

Lercas. "With the aid of your sister and our good friend there, M. Vitry, I have endeavoured to give you some idea of domestic life in the middle ages. Read the chronicles of the times, I pray you, fair Emilie, and say whether our little drama is not strictly in accordance with historic truth."

A merry laugh from the assembled guests, at the disconcerted look of the Marchioness, rang round the room. For a moment she was uncertain whether to laugh with them, or be angry at them. She took the wiser plan.

"Yes!" she said, with a smile, "you are quite right. These gloomy dungeons were apt to be made use of very uncomfortably; and the poniard or the poison cup were not infrequently accorded, by a lover or a husband, for a little innocent coquetry."

"Well, madam!" said the Baron. "do you still retain your preference for old castles and fierce knights?"

"To say true," returned Emilie, "I would much rather inhabit a modern country mansion, or a house in the *Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin*. And for a husband—I suppose I must *c'en* be content with one of the nineteenth century."

And she held out her hand to the Baron, who took it affectionately, and thereon sealed the compact with a loving kiss.

## B I N G E N .

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,—

There was a lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand, And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;

Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,

For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,

That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day was done

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.

And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—

The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:

But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morbid decline,—

And one had come from Bingen,—from Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my Mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,

And I was eye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:

For my Father was a soldier, and even as a child My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty board, I let them take what'er they would, but kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,

On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,

When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steady eye,

For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;

And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister;—in the happy days gone by,

You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning, Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes

heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen,

My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison.) I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill, That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore and well-remember'd walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine; But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled;

The Soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!