! would I give to thee
My song—my sad and humble minstrelsy!
Be mine to sigh, to weep o'er what remains,
Thy broken pillars and thy crumbling fanes,
Thy fallen children, and their tyrant's chains!

The evening sun is bright on Eva's hills,
The shadows round St. Paul's sequestered rills
Are hovering o'er the pine-tops, and the cry
Of Paynim's call to prayer is heard on high.
What mounted stranger comes with dusty steed,
With seeming weariness and lessened speed?
A foreigner he seems, in foreign garb,
And fiercely doth he rein his restive barb,
And mutters unknown curses on his head,
Glancing around by stealth as if with dread
Lest that high mettled courser might betray
Too fresh a spirit for the traveller's way.

A wary word he whispers to his man,
And enters carelessly the village kan;
There on the soft divan his frame he throws,
And seeks, or seems to seek, that frame's repose.
Not young, nor old—some thirty seasons say—
And yet, he may not know so long a day;
For the light wrinkles on his lofty brow
Seem rather marks than furrows, mid the flow
Of raven locks; and tranquil is his eye;—
But if a turban chance to pass him by
It burns like lightning in its sable cloud,
And his lip curls with feelings fierce and proud!

A light carbine lay by him carelessly—
No other weapon caught the curious eye;—
But once a Turk, in passing, rudely press'd
Against him—and his hand was in his breast
And play'd convulsively a moment there—
Was it a thrill of pain,—a pang of fear,—

The hidden workings of some fearful guilt,—
Or, (heaven forbid!) a dagger's ivory hilt?

The night is resting on St. Paul—each star
Hath set its light in heaven, and from afar
Shines like a golden spangle, and that kan
Is dark and silent, as if living man
Breath'd not within it:—Who is he that slides
From the small window, and in silence glides,
Like a dark spirit, underneath the pines?
It is the stranger who his couch resigns
At this late hour!—a pistol in one hand,
Beneath his cloak the other holds a brand,
As if its glimmer might attract more eyes
Than needful seem, to aid his enterprise;
And once he pauses in an old tree's shade,
And bares his good right arm and trusty blade,
At the quick flutter of some bird of night,
Awakened by his steps to sudden flight!

Again he stopp'd, and jealously around
Glanc'd his quick eye—no treacherous sight or sound
Repaid his scrutiny, and with a bound
He clear'd the barrier of a garden wall,
And uninvited stands within a hall
Where one dim lamp throws out a doubtful flame
Upon a female form:—So still he came
That yet upon a book her eyes are bent,
On some romancer's tale of love intent!

She was a thing of beauty! One light wave
Of auburn sought her bosom, as to save
Her night attire's betrayal—and her eye,
Half-clos'd upon that tale of misery,
Seem'd like an opening violet moist with dew;
And pale as whitest snow-flake was the hue
Upon her cheek—her trembling lips unbent,
Just tinged with light carnation, softly blent

With her cheek's paleness—and her arched brow
Lay like a pencil'd line amid the flow
Of her gold-spangled tresses [1] curling round
Her graceful neck and heaving bosom's bound!

She was a form of beauty—such as mov'd
The soul of Phidias—such as Paris lov'd—
All Grecian, and all dignity and grace—
A swan-like dignity—a speaking face;
Where passion never slumbered!—One fair hand
Lay on that page, and shamed it, one her band
Unclasped, was holding, on that rich divan
Of azure silk; and thrilling tremors ran
Along her fingers, at that tale of grief,
Like the light trembling of the aspen leaf.
A faded jasmine, fallen from her hair, [2]
Lay at her crossing feet, which lay half bare,
And half enveloped in the envious flow
Of light blue trowsers—little clouds of snow—

Twin clouds, reposing in a summer sky,
And revelling in their beauteous symmetry!

"Evadne"—and he spoke that name alone,
But that one word, that deep and thrilling tone
Was all sufficient to the maiden's ear,
That single word, that cherish'd tone of cheer,
For her hath more of music than each sound
Of joy within the varied earth around!

Ye who have hop'd, till hope grew half des
Till the heart sickened—till the phrenzied
Went up in agony, yet faithless still,
From long, long doubting—till the eye wo
From the o'ercharged heart—till every be
Of the wild pulse grew fainter—ye may m
With these, and see them truly as they me
The sigh of transport, and the dim eye w
The fluttering heart, the flush of either fa
And the hush'd silence of the long embra

"Lascaris, I had dream'd thou *couldst* forget,
Like many of thy faithless sex—and yet
I thought it not, but fear'd the Turk in wrath
Had found thee in thy wanderings!"

"And he hath—
And he hath found this brand! Forget thee! yes,
When day is night, and night is visionless!
When rolling months or years my thoughts estrange
From their eternal, burning, fix'd revenge!"

His pale lip quivered and his eye grew bright
With an implacable and fearful light;—
'Twas but a moment and the storm pass'd by,
And love and joy again were in his eye,
And when he spoke his voice was low and mild
As the first lisping of the innocent child!

"Evadne! fearful storms have o'er me pass'd,
With high careering since I saw thee last,

And swept away my kindred—Did'st thou hear
Nought of Ithome's hated work of fear?"
"No, nothing!"—
"Well, that turban'd race of hell—
Nay, but I *will* be calm, if one may tell
That tale with calmness!—I had compassed all
My plans within the Turkish capital—
That place, Evadne, where my months were days,
Nay, moments, and my heart, beneath the rays
Of those blue eyes, was full with joy and love—
When all abroad, beneath, around, above,
Seem'd young as our young hearts!—Thou gayest girl!—
I wander, like the bird whose wings unfurl
When storms are on the earth—which upward flies,
And sports his flowing plumes in azure skies,
Far, far above the tempest!—But the flame
Forever tempting, night and day the same,
Will scorch the hovering moth—so we return
By some enchantment to the things we mourn,

And will not let them sleep!—A courier came
With news which made my heart and head a flame,
A flame to burn forever!—Rumour said,
That, near Ithome, Moslem slaves had shed
The blood of many rebels, and that fire
Had swept a hundred hamlets, in their ire:—
Thou know'st my aged sire, my sisters fair
And my fond mother, all were dwelling there—
And, O! the sickness which upon me came,
When first was heard that tale of blood and flame!

"All else was then forgotten and that day
We found our little vessel under way—
The blast which drove us onward seem'd a breeze—
And gentle breath of summer—tho' the trees,
Upon the shore and islands, seem'd to fly,
As o'er us dash'd the foam in rushing by!

"'Twas midnight when I reach'd the little glen
Where once abode those cherish'd ones—and then,

All there was black and silent—All were gone,
Yes, *all* Evadne! and I stood alone
Among the dead!—Then my burning eye
Was rais'd in silence to the blackened sky,
And a low vow was registered on high—
By the fresh ashes of the loved I vow'd—
And by my murdered grand-sire's bloody shroud—
By the pale flitting shades of those who fell—
By the deep burnings of the deepest hell—
And by the great Jehovah—that this hand
Should work a dreadful vengeance!—that this brand
Should never slumber from its work of blood
Until within these veins the boiling flood
Should be congeal'd in death!—That night pass'd on
In awful stillness, and the morning shone
Upon a wretch, blighted, and wild, and lone!

"Not long they gave to mourn—the fiend-like cry,
'Another rebel!' in the wood on high,

Came from the slaves, and I was forc'd away,
For one unarm'd, Evadne, could not slay!
But ere I saw another morn depart
This blade had felt the murderous Osman's heart,
Their leader—and I roam a hunted thing
O'er which the eager vulture plumes his wing;
But not alone—a fierce and eager band
In Eva's mountains waits this guiding hand,
A band of Spartan blood, and one loud cheer
Would bring them down with gun, and sword and spear,
To rescue or to die!"—
"What wouldst thou do?"—

"Sweep from the earth the vile and hated crew!
A few of swiftest foot abroad are spread,
Among the mountains to arouse the dead;
The corsairs too are summoned on the sea,
And if the Greeks *are* Greeks, they shall be free!"

"And if they fail, Lascaris!"—

"We shall die

As those who slumber at Thermopylæ,

Making defeat a victory—If I fall

With cleav'd and bloody turbans for my pall,

A Paynim's carcass for my sabre's sheath,

His blood my bier—my heart will leap in death!"

Paler and paler had Evadne grown;—

It seem'd as if each drop of blood had flown

Back to her heart—her lip had lost its hue,

A death-like calmness in each feature grew,

And when she spoke the words came firm and slow,

Like the deep murmurs of the river's flow.

