

LONGING.

WAITING, longing, love, for you,
Listening to the cushat's coo,
Cooling, oh, so plaintively!
Watching as the sun sinks down,
And the moon sails o'er the town,
Longing, yearning, love, for thee,
In my heart of hearts.

Listening to the autumn rain,
Rattling on the window pane,
Sounding, oh, so dismally!
Watching, as the snow-flakes fall
And the earth assumes its pall,
Waiting, longing for the time
When we meet again.

Oh! those pleasant summer days!
When I basked in love's own rays,
How the time passed cheerily!
Yes, the past is very pleasant,
And the future; but the present
Passeth, oh, so wearily!
Longing, love, for thee.

Speed then, speed, thou lingering present,
Faster then belated peasant
Past some haunted house;
For I see a bright day dawning,
At the sight my dreams are warming,
When, my love, I'll fold thee to me,
Mine for evermore.

Quebec.

WYVANT.

THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

*Translated for the Saturday Reader from the
French of Paul Féval.*

Continued from page 123.

CHAPTER VI.

Messire Amaury Montruel, lord of Anet, and friend of the king, wasted not that day—the eve of which he had so well commenced.

We witnessed, in the morning, the scene in which Samson, the clerk, one of his agents, executed a part of his orders; but Messire Amaury had many strings to his bow, and did not confine himself to such small matters.

At about the same hour as the page gained the Louvre with his pretty companion, Messire Amaury was in his retreat at the Rue St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, in conference with two much more important personages than the clerk, Samson, or the scholar, Tristan.

The first of these personages was a man of fifty, with a swollen and blotched countenance, and rusty grey hair, he was called Herbert Melfast, lord of Canterbury. He had been a long time the private and confidential counsellor of John Plantagenet. For more than a year he had been absent from the English court, travelling in Europe, and even in Asia.

Those who knew John Sans Terre and his worthy servant, the lord of Canterbury, said that the latter had not been travelling merely for pleasure. He was met in the divers courts of Europe, at Copenhagen, Germany, Bohemia, and Flanders; he had crossed the Bosphorus, to confer with the Greek emperor at Constantinople; in short, he had made a bold push into the heart of that country, so little known in those days, and which was grovelling in the Mussulmans' error. He had confronted, they said, the dangers of barbarous Kourdistian, and cleared the limits of the fearful country of assassins!

The other personage with Messire Amaury was that man with the remarkable and intelligent face that we encountered in the opening of our history, upon the high road between St. Lazare and the Porte-aux-Peintres. An eagle nose—a keen and proved look—hair dark as ebony, cut short over a brow slightly depressed; of a tall and slender figure—but under whose frail appearance was hidden an uncommon degree of strength. He was handsome, though not from a European point of view—which exacts a roundness of contour and an amplitude of form as

imperiously as gracefulness—his was the bizarre and wild beauty which seems to belong to the Great Desert.

He was, in comparison to European warriors, what the high-bred Arab steed, with his muscles of steel, is to our robust and heavy chargers from Normandy or Luxembourg. Everything about him denoted a man of decision—his beard was pointed, and his nails were like the talons of a tiger. His visage bore the impress of great gravity and coolness, and all his movements betrayed that quiet indolence of the handsome panther, by which we are so deceived, until we have been frightened by the prodigious vigor of its leaps. His age appeared to be about thirty. The reader already knows that this man bore two names: Mahmoud el Reis and Jean Cador. Mahmoud el Reis was the Mussulman who came from Syria with a mysterious and terrible mission, and was the man that Herbert Melfast, lord of Canterbury, had been to seek at the peril of his life, among the deep gorges of the Anti-Libian. He was one of the initiated and fiercer brotherhood, called the *Fedavi*, or Sons of the Crystal Poignard, who executed the orders of the Prince of the Mountain.

Jean Cador was the enthusiastic artisan, who had profited by the crusades to learn, at their very source, the secrets of the Saracen chisel.

Mahmoud carried a poisoned dagger next his skin; his thoughts were red with blood, and he belonged to Herbert Melfast, who had purchased him from the Old Man of the Mountain, on account of John Sans Terre, his master.

Jean Cador carried the sharp gouge of the image-cutter—his thoughts hovered over artistic space: he dreamed only of delicate lines—handsome arches—and beautiful granite saints. The pious prelate, Maurice de Sully, after having seen one of his sketches, had shaken his two hands with enthusiasm, calling him his dearest son.

"Now," said the lord of Canterbury, at the moment we introduced our readers to the scene enacting in the retreat of the king's friend, "Now, Messire Amaury, my cousin, the time for hesitation has passed—I warn you of it; before we leave this place, we must know whether you are with us or against us."

