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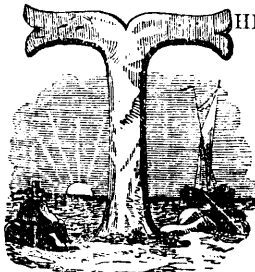
FAUNA; OR, THE RED FLOWER OF LEAFY HOLLOW.*

BY MISS L. A. MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sunrise and sunset from the haunted epochs
Of sorrow and of love, which they who mark not,
Know not the realm where those twin genii,
(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes,
For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamors) build their palaces.

SARDANAPALUS.



HE sun had not yet risen on the following morning when Max left his chamber and went forth into the garden.—Every object was saturated with dew which still fell freshly on the heated brow of the young painter. The morning star was red in the east, and a few faint pearl-tinted flushes marked the approach of the Day King. And now Hesperus grew dimmer and more dim, and a pale garment of light began to overspread the sky; the pearl-like tints deepened to straw-color, which was rapidly merged in a glowing crimson: the next moment Helios shot his arrows above the line of wooded heights that bounded the lake, and the rosy clouds became broken and mingled with gold. Another moment and the sun god uprose in glorious majesty encircled with dispersing and resplendent masses of richly dyed vapors; the dew drops which hung on plant and tree were transformed by his magic power into pearls and diamonds of translucent brightness, and life and beauty sparkled on every object touched by his rays. At this moment a light hand was laid on the young man's shoulder, and

when he looked hastily round, he met the dark, wild, but beautiful features of Fauna. She wore the costume of a Squaw—a petticoat of dark blue cloth, embroidered with beads and silver lace, and a mantle of white cashmere, wrought with light-colored worsteds, and worn blanket-fashion.

"You here, Fauna!" said Max.

How coldly his words fell on the ears of the Indian maiden! She dropped her hand from his arm, and said in tones of subdued gentleness,

"Max, you have always been kind to me; you will not refuse to do one thing for my sake."

"You must first tell me what it is, Fauna," answered Max, gloomily.

"It is that you will meet me to-night at the "Tumble Dam," and come with me where I will bring you."

"But you must first let me know where you mean to take me, Fauna, and for what purpose."

The Indian girl frowned, but instantly after, she sighed.

"Are you afraid to trust me?" she asked.

"No, dear Fauna, but as I have all confidence in you, you should have some in me."

"You shall know all to-night. Trust me till then."

"Well, Fauna, let it be so. You know I would do any thing in my power to serve you."

"It is not to serve me," said Fauna, a brilliant flush crimsoning her soft cheek, "I can be nothing more to you than the grass which you crush beneath your feet, but she is the rose you shall yet wear in your bosom. Forget not your promise—to-night when the sun has set," and seizing his hand the wild girl pressed her lips upon it and fled from the orchard.

It was a dark and gloomy evening when Max set out to keep his appointment with Fauna, at

* Continued from page 395.—Conclusion.