"I give thee to *our* country!—May'st thou be

The glorious battle-cry of liberty!

There are none left to weep for us when gone,

Long have *I* been, and now *thou* art alone,

And I will go with thee, Lascaris—I,
Tho' all at last forsake thee, will not fly!"

A fearful struggle feels Lascaris now,
And the cold drops are starting from his brow:—
An angel seem'd to beckon him away,
To distant climes—a demon bade him stay—
Alternately his face is pale and flush'd,
And deep his breathing—but at length 'tis hush'd—
That burst hath pass'd from Passion's wildest child
Again, and left him calm, and still, and mild,
As if no tempests ere disturb'd the rest—
The dreamy slumber of his quiet breast!

"It may not be, Evadne! *cannot* be!
How would that frame, rear'd up in luxury,
Bear the fierce pelting of the mountain storm,
The rock a pillow, and the"—
"Woman's form

Hath borne far more, Lascaris—and again
Will bear for one belov'd!—"

"This whirling brain!—
A dream of happier climes was on me now
And half-forgotten that relentless vow—
Thou wert an orphan, low and desolate—
The Moslem's sword hath made for thee a mate!
A mate in phrenzied wo, in burning pain—
That pair *must* part—*perhaps* to meet again!"

He's gone!—a piercing shriek is in the hall,
And forth she rush'd—to see him pass the wall:
Her snowy arms out-stretch'd as if to clasp
Some visionary form escap'd her grasp!—
Was it a dream—or was Lascaris here,
With that bright eye—with words of love and fear?
He was, but he is gone, and days of pain
And silent loneliness must come again,
With the dim taper of the sleepless night,
With wild and chilling visions of affright,

Of ghastly trunkless heads—of streaming gore—
And the loud thunder of the cannon's roar:—

Her maids awakened by that shriek have come,
And bear her senseless form within her home;
While, rushing wildly on, that wayward man
Seeks recklessly again the silent kan!

The morn is dawning on St. Paul—the west
Weareth one star upon its pearly vest—
The azure zenith, shadowy, soft and pale,
Like a blue robe beneath a snowy veil,
And in the east a golden cloud hath won
The first embraces of the unrisen sun:—
Lascaris, mounted, looks upon that sky
As if no tempest ever raged on high,
As if no storms were slumbering in that soul—
Storms which a breath might raise beyond control!

A Greek is by his side, in whose grey eye
Lies ready daring and serenity:
An eye of cool sedateness, dead to wrath—
Such as the good—and desperate villain hath;
His frame, tho' small, of bone and sinew good,
And form'd for deeds of desperate hardihood,

Lascaris whispers:—"Larno, mark me well,
The Spartan ruins where I am will tell;
And if the Aga dare—as rumours say—
Ev'n *dream* of her, he dies!"
He is away!
The dust is rolling from his courser's feet,
And as he dashes through the silent street
A waving hand is from a casement seen—
That steed is check'd—there is no midnight screen—
His hand is wildly driven against his heart,
And moving forward with convulsive start,
His spurs are reeking, and his good steed flies
Till far among the hills the clattering dies.

The Aga of three score had left his bed,
As the meridian sun his gay beams shed
Upon St. Paul:
"Hassan!"—the slave hath come—
"Go tell Evadne, that the Aga's home
Is hers—that Alla hath upon her smil'd—
Hath mov'd me ev'n to wed the beautiful child!"

The slave is gone, and on his soft divan,
Immers'd in clouds of smoke, that bearded man,
The sofa scarce supports his corpulence,
And in his visage every gleam of sense
Seem'd sweetly slumbering, and his half-clos'd eye
Is resting in unwinking apathy!

Hassan returns:—
"The girl this answer sends:—
'The stream of Lacedæmon never blends
With foreign waters!'"

"Ha! the slave! this hour
Then shall she know that Artaz hath the power
To force obedience!"

"Aga, one abroad
At sun-rise, saw that stranger as he rode
Forth on his way, and as he hurried by
Her cot, a waving hand was seen on high,
He paus'd—wav'd his—and madly rode away
Upon the mountain path—and rumours say
That stranger was Lascaris, in disguise!"

"By Alla! then, the amorous beauty dies!—
Call here the ruffian Larno:"—

He hath come
With mien so calm, he seem'd the gentle home
Of confidential words—and his still eye
Awake, yet resting in tranquility:

"Greek, thou can do a deed for gold—canst not?"

"I *did* a deed, thou know'st"—

"And I forgot
The promised purse—but here it is—and now—
Larno, the victim hath a fairer brow
Than that old Pacha, both *thy* foe and *mine!*"

"Name it and fair reward"—

"It shall be thine!
Take thou this dagger—use it ere the morn—
'Tis for Evadne."—

"No—the night's return
Must find me at Misitra:—Aga, there
My father struggles with the last despair
Of closing life!—To morrow night the deed
Shall be well done:"—

"Larno, the slave *should* bleed
To-night—but go—to-morrow night she dies,
Or, Larno, *thou* shalt feed the birds and flies!"

The Aga settles to his dull repose,
And, answering with a nod, the ruffian goes,
But mutters as he coolly strides away:
"Fool! dost thou think this hand was made to slay
Aught but thy hated race!—Yes, yes—*the* deed
To-morrow night, if Larno lives, shall speed—
But thou the victim!"—

Staidly, warily,
He pass'd the village bounds—but when his eye
Caught the deep shadows of the mountain path,
The rushing eagle in his glowing wrath
Darts not more fiercely on his threatening foe
Than he, descending the ravines below,
Dashing along the mountain torrent's stream,
Or straining where the heights in sun-light gleam!

He leaps the brooks, bounds o'er the fallen trees,
Brushes the foliage as a wanton breeze,
Breaks through the dark defiles, and breathless gains
The gentler swellings of the moon-lit plains;

Where the Eurotas softly murmuring flows,
Like some dim flitting shadow, on he goes,
Nor thinks upon the glorious forms of old—
Of Helen's azure lillies, or the bold
Leonidas, who drank that limpid flood,
In infancy, and on its margin stood,
Perhaps, to cast one look ere he could fly
To grasp a wreath of glory—and to die!

'Twas midnight when he reach'd a gentle hill,
And gain'd its summit: All around was still,
As if no mingled voices ere had been
To raise a murmur o'er that noiseless scene!
A ruin'd wall around its brow was thrown,
And many a relic of the ages gone
Lay there: the broken shaft—the fallen dome—
And ev'n the desolate, half-buried tomb
Told not its inmates name! so still, so lone,
It seem'd as if the very dead were gone,

Nor deign'd to rest where, all forgotten, lies
The brave, the good, the beautiful, the wise!

Two ruin'd and disjointed temples stand
Within the wall—and Larno thrust his hand
Into the fissure of a broken stone—
Draws forth a scroll—and, tho' the moon-light shone
With all its beams, he reads—and reads again—
And ev'n *his* features show a moment's pain!
The paper crush'd he thrusts into his breast,
And down he sits to seek a hurried rest.
His wallet is produc'd, but, strange to say,
The crumbs are tasted, loath'd and cast away!
But resting on his arm, his wonted mien
Returns— all passionless, and as serene,
As if the silent hour, the burning stars,
The dew-drops, hung around like liquid spars,
The moon, the dreamy softness of the air,—
For musings of the past had drawn him there.

Larno hath risen for his lonely way—
Winds among barren hills, nor heeds the play
Of the Eurotas, as he fords its tide
And gains by rugged steps the mountain's side.
The day was dawning on those silent wilds,
And shadows flitting in its deep defiles,
When instantly each sign of haste was dropp'd
As at a wretched Turkish kan he stopp'd:—
He heedlessly accosts a listening Greek,
And laughs and chats as in some idle freak,
Till left with him alone:—

"Lascaris—speak—
Where is Lascaris?"—

"In the torrent glen
Hawking the turban'd villains—and his men"—

No more he lists, but swiftly onward goes,
Nor doth he seek, nor seem to need, repose!

Through rocky rifts he speeds—o'er oak-crown'd
height—
But ever pauses in his rapid flight,
If aught of life is either heard or seen,
And quick assumes the plodding traveller's mien.

Again 'tis midnight—and the glen is won :—
With ready hand and eye he passes on
Beneath o'er-hanging rocks and branches thrown
Together over-head—so dense, there shone
No moon-beam on his darkly vaulted way
To tell if friend or foe in ambush lay.

