

For the Pearl.

SCOTTISH SCENERY.

No. 2.

CORRA CASTLE.

The sun is setting in a sea of gold,
Castle of Corra, its declining ray
Shines on thy moss-grown turrets, to unfold
A tale of mournful splendour from thy old
And broken battlements and ruins grey.

'Twas from those walls upon a milk-white steed;
The ill-fated "Maid of Corra" sought her grave;
And from a father's mischiefs to be freed,
From this steep rock with undiminished speed,
Dashed headlong, and was buried in the wave.

'Twas sunset then! one wild, wild shriek alone
Burst from her lips, as her hand courser sprung
Over the ridge, and at that hour 'tis known
The traveller passing hears a dismal moan,
As from one sinking, in wild anguish wrong!

Oh! how my mind runs back to ancient time,
When from those lofty halls the minstrel's song
Rude in the roughness of unmeasured rhyme,
Mighty and spirit-stirring in its chime,
And full of interest to the mail-clad throng,

Rose and re-echoed from the hearts, of those
Who, roused to brave exertion by its fire,
Burst boldly, like a flood, upon their foes,
Drank the warm life of all that dared oppose,
Which blood alone could quench their murderous ire!

Perchance 't would change at intervals the theme,
And turn from wars' alarms to maiden grace,
Embodying in its song the fiery dream—
The heart's warm glow—the blue eye's softer beam,
Fired by the native genius of the place.

But those light fingers sleep upon the lyre;
The ripened sweetness of its thrilling tones
Is lost—save when the night-wind sweeps the wire,
Waking a sound well-fitted to inspire
A reminiscence of earth's best-loved ones.

The halls are changed now, the courts are drear,
The mantling ivy only seems to bloom;
No merry footfall tells of tenant near;
Time's heavy hand has wrought his changes here,
And all around is darkness—desolation—gloom!

From Colburn's New Monthly for April.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Spirit! who over this our mortal Earth,
Where nought hath birth
Which imperfection doth not some way dim,
Since Earth offended Him—
Thou who unseen, from out thy radiant wings
Dost shower down light o'er mean and common things!
And, wandering to and fro;
Through the condemn'd and sinful world dost go,
Haunting that wilderness, the human heart,
With gleams of glory that too soon depart—
Gilding both weed and flower;—
What is thy birth divine? and whence thy mighty power?

The Sculptor owns thee! On his high pale brow
Bewild'ring images are pressing now;
Groups whose immortal grace
His chisel ne'er shall trace,
Though in his mind the fresh creation glows;
High forms of godlike strength,
Or limbs whose languid length
The marble fixes in a sweet repose!
At thy command,
His fond and patient hand
Moulds the dull clay to Beauty's richest line,
Or with more tedious skill,
Obedient to thy will,
By touches imperceptible and fine,
Works slowly day by day
The rough-hewn block away,
Till the soft shadow of the bust's pale smile
Wakes into statue-life and pays the assiduous toil!

Thee, the young Painter knows,—whose fervent eyes,
O'er the blank waste of canvas fondly bending,
See fast within its magic circle rise
Some pictured scene, with colours softly blending,—
Green bowers and leafy glades,
The old Arcadian shades,
Where thwarting glimpses of the sun are thrown,
And dancing nymphs and shepherds one by one
Appear to bless his sight
In Fancy's glowing light,
Peopling that spot of green Earth's flowery breast
With every attitude of joy and rest,
Lo! at his pencil's touch steals faintly forth
(Like an uprising star in the cold north)
Some face which soon shall glow with Beauty's fire:
Dim seems the sketch to those who stand around,
Dim and uncertain as an echoed sound,
But, oh! how bright to him, whose hand thou dost inspire!

Thee, also, doth the dreaming Poet hail
Fond comforter of many a dreary day—
When through the clouds his Fancy's car can sail
To worlds of radiance far, how far, away!

