

at no light beamed from its battlements to welcome him; the lamp of Dears, whose rays had been like starlight on his path, was dark. Lunging with terror, he flew to her apartment—and death robbed him of his treasure? “ah! no, the young false one had fled;” and there by the harp whose fairer tones so oft had soothed his care, but she who had waked its music, now smiled upon another. Bitter are the sorrows of woman, but what are they to me “tears of warlike men.” Each drop that fell from the eyes of O’Rourke, burned but the memory of its cause deeper in his soul; he wept—a low fiendish laugh sounded through the apartment, and a form flitting through the darkness whispered “remember Zelma.” A short time after, the plains of Erin echoed to the tread of armed men, their spears flashed in the morning light, and the Irish banner, with its glittering “sun-burst,” was unfurled to the breeze. O’Rourke had claimed redress from his country, and the native chieftains rallied round him; while Mac Murtagh sought protection from England, and Strigul, the English Earl of Pembroke, with his followers, now defended his castle from the assault of O’Rourke. Long and fierce was the battle, but the Saxons were rapidly giving way to the victorious Irish, and the last portal of the castle had been gained, when Dears, the cause of all the bloodshed, appeared on the battlement; her hands were spread beseechingly forward, and her voice, even through the din of battle, reached the ear of O’Rourke. For an instant he paused, and an arrow from the bow of Strigul, pierced his gallant heart—he fell. The English were conquerors, and King Henry who had enraged his subjects by the death of the pious Becket, glad of any means to propitiate them, immediately joined the Earl of Pembroke, and took possession of the country, and thus the “emerald gem of the western world, was set in the crown of the stranger.” The instant of O’Rourke’s death, a loud shriek rent the air, and Zelma, springing from a turret of the castle, was buried in the deep waters of the moat.

Years after, when a second English monarch swayed the sceptre over Erin; one morn the bells of the Holy Island told of a sinner released from pain. The song of death rose upon the breeze, and floated o’er the still waters—it was Dears, the once beautiful and beloved bride of O’Rourke, who after years of penance and of sorrow, had bid adieu to earth. She lived to witness the havoc of her country which she herself had caused, and each groan drawn from the bleeding bosom of Erin, echoed deeper

through hers; but at length she slept, and beautiful is the land of her rest. The stranger, as he wanders in the summer eve’s last light, marvels at its loveliness, and while he breathes its balmy air, learns to forget that “it is not free.”

Long Creek, (Q. C.), February, 1842.



LOVE AND SELF-LOVE.

A DREAM OF THE HEART.

WE had been conversing on various subjects, my friends and I: among the rest, Love was made a theme, and we exerted our imagination to find things in nature worthy of comparison with a sentiment so difficult to comprehend or define, so full of form, and yet so spiritual.

One said it was like an April shower, which power brings forth the richest blossoms that lie generating in the green places of the heart, and leaves them to perish in the first storm that passes by, or to be trodden down by the footsteps of our more earthly passions. She became eloquent with figures all bright and changeable, she likened Love to the rose that unfolds its damask heart—pours forth its fragrance to the first passing breeze, and so fades away—or, it was a rainbow spanning the heavens with its belt of radiance, and melting away tint by tint as the eye gazes upon it, or, perchance, it was represented by the glowing colour that settles on a sunset cloud, beautiful but brief.

She was a bright happy creature that made these comparisons—one that looked as if Love might indeed make a nest in her heart, and brood there for ever. But her idea of the passion which shapes the destiny of so many of our sex had found birth in a careless fancy, amid the festivity of lighted halls, and in an atmosphere of selfishness and adulation. She had yet to learn how pure, lasting and fervent is that love which lives in the soul, and lights up the gentle eye of woman. She had found a false stone glittering, for a time, in the place of a jewel—a stone sometimes purchased at a fearful price, often detected too late, and, by many, treasured through life, and mistaken for a gem whose light few hearts can entirely understand.

Another spoke; her rich lip trembled; her eye, which seemed almost dull before, lighted up with a bright and beautiful expression, and her voice made the heart thrill as it listened. Love, she said, was a fixed star, set in the heaven of a woman’s life, and reflected for ever