All slept in deathlike silence, save the owl
Hooting above him, or the lengthen'd howl,
Of some half-famish'd wolf!—Ha! whence that
gleam!
The rocks around are sending out a stream
Of fire upon him, and a shower of lead
Is hissing round, and whirling past his head!

Fleetly as startled doe he bounds along,
And hears the steps of the pursuing throng,
And feels— the verging blood and clammy sweat
Stream from his brow and weary limbs—but yet
He presses forward, though each leap is made
In pain, and leaves behind a darker shade!

And still though feebler, fainter, on he goes,
But gaining on him are his fresher foes!—
Nearer and nearer come their rapid strides,
And many a murderous bullet past him glides!—
He shouts "Lascaris"—and the answering sound
From fifty voices strikes the rocks around—
Again he rushes on—meets them—and cries—
As sinking in their midst—"Evadne—haste!—"
and dies!

Then rose the shout of vengeance loud and high,
Commingled wildly with the Paynims' cry;

Quick flashes lit the foliage, and between
The shaggy rocks the cambatants were seen
Grappling as warriors grapple, with strain'd eye
And haggard look of wild insanity!

And fiercest, foremost, wildest in his ire,
With indrawn breath, clench'd teeth, and eye of fire,
The Chief Lascaris:—Recklessly he rush'd
Amid their ranks, and where he strikes, all hush'd
The vain opposer, or a stifled groan
Burst forth to tell how well the deed was done!

Then Larno! thy cool eye and steady hand,
Ready to charge, to rally, or withstand,
Had been a host amid that wild affray!
But cold, insensate, dreamless, there he lay,
With lips apart, as if in act to tell
The message borne so fatally, so well!

The foe is driven from the torrent's bed,
But from the rocks are firing over-head,
And lightning seems to flash in every leaf,
And fast the Greeks are falling round their chief!

The word is given—"Charge up the rocks!"—
they rush,
And cling to every pointed crag and bush;
But some are falling from their fragile hold,
And, with a fiendish yell or curse, are roll'd
From crag to crag, till far below they lie,
A broken mass to glad the vulture's eye!
Other's mid-way have met the death-wing'd ball
And as a senseless clod in silence fall.

Lascaris only gain'd the rocky height,
And seem'd cut off from victory or flight;
He saw his fate—and yet he shunn'd it not,
But grimly stood a mark for sword or shot,

Though not inactive—where he struck was blood—
A ghastly cureless wound, a vital flood—
In vain the cry to slay the rebel—still
He seem'd reserv'd for good—or greater ill.

Yes, "slay the rebel!" was the only cry,
And on him turn'd each hand and glancing eye,
And none perceived the remnant of his band,
Straining in silence up to gain that stand,
Till shouts arose, and vengeful blades were flung
Into their eyes:—Then, then Lascaris sprung
Tike the crouch'd tiger on his heedless prey!—
A moment's struggle and the foe gives way—
They break—essay to fly—no flight is there,
And all unhear'd the wild, half uttered pray'r,
Cut short with thirsty blade, or fatal ball,
Till death had done his bloody work on all!

No word was spoken till those panting men
Again descended to the shrouded glen:—

In sullen silence there the victors stand
And sternly view the wreck of all their band;
A score, of thrice the number, now remain,
And few of these but feel some burning pain!

And had the chief forgotten Larno's word?
He had amid the fight—but now was heard
His startling voice:—
"Hol Faro! haste—my steed
Nay four—of four stout hearts I shall have need!"
No Faro answers to his fierce command:—
"What Faro gone!—O, I shall miss that hand!—
Well then, Cornelius! thou:"—and from a nook,
Worn in a rocky fissure by a brook,
The steeds are led; and from among his band
He chooses three of firmest heart and hand.

"You who remain, when morn again hath come,
Lay ye your comrades in their final home,

And then retire to yonder nook, and keep
A wakeful watch upon the dizzy steep,
But when four nights and days have passed away,
If I return not, each may go his way!"

They stood in silence—he with fearful speed,
Along the rocky pathway urg'd his steed;
But then the phrenzy of the fight had pass'd,
And dread forebodings rush'd upon him fast,
Engulphing all around, and oft his horse
Was driven with fury from his destin'd course,
And those companions call'd and call'd again,
Ere they awoke him from those spells of pain!
Suspense grew madness in his thoughts' career—
He shuddering fear'd—and knew not what to fear—
But well he knew, some threat'ning evil hung
Over Evadne, and that knowledge sprung
Within his heart, like Java's poisonous tree,
Which stands in blighting, solitary glee,

And waves its branches to the desert's breath,
And rules in its realm of ghastly death!

The night descended as through Eva's wild
They rode, and deep'ning clouds and darkness smil'd
Upon their enterprise:—The wild wind dash'd
Against the mountain tops, the lightning flash'd
In vivid sheets, the rain in masses pour'd,
And bellowing from their heights the torrents roar'd!
Their reeling steeds were sway'd by every blast,
And, nearly spent, St. Paul is reach'd at last!

The foaming steeds no longer useful, roam
Instinctively to gain their mountain home,
But, stiffening with the cold, with half-clos'd eye,
They stand, a moment—stagger, fall, and die,
The silent victims of that lordly race
Which vainly boasts a God-like form and face,
And yet, when passion stirs the selfish will,
Does deeds to shame the vilest creature still,

Like evening clouds edged round with red and gold
Yet bearing lightning in each shining fold!

The Chief had left his men prepar'd to aid
His hand, whate'er that desperate hand essay'd;
But as he reach'd her cot his doubting grew
To 'wildering madness; and the hot blood flew
Up to his brain, then backward to his heart—
And long he paus'd—then with a feverish start
Rush'd wildly forward—leapt the gardens bound,
And sought what might of hope or fear be found.
'Tis her, all hush'd in deep and sweet repose
Upon her couch!—The feeble taper throws
Across her marble face its shadowy ray,
And clustering round her neck the tresses play,
As through the open door the circling air
Breathes gently, as to woo that being fair!

With gentle voice he calls her—calls again
Evadne spoke not—ne'er will speak again!

His eye hath caught the stain upon her breast,
And agonizing thoughts unfold the rest!
She died—what more can verse or marble say
Of those who live, and love, and pass away!

Stern and immoveable Lascaris stands,
With haggard brow, pale lips and clenched hands,
And all the burning passions of his frame
Have met within his heart, and all is flame—
Such fires in gentler bosoms never glow,
And such the passionate heart but *once* may know,
And knowing once, all hope, and joy, and mirth,
Are banish'd from the barren path of earth!
At length he weeps—but tears bring no relief
To such as he! Their burstings, wild and brief,
Are but the exhalations of the heart,
And leave all parch'd and glowing, whence they start!

A moment more upon her face he bent,
Then, strangely calm, forth from the murdered
went:—
His friends were call'd—he sought the Aga's place—
And blood within those walls soon left its trace!
The deed was done so quickly, silently,
That scarcely op'd the villain's lazy eye!

Lescaris goes upon his mountain path,
A being pledg'd to never slumbering wrath!
He goes—and looks not where that form is laid,
That form which once around his light heart play'd
As an enchanting vision!—She is gone
And he a wretch—wild, desolate and lone!

No kindred—for his mate, the robber wild—
And from that night, again he never smil'd,
But after rov'd along the mountain height
Amid the shadows of the stormy night,

And watch'd the meteor, dancing far below,
Or seem'd to count the vivid lightning's glow.

One night his followers on a cliff were laid,
Listening the murmur by the ocean made
Below them, when a sullen plunge was heard—
A single plunge—but neither cry nor word
Told it a human frame had found a grave
Beneath the circles of the moon-lit wave:—
His eager band from that high cliff in vain
Look'd for their Chief—he never came again!

Never had the family of M. de Lauzon passed such a May-day as the one following the events before narrated. True, Eloise might have sought in vain for the gay flowers of France, in the less hospitable regions of her new home; but she actually appeared to have forgotten that none were so mirthful, or so boisterous in their mirth, as she when surrounded by the companions of her childhood in her own native village. That village, those companions were far away over the broad Atlantic: the bright imaginings of her infant days, and the happy slumbers of her early nights had fled; and Leonie—where now was that dear companion of her innocent joys and petty sorrows?

These, with a thousand other reflections no less melancholy, rushed upon her at the return of that once happy period, and the tears coursed freely

down her checks, as she thought of that distant land, never to be revisited, and of the bright hopes of childhood never to be realized. M. de Lauxon seemed less affected, but thought was busy with the past his brows were contracted and his lips severe ly compressed, as he hurriedly paced backward and forward in front of the cottage.