Lo! at thy touch, as at the burst of light
Which Morning shoots along the purple hills,
Chasing the shadows of the vanish'd night,
And silencing all the darkly gushing rills,
Giving each blossom, gemm'd with sparkling dew,
Its bright and proper hue;—
So darts thy glow across the Poet's soul
So from his world the mists of darkness roll,
And shows it as it should be—as it was
E'er the dim night of Death came down to mar
The Holy and the Beautiful, and cause
A struggling and interminable war
Amidst Creation. He beholds the face
Of the old world with a young Eden grace!
Disease, and want, and sin, and pain, are not—
Nor homely and familiar things:—man's lot
Is like his aspirations—bright and high;
And even the haunting thought that man must die,
His dream so changes from its fearful strife,
Death seems but fainting into purer life!

Nor only these thy presence woo,
The less inspired own thee too!
Thou hast thy tranquil source
In the deep well-springs of the human heart,
And gusheth with sweet force
When most imprison'd; causing tears to start
In the worn citizen's overworn eye,
As, with a sigh,
At the bright close of some rare holiday,
He sees the branches wave, the waters play—
And hears the clock's far distant mellow chime
Warn him a busier world reclaims his time!

Thee, Childhood's heart confesses,—when he sees
The heavy rose-bud crimson in the breeze,
When the red coral wins his eager gaze,
Or the warm sunbeam dazzles with its rays.
Thee, through his varied hours of rapid joy,
The eager Boy,
Who wild across the grassy meadow springs,
And still with sparkling eyes
Pursues the uncertain prize,
Lured by the velvet glory of its wings!

And so from youth to age—yea till the end—
An unforsaken, unforgetting friend,
Thou hoverest round us! and when all is o'er,
And earth's most loved illusions please no more,
Thou stealest gently to the couch of Death,
There, while the lagging breath
Comes faint and fitfully, to usher nigh
Consoling visions from thy native sky.
Making it sweet to die!
The sick man's ears are faint—his eyes are dim—
But his heart listens to the Heavenward hymn,
And his soul sees—not, not the weeping band,
Who come with mournful tread
To kneel about the bed,—
But white-robed angels, who around him stand,
And waive his Spirit to the "Better Land!"

So living,—dying,—still our hearts pursue
That loveliness which never met our view;
Still to the last the ruling thought will reign,
Nor deem the feeling given—was given in vain!
For it may be our banish'd souls recel,
In this, their earthly thrall,
(With the sick dreams of exiles,) that far world
Whence angels once were hurl'd;
Or it may be a faint and trembling sense,
Vague, as permitted by Omnipotence,
Forshows the immortal radiance round us shed,
When the Imperfect shall be perfected!
Like the chain'd eagle in his fetter'd might,
Straining upon the Heavens his wistful sight,
Who toward the upward glory fondly springs
With all the vain strength of his shivering wings,—
So chain'd to earth, and balled—yet so fond
Of the pure sky which lies so far beyond,
We make the attempt to soar in many a thought
Of Beauty born, and into Beauty wrought;
Dimly we struggle onwards:—who shall say
Which glimmering light leads nearest to the Day?

THE DEPARTED.—It is wretchedness to kneel by the grave of the departed, who have taken with them the verdure from the earth, and the glory from the sky; who have left home and heart alike desolate: but then the soul asserts its diviner portion, looks afar off through the valley of the shadow of tears, and is intensely conscious that here is but its trial, and beyond is its triumph. The love that dwells with the dead has a sanctity in its sorrow; for love, above all things, asserts that we are immortal. But wretchedness takes no form, varied as are its many modes in this, our weary existence, like that where the hand is given, and the heart is far away—where the love, vowed at the altar, is not that which lies crushed, yet not quenched, within the hidden soul. Hope brings no comfort; for there were cruelty and crime in its promises; memory has no solace; it can, at best, only crave oblivion—and oblivion of what? Of all life's sweet dreams and deepest feelings! Yet, what slight thing must, with a sting like that of the adder, bring back the past—too dear, and yet too bitter!—a word, a look, a tone, may be enough to wring every pulse with the agony of a vain and forbidding regret.—Churchill.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

THE MARRIAGE.

Some fruits of the Revolution now and then exhibit themselves in France. In those days the guillotine was the great master of society, and to escape from it became the business of life, as to die by it became little less than a law of nature. In the period of this confusion, one evening, as Citizen Jacques Tissot, a *Federe* in one of the hovels of Paris, was buckling on his cartouche-box, and getting his musket ready for the night's guard, he heard a tap at the door of his attic in the Marais. He opened the door, and saw the figure wrapt in a large cloak, and with a man's hat, standing outside.

