

MY LOVE AND I.

BY MAX.

In the splendor of the summer when the meadow blushing roses
Fill the green earth with their sweetness, and the fuchsias sing in tune;
When the thrush in a covert to his mate dear love discloses,
And the human heart is happy with the many songs of June.

In a garden near the city underneath the shady branches,
From the glare and noise of London life we walked, my love and I;
I have somewhere read "the spirit in its gladness leaps and dances,"
And I know mine thrilled with rapture as that happy day went by.
And the gardens were enchanting with the perfume and the splendor,
For the world was bathed in glory from the beauty of the sun,
And a moon was turned to mist with its trustful smiles and tender,
As we lingered in the sunset till the day was nearly done.

I had dreamed in years departed of a maiden fair and saintly,
And within her eyes the whiteness of her spirit seemed to shine;
In the gardens on that evening I recalled my vision faintly,
As my darling nestled closer to the faithful heart of mine.

O, love is but a chimera if the passion be unstable,
But it must be good and noble to the faithful heart and true;
And I gave her, never grudging, all the homage I was able,
For I loved her as a miser loves his gold above its due.

What to me were fame and honour, what to me were wealth and learning,
If she did not glorify them with the sweetness of her love?
And I looked upon her beauty all my heart and spirit yearning,
As the rose yearns for the kisses of the sun-beams from above.

And I thought she loved me truly, but I think she loved me never,
Or she did not learn my meaning in our walk that happy day;
But the question is unheeded, and the dream is gone for ever,
And the city cannot charm me as I walk my weary way.

And but yesterday I met her near the gardens in her carriage,
When she paused to smile and speak again as sweetly as of yore;
And my heart is glad to know that she is happy in her marriage,
And the past will never pain her, though it haunts me over more.

The Legend of the Chateau of Pont de Gave.

BY E. L. CLARK, BULL-DOG, & CO.

Every one who has been at Pau must be well acquainted with the park. It was my favorite resort, and on one particular morning, in the spring of 18—, I took my way to the castle gardens. I descended the steps, passed with a friendly nod the old woman dozing on the cold stone, gave a cheerful *bonjour* to the sentinel on duty in the archway, and turned down the walk under the castle walls. Here I paused and, leaning over the wall, gazed down on the lovely scene before me. For in those days it was lovely. The miserable huts, and scarcely better looking houses, the narrow street, and the great unsightly brewery were not then to be seen. Only the fair broad river, the fields bathed in the morning dew, the distant snow-capped mountains, and long bank of foliage bordering the park met the gaze. Yes! there was one other object of interest, and though now built up and enclosed, though now partially cleared away to make room for the encroachments and requirements of a new generation, yet traces of it may still be seen, traces of that ancient chateau, more ancient far than the one which stands proudly on the hill looking down on the ruined predecessor, with all the quiet contempt which a well-to-do chateau cannot express when placed in close proximity to a ruin. One tower, one ruined fragment of a tower, now alone remains of the Chateau of Pont de Gave, but on the day when I gazed down on 'no ancient walls two smaller towers still stood, flanking it on either side, while the form of the whitened court of the castle, the garden wall, and several offices might be easily traced by the fragments of masonry still in a state of preservation. Moreover, the ravages of Time the Destroyer, or maybe, some other power as certain in its effects, and more rapid

had laid bare the secrets of a tortuous passage which wound its labyrinthic course among the rocks, describing some twenty times its own actual length, and finally emerging upon the stony shore close to the smooth, clear stream. I remained some time gazing at this scene, in which the far-gone past was mingled with the bright and beautiful present, and as I gazed, in my fancy, the old walls rose once more as in the days gone by—the secret passage became once more a secret known only to the old and trusty few, life filled the ancient place, bright faces gazed from the windows looking for those who alas! might perhaps return no more; stout men-at-arms and warrior steeds tramped in the paved court; flags floated from the battlements and sentinels paced gravely to and fro. It was a bright picture, and as it faded from my fancy I exclaimed, involuntarily aloud, "It has a story. I am sure that it has a story! What would I not give to know it?" "Your wish, madame, is easily gratified," said a voice at my elbow, in English, though with a foreign accent; and, turning round, I became aware of the presence of a priest of some sixty or seventy summers. I addressed him with an eager inquiry as to how my wish could be accomplished. He smiled at my manner and informed me that he himself was in possession of a MS. containing the popular legend of the last days of the Chateau of Pont de Gave. He would lend it to me with pleasure. "But," he continued, "I must warn madame that it is hard to decipher—not alone from age and the effects of damp, but it is written in a stiff and crabbed hand." Noting, daunted, I gratefully accepted the offer and in another hour was comfortably settled in my own room struggling with the promised difficulties. This is a translation of what I read.

