

mountain. My unquiet eyes are always fixed on this mountain : they seek my beloved, my defender.

His delighted father will admire his courage. He will restore to the old man his youth and his courage. He will run from a distance to bless and embrace him. The joyous mead will flow abundantly.

For my part, I will lead him to a bank where I have planted flowers. I will shew him a field shaded by leafy trees. How beautiful will be the crown that I will weave for the day of our marriage.

THE LABOURER.

Ho! citizen, another battle : the moments are precious, let us rejoice.

When I have drunk, and I go across our fields, I weep no more, I forget that I am laboring for another.

I have a son : he is tall and upright as an arrow : he resembles a newly-blown rose. When, after the battle, he will come in the midst of us, I will forget my labors : the day of liberty will dawn. I will cultivate my field with courage, since with my son, I may have freedom.

I will have a fine coat for my son ; also a sash trimmed with buttons : and all the girls in the neighbourhood will love him.

PRAYER.

Turn the oxen into the stables : let the mills cease to grind, and all labour cease in the fields.

Our priest has said that war was about to begin :—a terrible war, that will drench the soil with blood. The mother for her son, the sister for her brother, are praying together in the church. Young people cut branches of the linden tree : children, bring flowers : young girls weave garlands, and put upon you your holiday dresses.

Adorn our sons and our church : light yellow torches : let the altar be adorned with ribbons, and green leaves strewn through the temple.

To-day we will hear a new sermon. Our voices will accompany that of the priest : and he who bends his head before God, will not have to bend it before the enemies of his country, before the invading stranger.

THE DEPARTURE.

March slowly while thou art still with us. Thou wilt never return. Thy horse neighs. Thy foot has for the last time trodden our meadow.

Let me look once more over the fields. Here the scattered flock whitens the verdure : there the

shepherds tune their pipes, and the birds are skinning the lake.

A limpid stream waters these beautiful meadows : here are oxen drawing the plough : and here at the foot of this cross, my *Halina* will pray for me every morning.

She will weep, my gentle friend will shed tears for me. Her eyes will always be fixed on the road where she has seen me go away. When she will hear the foot of a horse, she will listen ; she will believe that I am returning. Until the going down of the sun she will demand of the passengers if they have met a Polish warrior ; and when the bells of the cattle returning through the dew are heard, she will sing plaintive songs.

In slumber, in the hours of labor, and in the hours of rest, her thoughts will be always with me. Each day she will go to consult the fortune-teller. She will ask her if I still live, if I shall one day return, and if I am faithful.

She will deem that I have forgotten her ; that my duties have rivalled her in my heart. Ah ! how she will torment herself.

But one day I will re-appear : a soldier in his uniform will present himself before the cross, and my *Halina*, fresh and handsome, will come to salute the Polish lancer.

Alas ! before that happens my father will be a long time enslaved : and more than once he will weep over his native land, invaded and oppressed.

Perhaps fate will arrest my steps, and my embraces will not console the old age of my father : unpitied death will have taken me from him.

And thee, *Halina*, shall I never see thee more? Shall I weep alone in my cottage? The absinth will grow over thy tomb, and all the flowers in thy garden will fade.

March slowly whilst thou art yet in our fields : thou wilt return thither no more. My horse neighs : for the last time thou hast trodden the grass of our meadow.

PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

Lord our God, hear me thy servant. My father has put upon me this armour, and sent me to combat our invaders in thy name.

Lord our God, thou who hast suffered for the whole world, permit me to suffer for my country. Animate, redouble my courage in the day of battle, and make me bear with patience all the evils that could wound me.

If I am to die, may thy holy will be done : but if I survive the dangers of war, permit me to see my dear country free.

THE MISTRESS OF THE COTTAGE.

Daughter, rejoice with me. I bring you good