

LEONORE.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

Freely rendered from the German of Johann Daniel Falk.

THERE'S a lonely man on the sounding shore

Of the rushing and surging sea:

He mingles a voice of lament with its roar,

And the mews' loud cries, as they circling soar:

Leonore!

Leonore!

Sad Echo repeats by the sea.

There's a lonely man on the sounding shore

Of the desolate, dreary sea:

He sighs, for his spirit is wounded and sore,

And the wind is more mournful than ever before:

Leonore!

Leonore!

By the wind is borne over the sea.

There's a lonely man on the sounding shore

Of the foamy and fretful sea:

"No longer the burning tears flow; all is o'er;

It is past, and the past there is naught can restore:"

Leonore!

Leonore!

Came up, like a sob, from the sea.

There's a lonely man on the sounding shore

Of the billowy, bounding sea:

"O sea, thy cool waves o'er my hot pain pour!

My cold heart 'ill feel not thy scorn, Leonore!"

Leonore!

Leonore!

With a dying moan murmured the sea.

There's a lonely maid on the sounding shore

Of the sorrowful, weary sea:

She sighs—"Shall I see him no more—no more?"

Ah, whom dost thou seek and so sadly deplore?

Leonore!

Leonore!

Thou must seek him far down in the sea.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.—A DANGEROUS PROMISE.

IT was pleasant to Miss Spencelaugh to exchange the blinding glare of the hot May sunshine, through the midst of which she had walked up from the town, for the shaded coolness of the morning-room in which luncheon was laid out, with its vista of greenery in the conservatory beyond, and the low musical plash of a tiny fountain hidden somewhere among the flowers; for she had been down in Normanford all morning, assisting at the installation of a new mistress for the school in which she took so great an interest; tempted by the fineness of the day, she had chosen to walk both there and back; and now came in, tired, indeed, but with a heightened colour in her cheeks, and an added brightness in her eyes, which made her look thoroughly charming.

She found her uncle, Sir Philip Spencelaugh, already seated at table, immersed in the *Times* newspaper, which had just arrived by mid-day train, and demanded to be skimmed through before luncheon could be discussed in comfort. He beamed on her kindly through his spectacles, and nodded his white head as Frederica entered the room. "A splendid day for the peaches, my dear," he said, and then returned to his reading. Lady Spencelaugh had not yet left her own apartments; and as she was frequently not visible till dinner time, her absence excited no surprise.

"There's something here that will interest you, Freddy," said Sir Philip, as, laughing one of his dry quiet laughs, he handed the newspaper across the table to his niece, marking a certain passage with his thumb; and then taking off his spectacles, he proceeded to rub the glasses with his handkerchief, keeping his eye fixed meanwhile on Frederica.

The passage indicated was among the marriage announcements, and ran as follows: "At Bom-

bay, on 20th March, Captain George Cliffo Barringer, of the —th Regiment, to Euphemia, only daughter of Colonel Sir Charles Patterson, of Bryanstone Square, London." A simple statement enough, but one pregnant with much meaning to Frederica Spencelaugh. She could feel the whiteness that crept under her face as she read, and in her heart a hollow aching pain, as though some vital thread had suddenly snapped, and therewith the gladness of her life had gone out for ever. But without his spectacles, the baronet's eyes were dim, and Sir Philip suspected nothing.

Frederica had a proud and resolute spirit; her uncle evidently expected her to make some comment on the news; and before the pause had time to become an awkward one, she had rallied her strength sufficiently to speak. "I think, sir, it would have been more courteous on the part of Captain Barringer, considering the trouble you have been at on his account, had he written to inform you of his marriage, instead of leaving you to discover it by accident." There was a tremulous ring in her voice, which not all her efforts could entirely suppress. Oh, to get away to the silence and solitude of her own room!

"The service, my dear, that I rendered George was nothing as between friends," said Sir Philip; "and at this age, young fellows detest letter-writing—at least I know that I did; besides which, he was in love, and therefore not accountable, like an ordinary mortal."

What could Frederica do but turn over the newspaper, and make-believe to be suddenly interested in the political news; but the words danced before her eyes, and a wild confusion of tangled thoughts rushed madly through her brain.

"Last time I was in town," resumed Sir Philip, as he helped himself to the wing of a chicken, "I fell in with my old friend Desborough, whom I had not seen for several years, and who was formerly colonel of the regiment in which Barringer is now Captain. George's name came up in the course of conversation, and I then learned that he was known among his comrades at the mess-table as "Captain Flirt"—a sobriquet which requires no explanation. But Reynard has got caught at last, probably by some one more wary than himself; and will now, let us hope, meet with the punishment due to his transgressions. The rascal's stay at Belair was happily of the shortest, else there is no knowing what damage those languishing eyes of his might have done to thy own poor heart, *ma petite*."