Eloise caught the severe expression of her father's countenance, as she looked through the open door, towards the quiet waters of the St. Lawrence; and her own sad recollections gave way to surprise and sorrow at the appearance of his unusual excitement. She was about to join him when she perceived an Indian coming from among the trees, and approaching their habitation. At this time they had, in some degree, become familiarized with the appearance of the friendly savages; and as this was evidently one of the above class, she did not hesitate to gratify her curiosity, in some degree excited by the fine form and princely bearing of the savage chieftain, for as

he approached, she recognized the Algonkin, Piscaret, whose name alone had once saved the village from annihilation.

He approached M. de Lauzon, and remained a moment with his eyes fixed upon him. After waiting as if to be addressed the chief commenced:—

"The snows are gone and the Red-man is on the war-path: Doth the pale-face rest in his cabin?"

M. de Lauzon knew something of the Indian peculiarities—and likewise knew that the Chief's visit was not without an object, but that object was not yet visible, and it was necessary to answer him cautiously.

"We Europeans never go forth to war without sufficient provcation."

"Where is thy young one. In her own nest, or in the nest of the raven!"

At this allusion to Leonie a look of intelligence was exchanged; and M. de Lauzon asked with

emotion—"Thinkest thou my child is among the living?"

"Ask the Manito—* He knoweth the flight of young birds!"

"But do you think it possible?" asked M. de Lauzon with increasing emotion.

"The Unknown is with her."

"And who is the Unknown?"

"A pale-face, who hath the foot of the young roe, the head of the otter, and the heart of the panther!"

"Chieftain, if there is hope, in the name of my God and thine keep me not in suspense! What can be done?"

"I have been on the path of the Iroquois, and knew not till yesterday what had been done, but the Unknown is the friend of the Algonkins, and tomorrow I go towards the setting sun."

* The God of the Aborigines.

"And I go with thee, Piscaret!" said the excited father.

"It is well!" and the savage hero strode away with a step noiseless as the fall of the thistle-down in autumn.

Eloise, who had heard nothing of what passed between her father and Piscaret, saw with surprise his flushed cheek and the beaming of his eye, as she received the paternal embrace; but when she learned that there were still hopes of Leonie, she appeared almost mad with joy. The effect of such intelligence upon Madame de, Lauzon was still more powerful: She had not left her bed for weeks, but that evening and the following day she was seen arranging her domestic affairs with a step approaching the elasticity of youth.

The day following the interview just described, passed away without the appearance of Piscaret, but at night-fall he came, and, entering gently, seated himself without speaking. M. de Lauzon

embraced his daughter—she wept, but the tears of hope and fear were mingled, and, probably for the first time, she wished herself a man, that she might share the danger of the enterprise.

The adieu of Madame de Lauzon was of a different description. So much had her whole mind been engrossed by the anticipation of Leonie's recovery, that the danger necessarily accompanying the expedition never occurred to her till the moment of her husband's departure; then it came upon her with a force which seemed to threaten her very existence. She clung to him as the mariner clings to the last plank of his wreck, and when he burst away her hysterical shriek sunk into his heart like the knell of a dear departed friend.

The Algonkin chief left the cottage at the commencement of this scene, and M. de Lauzon found him upon the bank of the river, with arms folded, and eyes bent upon the ground; he remained silent, and with rapid strides followed the course of

the St. Lawrence to the sandy point where that river is intersected by the St. Maurice, or, as it is more generally termed in that part of the country, the Black River.

At this place the sandy bank of the last mentioned river rises almost perpendicularly to perhaps fifty feet, and the top of this embankment was at that time scantily clothed with scrubby pines, a species of willow, and small patches of hazels. Piscaret looked cautiously along the shore, and towards some small barren islands, which lie in the mouth of the river, and after satisfying his scrutiny, placed an arrow to his bow, and pointed it at the trunk of a pine, which stood near the edge of the bank :— The arrow was seen quivering in the wood, and immediately after seven savages appeared from among the brush-wood, bearing a bark canoe; and, just as the Night-hawk began his vesper song, the canoe had received its burthen of stout hearts and shot forward on its way up the St. Maurice.

Silently but rapidly did their frail bark speed onward. In its stern sat the Indian chief, grave and stern as those warriors of old Rome, who gave their mandates to the world. Next him sat M. de Lauzon wrapt in the gloom of his own solitary reflections. Then came the erect and statue-like forms of the other warriors, the only evidence of whose animation consisted in the monotonous motions of their arms and paddles.

Thus did the little canoe glide along as by magic over the broad and deep waters of the St. Maurice. M. de Lauzon started involuntarily, as he awoke from the intensity of his own dark thoughts to a consciousness of his novel situation. He was now in the depths of an American forest, borne over one of the mighty rivers of the western world by the gigantic arms of one of its native princes and those of his irascible train. It appeared like a scene of magic—all was silent, save the pattering of the drops which fell from the paddles—for their dip-

ping was unheard—the light riple of their canoe, and the murmuring of rapids as they approached the different portages, and passed through the dark forest to avoid the unnavigable parts of the river.

Late at night our little band landed upon an island of a few acres in breadth, and about a mile in length. The shore was sandy, yet the canoe was taken out of the water lest collision with some small stone might injure its bottom. Not one word was spoken, but each one of the party except M. de Lauzon appeared to understand the part he was to act.

Piscaret motioned their white associate to lie down by the canoe, and immediately each of the Indians disappeared in different directions. In the course of twenty minutes the warriors came gliding in, one after another, noiseless as ghosts, and last of all came their chief. Silence was now broken for the first time since their departure from Trois Rivieres, and M. de Lauzon was given to under-

stand that this island, now called Pigeon Island, was the general rendezvous of the western Indians, on their way downward.

When they again embarked the grey dawn was appearing in the east. The river was so smooth that it appeared like an immense mirror; the wild ducks arose in dark masses as the canoe started them from their early voyages; and little wreaths of vapour curled along the surface of the water. Spots of foam soon appeared, indicating the vicinity of some cataract; As the sun rose, volumes of spray were seen rising above the spire-like points of the evergreens, and soon after came a low rushing sound like the coming of a tempest.

A bay, perhaps a mile in breadth, now opened upon them, at the upper end of which the land rose abruptly to a great height. Immense masses of foam rolled from a break in this bold shore, and as they advanced into the bay the upper part of the fall was seen like a large sheet suspended on high, the bottom being

concealed by a rocky point of the right bank.

Towards this point the canoe was steered, and M. de Lauzon again forgot himself in his admiration of the tremendous falls of the Shawenagam. They were now at the foot of the lesser fall, divided from the principal one by a small island. The canoe was taken from the water and carefully concealed among the bushes, and then each one of the Indians proceeded to the brink of the overhanging rocks, and in silence made his offering to the Deity, by casting into the foaming waters some trifle, such as an arrow, a bow, or a paddle. The offering of the chief was a belt of *wampum*, and never had the Frenchman been inspired with such awe, amidst the imposing forms of his own religion in the splendid temples of his own land, as by this simple rite of a simple race. Let not the austere votary of laboured creeds smile—it was the worship of nature, taught by the God of the wilderness and preferable to his.

The party then resumed all their caution, and, striking into the wood on the right, proceeded, at a short distance from the edge of the shelving bank which runs parallel with the foot of the two falls, towards the pricipal fall. The object of the party was concealment, as the Indians, in their descent, would pass the Shawenagam about that time in the day, providing they left their usual place of bivouac early in the morning, and one of the party had been left concealed on the point, whose eye commanded the portage and the whole circle of the bay.

The path from one fall to the other was difficult, and not without danger. The wood was almost impenetrable from fallen trees and brushwood, and as they approached the shore, through the roots of the trees they saw the writhing foam, a hundred feet below them. They crossed chasms at the bottom of which the water was continually driving in and out, and roaring like the billows of the sea upon a rocky shore.

At length the Shawenagam opened before them with its world of convulsed waters, and M. de Lauzon, unprepared for such a scene, stood for some moments lost in astonishment. From crag to crag of the immense masses of irregular rocks which lay at the bottom of the fall, M. de Lauzon and Piscaret descended, and as they could not be seen from the portage or the river above the falls, the European found himself at liberty to examine the surrounding scenery.

