

well to me. By the cross o' blood on this stone——" He was stepping closer to the rock, his hand raised.

Moya interrupted his words, crying loudly, "Don't lay your hand on id, to swear by it!—don't touch it!"

"By the cross o' blood on this stone," he repeated, slapping his palm against it so smartly that the little solitude rang to the sound he produced by the action.

Moya flew after him, tore away his hand, flung herself on his neck, and after glancing around her, much terrified and in great apprehension, whispered, "An oath was sworn afore now, on that cross, an' the man that swore it was forced to keep it! It became his fate to keep it, though he grew sorry for takin' id, and wanted not to do what it bound him to do!—so do it, bouchal-baun, don't swear the oath, but come out of this unlucky place, at this unlucky hour—come, we'll talk more goin' back the way towards the house—come, a-grawgal machree!"

She saluted his cheek entreatingly but her moody lover was not to be shaken, in his present purpose at least. He swore the oath. A certain terror-moving ballad had been, if we remember aright, written about the time of which we speak, but was certainly unknown to the rustic lad; and yet his oath contained a threat very similar to that used "by a warrior so bold" to "a virgin so bright." "By that cross," said he, "I swear that if you marry any man but me, Moya Moore, I will take my own life on the sod where we stand; and, if ever a departed soul came back to this world, I swear that my ghost shall be seen at your wedding-supper. That's my oath; and half of it I'll keep, as sure as the stars are twinklin' above us, and the other half too, if I can."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Moya. "O bouchal, you know that a bad spirit has power in this place, an' now hears your oath."

"Then let the bad spirit be a witness for me."

The young man yelled aloud this raving speech, and as fearful a yell as his own replied to him; while to one side of the granite rock appeared, elevated from the ground, a whitish form, vaguely resembling the human shape, but to Moya's terrified glance wavering, as if it were disjointed—nay, as she afterwards averred, headless, and

"Was so thin and transparent to view,
You might have seen the moon shine through."

Moya instantly disengaged herself from her lover, and with a shriek, which produced a second yell all around her and above her, darted across the stepping-stones of the stream, ran up the Laken-na-mooh, gained her mother's door, burst it open, and, one step beyond its threshold, fainted, and sank down, "a weary weight." It was not of her lover

she was then afraid—nay, in her wild race she did not even think of him; and he, daring as had hitherto been his words towards the "bad spirit," and all engrossed as he had seemed with the idea of losing his mistress, became even sooner than Moya, a victim to his unspeakable fears; falling, the instant she left his side, senseless and motionless at the base of the "Rock of the Bloody Cross."

And now we have placed ourselves in a dilemma which produces some fear, though not of the ghost, for ourselves. Be lenient to us, O gentlest of readers! while, on a fresh page, we afford ourselves breathing time, to deprecate thy offended dignity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SLUMBER.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Flow, softly flow, thou murmuring stream!

Beside my Lady's bower:

And do not mar her spirit's dream,

In this delightful hour:

But, gently rippling, greet her ear,

With sounds that lull the soul,

As near her bower, all bright and clear,

Thy beauteous billows roll!

Blow, softly blow, thou balmy air!

Beside my Lady's bower:

The rudest winds would hush, to spare

So soft and fair a flower!

Breathe gently o'er her rosy cheek

Thy mildest, purest balm:

But heed, lest thou a slumber break

So beautiful and calm!

BRILLIANT SPIRITS.

It is a strange thing, but so it is, that brilliant spirits are almost always the result of mental suffering, like the fever produced by a wound. I sometimes doubt tears, I often doubt lamentations; but I never yet doubted the existence of that misery that flushes the cheek, and kindles the eye, and which makes the lip mock with sparkling words the dark and hidden world within. There is something in intense suffering that seeks concealment, something that is fain to belie itself. In Cooper's novel of the Bravo, Jaques conceals himself in his boat by lying in it where the moonlight fell dazzling on the water. We do the same with any great despair; we shroud it in a glittering atmosphere of smile and jest; but the smiles are sneers, and the jest sarcasms. There is always a vein of bitterness runs through these feverish spirits; they are the very delirium of sorrow seeking to escape from itself, but cannot. Suspense and agony are hidden by the moonshine.—*Miss London.*