

[For the Home Journal.]

O SAY NOT THE HEART.

O say not the heart that you once thought your own
Has lost of its kindness, its fondness for you;
O say not the heart has made rent grown
That pledged to be faithful—that swore to be true.
But thank you the flower that unfolds from the sun
Its delicate tints and its soft tender green,
Yet frowning it did when your praises it won
If the cloud never shuts that rests them between?
Or think you the river not ebbing can flow,
It fails not the rain to replenish the spring?
Can the hap of Eolus the bosom make glow
If the eye that unkindles turns ever aside,
And think from the heart love ceaseless can flow
Its fountain receives not the pleasuring tide?
O! think not the eye with its fondness can glow
If the eye that unkindles turns ever aside,
JULY, 1861. A. D.

SKETCHES FROM HISTORY.

EMINENT WOMEN.

ELEANOR,

Daughter of William, Duke of Guienne, was born in the year 1122. At the age of fifteen she succeeded to the government of Poitou and Guienne, on the death of her father, and soon after was married to Louis VII., King of France. To peculiar charms of person were united a polished understanding with manners at once engaging and sweet; yet these concealed an overbearing temper, which, at a future period, was strikingly displayed. Louis, having caught the enthusiasm that pervaded the twelfth century, determined to leave his kingdom under the care of a Regent while he made a crusade. The Queen accompanied Louis in his religious excursion; but excited his suspicions during her residence in the Holy Land. Yet it is generally believed by the historians of the age that he had no foundation for his surmises, notwithstanding which he determined to repudiate his wife. In vain his ministers endeavored to convince him of Eleanor's innocence, and point out the folly of resigning the two rich provinces of Guienne and Poitou; but, like all persons of shallow understandings, he refused to listen to their salutary advice, and sued for a sentence of divorce from her, which he obtained in the year 1152. Upon regaining her liberty, Eleanor gave her hand to Henry, Duke of Normandy, who afterwards ascended the English Throne. But happiness in the marriage state seems to have been denied her, and indeed the fault is universally admitted to be her own. The impetuosity of her temper was insupportable to Henry, whose disposition was at once susceptible and mild, and being disappointed in his hopes of domestic felicity, he reposed his affections upon an object more deserving (?) of his love. The attachment of this amiable monarch to the daughter of Lord Clifford has furnished a subject for both dramatists and poets. However, that the Fair Rosamond really fell a victim to the Queen's jealousy, is a circumstance which still admits of a doubt. Eleanor died at a very advanced period of existence at the castle of Fonterrault, where she had retired A. D. 1201.

ELFRIDA,

Daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, was celebrated justly for the superiority of her charms; and the youthful monarch, Edgar, fired with the description, resolved to let them blaze on a Throne. Knowing, however, that description frequently magnifies perfections, he declared his intentions to a favorite friend, and at the same time requested him to make a visit to the Earl of Devonshire, and if his daughter was really as beautiful as she was represented, to make her an offer of the monarch's hand; but if her charms were not equal to his expectations, to shorten his visit without explaining his designs. The Earl of Ethelwold was the man in whom Edgar placed this confidence, and he instantly set out on his mission, where, as the known favorite of his sovereign, he met with a reception calculated to satisfy his vanity and pride. All that report had said respecting the lovely Elfrida fell infinitely short of the reality; she captivated the Earl's senses, excited his admiration, and drove every sentiment of loyalty from his heart. Instead of pleading the passion of his Royal master, he, in a moment of infatuation, implored her to list-

ten to his own, and assured the Earl, her father, that the sole purpose of his visit had been to solicit the honor of the fair Elfrida's hand. Still it was necessary, he informed him, to have the marriage kept private, as the King had recommended another lady to his choice; but he did not doubt of procuring the King's assent to his nuptials in the course of a little time. The high rank of Ethelwold, together with his being the favorite of Edgar, induced the Earl of Devonshire to consent to the marriage. The ceremony was performed with the greatest privacy, and in the course of a few weeks Ethelwold returned to town. The eager monarch impatiently demanded whether Elfrida was the angel rumor had described her. When Ethelwold told him that her possessions more than her personal charms, which were of an inferior order, had given rise to the rumors, in fact he was more disappointed than language could express. The King, perfectly satisfied with Ethelwold's account, thought no more of Elfrida.