As the river turns abruptly at the foot of the fall, they stood immediately in front of it, amidst great masses of black rocks, which from time to time had been detached from the bank by the violence of the waves. On these rocks the spray was continually falling like a heavy shower of rain, and among them yawned gloomy caverns, worn out by the continual action of the water. The sides of these rocks both within and without their dark chasms were studded with *pyrites*, looking like pie-

ces of solid gold, and the little pools of water, among the rocks, were filled with white *mica*, so that one might easily imagine the riches of Peru offering on all sides their numerous lures.

The fall was not perpendicular, but nearly so, and the great body of the river came down in shadowy masses, occasionally thrown against the rocks which bounded the stream, with a roar like the report of a thousand pieces of ordnance; then for a moment the whole became one uniform sheet of foam—but again the compressed air would break its barrier, and the water would swell up in a conical form and burst with a shock which would make the solid rocks shake to their foundation.

An island lies at the top of the falls, like a green crest, dividing the waters above; but the two branches again blend just at the brink of the precipice, and descend in one mass. As M. de Lauzon cast his eye up to this island he saw a fine stag standing just upon the edge of the precipice—

the next instant something crossed his eyes like a beam of light, and the stag leapt into the air, and falling over the rocks, swept down the Shawenagam. The unerring arrow of Piscaret had found his heart, but in vain their eyes followed the turbulent waves—he was probably dashed to pieces in descending the cataract.

M. de Lauzon, still gazing upon the river below, was startled by an exclamation from the chief, who sunk among the rocks, and with a powerful arm pulled him down by his side. The eyes of Piscaret were fixed intently on the island above the fall, and following their direction, M. de Lauzon's were eagerly turned upon the same point. Several minutes elapsed, during which nothing was seen but the dark ever-greens which crowned the island, as they stood in solitary grandeur, as if triumphant over the dark and angry floods which surrounded them.

With the rapidity of thought Piscaret raised two

or three loose stones on the rocks above them, so that whatever passed on the island might be seen through their interstices without any danger of detection. This was scarcely performed when two Indian warriors made their appearance on the height, apparently in pursuit of the stag, and when satisfied that it had escaped them their surprise was evinced by looking wildly at each other, and then at the falls below them.

Their words were lost in the thunder of the cataract, but something could be understood by their motions and gestures. One of them was a lad of sixteen or seventeen, and the other perhaps his father, grey with years. The youngest pointed to the falls, the other shook his head, and after remaining in a thoughtful posture for some time, he beckoned the lad to follow, and disappeared among the trees of the island.

They were no sooner out of sight than Piscaret sprung from his hiding-place, and, followed by M.

de Lauzon, passed rapidly up the rocks till they found a cover from observation in the depth of the forest. Here his followers awaited his coming. Piscaret spoke apart with the oldest of his men, and then, addressing a few words to his warriors, they all disappeared, among the surrounding trees.

It was impossible to determine to what nation the depredators of the previous year had belonged, but Piscaret appeared to know the character of the two Indians seen upon the island perfectly. They were enemies, and he now wished to ascertain their number and destination. A wary watch was kept upon the bay and portage, but no farther indication of the strangers was observable throughout the day.

The night came down dark and threatening.—The party took their evening meal of dried venison, and the chief of the Algonkins prepared to reconnoitre. In the French tongue he bade M. de Lauzon remain with two of the savages who lay concealed to keep a vigilant eye upon the bay; the oth-

ers were placed at different points of observation, with the exception of the aged warrior already mentioned, who accompanied his chief.

The canoe floated down the stream in silence, the paddle of the chief guiding it close along shore till it reached the bottom of the bay; then the rapid strokes of two paddles urged it swiftly across the stream to the opposite side, where it was left upon the sand, so near the water's edge that one powerful hand would have sent it dancing upon the gently heaving billows.

They had scarcely landed when a fire was seen rising on a sandy beach at the head of the bay, just under the ridge forming the portage. The old savage lay down by the canoe quietly as if in his own lodge, and Piscaret struck into the forest, and proceeded silently as a shadow, to gain the portage above the fire. This was accomplished with ease, and he approached the unconscious enemy half an hour from the time of embarking.

He descended the steep on his hands and knees, keeping the body of a large tree, surrounded by hazels, between him and the foe, whose words he could occasionally distinguish. This tree was but a few yards distant from them, and nothing intervened but a few old pines, whose branchless trunks had been thrown upon the sand by the water, after having passed down the falls.

For his purpose, however, it was necessary to approach nearer. Lying flat upon the ground he left the cover, and, tortoise like, moved forward by inches. Fortunately two of the savages stood between him and the fire, throwing their shadows directly upon him, and his only chance of concealment, lay in their remaining stationary till he reached the pines, for their least motion would have thrown the glaring light full upon him. At length he succeeded in gaining this sorry concealment, and lay within a few feet of his enemies.

They were twenty in number, being part of a

small but warlike tribe, whose hunting grounds lay about sixty miles above. This was evidently a war-party, but for some time he was unable to discover its destination, as they were engrossed by the subject of the stag which had disappeared in a manner so miraculous. It appeared that several arrows had been shot at him previous to his taking the water, and all declared that they rebounded from his side as from a solid rock. One stated that he heard him speak, and another, that fire and smoke rolled from his nostrils as he dashed into the water. Those iron frames and fearless hearts, which had grown old amid toil and danger, quailed beneath the superstitious fears awakened by an affrighted deer!

In the course of an hour Piscaret succeeded in gaining the requisite information. The party was proceeding to the attack of Trois Rivieres! The chief was about commencing his retreat when one of the savages came directly towards him, for the purpose of collecting fuel, and approaching the log

on the opposite side he broke a decayed branch from it within three feet of the chief's head. Piscaret's hand grasped his knife, but the fire being low, the savage returned without perceiving him. His retreat became more difficult than his approach, as several of the savages sat directly facing him, and nothing intervened to cast a friendly shadow upon him. In this exigency he had recourse to stratagem :—Near his head grew a tuft of Juniper ;—with the eye of a lynx he watched the motions of those before, and in the meantime cut a few stalks of Juniper; these were slowly and cautiously gathered into one hand and held upright before him, as if growing, and in this manner he gradually retired, never changing his prostrate position, and moving backward till he reached the clump of hazels—then the Juniper was thrust into the sand, and left standing, while with more rapid, but equally wary motions he gained the elevation of the portage.

Piscaret had yet seen nothing of the canoes be-

longing to the party, and judged that they had been incautiously left at the head of the portage. In this conjecture he was right; the savages were proceeding to Pigeon Island when the affair with the stag occurred, and that being deemed an ill omen, the more superstitious ones proposed returning. In consequence, early in the evening a council was called, in which it was determined to despatch scouts to Trois Rivieres, and the remainder of the party was to wait the result of their observations.

In the confusion consequent on their supernatural fears the canoes were allowed to remain at the head of the portage, and Piscaret proceeded with exultation to set them forward on their passage down the falls of the Shawenagam. Retiring to the cover of some underwood he watched them as they glided swiftly towards the falls, and when he saw them shoot over the edge of the precipice with the velocity of an arrow, he bounded away into the forest, and quickly regained his canoe at the foot of the bay.

Dropping off, they floated down with the current and landed at some distance below the falls, as a nearer approach exposed them to the view of the hostile party; and it appeared strange that they had before succeeded in crossing without being observed. The companion of Piscaret was immediately dispatched for their comrades, and in twenty minutes the whole party was assembled, and engaged in discussing the propriety of an attack upon the enemy.

No council fire was lighted, and the almost impenetrable darkness of the night, aided by the thick boughs of the dark evergreens, rendered the spectral forms of the party nearly invisible to each other. Seated upon the trunks of some old trees which the tempest had uprooted, and time matted with moss, the red warriors of the wilderness remained a few moments silent, as if collecting their thoughts. At length the chief, whose council had so often led them to the fight, and whose prowess had again and

again brought them victory, arose and addressed, M. de Lauzon in French.

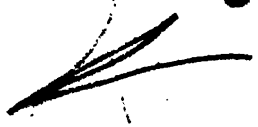
"The wolf is on the path of the deer! Will the white-man fight, or will he return and find his lodge burning, and his helpless ones among the foes of his race?"

M. de Lauzon shuddered at the too evident meaning of the chief.

"Piscaret, we must attempt turning the raven from his prey!"

"It is well!" and he turned to consult his own men.—Each one gave his voice for an immediate attack, and as the night was advancing, the necessary directions were given in few words:—M. de Lauzon, imperfectly acquainted with the mode of warfare practised among the natives, was to keep close to the chief, and, if possible, to avoid closing with any of the enemy.