THE LEGEND.

The Chateau of Pont de Gave was a fair and goodly building, and the Baron of Pont de Gave was a brave warrior. His youth and his middle age had been passed in courts and cities, in the camp and in the battle-field, and now, in his old age, he dwelt in the home of his forefathers, tended by the fair hands of the Ladye Hermione, his wife, cheered by the growing beauty of the little Ladye Terthruida, his only child. Very fair to look upon was she. Tall and straight as a young poplar, with heavy masses of blue-black hair, and large, proud eyes, which seemed to look down on all mankind as though they were far, far beneath her. Very proud was the baron bold, but prouder still was his little daughter. None of her mother's sweet gentleness marked her manners. Her walk was stately as the baron's own. "She was born to command," said the vassals. "Fit mistress for such a castle; fit ruler for such an estate." "She shall wed with a prince of the land," thought the baron, as he watched her stately courtesy to his old friend and companion in arms the Prince de Carvois, when one fine day that ancient nobleman stopped at the castle gates to greet the child of his old ally. "She shall wed with a prince, shall she not, Hermione?" for this was he wont to address his gentle wife. The mother sighed. She would fain have seen more of softness, less of pride, in the marked features of her little child. Yet could she not suppress a smile when the girl extended her hand with an air to the old prince, who bent low over it, touching it lightly with his lips, as though she were already the greatest ladye in the land.

Time passed, and Terthruida grew to woman's estate, and the look of pride still dwelt in her clear, cold eyes. She was very beautiful, far and near the fame of her beauty spread, and suitors from many distant lands sought to wed with one so highly gifted in face and fortune too. Dukes, marquises, princes—nay, rumours whispered that a king had not disdained to sue for her hand—and one and all met with the same reception, the same cold tones and haughty bearing. As yet her heart seemed all untouched, as yet no one had offered to her well-pleased parents all they looked for in the husband of their child. This one was poor, though high in rank, that one bore a new name, and no new name, however high, could wed with the Pont de Gave. The king was a widower, with many little princes and princesses to share his love with the peerless Terthruida, moreover, he must bear her off to his petty kingdom, and she should marry one who would reign with her over the vast domains of the Pont de Gave. But there was time enough. The old people were in no hurry to part with the sole interest left to them in life; and, good sooth, Terthruida was but eighteen when one came to the chateau who combined in his own person all that the baron wished to find. The Duc de Lendecours was the second son of the oldest family in Normandy, and, though his estates were vast, he was willing to give up all his love for them for the love of the fair Terthruida. He was young and comely, and the parents looked on him with a kindly eye and signified their desire to the young lady that she should become his wife. Terthruida grew pale as she listened. Her large eyes drooped till the long black lashes swept her cheek. But in those days, in the fair land of France, the will of parents was law to the children, and as the girl swept her stately courtesy and left the presence of her father and mother no thought of rebellion entered her heart. The marriage was declared, and from that time forth man and the Ladye Terthruida was cold, haughty, more stately than ever. No word of womanly kindness, no glance of softness and sympathy ever escaped her. She moved on her way in stern reserve. But those who watched her most narrowly might have

marked one moment's flush on her pale cheek, one moment's fire in the clear, cold eyes as they lighted on a dark head far, far distant in a corner of the old chapel on the morning of her marriage day. The head was bent between the bars in all abandonment of misery, the face convulsed, and as the ladye marked this her proud lip curled with scorn. The cure of love was strangely wrought. She never could have called him lord who thus weakly could give way. The slight head was thrown back with yet more haughtiness, the flush faded, and in a few minutes Terthruida was the bride of Aldobert of Lendecours.

