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

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CHAPTER XIV.

Her smiles and tears had pass'd as light winds
 pass
 O'er lakes, to ruffle not destroy their glass,
 Whose depths unsearch'd, a fountain from the hill
 Restores their surface, in itself so still,
 Until the earthquake tear the Naiad's cave,
 Root up the spring and trample on the wave.
 And must such fate be hers?

THE ISLAND.



A UNA was still resting against the open window of the little chapel (if such it might be called) as Max entered.

So deep was her reverie that she was even unconscious of his entrance till he laid his hand on her arm. Then she started, and looking up in his face, her large melancholy orbs moist with suppressed tears, a sudden and burning blush suffused her features, but

it almost instantly faded, leaving her cheek of a death-like paleness.

"Why, all alone, fair maid!" cried Max gaily, unheeding her varying countenance, "are you writing a sonnet to those twin sisters, silence and solitude?"

As if unwilling to let him observe the deep sadness which clouded her eloquent face, she turned away her head, but when she spoke, the plaintive tones of her voice sufficiently revealed it.

"I was thinking," she said, "of a deeper quiet than silence and solitude can give, while our own restless hearts remain a prey to feeling and to thought—the quiet of the grave."

"The grave, dearest Fauna! it is a melancholy thought for one so full of life and health as you."

"Yet, it is one which from childhood has often filled my mind; and I sometimes believe that I am one of those predestined to an early death—perhaps in my case, more than in most, a proof of that love from Heaven of which the poet calls it a sign.

"Dear Fauna, for our sakes, who love you so much, do not shadow all our happiness by such sad anticipations."

"A shadow like the feathered cloud passing over the morning sun that would leave it the next moment bright and undimmed as before," said the Indian maiden—"yet even to purchase that transient memory I could die. Had I the power of gratifying my dearest wish at this moment, it would be to lie in some lonely glen ere the September moon pours her first rays, or the green leaves of the maple are changed to scarlet and gold. There beneath the shade of the cedar and hemlock, through whose tops the pale light of the melancholy stars would fall, where the first

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