

WEEP NO MORE, SWEET VEVAY MAIDEN;

TO MY LAST FRIEND—SUZETTE LA BONNE.

Weep no more, sweet Vevay Maiden!
Though my days be o'er,
Sunk to the grave all sorrow-laden,
Prythee weep no more!

Suns shall warm thy cheek as brightly
Though my bed be cold,
Blossoms dock thy brow as lightly
Though they deck my mould:
Weep not then, kind Vevay Maiden!

Carless willows round me blowing
Shall thy hovers entwine,
Streams by my ear mutely flowing
Shall flow sweet to thine:
Weep not then, fair Vevay Maiden!

Winds that wave my burial ditty
Shall thy minstrels be,
Eyes that pass me without pity
Shall go worship thee:
Weep not then, fair Vevay Maiden!

Thou shalt be by loves attended
I have never known,
To my foreign tomb attended
By thy tears alone!
Weep not then, sweet Vevay Maiden!
Heaven for thee in store
Keeps my share of joy, dear Maiden!
Prythee weep no more!

o. d.

From the "Keepsake" for 1839.

"THE EVE OF ALL HALLOWS."

BY LADY CHARLOTTE ST. MANE.

"Ay," continued his wife, "and a day to be remembered in every way; for is not to-night All-hallows'-eve? And did not my grandmother (God rest her!) see on this night the form and likeness of the man she married seven years afterwards? Was it not, too, on this night that was made known to my uncle the bag of coins that was hidden behind the oven in his kitchen? And did not my stepmother on this night see Lawyer Screwtham, that was so hard upon the poor; standing under the church porch with his head under his arm, and was not he laid in the churchyard before the twelvemonths were over?"

"Hush, hush, my good dame," said the curate, "do not fill Miss Fanny's head with such fancies. He who placed us in this weary world has numbered the days of our pilgrimage thereon; and be they few or many, it is not for us to forestall the sum of them."

"But surely, sir," interposed Fanny, "there can be no harm in seeing the likeness of the man one is to marry."

This she said with an arch smile, for the poor and humble curate was generally supposed to be a sincere though undeclared admirer of the rich farmer's lovely daughter.

"Better let alone, believe me," he replied, "even granting that such things may be, the which I deny as equally absurd and presumptuous."

Fanny said no more; but taking Dame Hodson into the dairy, on pretence of showing her a new churn, gained from her all the information she desired with regard to the ceremonies to be observed for obtaining a sight of the allotted bridegroom.

All was now still and silent at the farm. The guests had departed; the good farmer and his worthy helpmate wore forgetting, in undisturbed slumber, the bustle and excitement of the day; the farm servants and labourers, who in these primitive times made part of the family, had retired to their various nooks, to rise again with the early dawn; and even the animals, including the prowling grey cat, and ever-wakeful watch-dog, seemed alike composed to a state of happy unconsciousness. One form alone was to be soon gliding about with timid and anxious step; one pale, flickering light might be distinguished, now shining through the lattice of an attic half covered with ivy, now gleaming through the casement of the parlour, where the party had lately assembled at tea. Light and graceful was that form, and soft and arch the expression of those dark hazel eyes which now gazed cautiously around, as if fearful of intrusion. It was Fanny, who stealthily busied herself with the preparations dictated by superstitious custom for obtaining a vision of her future husband on the eve of All-hallows.

Having taken off her bed some coverings and pillows, she laid them on three of the old-fashioned oaken chairs, which formed part of the furniture of her mother's parlour. She then drew a large wooden screen from the kitchen, and placed it so as to conceal her temporary couch from view, while it allowed her to see through the chinks, as she lay, all that passed in the room. She then set a jug of ale, and some bread and meat upon the table, threw a fresh faggot upon the fire, drew her father's arm chair close beside it, and last of all, brought down her somewhat dingy mirror from the chamber and suspended it against the wall. She then put the door ajar, listened anxiously to hear if all was still, and being satisfied that no interruption need be apprehended, she