Time passed—and with it the warrior baron and his gentle Hermione, and Terthruida and her lord ruled the lands of Pont de Gave. That is, Terthruida ruled and reigned, while Aldobert went forth to the court and cities, returning at long intervals, for his home was not a happy one. Terthruida scorned the life of cities, despised him for his love of ease, and pined for the warlike days of her brave old father. They came. More than once the chateau stood a siege. More than once were the enemy outwitted by a woman's wit, defeated by a woman's word. More than once, on her white charger Begor de Gave did the ladye rally with at the head of her retainers and bravely rout the foe—her little son at her side—while her lord took his pleasure at a distance. More than once mark of battle was on her rounded arm and soft white hand. The little Victor was her pride and care. He was to be all that her father, the brave old warrior, had been, all that her husband should have been. All her care was to train him to the use of arms, to a knowledge of chivalry and knightly deeds. In this was she aided by Pierre, the senechal of the chateau; he who had followed her father in all his later battles, and who now dwelt proudly on the past achievements and glories in the honor of the name. Very precious was the little Victor in his mother's eyes, and in the eyes of the faithful Pierre, for he was the last hope of that ancient race. If he should die unwed, the Chateau of Pont de Gave, and all the noble lands thereto belonging, would pass away into the hands of a brother of my lord the duke. So it was put down in the marriage papers, for no one akin to the Pont de Gave was living now. The duke's brother was smooth-spoken and soft, but the ladye loved him not—nay, she hated him as only such natures can hate; and well he knew it, and cleverly had he striven first to make, and then to widen the breach between her and her lord. This was the grief of her stirring life. This was the grief of that life when the war died out and the land was at rest—when her days grew quiet and sober, when her little son grew up strong, brave and beautiful—when at last she sent him forth, his shining armor decked with a scar wrought by her own hands, in the colors of the Pont de Gave, sent him forth to distant countries where honors might be sought and glory won. Bitter was the parting to her, sharp the pang—lasting the weight of sorrow for him who rode joyfully away in all the freshness and hope of youth. But more bitter, more sharp, and heavier far was that goading thought, that if that young life should be quenched, if she and her lord should die, the hated Baron de Lendecours would pace the halls of Pont de Gave and call them all his own!

The boy came back from his first campaign more beautiful, more comely than ever. For three months he remained with his mother, for three months there was enough of toil for the old servants of the house. Jousts and revels were held at the chateau, hunting-parties busied at early dawn from the portals, gay barges plied here and there on the river. The mother watched him with pride as he led the sports; and truly this was a lawful pride, for was he not braver and fairer, taller and stronger than any other of that goodly company?

It was the Eve of St. Bartholomew. A grand tournament had been held that day. Victor had borne off the prize, a ring of priceless worth given to him by the fair hands of the Princess Valda herself. Terthruida had smiled at the blush which rose on the fair cheek of the princess as she bent forward to place the ring on the lad's finger, and the mother's heart beat high as she thought that the day might come when Victor in his turn should be the donor, all princess though the lady was, and of a royal house. But no blush was on Victor's happy face, nay, he barely looked on Valda; and as he bowed for a frown passed over Terthruida's brow, for she marked his wandering eye turn again and again to a distant spot where, dressed in simple white, sat a fair young girl with long bright curls and soft blue eyes. It was the close of that day, I say, and the ladye, wrapped in a long black mantle, with her ermine hood on her head and neck, passed quickly by the turret stairs and, dismissing the sentinel with a wave of her hand, stopped out on the battlements. She stood alone on the only tower now left of the chateau—on the spot where even now one might stand and gaze down on the lovely view. But she gazed not on that view. Her face was turned the other way, to where the shrubberies of the castle covered the hill which here rises so abruptly that one standing on the tower was on a level with one walking in the almond walk. And who walked there now? Upon whom was the ladye gazing, that her eye should grow so stern and fixed, her lips so firmly set; and that grey, ashen hue, why should it creep over her whole face? It was Victor, the young hero of the day, the only hope of the ancient house. It was Clare de Lendecours, his cousin, daughter of the hated Rioul—the fair young girl with long bright curls and soft blue eyes. The ring,

the gift of the Princess Valda is in his hands, and—oh, heavens forbid it!—he is striving to place it on Clare's small finger.

"Your mother! oh, Victor, your mother! It must not be—not that, not that, Victor!" were the first words that fell on the ladye's ear.

