

square before the church stood the men in clean Sunday shirts, with silver mounted pipes in their mouths. It was Whitsuntide, when every one is happy and rejoices. Oh! sacred Whitsuntide! It must have been on such a day as this that the spirit of the Lord descended upon the disciples and inspired them with the divine ray of light, that they might go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel of love—preach it to the warm open heart of spring, and in the spring-time of the earth also began the spring-time of humanity—the religion of love! But for the girl on the mountain there was no Whitsuntide, no revelation of love. No eloquent lips had made the Gospel a living thing to her. It remained a dead letter, a lifeless germ that missed the warm ray needed to make it unfold in her heart. No dove of peace descended upon her from the deep blue sky—the bird of prey on her shoulder was her only messenger of love!

At last Wally roused herself from her dreamy reverie, cast one more farewell glance at the cheerful villagers, then turned and ascended the silent, snow-covered Hochjoch into exile.

CHAPTER V. MURZOLL'S CHILD.

Wally had climbed the heights for five hours, now over wide patches of fragrant Alpine woods, now over fields of snow a foot in depth. The sleepless night she had passed seemed to paralyze her strength, and she almost despaired of reaching the goal of her journey. Her hands and feet trembled, for it is a hard task to battle for life five hours with such a malicious mountain. Large drops of perspiration rolled down her forehead, when suddenly, as if by some magic spell, she stood before a wall of clouds. She had turned the corner of a cliff, which hid the sun, and now dense mists surrounded her and an icy breath dried the perspiration on her brow. Her feet slipped at every step, for the ground was as smooth as glass. She was standing on ice. She had entered the Murzoll glacier, the highest point of the Hochjoch ridge. Here only a few blades of grass appeared among the rocks and snow, around her chasms of ice gleamed with a bluish light, and vast plains of snow, unscathed by the foot of beast or man, unbroken winter. Wally shrank back with a shiver. This was the entrance to Murzoll's ice castle, of which there were so many legends in the Otztal, the ice castle where dwell the "happy" maidens, of whom Luckard had often told little Wally in the long winter evenings, when the snow storms howled around the house. An almost ghostly breath greeted her from these desolate ice walls, caves and chasms, like a thrill of her old childish terror, as if the gleaming glacier sprites, with whom Luckard had often frightened her to bed when she was naughty, really dwelt here.

She walked noiselessly on. At last her deaf guide stopped before a low hut, with a wide overhanging roof, a strong door of rough wood, and little holes instead of windows. Within there were a few blackened stones for a hearth, and a couch of mouldy straw. This was the dwelling of the Schwalser shepherds who had usually watched the flocks, and which Wally was now to occupy. The girl did not change countenance as she saw this cheerless abode; it was merely a rude Alpine hut, like many others, and she was accustomed to hard fare. Such things could not shake her rebellious mood. But she was almost exhausted, she had endured more since yesterday than even her extraordinary strength could bear. She mechanically helped the old man, to whom Luckard had given a quantity of good and useful things for Wally, to prepare a better bed, and make the deserted hut a little more habitable. Klettenmaier saw that she looked pale, and said, compassionately:—"There now, eat something, and then lie down and sleep awhile; you need it. Meaning I'll bring you some wood for the next few days; then I must go back again, or I shall get home to-night, and your father gave strict orders that I must come to-day." He shook up a large bag of straw he had dragged up the mountain, and she sank down upon it with half-closed eyes and gratefully extending her hand to him.

"I won't wake you," said he. "In case you should be asleep when I go, I'll tell you everything now. Keep well and don't be afraid. I'm sorry for you, up here alone; but, why didn't you obey your father?"

Wally heard the last words as if in a dream. The deaf old man shook his head compassionately as he left the hut; the girl was already asleep. Her chest rose and fell painfully, for even in slumber the sorrow she had endured weighed upon her like a mountain, and she dreamed that her father was dragging her to church by the hair of her head. Then she thought, if she only had a knife to cut the hair, she should be free. Suddenly Joseph stood beside her, and with a single blow severed the braids, leaving them in her father's hand, and Wally ran away, and while Joseph was struggling with her father, mounted the heights to Sonnenplatte, to throw herself into the Asche. But she feared the chasm and paused. Then she again heard her father close behind her; despair seized upon her and she took her leap. She fell and fell, but did not reach the bottom, and suddenly it seemed as if there were a pressure of the air beneath, that would not let her descend, but raised and bore her upward. So she floated, constantly struggling to preserve her balance, which she was always afraid of losing, until she reached the summit of Murzoll. But like a ship that cannot anchor, she could gain no footing on