Amaury's eye was fixed and his brow was bathed in perspiration—for he was a rogue without any strength for mischief—but traitor enough for a dozen; and Phillip Augustus would seem to have been inexorable for having chosen such a man for a favourite. We can understand kings deceiving themselves, and opening their secret counsels to great criminals, and we cannot understand a king soiling his hand by bringing it in contact with such impotent perversity.

Amaury Montruel made no reply. Herbert Melfast looked at the Syrian, who maintained his impassibility.

"Well," exclaimed he, as the blood mounted to his face, "I am placed between one who has been little better than a mute from his birth,—pointing to Mahmoud el Reis—and my cousin Amaury, who trembles like a timid old woman, without ever being able to decide upon anything."

"If it was a thrust of the lance or a blow of the sword" said Montruel.

"Ah! Mort de Diable!" interrupted the Englishman "if I was in thy place I would soon choose between the lance and the sword. Thou hatest that man as much as we do—more than we do—for thou art madly in love; and that man holds to thy beard the woman that thou worshippest."

Amaury wiped his anguished brow.

"That man," continued Herbert Melfast, "thou followest night and day—thou sittest at his table and thy couch is spread before his door when he sleeps; and yet, instead of killing him, thou watchest over him. When thou art capering on thy steed behind him could'st thou not use thy lance? When he sleeps after the repast of the morning could'st thou not use thy sword?"

"We, French chevaliers," said Amaury, "have other uses for our weapons, milord," in a tone which showed that for a moment he had recovered all his pride.

Melfast gave him a bitter smile of disdain.

"Say plainly that thou art against us!" said he, in a dry and hard tone.

"I could heartily wish that I was, my lord, at the price of half my blood; for Phillip of France is my lord, and I have sworn fidelity to him. But alas I have neither strength nor reason; I love Agnes to my utter ruin. I am not against you. I am with you." These last words were uttered as with a feeling of pain and regret.

In spite of this assurance the countenance of Melfast still expressed a doubt; as to Mahmoud el Reis, he remained standing in the middle of the chamber as immovable as a bronze statue.

"If thou art with us," said Herbert Melfast, with a tone of distrust, "make thy conditions, my cousin; I have power to accept them, whatever they may be."

Amaury seemed to collect his thoughts.

"In the first place, I wish for Agnes de Mervanie," said he.

"The love of Agnes," replied Herbert; "she alone can give thee; but as to her body, thou shalt have it, though a whole army of chevaliers disputed it with thee!"

"And as it is necessary that Agnes should be happy, that is to say, powerful and rich as a Queen, I must have the appenage of a prince."

"Choose among the duchies of France and England, my cousin."

"I desire the duchy of Burgundy, in France, and the duchy of Suffolk, in England."

"Thou shalt have them."

"By letters of the king."

"By letters of the king, sealed with the great seal!"

"But," resumed the friend of the king, "Agnes has been suffering a long time."

Herbert Melfast picked up his ears. Amaury seemed to be selecting his words.

"The hatred of a woman," said he, lowering his voice, "is not like the hatred of men, so long as Ingeburge lives, something will be wanting to the happiness of Agnes."

The Englishman assumed a cynical smile.

"We must do something for that beautiful and excellent lady," said he; and then turning to Mahmoud, he addressed himself to the Syrian "would'st thou have any repugnance to poignarding queen Ingeburge?"

The Syrian folded his arms upon his breast.

"None" replied he, in a grave and soft voice, in spite of its strange guttural accent, "she is a queen—she is a Christian,—and she is condemned."

Herbert Melfast turned towards Montruel.

"See my love for thee," exclaimed he; "and this should make thee great shame, my cousin Amaury; the bargain is then concluded. We will give thee a queen and two duchies, and thou shalt give us a king. It is not a bad bargain for thee; and I will concede that thou hadst thy good reasons for holding out; but let us to facts—how wilt thou deliver to us the king?"

"The king is now always surrounded by his new guards," replied Montruel; "we must watch our opportunity and give—give—My cousin, the noble John Sans Terre, is subject to changes—I must first be secured in my duchies and in the balance."

Herbert Melfast did not show himself in the least offended by the distrust testified against his master.

"The duchies are my concern," said he, "with a great laugh; but as to the balance, my cousin speaks of, that is the affair of thy poignard, friend Mahmoud."

The Syrian raised his handsome figure, rolled his eyes from one lord to the other, and then made a sign that he was about to speak. He threw a strange and solemn dignity into all his actions.

"There is only one God," said he, slowly, "and Mahomet is his Prophet; seven times glory to God, and three times glory to his Prophet. The sons of Sebbah were sent direct from Allah. From the day of his translation to the regions of felicity, his successors became heaven's representatives on earth. I am Mahmoud el Reis, son of Omar. My master Mohammed, said to me, follow that man—point-