

THE FAIRIES' KNOWE.

"When the dew is on the moorland, and the moon is on the hill,
When the castle gates are closing, and the hum of life is still,
When they draw the heavy curtains in the stately oriel room,
And the lamps in muffled lustre glimmer ghostly through the gloom,
Will you meet me,
Gliding by the tall yew hedges, gliding by the river's flow—
Will you come to meet me, darling, at the Fairies' Knowe?"

"But my father loves my singing, as the harpsichord I touch,
And he needs me, just to listen to the lore he loves so much;
Reading in the grim old folio, opened when the lamps are lit,
And I hide away my yawning as we linger over it!
Can I meet you,
Come to meet you,
When such kindly eyes are watching by the fire-logs' ruddy glow?
Can I leave my warm home-shelter for the Fairies' Knowe?"

But the music of your whisper is the melody I prize,
And no page has half the wisdom that is written in your eyes;
Let the chords for once lie idle, close for once the old dead line,
Life and love have richer meanings waiting for your glance and mine:
If you'll meet me,
Only meet me,

Where no jealous guard can follow, where no spying footsteps go—
If you'll come to meet me, darling, at the Fairies' Knowe."

"But my nurse has often told me evil spirits haunt that spot,
Ghosts of some remembered horror, that they hint, but utter not;
And that black misfortune hovers brooding in the sullen air,
And no maiden ever prospers that has held a trysting there;

Dare I meet you,
Come to meet you,
When they warn me of the magic that has twined around me so,
When I feel some danger lurking at the Fairies' Knowe?"

But he lured her with his whisper, and he smoothed her fears to rest,
And he kissed the blue eyes hidden, laughing, weeping on his breast,
And she stole, the old man's darling, through the postern in the night,
While the screech-owl hooted o'er and the ban-dog wailed her flight:

Stole to meet him,
Once to meet him!
But the darkened home that missed her saw the seasons come and go,
Yet never found the flower that left them for the Fairies' Knowe.

Soon the vaults that held his sires opened yet again for him,
The father whose fair child forsook him as his light burnt low and dim;
And a dark and passionate story gathered slowly round her name,
Till it grew a note of warning, blent with sorrow and with shame,
And men whispered,
Shrank and whispered,
How, at midnight, shuddering watchers hear a sound of wailing low,
As of fear and late repentance, sobbing round the Fairies' Knowe.

—All the Year Round.

PEER AND PEASANT.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"And you are going to leave us?" There was a ring of despair in the voice of the woman who uttered these words, and she raised her large, mournful, dark eyes appealingly to the face of the handsome young man who stood beside her leaning against a giant forest tree.

"It is necessary, Victorine; and surely you would not have me stay for ever in this little cabin, shut away from the world like a monk in a cloister?"

"You are not well yet," said the girl, in a low, hesitating voice.

"I am well enough to leave here, where I am only a burden," was the rejoinder.

The dark eyes filled with sudden tears. "You are unkind to say that, Hugo. What we have done for you has been done cheerfully."

"But your father is a poor man, Victorine. He cannot but feel the support of a stranger very burdensome. And he refuses to accept any return."

"My father is proud," said Victorine, "and does not wish payment for the favors he bestows. And the pleasure of your society has been worth much to him. He has often said that but for you he would have been very lonely."

"What did he do for company before I came?" asked the young man. "He has lived ten years in this hut, he says."

"Ten very unhappy years, Hugo. The loneliness has seemed to him sometimes greater than he could bear."

"Well, certainly he has had no chance to be lonely lately," said Hugo, in a tone of significance.

Victorine's face paled suddenly.

"Tell me," she said, laying her hand on her companion's arm, "why do these strange men come here night after night? My father will answer no questions. He says women should not concern themselves with such things, and he sends me to bed that I may not hear what they say. But you know all, Hugo. He confides in you, and you will tell me, I am sure." Hugo shook his head.

"I would willingly do so," he said, "but I promised your father that I would tell you nothing, and I cannot break my word."

"These are dangerous days," said Victorine, "and there is a constant dread at my heart that my father will join the insurgents. Ledru Rollin, who leads the Red Republicans, is always wanting more men, and the fact that these strangers come here so frequently fills me with alarm."

