Poetry.

A REMINISCENCE.

We went wandering down through the woodlands
In the autumn—Alice and I,
How clearly before me that memory stands,
From the old times long gone by!

We pushed our way through the tangled wood,
Where the birch-stems glittered white,
Until close by the river side we stood,
Where the rowan-berries hung bright.

All the brown woods were silent overhead;
There was never a breeze to quiver
The birchen bough and the rowans red,
As they hung above the river.

The gold moss that hung on the gray rock's side,
Where only the moss could grow,
And the dark-green ferns dripping into the tide,
Dived again in the stream below.

And she twisted the berries into a crown
For her gleaming gold-bright hair;
And the face from the bank looked laughing down
At the face in the water there;

As if one of the wood-nymphs of olden days
Had strayed to the river side,
To greet with her smiling and wondering gaze
A water-sprite under the tide.

Cold in her grave lies Alice now;
By the stream I stand alone;
And one gold lock from her dead white brow
Is the dearest thing I own.

Select Literature.

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY.

Who does not write memories now-a-days? Lola Montez, Alexandre Dumas, Mogador, Dr. Veron, the grocer captain of the National Guard, Georges Sand, all bury themselves decently in their lifetime, in sound mind and body, in the glorious shroud which is other times posterity granted to the illustrious dead.

In our days there is no personage too insignificant to place himself in celebrity before the publicity of future ages, and demand a verdict, an epitaph, a name on the bronze or marble of the Temple of Fame. The little Savoyard who acts as my groom and boot-black, said to me one morning, in the exercise of his vulgar functions: 'Ah, sir, if I could only write like you, what a fine book I would make of my life!'

Like that of making tables turn, dance, and tell lies; the mania for writing memories has turned all heads; it has become an epidemic. Be not surprised, therefore, dear readers, friends known and unknown, if, finding myself under the prevailing influence, I devote some of my leisure moments to inditing, not through any unjustifiable spirit of pride, but to serve as a lesson, perhaps, for young persons who may come after me in the thorny career of letters; be not surprised, I say, if I arrange to that end the scattered leaves of a life passed in the tumultuous scenes of almost all the highways of Europe. To these unpretending bird-wing pages, so to say, I have given the title of *My Diary*. Permit me to copy verbatim for you one of its first leaves:

BOURG ST. ANDEOL, 10th July, 1844.

I passed a delightful evening at Bourg St. Andeol, an evening full of sad and touching recollections. How strange a thing is the human heart! We sometimes find joy in our sadness, perfumes in our sorrow! The tears we shed on the way of life are not all bitter. Yesterday I dreamed for hours of a young woman whom I saw die in my arms. A sad story, commenced under the Empire on the banks of the Rhone, and ended in a foreign land, at the waters of Pfeffer. Marie,—Bourg St. Andeol, these are three names which I shall never forget; for to Bourg St. Andeol really belonged Marie, that tender flower transplanted so young to the cloudy sky of Paris.

* * * * *

In the course of July, 1845, I repaired to the waters of Pfeffers, there to pitch for some days my tourist's tent. I found there a choice assembly, a crowd of delightful people, such as one meets at Baden, St. Gervase, at Vichy, wherever fashion is pleased to betake herself for the year. Amongst the numerous bathers and other visitors, my eyes and my heart had singled out from the first day a fair, pale young woman, with a sweet, sad face, towards whom I felt myself attracted by a charm which became real sympathy, when the director of the baths, coming to me, addressed me in these words with a somewhat mysterious air:

'If I am not mistaken, sir, you are a Frenchman?'

'As French as it is possible to be—in heart, at least,' I replied.

'Do you intend making any stay at Pfeffers?'

'Only till I have seen the source of the Tamina?'

'That will take no more than an hour.'

'I shall set out to-morrow morning for Coire, or rather for the Castle of Zetzers, the noble cradle of the illustrious family of De Salis.'

'Since you are a Frenchman you will not leave to-morrow.'

'And who shall prevent me?' I replied with a movement of anger.

'Keep your temper, young gentleman!' said the director of the baths.

'I mean to do so, but I should like to know who is to prevent me from starting to-morrow morning as I intended.'

'That is what I am going to tell you.'

'Speak then!—I hear you.'

'Yourself.'

'So, according to you, it is I myself who will oppose my own will. You are really quite facetious to-day, and disposed for jesting.'