After some time had elapsed, Ethelwold requested the privilege of soliciting the hand of Elfrida; "for though," said he, "she does not possess charms enough to satisfy the heart of a monarch, yet her extensive treasures will make a subject regard her as a prize." The King, little suspecting the deceptive conduct of his favorite, readily granted the boon; but Ethelwold was obliged to make a variety of excuses for not presenting his bride at Court.

The favorite of a Prince is generally surrounded by enemies. Ethelwold's private marriage was discovered, the attractions of the bride greatly exaggerated, and the treachery of his conduct exposed. Edgar heard it with every mark of indignation, which, however, he resolved to conceal; but on the following morning told Ethelwold that he would immediately set out for his castle, as he was resolved to pay his respects to the bride. Petrified with fear at this declaration, yet not daring to invent an excuse, he merely requested permission to precede on the journey, in order to prepare Elfrida for the reception of her guest. Unmindful of fatigue, and careless of exertion, he travelled with the utmost expedition to his castle, and throwing himself on his knees before the object of his affection, disclosed the fatal secret which terrified his heart. With all the candor of love, and the pathos of feeling, he implored her to pardon a crime which he had been induced to commit by the violence of his passion for her, but which would in all probability be expiated with his life. He begged of her by that tenderness which she had excited, to veil the lustre of her charms, if possible, and if there was one mode of dress more unbecoming than another, to retire and immediately put it on. Elfrida, with apparent cheerfulness, promised to comply with his wishes; but instead of endeavoring to disguise her perfections, she displayed them with a studied art. The heart of Edgar was instantly enslaved by her attractions, though he concealed his emotions from the man whom he no longer considered worthy of his regard. The next morning he invited Ethelwold, now totally disarmed of fear, to hunt with him in the adjoining forest, and there for this act of treachery, he deprived him of his life. Soon after Elfrida consented to become the wife of the man who had deprived Ethelwold of life.

Though the conduct of Ethelwold was treacherous and unpardonable, yet that of Elfrida excites emotions of horror in the heart; for instead of complying with the solicitations of her husband, she evidently endeavored to inspire Edgar with regard; and her immediately marrying the murderer of her husband proves that she must have been as destitute of feeling as she was of regards. Her historians endeavor to palliate her crime by saying that she was told by Edgar that Ethelwold was accidentally killed by falling from his horse.

A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer, who, after the funeral of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger. At last the indignant grave-digger, bringing his hand down on a grave-stone, exclaims: "Down wi' anither shillin' or up she comes."

A ROYAL MARRIAGE FOR LOVE:
A ROMANCE OF 1861

The circumstances under which the marriage of the Prince de Trani has been concluded are not without that little spice of romance which has grown almost peculiar to the old chivalry of Europe, and which is eschewed by modern utilitarianism as being a useless expenditure, always of time and sentiment, and sometimes of money likewise. The Princess Mathilde had been promised to the Prince de Trani at the very time of the marriage of the King of Naples. Her royal highness was then considered as giving great promise of beauty, although but a mere child at the time, and it seems that the young prince himself, scarcely emerged from boyhood, had been deeply smitten. The change which took place in the character and constitution of the latter after this sentiment had become developed in his mind, led to the most extraordinary and miraculous improvement in the whole moral and physical bearing of the prince. The careless, indifferent and somewhat heavy boy, grew suddenly into the eager, inquiring, ambitious youth, and a transformation, like that so beautifully expressed by Robert Browning in the case of the young Duke of Florence, seemed to take place with the Prince de Trani.

When misfortune overtook his family, all the old timidity and diffidence returned; and, although frequently assured by the Queen of Naples, who well knew the generous character of the fair Princess Mathilde, that the change in the position of the royal family of Naples would make no change in her intentions, yet the delicacy of his feeling towards her urged him to refuse the sacrifice. It appears that a short while ago he wrote to the princess, informing her that, unable to endure the idea of surprising her affections into a decision of which she might hereafter repent, he had despatched a faithful friend, who would undertake to ascertain his fate without words, for a written refusal he could never bear.

The sign by which the Princess was to make her resolution known was poetical enough. The friend was to be the bearer of a bunch of flowers cut from the Calvary in the gardens of the Vatican. These would, of course, be faded by the time they reached her hand. If she returned them by the messenger, the meaning would be clear enough, and he would accept it without a murmur. If, on the contrary, she retained it, all faded and withered as it then would be—fit emblem of his fallen house—then would he know that she was ready to fulfil the promise made in happier days, and to share the evil destiny which had come upon him. The princess replied that she was ready to receive the messenger, and courteously thanked the prince for leaving her thus free.