"Not that?" replied the boy. "Then, Clare dearest, it must be my own ring, my signet ring. It might be that the princess's gift would cause you trouble from my mother; but this, O Clare, this you must take and wear it for my sake! See, I have kept your gift!" and from his embroidered waistcoat he drew out a slender chain of golden hair.

The Ladye Terthruida trembled from head to foot. It was fearful to witness such emotion in one usually so calm and unmoved. Wrapping the heavy folds of her mantle around her stately figure, she stepped from the battlements, swept down the narrow stairs, and took her way to her own apartments. In a few minutes Victor received his mother's commands to wait on her. He obeyed. None ever knew what passed in the oriel room where that interview took place, but there were those who watched for Victor's reappearance, and when at length he came forth they marked his altered mien. High words had passed, for his face was flushed, and his whole bearing spoke of angry feeling—ruffled pride of early manhood. That night he rode from the chateau gates—that night at the head of his usual band of vassals and retainers he rode forth once more—to the Spanish wars, it was said—a hasty summons from the reigning king. That night a gloom fell on the Chateau of Pont de Gave, the guests were hastily dismissed, and the ladye came forth to greet no one. Only the Princess Valda remained to the following day, only to the Princess Valda did the ladye deign to send words of excuse and courtesy—grief at the departure of her son, a sudden malady, she pleaded. Yet all knew full well that Terthruida of Pont de Gave had never known an hour of sickness—that she had sent her only son to fight his country's battles when he was yet a child, and seen him go unmoved, nor changed one item of his hardy course. Only to speed the parting of the Princess Valda did the ladye emerge from her retirement next day, only to attend her to the gates; and then once more she passed to the oriel room and closed her doors to all. The princess and her suite in many carriages dashed forth from the great gates of Pont de Gave, and it was written that never more should guests be welcomed at that dovecoted castle. The days of quiet and life were over. Hardly had the last attendant of the princess vanished among the wide-spreading foliage of the park when the senechal was summoned to his ladye's presence and orders were given him to close the big gates, and never to open them more, unless at his own command.

Time rolled on. Terthruida was a widow, but Aldobert's death caused no change in that dreary chateau. It seemed almost as though the ladye heeded it not. Time passed. The ancient servants grew older still, the younger ones grew old, the gates became rusty in their fastenings, moss and ivy crept over the hinges, and a little flower sprang out of the brass bears on the top and wound its graceful way between the iron bars, as if it would hold the two heavy side-gates together in its frail meshes. The crow's foot was visible on the ladye's face. Her hair—the thick, heavy masses of blue-black hair—was deeply streaked with grey; but her eye remained unchanged—the same cold, clear glance of pride, and the same proud, stately gait. Beyond the castle gates she never passed. No friend, no visitor could gain admittance to her solitude. But each eve, as the sun set over the distant mountain peaks, as the faint rosy light faded to a deep grey, would the Ladye of Pont de Gave step forth to the almond walk. There, wrapped in the heavy velvet folds of her mantle of black, with the ermine hood round her head and neck, would she peep up and down, with measured gait and quiescent step, backwards and forwards, in that narrow walk, till darkness had closed in around her. One only companion was at her side, not only in those walks, but at all times. Brave, the big wolf-dog, the truest friend of her absent son. Brave had been given to Victor when Victor was but a child, and the two had grown up together. This is how it came about. Victor had escaped from his nurses and attendants and dashed out of the castle gates, one fine spring morning, just as the Prince Poudac Belmont was riding through the park on his way to a bear-hunt.

Brave and his brother Courage were young dogs of a noble breed. They were not out of training. It was their first trial day, and both dogs and keepers were in a state of wild excitement. As the little Victor escaped from his guardians, so did Brave and Courage; and the huge animals came dashing towards the child, barking furiously, all their bristles standing on end. Men called and shouted, all in vain. But the child stood his ground manfully, though his face flushed high. As the animals neared him he drew his little sword with a movement so brisk and sudden that both dogs, daunted by so brave a front, stopped suddenly and crouched at his feet.

"Le petit brave! il signe fils d'une telle mère," said the prince as he rode up to the spot. Thereupon he swore, "Les deux Braves sont faits l'un pour l'autre," and he gave the dog to the princely boy.

Terthruida was a proud mother when she witnessed the scene, but, oh, the pride should have turned to bitter grief as she paced that almond walk alone, with the faithful Brave at