The savages of Piscaret were all armed with muskets, tomahawks and scalping-knives, and some of



them still retained their bows, slung across their shoulders, and their buckskin quivers filled with arrows. M. de Lauzon, in addition to his double-barrelled piece, wore a small sword, in the use of which few men excelled him, and a pistol stuck in his sword-belt. Piscaret carried only his fusee and an unusually long knife.

The river was soon crossed, and the party advanced in silence through the woods which skirted the bay. The chief led, M. de Lauzon followed, and then came the other savages, in single file. In this manner they approached within two hundred yards of the enemy's fire; they then left the wood, and each man sought concealment as he best could behind the clumps of willows growing along the sandy beach of the bay. In a few minutes the whole party had gained positions within a short distance of their unconscious foe, and coolly waited for the signal of Piscaret for the attack. This he appeared in no haste to give, and M. de

Lauzon thought that silent pause of a few minuts an age of useless delay. The adverse party was seated around their fire, and silent as the crouching party of Piscaret.

At length a noise was heard from the chief resembling the whistling of a deer—the savages about the fire instantly sprung upon their feet, and the party of Piscaret, throwing in one destructive volley, gave the appalling war-whoop, and rushed upon them. The result was such as Piscaret had foreseen:—Previously subdued by the anticipation of some unknown evil, the enemy waited not the onset, but fled precipitately from the thunder of the pale-faces over the ridge of the portage. A sickening howl of despair arose as they saw the extent of their misfortunes in the loss of their canoes. At this instant Piscaret and his associates charged upon them down the almost perpendicular head of the portage. Here a sanguinary struggle took place. The enemy still had the advantage of numbers,

although the first discharge was fearfully destructive, from the circumstance of their having stood grouped around the fire, but the steep descent of the ridge, to the very brink of the seemingly fathomless water's edge, gave the attacking party decidedly the advantage.

But after their first panic had subsided the adverse party fought with that species of cool desperation which men assume, when they see all lost, and determine to sell their lives as dearly as possible. One fierce rush they made to regain the bank, and the struggle was for a moment doubtful. The two parties were then about equal in numbers; and one fought with the confidence of victory, the other with the madness of despair. The conflict was short, silent and decisive; nothing was heard but the deep breathing of the combatants and the groans of the dying, as they sunk from the bloody weapon to rise no more. In this trial of strength the party of Piscaret was reduced to himself, M. de

Lauzon and three savages, and the Frenchman had received more than one dark form upon the point of his sword as they sprung on him with the uplifted tomahawk, ready to give the fatal blow.

Only two of the enemy now remained—the chief and his son. With the agility of a young tiger the boy sprung within the point of M de Lauzon's sword, and, but for his sword-belt the Frenchman had felt the stripling's knife within his vitals; but before the blow could be repeated the strength of the man triumphed, and the young savage lay disarmed, the prisoner of a hated pale-face.

When M. de Lauzon looked up from his rencontre, the chiefs were standing nearly upon a level with each other, face to face, silent and immoveable as statues, and each apparently waiting the onset of the other. The savages of Piscaret had drawn back at the signal of their chief—they had been taught never to interfere when but one was opposed. Their only weapons were knives which

were held near the hip, a little drawn back. A rapid motion of each at the same instant showed them locked together, the left arm of either thrown round the powerful frame of his foe, while the right hand of Piscaret firmly griped the wrist of the other. Then the struggle became terrific; and as the pale moon looked through the dark clouds, the contortions of their strongly marked features were horrible. The issue became more doubtful than could have been anticipated from the age of the strange chief, which appeared almost double that of Piscaret, but his powerful frame seemed to retain all the vigor of green manhood. At times they appeared struggling to regain their knives, which were lost at the same instant on their first closing; then again they attempted throwing each other into the river; at length both fell, and with one simultaneous and convulsive movement plunged into the water, and sunk firmly locked in the iron grasp of each other.

The combatants soon re-appeared, and found themselves within the influence of the falls! Onward the smooth but mighty waters were bearing them to one terrific grave! Then were they seen powerfully labouring for land; Piscaret attempting to regain the shore, and the other striving for the island which divides the great from the lesser fall. They were soon in fearful proximity to the verge of the horrid descent. Rushing wildly forward M. de Lauzon caught a decayed pole and thrust it forward for Piscaret to seize—it was beyond his reach; at length he caught it, but his eagerness frustrated his design, and it broke just as he was within two yards of the shore. Again he swept onward, but just as destruction seemed inevitable, he made one last powerful effort, and clinging to the point of a rock was helped out by M. de Lauzon.

At this instant the eyes of all were directed to the aged chieftain:—he appeared safe, being well

up the river, and quite close upon the island; but just as they expected to see him leap out of the water, the current swept him into the stream, and the next instant he raised his arms convulsively above his head and darted into the awful chaos beneath.

During the whole of this scene the youth stood in apparent appathy, but, his eyes were continually darting from Piscaret to his father, and as the former neared the shore he hastily snatched a bow from the ground and, with the quickness of thought, sent an arrow on its way, It passed under the arm of M. de Lauzon, just touched the head of Piscaret for whom it was intended, and glanced away over the falls. The darkness prevented this movement from being seen, and as they returned, he stood proudly erect, still holding the bow, as if in defiance of their wrath.

The youth might have fled but, as he afterwards said, he remained to show his enemies and the pale-face how the son of the "Great Eagle" could

die on his first war-path. In moody silence the victors remained grouped in the midst of the slain, during the remainder of the night. A heavy shower had passed off to the south, and the clouds were again breaking and showing little spots of blue, dotted with stars. The wind came in low gusts, bringing at intervals the rushing sound of the Shawenagam, and the prowling wolf scared from his banquet, howled a requiem from the adjoining forest.

M. de Lauzon leaned against a tree, and the dull hours passed rapidly away, for thought was busy with the past and future. He again trod the green paths of his boyhood, with his school-mates around him, beneath the fostering smiles of indulgent parents. He again received the warm kiss of that fair sister, with her blue eyes and lightly waving locks. Again he lived over the high romance of youth, frought with wild schemes of eagle-winged ambition, and when he awoke to the dark reality of the present, and found himself in a foreign land,

surrounded by savage foes, bereft of one child and in continual danger of still greater evils—his heart recoiled from the harsh comparison; but then again came the consciousness that, by a singular train of circumstances, the almost certain destruction of not only his own family but of the whole village had been prevented by the sanguinary conflict of that night—and his soul arose in humble thankfulness to Him who ruleth the universe.

At length day dawned upon them, and unveiled the bloody work of the preceding night. The old chief before mentioned as accompanying Piscaret had fallen by an arrow from the boy, now the prisoner of M. de Lauzon. This chief was the greatest brave among the followers of Piscaret, and had been the companion of all his most desperate exploits. The chief showed signs of grief, but it was the staid and quiet grief of an Indian warrior, not expressed by words, those lying beacon-lights

of the heart, but by the drooping eye, and the stern rigidity of the curled lip.

As the sun rose, preparations were immediately made for the rites of sepulture. The dead were borne to the high ground, a little removed from the usual path of the portage, where a kind of scaffolding was erected, the platform of which was formed of light poles, fastened at the ends by the bark of the elm. Upon this the bodies were placed, and after the bow and arrows, with the other arms of each, had been deposited by the side of their respective owners, the whole was covered with another layer of poles, over which were thrown the boughs of ever-greens. Then a little dried venison being placed upon the scaffolding, the simple ceremony concluded.

Thus were the bravest of a brave people committed to their last repose; and thus thousands, whose lives were marked by acts of the most daring exploits, have passed away from the earth with no

historian to register their names, with no bard to place them on the roll of immortality, with not even a humble stone to say "here lies the brave."

The bodies of the hostile party still remained on the scene of the wild encounter, and as M. de Lauzon returned to the shore, where the young lad was bound to a tree, he intimated to Piscaret his wish that they should be interred, and that the youth might be consulted as to the method, as the different tribes have various modes of depositing the dead. Piscaret assented, and made the inquiry. The youth pointed to the falls and said "Let them rest with their chief, that their way may be joyful as they go on the hunting-path, in the land of spirits!"

All the bodies were accordingly brought and committed to the water, and gliding swiftly down the river, soon disappeared as they passed over the falls. Not one of their party had escaped, and although there was present safety in this, M. de Lau-

zon sickened as he thought of the vengeance which this encounter might bring upon the settlement.