'I never jest, sir, especially when there is a question of sad and serious things. I told you that you should not set out to-morrow. I persist in my opinion'

'Why so?'

'Because you are a Frenchman, and as such as must have a kind and generous heart.'

'Thanks, sir!—pray explain yourself more clearly, I am not endowed with the faculty of solving enigmas.'

'We have here for some three weeks past a young lady who is never again to see her native land, for death is stamped upon her features; like a broken flower, she is already bending to the ground.'

'I pity her from my soul, but I am not a physician; I can, therefore, do nothing for her.'

'On the contrary, you can do a very great deal; being French herself, the poor invalid asks me every day, if, amongst the visitors at the Baths, no Frenchman has arrived. 'I shall die more calmly,' said she, 'if, before yielding my soul to God, I could speak of France to a countryman.' Now, sir, you are the Frenchman so impatiently desired. You see therefore, that you cannot set out to-morrow.'

'I will remain.'

'I was sure you would. When shall I introduce you to your young country woman?'

'Sooner than immediately,' I replied.

'Come, then!'

Just as the director of the bath had told me, the sight of a countryman appeared to do the invalid good. Poor Marie, here was no longer the thought and look of fire. It was the young woman whom I had remarked. As soon as she perceived me she held out a thin and wasted hand that must once have been very beautiful, and in a voice low and sweet as a funeral chant she said: 'Welcome, sir, I have often wished for you without knowing you, I have long expected you, for I knew that Providence would not let me die lonely and alone, in a foreign land.'

'A moment after she added: 'You will remain at Pfeffers some days, will you not?'

'Till you are cured,' I answered.

'Then you shall not remain long,' she said, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven.

'I hope so, madam, for you shall soon see France again.'

'From too high to see it well,' she replied with a bitter smile. She knew well that her end was approaching.'

There are circumstances in life wherein true affections do not need long years to grow old. A look sometimes suffices to give them, under the inspiration of mutual sympathy and esteem, the consecration of experience which time alone procures for vulgar natures. Two days after my installation at Pfeffers, it seemed to me as though I had known Marie S. ten years.

I scarcely ever left her. My look and my thought saw only her; it was she that my eyes and my heart followed in the vast halls which lead to the principal parlor of the establishment. It was she who at midnight I found dreamy and thoughtful in the garden, alone, always alone when I was not near her. At evening when the fever left her for a while, I found myself beside her in the concert or ball-room. We spoke then of France, our own beautiful country. How her eyes sparkled at that beloved name! How harmoniously did that name sound to my ear when spoken by her! Away from France, even the remembrance of that fair land is happiness.

'I knew well,' said the director of the baths one day, 'that the sight of a countryman would do my poor invalid good—she is really better, and even finds herself so well to-day, that she asked my permission to go visit the source of the Tamina with you.'

'And have you given her your permission?'

'On condition that the excursion should not be prolonged more than an hour, for the keen bracing air of the place might do her much harm—I will depend on you, sir, to remind her of the condition'

After the thermal waters of St. Gervase in Savoy, I knew of none more picturesque than those of Pfeffers, situated in the Canton St. Gall, and in a terrific gorge formed by the water of the Tamina. 'These baths,' wrote Daniel the Hermit in 1602, of a most fearful aspect, are constructed in the midst of an infernal gulf and are eternally shaken by the fall of the Tamina, which rushes down over the jagged rocks, all white with the foaming spray of the cataract.' The way in which the establishment was formerly reached was still more terrific—the sick were lowered in an immense basket suspended over an abyss, the bottom of which was impenetrable to the eye. Once plunged into the Tenares, one would have thought themselves in the hell of Pagan antiquity, if they had met there a crowd of beautiful little white-robed angels playing under the eyes of their mothers. An almost perpetual night reigns in that strange and awful place, unmatched in all the world; rarely does the sun make excursions thither, even in the scorching heat of summer scarcely does he permit his rays to dwell there three hours of the twenty-four.