"Then your sympathies are with our—with the throne?" said Hugo, eagerly.

"Yes; and yet I know how much cause the people have to complain. They need help; but can help come to them only through blood and riot? Is there not some other way in which their condition could be improved?"

"They have taken matters into their own hands," said Hugo; "it is too late to help them now," and he sighed heavily.

A silence fell between them, broken only by the call of the night-birds through the forest. All was strangely still. A few yards away stood the little cabin which had been Victorine's home for ten long years. Henri Razi was absent, and therefore no light gleamed from the windows of his home. It stood dark and desolate beneath the tall forest trees which surrounded it.

Moved by a sudden impulse, Hugo put out his arm, and drew Victorine close to his side.

"The time has come for us to say good-by," he murmured, brokenly. "Oh, do not forget me when I am far away, Victorine."

She started from him with a faint cry.

"You are not going now!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Hugo, it cannot be possible that you are to leave me so soon?"

"I dreaded telling you of my departure until I could delay no longer, Victorine. My heart aches at the thought of leaving you; but I must be in Paris to-morrow. Business of importance calls me there. Give me your good wishes before I go. I shall think of you as I journey forward to-night, and picture you sleeping here, undisturbed by battle and carnage."

She did not speak. With both hands clasped over her heart she stood like a beautiful statue before him, her eyes staring straight before her, and her breath coming in short, quick gasps.

"Must I leave you in silence then, Victorine? Will you not speak a single word of farewell?" asked Hugo, as he took in a warm, close clasp one of her cold, nerveless hands.

Still she did not speak.

"You are angry, perhaps, and perhaps you have cause for anger," a quick sigh escaping his lips.

"Good-by," she said, hoarsely, her face averted from his earnest gaze.

"Only a single word, Victorine? Can you part with me so coldly after all these long weeks we have been together? Ah, I see that you really care little whether I go or stay. And I—I shall never forget you, Victorine, or the tenderness with which you nursed me back to health again. I remember what a vision of loveliness you seemed to me when I opened my eyes and saw you bending over me. I blessed my good fortune in having been found after my fall by your father. Surely no other father and daughter could have been so kind. Nowhere else could I have been nursed so tenderly. And after ten weeks of intimate companionship you bid me good-by as you would a stranger of yesterday."

She did not move or speak, and the hand he held remained unresponsive to his clasp.

"You may never see me again, Victorine," he continued. "Our paths lie far apart. Let me hear you say that you do not regret having known me."

"Why should I regret it?" she asked, turning suddenly and facing him. "You have been here ten weeks, but in that time you have told us nothing of yourself save that your name is Hugo Lascelles. You say we have been kind to you, but you have not rewarded our kindness by giving us your confidence. Do you think I owe you lasting remembrance? Do you think that you deserve that I should carry your image here," laying her hand on her heart.

The young man appeared to hesitate; then he said slowly:

"It is as well, perhaps, that you should forget me. Forgive me if my reticence has wounded you. I dare not attempt any justification. But it grows late. Farewell, Victorine. When the sun rises to-morrow I shall be far on my road to Paris."

"Farewell," she said, coldly.

She heard him turn and walk away; but she made no effort to recall him. She stood where he had left her, silent, motionless, her head bent forward on her breast; the long, silken fringes of her eyebrows resting on her pale cheeks.

It was only when the sound of his footsteps had died away that she raised her head and looked about her.

"Hugo! Hugo!" She breathed the words rather than spoke them. "Gone! gone! never in this life shall we meet again!"

She went into the cabin and lighted a candle. As she did so she perceived a sheet of paper lying open on the table. She picked it up, and found upon it a few lines from her father.

"I have gone away, and cannot tell when I may return. You are safe in the cabin. Remain there until your provisions give out. Then raise the fifth board in the floor, counting from the fireplace, and take the bag you will find there. It contains sufficient money to last you several years."

"While I talked with Hugo he came and

left this," she murmured. "His daughter is as nothing to him compared with his desire for power. He has left me alone to live or die, as the good God may see fit. And had I only dared to speak, I might have won both love and station. One word would have bridged the gulf between Hugo and me. Oh, father! father! your secret has proved my doom!"