the rocks. A terrible whirlwind had seized her, and she vainly tried to cling to the naked cliff. Black thunder-clouds gathered around, through which the snow-capped mountain peak rose pale and ghostly. Fiery serpents darted through the dark mass, and such a peal of thunder crashed upon the air, that the mountain groaned, and she was hurled to and fro between these powers, and feared that the tempest would overwhelm her, for she felt that if her head were once turned downward, she would fall into the depths. Then something raised her on her feet and she felt how heavy her head was. She strove to cry for help amid the storm and thunder and darkness, but could utter no sound; terror palsied her throat. Suddenly she was supported, felt firm ground under her, and thought she was lying in a mountain ravine, but it was no ravine—huge stone arms clasped her, and through the rifts in the clouds a gigantic stone face bent over her. It was Murzoll's gray countenance. His hair was snow-covered pine-trees, his eyes were ice, his beard was moss, and his eye-brows were edelweiss. On his brow, like a diadem, rested the young crescent of the moon, pouring its mild light over the white face, and the huge icy eyes glittered with a ghastly lustre in the bluish light. He gazed at the girl with these cold, limpid, and yet fathomless eyes, till the drops of perspiration on her forehead and the tears on her cheeks froze under the look and fell rattling down like crystal pearls. Then he pressed his stone lips to hers, and under the long kiss Alpine roses grew around his mouth, which had become warm and damp, and when he looked at Wally again, glacier torrents were streaming from his icy eyes down his mossy beard. The black clouds had scattered and a spring breeze breathed through the night. And now Murzoll opened his thawed lips and his voice sounded like the hollow roar of avalanches thundering down into the valleys.—"Your father has cast you off. I will adopt you for a child, in his place, for the cold stone has more feeling than a hardened human heart. I like you, you are of my stamp, your nature has some of the material of which rocks are made. Will you be my child?"

"I will," said Wally, nestling closer to her new father's stony heart.

"Then stay with me and do not return to men, for with them is conflict; with me only peace."

"But Joseph, whom I love," said Wally; "shall I never have him?"

"Let him go," replied the mountain, "you must not love him, he is a chamois hunter, and my daughters have sworn his destruction. Come, I will take you to them, that they may kill your heart, otherwise you cannot live in our eternal peace." And he bore her through wide, white halls and endless corridors of ice, till they reached a vast apartment, which was transparent like crystal, and the sunbeams streamed in and broke into myriads of colored sparks, while the sky and earth, strangely bent and distorted, gleamed through the walls. There white, glittering maidens, in floating robes of mist, played with a herd of chamois, and it was a pretty spectacle to see them sport with the swift-footed animals. These were Murzoll's daughters, the "happy maidens" of Otztal. They crowded curiously around Wally, as Murzoll set her down on the mirror-like floor. They were beautiful as angels, and had faces like milk and blood; but when Wally looked at them more closely, she saw with terror that they all had eyes of ice, like their father, and the crimson that colored their cheeks and lips was not blood, only the dye from crushed Alpine roses, and they were cold as frozen snow.

"Will you keep her?" said Murzoll. "I love her, she is strong and firm as stone. She shall be your sister."

"She is beautiful," replied the maidens, "she has chamois eyes. But she has warm blood, and loves a chamois hunter; we know it!"

"Then put your hands on her heart, that it may freeze with all her love and she may be happy like you," ordered Murzoll.

Then the maidens rushed forward, floating around her like a snow-storm, and stretched their cold white hands toward her heart; she already felt it wither and throb more slowly. But she pushed them away with both arms, exclaiming:—"No, no, let me go. I don't want to be happy. I want Joseph!"

"If you return among men, we will dash Joseph to pieces and hurl you over a precipice with him," said the happy maidens; "for no mortal who has seen us must be suffered to live."

"Then throw me over the precipice, but leave my love in my heart. I will bear, suffer everything, but I will not give up my love!" And with the strength of despair Wally seized one of the maidens around the waist and wrestled with her, when, behold, the fragile figure crumbled in her hands and she held nothing but melting snow. The daylight vanished, a gray dusk suddenly veiled every object; she was standing on naked rocks; a keen wind lashed her face, and instead of the happy maidens, white mist whirled around her in a wild dance. Far above Murzoll's pale face looked gloomily through the clouds, and he thundered:—"You rebel against men and gods. Heaven and earth will be your enemies. Woe betide you!" Then everything disappeared. She awoke. The evening wind whistled shrilly through the holes over her head. She rubbed her eyes; her heart was still quivering from the terror inspired by the mysterious dream; she needed time to reflect before she remembered where she was, and could distinguish between the visions that had haunted her slumber and reality. She rose from her couch, involuntarily called Klettenmaier, and then left the