In the present state of affairs it seemed impossible to proceed up the river, as it was necessary to secure the scout, on his return from Trois Rivieres. Whether the number exceeded one, was uncertain, and although the attempt to gain information from their prisoner, both of this and of the lost ones, was suggested by M. de Lauzon, yet, from the natural shrewdness of the Indian character, and from the proud bearing of the youth little was anticipated from the experiment.

Piscaret, however, was willing to make the trial, as he appeared positive that a party of this tribe had made the former attack when Leonie was taken; he therefore immediately commenced the examination, while two of the party were despatched for the canoe.

"Will the son of the Great Eagle return to his lodge?"

"Wahconnah can die!"

"No—He is the prisoner of the pale-face, and he says live."

The eye of the young warrior sparkled with rage, as he looked at his fettered hands and answered:

"Does the deer run when his legs are bound?"

Piscaret immediately loosed his hands:—

"Will Wahconnah say to the white pigeon of the Pale-face, depart, when he goes to his own people?"

A slight flush came over the cheek of the youth, and he paused before answering:—

"Wahconnah hunteth not the timid pigeon—he goeth on the path of the deer, the bear and the panther!"

"Wahconnah would return with his people as they come from the Big River?"

"He is alone, but he knoweth the path to his own country!"

"Will Wahconnah plant the tree of peace with Piscaret?"

Till this moment the boy had no suspicions that this was the hero of whose prowess he had heard from his earliest infancy, and he now gazed upon him with undisguised admiration. After a moment's pause Piscaret repeated the question: The youth raised himself to his highest elevation as he answered:

"Wahconnah will be a brave!"

Piscaret's eyes brightened as he turned to M. de Lauzon, saying—"He hath the tongue of a red warrior, and not that of an old woman!"

It was now evident that no information could be attained from Wahconnah, and no time was to be lost in making the necessary arrangements for securing the scout as he returned up the river. This was considered essentially necessary, as the alarm consequent on his return, would render any attempts at

rescuing Leonie and The Unknown extremely difficult, if not impracticable.

The savages proceeded to the foot of the portage, and carefully removed every trace of the recent struggle in that quarter, after which they placed themselves among the brush-wood on the ridge forming the portage, within a few yards of the path by which the returning scout must pass.

In the meantime M. de Lauzon and Wahconnah proceeded a little farther into the wood, when the former produced his store of dried venison, giving a part to his prisoner. The sun was past the meridian and for the season shone with uncommon sultriness. The birds were beginning to sing their wild notes, and the half-open leaves just chequered the dead foliage with which the ground was covered; the sound of the Shawenagam came up like a summer breeze sweeping through the pine-tops, and every thing around tended to tranquilize the con-

flicting passions which had long been warring in the bosom of M. de Lauzon.

He was sitting upon the trunk of an old tree, so completely covered with moss that it was impossible to say what name it had borne when standing among the stately sons of the forest, and resting against a large birch which spread its gnarled branches over his head, he soon became insensible to all his cares: Wahconnah and the towering forest trees seemed to swim and blend before him, as overcome by fatigue and watching, he slept, and his gun fell from his relaxed grasp to the ground.

When he awoke the stars were looking through the branches. The first thought which broke upon his reviving senses was the certainty of Wahconnah's escape; it was by his interference he had been left unbound; with a convulsive spring he started to his feet—his gun was gone—he looked around, and there stood the boy, apparently immoveable as the towering pillars around him. Still his gun was

missing; but as he anxiously groped about for it, Wahconnah quietly pointed to where it lay, under the side of the log.

The night was far advanced, and the Frenchman knew not whether aught had happened to his Indian allies during his sleep. After an hour of feverish expectation he heard a stifled groan, followed by a sullen plunge into the water :—A moment after a light step approached, and as he threw forward his fusee, he recognized the tall form of Piscaret:—They had been successful—the scout had shared the fate of his companions!

The day arose upon Shawenagam beautifully clear and serene. The volumes of spray from the falls rose perpendicularly, and formed into light clouds which assumed a thousand fantastic shapes as the rising sun made their fleecy outlines more apparent; the blue-bird, gave out his cheerful note and the swallows were again throwing their purple wings over the St. Maurice.

M. de Lauzon awoke from the fearful scenes by which he had been surrounded, and, for the first time during many long, long months, his heart expanded with joy and hope as the bark canoe glided over the tranquil waters. They soon swept past the cluster of islands which lies above the falls, and about nine o'clock approached what has since been termed by the *Voyageurs, La Grande Mère.*

These falls are divided by a rough, rocky island of two or three acres extent, and immediately below them opens a bay similar to that of the Shawenagam, but much smaller; the waters of this bay are kept in continual commotion by the force of the falls, and large masses of foam are continually whirling from the eddies at their feet, covering the conflicting waves with their detached fragments.

On the southern side of the island, and just upon the brink of the cataract, arises the rock from which these falls derive their name. This rock

very much resembles a dilapidated castle, and rises perpendicularly from its everlasting basement, its scathed and weather-beaten head crowned with a few small evergreens, and toppling rocks, seeming the guardian spirit of the wild and solitary scene. At times the spray is thrown up from the wild chaos far beneath, and curls about its elevated brow, leaving a dew-like moisture to nourish the moss which has grown there for ages.

Upon the other side of the river is the twin fall, and between, the island, broken into ravines and precipices, wild as nature could form them in her most eccentric mood. Below, the whole river is thrown into rapid currents, eddies and whirlpools, and above, it opens, broad, tranquil and unbroken, as if no convulsions awaited its silent march.

The party of Piscaret had nearly reached the foot of the portage when one of the savages suddenly stopped paddling, and pointed to the top of the rock: They all looked just in time to distin-

guish the form of a man, through the mist of the fall, as it sunk among the evergreens which crowned the rock. The savages gazed as if overcome with terror and amazement, and seemed to hesitate about proceeding; after a moment's pause the head of the canoe was directed to the southern part of the bay, where the party landed in evident consternation, and bearing their canoe, immediately retired into the forest.

Here a consultation was held as to the nature of the strange apparition. Alarm was visible even in the marble features of Piscaret, and all the savages concurred in the opinion that it was no human being, as no native would have the hardihood to attempt the ascent, it being deemed the abode of the Great Spirit. M. de Lauzon enquired whether it was accessible, and was answered in the negative, but none of the party had ever been on the island, and he thought it possible that some bold spirit had made the popular superstition subservient to his

views, whatever they might be, confident of remaining in the undisturbed possession of his retreat.

None of the party would agree with him, and all but Piscaret seemed inclined to return, regarding the strange appearance as ominous of the failure of their expedition. It appeared strange that Wahconnah exhibited no signs of surprise, although it was evident he had seen the inexplicable form soon as any one of the party.

At the moment when all were at a loss how to act, a man was seen descending the portage, and approaching along the open sands. The quick eye of Piscaret immediately recognized their visitor, and turning to M. de Lauzon, in a low tone of exultation he exclaimed—"The Unknown!"

It was indeed The Unknown, and the heart of the Frenchman sunk within him at the consciousness that his hopes or fears were about to be confirmed. Piscaret presented his hand after the Eu-

ropean manner, but the blood rushed to the heart of M. de Lauzon as he faintly articulated—"Leonie—my daughter?" "She is safe!" said The Unknown:—

"Where, where? Let me once again see my child!"

"Follow me, and you shall soon see her:"

The Unknown led the way to the portage, where they embarked in his canoe, and, crossing the river just above the falls, proceeded to the highest point of the island. Here they landed on the rocks, and climbing over their rugged points, descended to a little glen, where the lost one was found and again restored to her now happy father.

This island had been the residence of The Unknown since the preceding autumn, and from this he had made several essays to rescue Leonie, none of which had been successful, till after the departure of the old chief and his son, on their expedition to Trois Rivieres. Having affected her rescue, he

but awaited the return of the hostile savages to restore his prize to her parents.

Nothing now remained to prevent their returning: —Wahconnah was told he might depart to his own people, with the canoe of The Unknown; but he only requested a bow and quiver might be given him, and fixing his fine dark eyes for a moment upon the fair form of Leonie, he strode into the forest, and soon disappeared behind the boughs of the dark evergreens.

Ah! how brightly the sun shines upon the happy! and it never shone upon happier hearts than those which beat at the story of Leonie, on the following day, within the white cottage of M. de Lauzon. But she spoke gently of the wild sons of the forest; she had not been rudely treated, and the young Wahconnah had been as a brother to her. He had taught her to bend the bow, and to guide the arrow to its distant mark; he had taught her to weave the pliant willow into baskets, and to deco-

rate her moccasins with quills of the porcupine, dyed crimson and azure; and when she lost her path in the wilderness, Wahconnah saved her from perishing, and again brought her to the lodge of his father.