The gorge of Tamina presents the most imposing picture that the poet's or the artist's fancy can imagine. It is Tartarus with all its hideous yet sublime forms. Figure to yourselves, dear readers, a rapid torrent rolling with a tremendous noise forty feet deep between two walls of rocks, rising on either side two hundred feet above your head. A bridge two feet wide thrown along these rocks for a space of seven hundred feet conducts to the source of the torrent. This bridge, narrow and slippery, is only separated from the yawning abyss under your feet by a common plank without rails. The least false step would be fatal. Over this perilous path it was that I ventured to walk with Marie, less frightened than myself, I confess, by the imposing aspect of those sublime horrors. It was not without running more than one risk that we arrived at the cave hollowed by the Tamina in the marble which serves as the cradle of an unrestrained torrent.

With the cold, damp hand of Marie in mine, we listened whether any voice should come to break the silence that surrounded us. To speak more correctly, our lips were silent, our hearts alone spoke, no voice came; one solitary sunbeam, piercing the granite dome suspended above our heads, glided rapidly in and disappeared.

'It is the consoling angel descending on earth,' said I, 'to strengthen the failing heart, or rather the just soul which on earth sighs for heaven and the crown of the elect.'

'The consoling angel,' she replied; 'oh my friend have you ever met him? Yes, in your poet's dreams, in your desires, in your hopes, in your spiritual musings. But in reality, did he ever place himself between you and the envy of man, bewteen you and the cold egotism of human nature? Did that angel with his wing ever come to wipe away the tears which fell from your eyes, or gemmed your moist eyelids? Did his lips even once touch your lips, your brow, to efface the wrinkles which were traced thereon by grief?—No! that angel exists, but we meet him only on the verge of the grave, for that mysterious spirit is called the angel of death.'

Thus she said, and her voice was silvery sweet as she spoke those mournful words. She resumed:

'A just soul, did you say? That, my friend, is the impossible being which the Greek Philosopher sought in broad daylight with his lighted lamp.—That soul really exists but in heaven, where all is purified and spiritualized in the divine crucible of God!'

Just then the dismal cry of a raven was heard over our heads—the poor invalid quickly took hold of my arm which she had abandoned: 'Let us go,' said she 'that voice has made me sick. Would it be a warning?' And a big tear fell on my hand.

'Why do you cry? said I.

'Because at twenty-two one cannot leave life without a regret, pale and discolored though it be.'

'But you shall not die,' I said; 'you shall live for your friends and for yourself—you shall live a long time yet, I am sure.'

'No, my friend!—I feel that for me all is over—my last hour approaches.' I turned my head, but not so quickly that she did not feel, in her turn, a tear falling on her hand. 'Thanks,' she exclaimed; 'thanks!' Then she added, trying to smile: 'Let us hasten back, for the hour given me by the doctor is expired, and I should not like to be scolded.'

At the waters all is joy or sadness. Sometimes when our hearts were absorbed in the contemplation of those joys or sorrows which were passing tumultuous or pathetic before us, Marie's hand was laid burning and trembling in mine, and I discovered in her tearful eyes, in her sorrowful soul, the want of a confidence which she would willingly have me penetrate, but felt unequal to the task of commencing it. She suffered much, that poor young woman, consumed as she was by one of those secret sorrows which have no remedy but in the bosom of God.

In that foreign land, I often remarked that French people were more than compatriots! the stranger became a friend, the friend a brother. On this account, Marie S. sensible, moreover, of the attention I paid to her, with a respect equal to absolute devotion, consented to let me visit her in her own apartment. I saw her every hour of the day; my visits were often prolonged far into the night.

One morning, as she had not come down at the usual hour, I went to find her in her room. She was stretched on a lounge and appeared absorbed in sad reflections. Her face was white as the organdie robe she wore. I thought I beheld a corpse.

'Ah! it is you, my friend,' she said, holding out her hand which, in accordance to German etiquette, I raised to my lips; 'you are welcome. I have received letters from home, and I was just going to send for you to make you acquainted with their contents. Things are not going well in our poor France; a base attempt has been made on the life of Louis Philippe, in the midst of the July festivities. Numerous victims have fallen. A marshal of France, who had escaped the bullets of so many battles, fell by the hand of an obscure assassin. My father, who was to have joined me here, will not come; the catastrophe which has dyed with blood the Boulevard du Temple prevents him from asking leave of absence. A soldier bound by honor to his flag, he cannot now leave the regiment he commands to come here to receive his child's last sigh. Well! the holy will of God be done!'

To be concluded.

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Charlottetown, Sept. 28, 1864. tf

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Orwell Store, Aug. 10, 1864. E I

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