She got away at last, under the plea of a headache, for Sir Philip was inclined to be prosy, and to sit longer than usual over his luncheon to-day—away to her own pleasant little room, which looked out over the great park Belair, and across the sunny fruitful valley, far into the dim recesses of the hills beyond. She bolted the door, and stood before the window, with clasped hands that fell dejectedly before her, while bitter tears overbrimmed her eyelids one by one. Her proud spirit was broken for the time; she was there, without fear of witness, weeping for her lost love.

Some ninety or a hundred years before the opening of our story, the heir of the Spencelaughs had chosen for his bride a noble Spanish lady of Old Castile; and many traits, both of person and disposition, had come down to Frederica from her lovely ancestress, whose portrait by Sir Joshua was one of the chief ornaments of the gallery at Belair. The oval face, the delicate clear-cut features, the pure olive complexion, through which the rich blood mantled so warmly on the slightest provocation, were common to both of them. Both, too, possessed the same large black liquid eyes, through which looked forth a soul keen, restless, and loving; and the same free proud pose of the small thoroughbred head, crowned with rich, heavy coils of raven hair, which, in the case of Frederica, were shot through with a golden arrow, to keep them in their place. Her slender throat was encircled by a heavy necklace of opals, set in dead gold; and her delicately-tinted dress, of some light summer material, set off by its harmonious contrast the full measure of her dusky loveliness.

Frederica's April shower of regretful tears for her lost love was soon over. "Fool that I am," she cried, "to weep for the loss of that which was never worth having!" and brushing the last of her tears impatiently away, she proceeded to light the wax-taper which stood on the table, and from it the heap of fancy shavings with which the fireless grate was filled. While these were still blazing swiftly up the chimney, she went into her bed-room, and taking up a book of Devotions which lay on the *prie-dieu* that occupied one corner of the room, she opened it at the spot where a faded white rose lay between the leaves—a white rose, withered and dried almost to tinder, but which, only one short half hour ago, was cherished as a treasure beyond price. Her lips curved into a smile of bitter disdain as she looked on it now; and there was a dangerous glitter in her eyes, which Captain George Cliffo Barringer, had he been there, would scarcely have cared to encounter. Carrying the open book in her hands as though it held some noxious insect, she went back to the flame, into which she shook the withered rose, looking on in silence while it dropped to pieces and shrivelled up to white ashes in the heat. She had no letters nor any other love-token than this one poor flower; and when that was gone, she felt as though the last frail tie which bound her to George Barringer were indeed broken for ever. With the same hard proud look still on her face, she rang the bell, and ordered her mare, Zuleika, to be got in readiness, while she proceeded to put on her riding-habit and hat. The air of the house seemed to stifle her; she wanted to be away, out on the great breezy headlands, with the far-reaching sea before her eyes, where it swept outward, unconfined, to the dim blue edge of the horizon.

Down the long avenue of the park, under spreading branches of beech, and chestnut, and strong limbed oak; through pleasant little Normanford, lying warm and sleepy in the hot afternoon sunshine; away over wide stretches of upland; past great Creve Tor, standing up white and solemn, scarred with the thunders of a thousand years, with the little river brawling far below; along the white chalky high-road, that went zigzagging in and out among the green wooded hills rode Frederica Spencelaugh swiftly, followed at a respectful distance by Mr. Bevis, the groom.

All the pleasant familiar features of the landscape were lost upon Frederica to-day; her mind was far away, living over again in memory that sweet holiday-time of love, that one brief golden episode of her young life, whose story she had ever since been whispering to her heart, but which must never more be told again. How well she remembered that day, but two short years ago, when her uncle, returning from town, brought to Belair a tall, handsome stranger, who was introduced to her as Captain Barringer, the son of an old friend, encountered accidentally in London; and what a different complexion her life had taken from that hour! There had been no lack of suitor for Miss Spencelaugh's heart and hand, either in town or country, for she was the greatest heiress in all Monksbury, and a beauty beside; but up to that time she had moved on her way "in maiden meditation, fancy free." By what subtle process Captain Barringer had contrived to steal away her heart before she knew of the loss, she herself would have been least able to explain. There were no other visitors at Belair during his stay; and having the whole field to himself, he had set himself down, in his lazy, resolute fashion, *pour passer le temps*, to win the love of the niece of his father's friend.

It was, however, a conquest unsuspected by every one but the object of it, and all the more dangerous to Frederica's peace of mind in that the captain's system of love-making precluded any vulgar confession on his part. A pressure of the hand, gentle but full of meaning; a glance from those wonderful eyes of his, which said, "I adore you," with far more emphasis than mere words could have done; a whisper in her ear as she sat at the piano; a voice delicately modulated, which could lend to words otherwise commonplace a meaning intended for her alone—those were the only tokens by which Frederica had