Soon after this, it was announced at the palace at Munich that two gentlemen had arrived with a message from the Prince de Trani for the Princess Mathilde. Her royal highness, who was at the moment exercising in the riding-school with the king, bade the equery to inquire if the gentlemen had brought nothing more than a message from the prince; and if they were the bearers of any token it was to be brought for her on the instant. Presently the equery returned, looking conscious and embarrassed, with the faded bouquet in his hand "A rare lover's gift, truly," said the king laughing; "but had we not better hurry to meet the prince's messengers? It is scarcely courteous to keep them thus long waiting." "Nay, your majesty, let them be ushered in here; it will be a greater compliment to the prince to receive them with the smallest ceremony possible." "Then be it so," replied the king, gaily; and presently the two gentlemen were ushered into the royal presence even as the royal party were then occupied in the riding-school. The one who entered first looked up at the princess. At sight of the poor faded bouquet, already placed upon her bosom, inside of her velvet riding-jacket, he uttered an exclamation of delight, and, unable to advance, stood still in the midst of the amphitheatre, trembling and afraid. The princess held out her hand with the most charming and

bewitching gesture. "Ah, signor," said she, "go now and tell the doubtful and mistrustful prince who sent you how I received his token and where I have sheltered it." In another moment she had leaped from her horse, as the prince, overcome by sudden faintness, had been compelled to lean against the wall for support. She knew well enough that the Prince de Trani would be his own messenger, and had, therefore, preserved her self-possession when he had presented himself before her, and was the only one of the whole company who manifested no astonishment on his entrance.

The story we have from the best authority. It accounts entirely for the circumstance, which seemed at the time so extraordinary, of the journey to Munich, taken with so little ceremony, almost by stealth, as it were, by the Prince de Trani. It was not mad, as the newspapers declared, to demand the hand of the princess, but to test her attachment. But once there it was deemed best to hurry on the ceremony, as the youthful pair will return immediately to Rome and pass the honeymoon at Albano. The history of this little court romance has completely set at rest the anxious curiosity of those who for a long time were lost in amazement at the singular choice of a bouquet of faded flowers with which the lid of the *corbeille de mariage*—exhibiting up till last month at Madame Felicie's—was so minutely adorned.

THE KNIGHTS OF OLD.

During the winter of either 1828 or 1829, Louis Napoleon, being then on a visit to his aunt, the Grand Duchess of Baden, was walking on the banks of the Rhine with her and his two cousins, the Princesses Josephine and Marie of Baden, attended by numerous members of the court. The conversation turned upon ancient French gallantry. The Princess Marie was, with much wit and piquancy, praising those chivalrous times, and the "preux chevaliers," who adopted as their motto, "God, my king, and my lady," and who, to prove their fidelity, shrank from neither peril nor sacrifice. She contrasted with this picture of former times the vices and egotism of the present age.

Louis Napoleon joined in the discussion with all the warmth of his years. He maintained that, in courage and gallantry, at least, the French had not degenerated, and that they still know how to treat the fair sex with all the homage their forefathers had done. "In all ages," he added, "devotion is never wanting for those women who know how to inspire it."

As they strolled along the path beside the water—the ladies of the party being engaged in defending their toilettes from a strong breeze—a flower, detached from the head-dress of the Princess Marie, was swept by the violence of the wind into the river.

"See," exclaimed the imprudent princess, laughing at her misfortune; "what an excellent opportunity this would have been for a knight of old to distinguish himself!" at the same time directing the prince's attention to the poor flower, which, borne along by the rapid current, was already disappearing in the abyss.

"Ah, cousin!" exclaimed Napoleon; "is that a challenge? Very well—I accept it!"

And immediately, before any one had the least idea of his intention, he plunged, all dressed as he was, into the flood. Our readers may imagine the affright of the grand duchess and her companions, more especially of the young princess, whose thoughtless speech had been the cause of this act of rashness. The air resounded with lamentations and cries for help. The prince, however, was swimming vigorously, battling against the force of the waves; and after having disappeared for some time from the anxious eyes of the spectators, they at last beheld him, after great efforts, safely regain the banks, holding in his hand the precious flower.

"Here," said he, as he sprang up the bank, "here is your flower, my fair cousin; but for heaven's sake," he added, laughing, and pointing to his streaming attire, "for the future endeavor to forget your knights of old."