As the last words left her lips she threw up her arms with a bitter cry, and cast herself prone on the floor, her face downwards, no tears in her eyes, but hoarse, gasping sobs tearing their way from her breast, and her white, slender hands buried in her long, dark hair. For a long time she lay thus, making no effort at self-control, giving free license to the wild emotions of her burdened heart.

But at length she grew quiet, and lay motionless, as if utterly exhausted with the force of her strange passion. The moon rose slowly and shed its calm, cold light upon her; the wind sighed through the forest like a lost spirit; the hours wore on, but still she stirred not. She lay there like a dead thing, and the cold, gray light of morning found her position unchanged.

On the morning of Friday, June 20th, 1848, the City of Paris presented a scene of horror seldom equaled. In the eastern half of the city, every street had its battle, and every stone of the barricade was spotted with human gore. Each window was a loophole from which flashed the leaden death. The fight raged from house to house, from chamber to chamber. Men fired at each other from the parapets on the roofs, and the dead bodies fell heavily on the streets below. Every atrocity of civil war or known among savages was perpetrated on the prisoners by the insurgents. Beaten from barricade to barricade, they were unable to guard their captives, and condemned them to die as fratricides. The young men of the Mobile Guard, nearly all natives of Paris, and heroes of the barricades of the preceding February, were treated by the insurgents as traitors. Some of them were decapitated, and their heads stuck on pikes, and, surrounded by the military bat, served as banners on the heights of several barricades. In the Pantheon, near the tomb of Voltaire, a Mobile Guard was crucified. At other points they were disemboweled and placed in front of the barricades to strike their comrades with horror.

Nothing was heard but the discharge of the musketry, the thunder of the cannon, the roll of the drum, and the shrieks of women. The combatants uttered no cry, but pursued in silence the work of death. The beautiful city presented a most changed appearance from what it had borne before the beginning of the uprising. And the Palace of the Tuileries, with its magnificent furniture, its velvet and satin-covered chairs, its soft Turkey carpets, its tapestried chambers, its luxurious apartments of every description, was turned into a hospital!

In the Quarter St. Jacques, on the Rue Sorbonne, the battle had raged for seven long hours, and the dead and dying lay in every direction. The troops had moved on, and a few of the Red Republicans were engaged in removing their wounded to the hospitals, when, making her way slowly through the scene of carnage, came a young girl, alone. Her long, dark hair hung in wild confusion over her shoulders; her dress, that of a peasant, was torn and soiled; her shoes were broken and worn, and she seemed ready to fall with fatigue. But still she went on, her large, lustrous eyes scanning with a look of horror the blood-stained, smoke-begrimed faces upturned to the leaden sky. She appeared to be searching for some one, and paid no attention to the rude glances cast upon her.

Suddenly she gave a wild, unearthly cry, and fell on her knees beside the body of a young man dressed in the uniform of the Royalists.

"My dream!" she moaned. "The vision of my dream!"

She tore away the coat, and pressed her hand to the young man's heart.

"It beats!" she cried. "Oh, my God! he is alive! Men, men, give me help to bear him to a place of safety."

"Help to bear a Monarchist?" cried the men in answer. "You ask too much."

"Let me put him where he'll need no help," said a rough-looking fellow, springing forward with a bayonet in his hand. "Vive la République Sociale!"

But before he could strike the blow his murderous heart dictated, the girl had covered the body of the young officer with her own.

"Coward!" she cried; "to seek to kill a fallen man!"

There was the sudden sound of a horse's hoofs, and an officer, on whose breast glittered the star of the Legion of Honor, drew rein before the prostrate woman.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Put up your bayonet, man; would you strike a woman?"

The girl sprang to her feet. "Help me, general," she cried, passionately. "God will for ever bless you, if you give aid to me now. There lies one whose life is dearer far to me than my own. Protect him; let me remove him to a hospital where I can nurse and care for him."

She looked so beautiful, so brave, as she stood there, her dark eyes wore a look of such passionate appeal, that the general's heart softened.

"It shall be as you desire," he said. "I will act as your body-guard, my brave girl."

Half an hour later the young officer so miraculously saved lay in a comfortable bed in the house of a kind American, tenderly guarded and cared for by the dark-eyed girl who had dared so much for his sake.