lay down on her uneasy oaken couch in anticipation of the expected result. The excitement of exertion which had hitherto supported her, now gradually subsided; a vague sensation of fear and awe stole over her, and she began to think she might pay too dearly for her frolic. The fitful and uncertain light thrown round the room by the now dying embers, was painful to her; the chirp of the cricket, and the buzz of the night fly (sounds which before she had never heeded and scarcely observed), broke loudly on the stillness of the night, and irritated her overstrained nerves. Gladly would she have fled from the room, and taken refuge in her own little dormitory; but a strange mysterious terror bound her to her restless couch, where she lay hiding her face in her pillow, in a sort of dreamy half-consciousness. From this state she was suddenly aroused by the sound of a heavy footstep on the floor—she listened in breathless agony of fear; the crackling of the wood was then heard, and a bright gleam of fire light illuminated the ceiling and the walls. Supporting her head on her arm, she ventured to peep through one of the chinks of the massive wooden screen; when the mirror which was suspended on the wall opposite, distinctly reflected to her gaze the form of a youth in military attire, seated in the chair which she had placed near the hearth, in an attitude of weariness and despondency, his features partially concealed by the hand on which his head was leaning.

"Merciful heaven," she inwardly ejaculated, pressing her hands upon her eyes, "if I have done evil, pardon and protect me!"

The heavy footsteps were again heard; and again she raised her eyes to the glass, and caught a dim outline of the soldier's retreating form, as he passed through the opened door. A sound of some hard substance falling to the ground was distinctly audible, then was all still; the blaze expired, and the rash maiden sank back in a state of insensibility. When consciousness at length returned, the beams of the rising sun were shining brightly into the room; the white ashes were strewed upon the hearth, the mirror only reflected the dark heavy screen, the door was open, and all seemed quiet and undisturbed.

"I must surely have dreamt it," said the pale and still bewildered girl, as she timidly rose from her couch and ventured across the room. A cry of terror burst from her lips as a fresh gleam of sunshine revealed to her sight a brightly polished bayonet, lying across the threshold; she gazed upon it for some minutes in mute dismay, then slowly stooped and cautiously picking it up, ran to secrete it in her own room. That the vision she had seen the night before was no vain delusion, she was now firmly convinced; but with the certainty of having obtained a mysterious insight into her future existence, came the painful dread of having meddled with forbidden things, and the anxious wish to prevent any suspicion by those around her. She therefore hastened to return to the parlour, and lost no time in removing all traces of what had happened on the previous evening. She then changed her dress, arranged her hair, and proceeded with all the composure she could assume, to perform her accustomed duties in the dairy and poultry-yard.

To none had she mentioned it, or the circumstances connected with it, excepting to the young curate, who, upon obtaining the promise of a small living, had made her an offer of his hand; when she distinctly told him that she could not be his, that she was the destined bride of another, and that she felt persuaded that if she presumed to alter her intended lot by accepting him, mutual unhappiness and ruin would be the inevitable consequence. The good curate in vain endeavoured to shake her superstitious belief; she accurately described to him all that occurred on the night of All-hallows, when, tempted by curiosity, she had invoked those mysterious powers which had so fearfully acceded to her wishes; and ended by showing the bayonet which had been left; she said, that her visionary lover would one day claim her hand.

The curate immediately suspected that one of a straggling party of soldiers had accidentally called at the house to ask for refreshment, and finding the door open and the board spread, had satisfied the immediate cravings of hunger and departed, unconscious of the presence of the terrified Fanny. He made various inquiries; but though owing to the political events of those days, several regiments had lately been marched through that part of the country, he could get no information of any particular circumstance that would enable him successfully to combat her superstitious notion. He therefore determined to wait till time should have weakened the impression which this strange occurrence had made upon her mind; and being soon after called away to take possession of his living, he had no opportunity of renewing his suit, ere the marriage of Fanny with Sergeant Stanmore had placed a final obstacle to his wishes. To her husband she had never said anything on the subject; for while she carefully preserved the strange token, which she almost believed to possess a mysterious power of enabling her to retain his unaltered affections, she dreaded lest a disclosure of the unacknowledged means she had used to secure them might rob her of them for ever. Of a romantic and imaginative turn of mind, her natural refinement of feeling and great personal beauty were doomed to be her misfortune; thrown as she now was, without friend or guide, in a situation peculiarly exposed to difficulty and liable to error.