"I want your assistance for a moment," said the stranger.

"Then you cannot have it," was the answer of Jacques, "for in five minutes more I must be on guard at the Hotel de Ville."

"I know that," said the stranger, "and I can tell you further, that you will be sent with a party in a covered waggon at twelve to-night on the St. Denis road to bring back a prisoner."

"Well, what of that?" said Jacques, "if it is my duty I must do it, that's all."

"Of course," said the stranger, "but as the night is cold, a handful of francs will do no harm either to you or your comrades; I have brought them to you." So saying, the stranger took out a purse and shook it dazzlingly before the eye of the *Federe*. Jacques was about to be indignant, but in the act he discovered that the purse vibrated in the fingers of a small and very pretty hand. Jacques's sagacity was awakened whilst his fidelity was relaxed, and the result of the negotiation was, that the fair Ambassador, the *femme-de-chambre* of the *Comtesse de*—, should have the advantage of his services in obtaining ingress and egress to the house where Madame La Comtesse was confined by order of Robespierre.

To pass further explanation, all turned out as had been expected. Jacques was drafted off with a party to bring the lady to the Conciergerie, from which her next trip would inevitably have been to the scaffold. The night was tempestuous and as dark as pitch. The half dozen rabble warriors who had formed the guard, were found carousing in the kitchen of the mansion, and very much disinclined to be relieved. The new reinforcement were equally disinclined to return while the prospect of such excellent fare, and a prodigious wood-fire, was before them. There was even a difficulty in finding any one of the party disposed to keep guard at the gate, until Jacques volunteered, and gained great applause for his heroism in deserting the *coutelettes* and *vin de Bourgogne* which was at once so new and so tempting to the appetites of the sovereign people. He had not been long on guard when, in the midst of a new rush of rain, he heard the voice of the *femme-de-chambre* behind him; was informed of what he had to do; and began to do it, by gently depositing his musket on the ground, holding fast the line of a rope ladder, which was thrown out of an upper window, and receiving a descending form in his arms. The form was the Countess, disguised in the dress of one of her women, and taking advantage of the moment to effect her escape from the grasp of Robespierre. Unluckily, the vehicle in which she was to have been conveyed across the frontier had waited so long under the shelter of some neighbouring trees, that its driver, growing weary of the time, and sufficiently pelted by the tempest, had slipped into the kitchen, and being so hospitably received by his brother *sansculottes*, he was by this time dead drunk. The horses, like their master, tired of waiting, had also marched off, and when the *femme-de-chambre*, who had been sent to reconnoitre, returned with this disastrous intelligence, all seemed lost. In the mean-time a flash of light from the kitchen window had shown Jacques that his present *protege* was a handsome brunette. His heart had been a little touched by the bright eyes of the *femme-de-chambre*, but the air noble touched at once his taste and his vanity, and he fell in love at the moment, according to the manner of Frenchmen. But what was to be done? In five minutes more the corporal who commanded the guard would march the whole party to Paris, and the fate of the handsome *Comtesse* would be decided for life. The thought struck him that as the cart which brought him there remained, it would be much better employed conveying the lady and himself across the frontier, than carrying a party of ragamuffins, who were perfectly well accustomed to walk back to their hovels. The idea was excellent, but the difficulty of such matters generally lies in the execution. The *Comtesse*, the *femme-de-chambre*, and Jacques, got into the covered cart. A burst of the whirlwind and a roar of thunder seemed to favour the project, and Jacques took up the reins with all the consciousness of a hero; but he was a bad charioteer, and after two or three rearing and plungings of the horse, the brute dashed in one of the windows with his head, and brought out the whole party. Jacques was caught with his companions. At other times this would have been a matter of drumhead court-martial, and Jacques would have died in front of a dozen of the best shots of the corps. But he lived in the days when the life of a *sansculotte* was not to be taken for trifles, and the corporal only commanded him and his companions to be brought into the house, and there interrogated as to the purpose of their escapade. The