But it was many days before he knew anything of what was passing around him; days in which he lay in the valley of the shadow of death, deaf to the tender words whispered in his ear, blind to the anguish in the face of his sweet nurse, unconscious of the tears which fell fast on his face as she bent over him.

But the crisis was safely passed at last, and the blue eyes opened once more with a look of intelligence.

"Where am I?" the pallid lips asked, faintly. "With me, Hugo," answered the nurse, bending over him, a world of gladness in her lustrous eyes.

He smiled as if well content. Too weak to make further inquiry, he was satisfied with the knowledge that Victorine was near him.

It was from the doctor that he learned how his life had been saved, and how unfaltering had been the courage and care of the girl he had thought never to see again when he left her in the desolate cabin in the forest.

"Victorine!" he said, one day when he was feeling almost well again, and was sitting by the window with his gentle nurse beside him. "I haven't spoken to you yet of what I owe you. I wanted to wait until I was strong enough to talk with you about it. Tell me, why did you come to Paris?"

Victorine shuddered, and her cheek paled.

"The night you left me I had a vision," she answered. "I saw you living in the street, wounded and helpless. About you were soldiers, removing the dead and dying. Suddenly you raised your head, and uttered the single word 'Come!' Then all was blank about me. I saw no more. But I lost no time. I knew that heaven had sent a message, and that I must obey it. I set out on foot for Paris, and reached there five hours before I found you. I knew from the first that my search would not be in vain."

"Victorine, I have a confession to make. From the first hour I met you I loved you, I think. But between us was a gulf I feared to cross. I am not plain Hugo Lascelles, I am a marquis, the son of the Duke de Villars, and my blood is among the oldest of the land. I feared my father's displeasure should I mate with one so lowly as the daughter of a poor peasant. I determined to leave you before my heart mastered my reason. But the longing to know if my love was returned proved too great for resistance, and I sought on the evening of my departure to learn your heart. I became convinced that you did not care for me. You were cold and even unkind. So I left you and came to Paris, eager to help my friends in this conflict. It was from your father that I knew of the fresh rebellion which was to shake all Paris. He was a bitter insurgent."

"He is dead," said Victorine. "My poor father! He had suffered many wrongs at the hands of the Monarchy. Victor, I, too, have a confession to make. I knew from the first who you were, for you told your secret in your delirium."

"And you did not reveal it?" cried Hugo. "Victorine! that was noble; for you know your father's hatred of all connected with the throne!"

"My father was not a poor peasant, Hugo; but a noble, exiled fifteen years ago because of his political opinions. He found life unbearable out of France, and returned, disguised as a peasant, and secluded himself in that forest."

"Victorine! And, then my father will not refuse to give you a daughter's place in his heart. Be my wife, dearest—my sweet, devoted wife! Ah, cannot you love me? Victorine, your coldness was not genuine when we parted?"

"No; I dared not permit you to know my feelings. I knew that as long as you believed me the daughter of a peasant your filial duty would not permit you to marry me. But my father's death has unsealed my lips, and, Hugo, I am yours for time and eternity."

He drew her to his arms, and, with a heart too full for words, pressed on her lips the seal of betrothal.

WORK FOR ARTISTS.

The Dominion of Canada stands in urgent need, says the *Montreal Gazette*, of a coat-of-arms. It is now destitute. It requires a proper heraldic symbol that may express the broad idea of Canadian unity and embody the main facts of Canadian history. We call the attention of artists and litterateurs to this subject. As an indication of the kind of article demanded, we would suggest, adds the *Gazette*, that the shield be a plain white ground, "semee" with golden fleur-de-lis. Upon this should be a single red lion passant. This simple device would condense into one emblem the main facts of our political history. Our present shield has no supporter. These are usually found upon important armorial bearings, when they are drawn in full detail. For these the moose and the bison might well be taken to typify the Western prairie land and the Eastern Provinces, and they would make expressive and picturesque supporters. The crest is a more difficult point; it might be a lion's head crowned. This would repeat the monarchical idea expressed by the red lion taken from the British shield. Such a shield as this, easily drawn and easily remembered, would be reproduced all over the land, and would speedily become familiar alike to the youth of the sea coast, the lake regions and the prairie lands, who would unconsciously learn to think that they too had a united country with a continuous history.