The Unknown was an eccentric and enthusiastic young Frenchman, who had left his country with the visionary hope of teaching the Red-man to abandon his ancient forests, together with his eagle plumes and scalping knife, for the garb of France, and the monotonous routine of plodding industry.

In order to accomplish this he deemed it necessary, in some measure, to become one of them. This he most happily accomplished. He became familiar with their language, mode of warfare, religious rites and rude forms of government. He bore the fatigues of the chase, in the fastnesses of their native wilds, with the hardiest, and braved

danger with the bravest, and at length gained the distinguising appellation of Pechou.*

When his plans appeared sufficiently matured, the most distinguished chiefs were invited to a feast. The Calumet was lighted, and in silence passed from one to another of the native warriors. Pechou then arose, and with the most persuasive eloquence proposed changing their wild habits for those of his countrymen. He was listened to with the profoundest attention, and a long silence having followed his proposition, Piscaret arose and answered in the following manner.

"Pechou is a Brave! but when he came among the Red-men he was a child. Piscaret hath taught him when hungry to strike the bounding deer, and when cold and naked to clothe himself in the spoils of the otter.—He hath taught him when sick to gather the plants of the wilderness, and when sur-

*Lynx

rounded by foes to pass from them unhurt. He now says, come and learn of me! But can he find the beaver, the otter and the deer by digging in the earth? Can he call up the forest which has fallen by the axes of his countrymen, to hide him from an enemy? Can he take up his heavy lodge and bear it to Hochelaga or Quebeis?* No! Pechou is the brother of Piscaret—but the swan can never teach the eagle to forsake his path among the clouds for her own shadowy fountains!"

Indeed, The Unknown found it more difficult to change the habits of the aborigines than for him to forget those of his own country, and awaking from his fantastic dream to a happy reality, he became an inmate of the white cottage; but many were the mad pranks played upon him by the now gay Eloise, ere he led to the altar the more sedate, but not less happy, Leonie.

*The Indian names for Montreal and Quebec.

NOTES.

NOTES TO MILENO.

1

Here had that master-spirit dwelt,
At whose proud shrine the nations knelt
In after days.

Page 48, line 7.

Cicero is here referred to. "The haven of Gaeta (called Mola) is built on the ruins of the town Formæ, within the walls of which the Formianum of the philosopher was situated. Kotzebue.

2

Nor distant far that sign of wrath,
(A sign of everlasting shame,
'Gainst that Triumvirate of blood—
A glory to a freedman's name,)
The monument of murder stood!

Page 49, line 8.

In a lemon grove, in the environs of the town, Cicero

was murdered, and a monument erected to him by his freedman.

3

And hush'd was Somma's breath of fire.

Page 49, line 11.

In the vicinity of the mountain, Vesuvius is called Somma.

4

To gaze upon that pillar high.

Page 64, line 9.

A few years ago but one pillar remained of the Temple of Peace in Rome.

NOTES TO ZEMIN.

1

The sun over gay Shiraz is bright.

Page 1, line 1.

The town and vale of Shiraz, or Shirauz, both by modern and ancient writers, is represented to be the garden of Persia.

2

———————*Nouronnihar.*

Page 1, line 2, from bottom.

An Arabian word which means "dawn of the day."

3

From the Genii's spells and Peri's pow'r.

Page 73, line 3.

The Genii and Peries of the East were supposed to possess great power over the destinies of mankind.

4

She comes—and her chosen virgins lead
By the gilded rein her snow-white steed.

Page 74, line 3, from bottom.

Hanway tells us that women of distinction rode on white horses. See Hanway's travels into Persia.

5

A mirror bears in her snowy hand.

Page 74, last line.

Bearing a mirror before the bride is a custom general in he East.

6

———————*Her lids of jet.*

Page 78, line 1.

The eastern custom of adding brilliancy to the eyes by using a powder called *Surma* is alluded to.

7

Not past our marriage festival.

Page 78, line 3, from bottom.

Their marriage festivals continue nine or ten days.

8

When I had wings and flew afar,
And saw the groves of Bisnagar.

Page 80, line 3, from bottom.

The inhabitants of Bisnagar are said to be so fond of roses that the air is perfumed with them.

9

By thy own cherished Hafez' tomb.

Page 83, line 6.

About two miles from Shiraz is the tomb of Hafez; a poet whose memory is almost worshipped by the Persians.

10

And now he hailed that marble white.

Page 83, line 9.

Authors differ as to the colour of the marble, some representing it to be white, others grey; and Morier says: "The whole is of the diaphanous marble of Tabriz, in colour a

combination of light greens, with here and there a vein of red and sometimes blue." The probability is that time has wrought changes in the colour of the marble, and that some have described as they found it at the period of their visits, and others from the testimony of those who knew as little about it as themselves.

11

The cypress boughs around were sighing.

Page 87, line 3, from bottom.

The tomb of Hafez was formerly surrounded by a grove of noble cypresses, but modern travellers say they are now blended with the sacred dust which they once shaded.

12

Drown'd was the voice of Roknabad.

Page 88, line 1.

Near the tomb runs the stream of Roknabad, immortalized in the strains of the poet.

13

At one extremity a throne
Of Indian gold with diamonds shone.

Page 90, line 5, from bottom.

"Embroidered with Indian gold."

Story of the three Callenders.

14

Not Agridagh's untrodden snows.

Page 91, line 5.

Agridagh is the Turkish name for Ararat.

15

As shamed the flowers of Samarcande.

Page 92, line 4.

The valley of Samarcande is celebrated f or the rich odour of its roses.

16

As in those holy, dwellings.———

Page 95, last line.

The inhabitants of the holy villages claim immediate descent from the Prophet: Speaking of Iman Zada Ismael, Porter says:—"We were surprised to find the women of the place not only walking about with freedom, but completely unveiled, and mixing promiscuously in discourse and occupation with the male inhabitants." See Porters Travels.

17

One a sweet song of Hafez sung.

Page 96, line 9.

"Another sung some of the odes of Hafez, accompanied by the Ramouncha, and in a chorus by the tamborines."—Morier's Persia.

18

And when as a soldier thou didst ride,
With thy sword of Shiraz and helm of pride.

Page 99, line 3.

The swords of Shiraz are much esteemed in the east.

19

But ah! the charm hath on him wrought
And changed him with the speed of thought;
As a young nightingale he flies.

Page 102, line 3.

The power of the Genii and Peries to transform the human frame into beasts and birds is still a favourite belief in the East.

NOTES TO THE MISANTHROPE.

1

Like the fiery wing of that fatal wind
To the rover of Araby.

Stanzas xxiii, line 7.

For an animated description of the fearful blast which sometimes sweeps over the desert, see Campbell's Travels.

2

The poor beheld the lofty brow
Of the rich with curses deep, if low.

Stanzas xxix, line 2.

"Curses not low, but deep."—Macbeth.

3

And a Callender's garb was mine.

Stanzas xxxvii, line 3.

The Callenders are a kind of Mahomedan monk, who profess poverty and great sanctity.

4

But ere a second sun did rise

The Faithful saw my frail disguise.

Stanzas xxxvii, line 5.

The Mahomedans term themselves "The Faithful."

NOTES TO THE MAID OF ST. PAUL.

1

———And her arched brow
Lay like a penciled line amid the flow
Of her gold-spangled tresses.

Page 145, line 3.

"Much time is consumed in combing and braiding the hair after bathing, and, at the greater festivals, in enriching and powdering it with small bits of silver gilded." Chandler page 124.

2

A faded jasmine, fallen from her hair,
Lay at her crossing feet.———

Page 145, line 4, from bottom.

"In some ringlets near the face they place the flowers of the jasmine." Clarke, page 347.

3

I wander, like the bird whose wings unfurl
When storms are on the earth.

Page 148, line 13.

The Bird of Paradise is here alluded to, which is said to rise above the storm, that his beautiful and delicate plumage may not be ruffled and spoiled.

4

A band of Spartan blood.:———

Page 151, line 9.

"The Greeks of these mountains call themselves the genuine descendants of the Lacedæmonians." Chateaubriand, page 112.

5

Within his heart like Java's poisonous tree.

Page 170, line 2 from bottom.

This tree, in the island of Java, stands on a barren plain, and neither animal nor vegetable life can exist within many miles of it.

THE END.