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FAUNA; OR, THE RED FLOWER OF LEAFY HOLLOW.*

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers
And rocks whereby they grew a paradise
Where I did lay me down within the shade
(Of waving trees and dreamed uncounted hours
The visions which arise without a sleep.
THE LAMENT OF TASSO.



AX Von Werfens-
tein was gazing on
the dark outline of
pines which seemed
to meet the blue
horizon from the
window of the closet
in which he had so
long held silent
communion with the
inanimate image of
Helen. It had that
day been prepared by his
own hands for its journey to
London; and he felt as if in
sending it from him he cast
away all hopes of her whom he coveted
more than even that perfection in his art which
till he knew her had been the guiding star of his
being. Full of gloomy forebodings his mind re-
verted to all the scenes of his past life. He
thought of his childish days, and of his brother
Wilhelm, whom he had loved so fondly, and by
whom he had been as fondly loved; he seemed to
see again the old baronial castle on the borders of
the romantic Erzgebirge mountains, in which they
had dwelt; the large old court where they had
played; the sunny garden and orchard so rich
in flowers and fruit and the green fields and
shadowy groves which stretched beyond. He
remembered the awe they had felt of their

mother, and how grave and austere she had al-
ways been, and he forgot not, in spite of her un-
loving demeanor, she had superintended their
studies with the most careful attention, and from
their earliest infancy had herself taught them to
speak the English language, and read the best au-
thors of that land so rich in imagination and intel-
lect. He recalled the joy they had felt when their
father, who doted on them, came home from the
army, though his visits seemed to give no joy to
his wife, for her looks and tones to him as well as
to her children were cold and sad. The Baron
was kind and gentle, but his spirits seemed de-
pressed by the melancholy of their mother, and
Max and Wilhelm had few of those pleasures
common to children who possess a happy home
and affectionate parents. But they had joys of
their own which they prized the more highly
because debarred all others, and the heart of the
young painter swelled as he remembered how he
and his fair young brother used to wander arm in
arm, through the wild and lonely mountain re-
cesses while each spread before the others the bright
pictures his fancy drew, all of which were without
doubt to be realized when they became men and
went forth into the world. He called to mind the
long sunny days when they sat together beside
the glad rivulet that burst from the mountain
King's cave, and went singing on its way to the
valley, as if exulting in its escape from the dark-
some cave in which it had its birth; and he
smiled sadly as he recalled the wild legends in
song and tale which, half believing, half doubting,
they related to each other again and again. He
seemed to behold once more the Riesengrund
where they had strayed, and the wonderful gems
which half fearfully they had gathered there, un-
molested by the mysterious artificers who had

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