hut to look for him. It was a beautiful bright evening; the mists had dispersed, but the sun was setting and the wind blew keenly on the lofty height. Wally hurried to and fro, seeking the deaf man. She found nothing but a pile of pine wood he had gathered for her. Then she remembered that he said he would go away without waking her, if she were asleep. He had done so; he had not waited for her to wake. It was not right for him to leave her sleeping. It was hard to wake and find no one. Everything around was so silent—so empty and desolate! It was probably about six o'clock, milking time. The animals at home were doubtless looking toward the barn door, to see if their mistress was not coming to bring bread and salt; but she was sitting up here with her hands in her lap and nothing stirring around her far or near. Oh! this death-like stillness and activity! She mounted a lofty rock, to gaze down upon the wide world. A boundless view, never yet beheld, lay before her eyes in the crimson light of the setting sun. Around her, extending to the verge of the horizon, were the Tyrol mountains, growing smaller in the distance, but stilling and overpowering in their silent grandeur and majesty when close at hand. And between them, like children in their father's arms, were the luxuriant mountain valleys. Then she was seized with an unutterable longing for the familiar fields that lay around her home, now just vanishing from her gaze in the peaceful shades of evening. The sun had set, leaving on the edge of the horizon violet hued clouds striped with gold. The white crescent of the moon gradually appeared, struggling to master the last fading rays of daylight. Darkness had already settled upon the valleys. Here and there glimmered a tiny light, scarcely visible to the naked eye—a star of earth. Her industrious companions below were going to rest. They were all happy, they had a comfortable roof over their heads and reposed in the safe shelter at home—perhaps behind the gay curtain of the little window they were listening sleepily to the serenade of lovers; she alone was lonely and deserted, exposed defenseless to every terror, and her shelter was the inhospitable hut, through whose chinks the wind whistled. "Oh! father, father, can you bring your heart to it?" she cried aloud; but only the roar of the night wind answered. The moon rose higher and higher, the clouds in the west lost their golden lustre and only gleamed in the dark sky like brass. The outlines of the mountains grew larger and more distant in the dim light. Her nearest neighbor, the mighty Similaun, looked down upon her with a menacing frown; all the giant peaks stared at her with a hostile expression, because she ventured to match their nocturnal repose. It seemed as if they had all been strangely still and quiet since Wally's arrival—as a party of people, who are discussing some secret, suddenly become mute when a stranger appears among them. There she stood, a helpless human being, alone amid this rigid, silent world of ice, so far above all living creatures—a stranger in the mysterious company of clouds and glaciers, in this horrible, ghostly silence. "Now you are all alone in the world!" cried a secret voice. A nameless terror, the terror of abandonment, overwhelmed her. It suddenly seemed as if she must be lost in the wide, boundless space, and as if beseeching help, she clung to the cliff and pressed her throbbing heart against the cold stone.

What happened at that time, she did not know herself—but it seemed as if the rock to which she pressed her young, warm, throbbing heart exerted a mysterious power over her, for this hour made her stern and hard, as if she were indeed Murzoll's child.

(To be continued.)

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

These little known islands are situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The following extract from a recent correspondence to the Halifax *Chronicle* may be of interest. "There are about 11 islands altogether, though some of them are not properly islands, being joined to other land by sand-ridges and marshes. The North Bird Rock is the furthest point North, and South Cape, in Amherst Island, is the furthest point South; whilst the Great Bird Rock and Deadman's Isle are the extremities East and West respectively. Amherst, the most important island in the group, is 50 miles distant from East Point, P. E. I., 60 miles from Cape North in Cape Breton, 150 miles from Cape Sable in Cape Bay, in Newfoundland. A pamphlet written some years ago says:—'In form and appearance the greatest diversity prevails. Some are mere rocky islets rising precipitously from the sea to a height of 140 or 170 feet, with concave and convex summits. At one place the sea may be seen rushing madly against cliffs 400 feet in height, and wildly dashing far up on the face of the rocks; in other places the white crested wave rolls heavily over acres of low shelving beach, and mustering its strength heaves its ponderous mass upon the yielding but impassable sand barrier. On the one hand is seen a succession of conical sand hillocks, heaped up by the whirling blasts, and, on the other hand, the low and treacherous morass, or the wide-spread but shallow lagoon. Here you may walk over lofty heights of sedimentary rock, and a mile hence you may circumambulate the base of the crater of an extinct volcano. One island rears its dark irregular summit densely covered with wood, another presents its bare conical peaks at a height of three, four, or five hundred feet above the sea. You land at one spot, and

you can place your foot on nothing but the small angular rocks of crumbling trap; you beach your boat at another place and the cliff before you presents its sandstone strata with no less than eight different colours,—grey, pink, yellow, red, blue, orange, brown and variegated, and so soft as to crumble beneath the pressure of the fingers."