As she held the bayonet in her hands, gazing earnestly upon it,

her thoughts naturally reverted to the happy home and kind friends now lost for ever; and she could not but contrast the even tenor of her past life, and the unvarying kindness she then experienced, with the uncertainty of her present lot, and the trials and hardships she was called upon to bear. From her melancholy reverie she was roused by the abrupt entrance of Sergeant Stanmore, his countenance darkened with ill-repressed anger, and rendered still further alarming by ardent symptoms of intoxication. Though habitually a sober man, he had that evening yielded to the solicitations of some of his comrades to sup with them and a party of the townspeople at a neighbouring public-house, and the festivity had been carried beyond the limits of discretion. Upon returning home he had met James Richards on the stairs, which, as they only communicated with his wife's apartment, was to his irritable mind proof sufficient of the justice of certain vague suspicions he had before entertained, upon having occasionally seen the young man call at the house. These were now fully confirmed by the sight of the bayonet which Fanny held in her hand, and made an awkward attempt to conceal.

"Sorry to disturb you, ma'am," said he, in a voice almost choked with rage; "may I ask whose is that bayonet?"

"Oh! Edward, do not speak to me thus," said the terrified girl, bursting into tears; "it is yours, it is yours, indeed!"

"Vile, deceitful woman!" exclaimed her husband, his eye suddenly glancing upon his firelock, which stood with the bayonet in an opposite corner of the room.

"And dare you tell me that this bayonet is mine, wretch that you are!" continued he; and snatching it from her in a paroxysm of ungovernable fury, he plunged it into her bosom. A faint, stifled scream escaped her lips as she fell, bathed in blood, at the feet of her horror-stricken husband.

"Edward," she murmured in a low and scarcely audible voice. "I have deceived you, but not in this matter; in this, as I hope, in God's mercy, I am guiltless."

The last sigh trembled on her lips, as she pressed with a convulsive grasp her husband's blood-stained hand.

PROBABLE EXTINCTION OF THE SUN.

The question cannot fail to suggest itself here—whether this light-producing power may depend, in degree, on the probably ever-changing electric state of a growing globe—whether the Sun is now as he was and will ever be, or only in one state or epoch of his efficacy as the radiant source of light and heat? It seems to me most worthy of consideration, whether those puzzling phenomena, indicative of an altered heat in our Earth, may not pertain to this source—to the onward progress of our heat-giver through the destiny to which law foreordained him. The changes referred to stretch over epochs in which man was not present, and when, of course, their progress could not be marked; but even now, due attention is not paid to the momentous subject; for the delicate measurement of the Sun's direct strength is of greatly more consequence than that temperature which arises for the most part from a mere terrestrial meteorology. The further heavens, however, come here in aid, and supply this gap in our knowledge; appearing to substantiate the possibility, if not the reality, of such changes. The new star in Cassiopeia, seen by Tycho, for instance, indicated some great change in the light and heat of an orb, far more probably than a mere orbital motion. That star never moved from its place; and, during its course from extreme brilliancy to apparent extinction, the colour of its light altered—passing through the hues of a dying conflagration. Can aught of this be seen in the Southern star, one of Sir John Herschel's spoils, which is gradually clothing itself with an extreme brilliancy? Many other stars have altered slowly in magnitude, also preserving rigorous invariability of place; and some, as Sirius, have changed colour; this star having turned from the fiery dog-star of old times, red and fiery as Mars, into the brilliantly white orb now adorning our skies. Is it not likely, then, that the intrinsic energies to whose development these phenomena must be owing, act also in our Sun? that, in short, he also may pass through phases, filling up myriads of centuries; once, it may be, shining on Uranus with a lustre as burning as that which now dazzles Mercury? How vast are the effects involved in such a change! The rays of the Sun are not merely light-giving; for, combined with these, in the same beam or pencil, there are rays whose function is heat-giving, and others equally distinct, which are productive of chemical influence. Now, in the probable march of our luminary, how great a variety in the relations of these three systems of rays may be involved, and, of course, what diversities in his action on his dependents! Imagination, clinging to such conjectures, passes to the august conception of this master of surrounding worlds, this majestic globe, himself organized, progressing slowly through his destiny, ever acting, as he moves onward, on the inner and proper principle of each planet; drawing from it (which also may itself vary, according to some intrinsic energy or law) every form and manifestation of which it is capable, and conducting them all through a long and wondrous history. How emphatically does even this guess inform us that we see only sketches of the history of things—that a leaf or two of the mystic volume is all that ever will be read by man!—*Nicholl's Phenomena.*