

FUTURITY.

River of my soul that flowest
 Onward through the gloom ;
 Unto what bright ocean goest
 Thou, beyond the tomb :
 That dread desert, parched and drear,
 Where thy waters disappear !

Nought can be annihilated,
 Nothing that hath life ;
 And what hath not ? All created
 Things with change are rife ;
 Yet, what hath been—it shall be,
 Unto all eternity !

Earthly things return to earth ;
 Vapours to the air ;
 Exhalations, which have birth
 From the ocean, share
 This same all-pervading power,
 And return in every shower.

Countless generations sleep
 Underneath our feet ;
 Roaring torrents onward sweep,
 Mother floods to meet :
 Yet the dry land groweth not,
 And the sea o'erfloweth not.

Crystal streams that from the mountain
 Flow, yet run not dry ;
 Do ye not like Life's red fountain,
 Your own source supply ?
 And as ye in circles roll,
 So, the river of my soul.

Flowing first from God—the ocean
 Whence all life doth flow ;
 Steadily with onward motion
 To the source doth go :
 And the circle made complete,
 Higher life, not death, doth meet !

Death is the horizon line,
 Bounding mortal sight ;
 Darkness shows the sun's decline,
 Not the end of light :
 Still the bright orb sheds its ray ;
 Still the soul flows on its way.

ERRO.

Henry VIII. murdered to avoid the charge of adultery ; so in our times, also, men, who seduce the wife, clear their honour by shooting the husband.

THE CRUSADER OF BIGORRE.

A LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

DURING our stay at Bagnères we made an excursion to the Château de Bénac, once the property of that doughty crusader, Sire Bos de Bénac, whose marvellous return from the Holy Land, through the aid of the devil, is still the favorite history of the neighbouring peasantry. The chateau stands well, looking down upon a straggling village of the same name, and on the pretty, tumbling river Etechez, and was originally a very respectable place of defence, with its ramparts, its three huge towers, and its walls full eight feet thick. Nor does time appear to have had much power over it ; but, alas ! the peasant who purchased it after the first revolution, has worked so vigorously at its destruction, that he has razed to the ground the tower, once used as a prison, reduced that towards the east to nearly his own level, while the southern tower is split from its roof to its foundation.

The chapel has been suffered to remain intact, that it may serve as a stable ! The present mistress of the castle and her companion, a bright, lively montagnarde, related to us Sire Bos de Bénac's wonderful history with charming vivacity, pointing out, as they proceeded, the famous breach made by the demon in the southern tower, which nobody has ever been able to repair, and which the crowbar and hammer of the peasant have respected. In part of the original building we were shown a vaulted room, said to have been that of the crusader, in the wall of which was formerly to be seen a tablet of marble, on which was engraven in letters of gold the knight's marvellous adventure. An Englishman is said to have bought and carried off this odd addition to his travelling baggage ; but the memory of the peasants supplies the void, and I give the lines as I heard them, in the original :—

" Ayant resté sept ans au Terre-Sainte,
 Le démon en trois jours m'a porté ;
 Mais, déclarant mon nom on me taxe de feinte
 Pour courir à Pitymea ; quelle deloyauté !
 Je fais voir mon amicaun, mon vieux levrier j'appelle,
 Et c'est le seul témoin que je trouve fidèle.
 Démon ! ce plat de noix paiera ton transport,
 Et je vais dans la solitude
 Me guérir, songeant à la mort,
 De ce que ton emploi me fait inquiétude."

" I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Now, you must know, that at the time when Philip I. was King of France, there was in the country of Bigorre, at the foot of the Pyrenees, a brave and powerful knight, called Messire Bos de Bénac. This knight was one day leaving dreamily against the parapet of his castle, his eyes fixed on the Pic du Midi, though he saw it not, and yawning from very idleness. There was no passing guest to play at chess with him ; he had given his armour its highest polish ; he had visited his stables, his kennels, and his hawks ; and Roland, his beautiful white greyhound, tired with the morning's course, only replied to the capricious calls of his master by lazily raising his sharp nose. At this moment the chaplain appeared at the further end of the meadows, whipping on his pony to unwonted speed. The Lord of Bénac hastened down to