Of our three sketches the largest gives a view of the village of Amherst, the capital of the islands, with Entry Island in the distance, and shows one of the curious sand-ridges peculiar to the group. Another one gives an idea of the country, being taken about two miles from Amherst on the road to the next village; there is a curious sand-hill to the right. The third taken from the highest point in the islands shows Amherst Island in the distance, with the full extent of one of the sand-ridges belonging to it.

CORRECTION.—Mr. W. Leslie Thom, asks us to say that the words "glaring baldness," at the close of his paper on Gallows Hill, in our last issue, should read "glowing boldness."

LITERARY.

SHAKESPEARE'S favorite books were Plutarch and Montaigne.

MR. LONGFELLOW is reported to be writing a companion poem to "Hiawatha."

Miss Florence Marryat, the well-known novelist, was bitten in the face by a pet dog, and she has since become seriously ill.

THE *Life of Charles Kingsley*, which will appear during the present winter season, will, we are informed, contain as a fac-simile of his hand-writing, the manuscript of his well-known *Three Fishers*.

THE "No Name" series of novels—written by distinguished authors whose cognomens are to be suppressed—opens with one, the author of which is evidently Saxo Holm. Her personality is one of the best kept secrets in Magazine literature.

FOR four months during last summer and autumn George Eliot passed the summer days in Hertfordshire, England, near Watford, writing "Daniel Deronda." She lived very quietly, dressed very plain, and never showed in the village much, "to quote her neighbors."

MR. MORTIMER COLLINS left an unfinished novel, which he was writing in concert with his wife. It is called *The Village Comedy*, and Mrs. Collins intends to finish it. He also left another novel, of which two-thirds had been written by him. This too, his widow will complete. Its title is *You Play Me False*.

MR. BRIE HART is respectfully dismissed by the London *Evening* with an admonition to write a better story than "Gabriel Conroy" next time. The plot of this story is "always falling to pieces as it is laid out—grown its strength, and recovering itself by a spasmodic jerk." On the whole the story is a series of efforts, in which amusing or touching scenes are presented with a lamentable effect in the mist of languid pages over which the attention falls asleep.

ONE of the most valued mementoes of Victor Hugo is his house in Guernsey, is a black patch on the study floor. The servant who admits visitors—and they are numerous, for the house is a well-known "show-place"—takes them to the patch, ranges them around it in a circle, and then, with beaming impressiveness, informs them that this blot of ink was caused by the upsetting of the illustrious writer's inkstand when he had just finished one of the most celebrated chapters of *Les Misérables*.—"Unhomme à la mer." The blot has been carefully preserved, and will never be removed, but will perish with the floor. May I beg you not to step upon it!

HUMOROUS.

THE latest fashionable name for collins is "Weston Visters."

A peacock's feathers may not point a moral, but they certainly adorn a tail.

THE saying, "Excuse haste and a bad pen," has been attributed to a pig who ran away from home.

THE married and single nines of Troy started a game of base ball last week, and when it came time to build the fires for tea, some ladies appeared in the field, and every one of the married men made a home run.

AN old colored preacher in this city was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing. When the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine. "and it's when a boy gits a whip-pin' for gwine to a ball."

THE late Lord Dudley once, upon a Vienna lady's remarking impudently to him, "What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!" answered, promptly, "It is true, madame—we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."

THEY expected to have the living skeleton on exhibition at the fair to-day, but he was taken sick last night, and as he was so thin that he couldn't tell whether the pain was in his back or his stomach, the doctors were obliged to wait for day in order to hold him up against the light and look through him.

A correspondent wants to know the best time to pick pears. Around here from 1 to 3 a. m. is usually considered the most favorable, though it depends somewhat upon whether the owner keeps a dog. As there is no moon now, there is no reason why any of our subscribers who can climb should not have a full supply of this delicious fruit.

"I've heard, captain," said an English traveller to the captain of a steamer running on the upper Mississippi, "that your Western steamboats can run in very shallow water—where, in fact, the water is not more than two or three feet deep?"—"Two or three feet deep," exclaimed the captain in tones of withering contempt; "why, we wouldn't give a pin for a boat out here that couldn't run on the sweat of a water pitcher!"

EDMUND BURKE stirred all the chivalry of Europe by his superb denunciation of the treatment of Marie Antoinette, and yet when he beheld a woman tumbling from a third-story window he did not interpose his own manly form to break her fall, but excitedly bawled at one of the bystanders, "Catch her, you black-guard!" None of us know just what we will do until the occasion arrives to do it, except when we step out of bed on a tack.