

"Ha!" said the old woman, trying to shake off my hold; "what do you know of him?"

"More than you would wish me to know."

"Pshaw," muttered the hag, "what can you know?"

Something that the grave, in the dark shrubbery, can reveal!"

"Has she told you that? Ten thousand curses light upon her head!"

"She told me nothing—the eye that witnessed the deed, confided to me that secret; the earth will not cover the stain of blood. Is not my secret as good as yours?—are you willing to make the exchange?"

The old woman crouched herself together, and buried her face in her knees. Her hands opened and shut with a convulsive movement, as if they contained something in their grasp, with which she was unwilling to part. At length, raising her head, she said in hollow tones:

"I accept the terms. Come to me tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Tonight, or never!"

"It is useless to urge me—I will not tell you. Tomorrow, and your curiosity shall be gratified."

"Well, be it so. Tomorrow—I will meet you tomorrow!"

She rose from her seat—regarded me with a bitter smile, and gliding from my side, was lost among the trees."

Exulting in my success, I exclaimed:

"Thank God! I shall know all tomorrow!"

(*To be continued.*)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MINSTREL'S SERENADE.

DEDICATED TO MRS. E. N. BY "MUSOPHILUS."

"Now daye was gone and night was come,

And all were fast asleep,—

All save the Lady Emeline,

Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true-love's voice

Low whispering at the walle,

Awake, awake, my dear ladye,

'Tis I thy true-love call."

PERCY'S "*Reliques*," &c.

* * The air was still, and, beneath the trees,
That gently sway'd to the perfum'd breeze,
The minstrel stood, both fair and young,
And, thus, his tender lay he sung:

I.

Arouse thee, fair lady, from thy long balmy sleep!

The robe of the night is the best it can wear;

The sky's silvery stars their steady watch keep,

While the faries of moonlight are peopling the
air.

Arouse thee, sweet sleeper, since love's purest beam
Is pencilled more softly than mortals can dream,

II.

The moon has arisen and the shell of the sky,

Arrayed in its azure and silvery light,

Beams forth to the gaze of the uplifted eye,

Replete with the dazzle of splendor tonight.

The spirit of beauty walks forth in this hour

With summons to come and worship her power.

III.

The day-birds have hush'd their clear warbling
note,

And, tenderly, dream perhaps on the bough;

On the sea of sweet music no earthly sounds float,

The stars are singing their triumph-song now!

No sound can be felt, save through the lone wood

There speaks the bland voice of calm solitude.

IV.

The dew-drops are glist'ning on delicate spray

The blush of the morn finds smiling in bloom;

Fair earth is bedeck'd in her joyous array,

While her flowers are shedding perfume.

When the Goddess of Fragrance is abroad in her
power,

Then sweet is the incense of the gay-tinted flower.

V.

This is the lone time when Nature's mute art

Speaks in language as if from above;—

Which tells to the dark sense-prison'd heart

To follow no siren but the siren of love.

Oh! list to that voice and heed it's control,—

Turn not a deaf ear to the music of soul.

VI.

Arouse thee, fair lady, from thy long balmy sleep!

The robe of the night is the best it can wear;

The sky's silvery stars their steady watch keep,

While the faries of moonlight are peopling the

air.

Arouse thee, sweet sleeper, since love's purest beam

Is pencilled more softly than mortals can dream.

• • • • •

* * The echo gave back the finishing strain,

And the minstrel has sung, to the lady in vain—

On the morn came a billet well-scented with rose,

"Never, sir, I entreat you, disturb my repose!"

May 30, 1840.

ORIENT PROVERB.

A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus: "With
time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

PIETY.

PIETY is neither the dream of a mystic nor the fanaticism of a recluse. It is a solid, sober, rational devotedness, to the source at once of goodness and wisdom. It is not gloomy, it is not severe; it is cheerful as the light of heaven; the only sure principle of happiness and enjoyment.