

LITERATURE.

THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

BY ROBERT C. SANDS.

They say that afar, in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the Green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fails never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich foliage depress'd,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of nature in mid glory hovers;
'Tis the land of the sun-beam;—the Green Isle of Lovers!

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss,
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair
choirs

Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The glad dance and the revel, mid forests that cover
On high with their shade the Green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eye-balls of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;
From beauty their valor and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the Green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplex'd, has beheld it no more;
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;
O! who in this vain world of woe shall discover
The home undisturb'd—the Green Isle of the Lover!

THE GHOST OF A STORY ABOUT A GHOST.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

My uncle always pooh'd and psha'd at all unbelievers when they answered to the question of "Do you believe in ghosts?" by the positive denial of having any such weakness, or indeed, having any superstition at all. "It is all nonsense," said my uncle: "everybody believes in ghosts—and I had a great belief in my uncle."

He was a man who had entered the army in those glorious times when boys learned tactics in the field, instead of on a slate by a diagram, and when necessity compelled rulers, such was the universal fighting all over the globe, to make soldiers by the gross, like pins, and they were used up in like manner. Nobody knows what becomes of the pins, and very few troubled themselves to know what became of the soldiers. We had victories, and the glorious fields were much greener for the farmer's scythe the next year.

My uncle, consequently, knew very little of civil life. The roll of the drum had been his early rattle; his childhood a drill, his manhood a fight, and his old age a review. Civilians he looked upon as mere suttlers to the fighting part of human nature, born to supply the camp with necessaries, and keep things all right and tight at home.

He laughed at anything like the idea of a lasting peace. "As long," said he, "as there is anything to fight for, so long will man fight. Now and then, indeed, nations must get second wind, but it is only to fight with more vigour. Nations, civilized or savage, always did fight, no matter about what. The small birds fight upon the tree, domestic animals fight about your hearth, the wild beasts fight in their forests. In fact, a universal pugnacity seems to pervade nature; and peace is nothing but time given, to think of what is to be fought about next."

All these savage ideas of human nature were only the military part of my uncle; for a kinder-hearted and more simple-minded man never existed. His love of children was delightful. We all loved him in return, although we rather kicked against his awful discipline. What was told us to do we were obliged to do; or woe betide us. Then he had such a voice, which, coupled with his shaggy white eyebrows and towering height, quickened the steps of the lagging youngster who ventured on any little experiment that appeared like mutiny.

Notwithstanding the wholesome fear with which he had imbued us, his visits were welcomed with the greatest delight; for his long stories and quaint anecdotes were ever a fund of the greatest amusement to our young minds. This power, of which he was not a little proud, he exercised with much tact; telling stories of war and valorous deeds to the bold boy, and others of kindness and humanity to the mild mother's darling, until the one flushed with ardour, or the tears started in the eyes of the other. But his principal luxury in this way, was to get a large circle round him, and tell a ghost story. He here, with all the drollery of his character, would seek to find out the belief of his listeners and what quantity of strength or weakness he would have to combat with during his relation.

Often, at the very point, when breathing almost was hushed, and the young people huddled closer to each other, and the faces of the most unbelieving shewed the

effect of his recital, and the power of his deep-toned voice sinking almost into a whisper, he would point out suddenly the contradiction given to the tongues of the incredulous by their pallid faces.

One evening, when a large circle of our acquaintance had collected at my father's old-fashioned country place to spend the Christmas with us, my uncle was particularly happy in his stories of adventure and frolic, gathered from his Peninsula campaign, where he felt himself more at home than in any other part of his career.

He promised us a ghost story, and we all sought crazy places near to the large gaping chimney, up which the flame roared in the wintry wind, that we might look out into the dark corners of the room with feelings of security. He took his place in his capacious arm-chair, with my little sister Emily on his knee, where she always seated herself as her prerogative, and commenced the

HAUNTED CHATEAU.

"Many years ago, my dear friends, when my home was the battle-field, and my only friends the companions that fought by my side, or lay beside me in the midnight bivouac; when home seemed but as a dream, and my relations, from my long absence from them, I felt were beings to be loved, almost without a hope of ever again seeing them. But I was then young, and full of hope and enthusiasm in the career which I had chosen, and which hardly allowed me time to give way to anything like despondency. Gay spirits, like myself, surrounded me. Light of heart, and full of ambition, we rushed forward after our guiding star—glory; and seldom, if ever, cast a thought behind. My favourite friend and companion was a lieutenant about my own age, then about two-and-twenty; an Irishman by birth, named De Courcy; full of courage and devil-me-care; of good family and bad fortune, which he had determined to better before he returned to the dilapidated mansion of his father; where he was resolved never to go unless he carried the wherewith to keep at bay those troublesome things that swarm round the out-at-elbow estates in Ireland called bailiffs. He always said, after a well fought field, in which he was sure to have signalled himself by some daring act or another, that to screw himself up to a pitch of desperation, he only imagined the army before him to be a lot of scoundrelly bailiffs so dreaded in his youth, and it then became the very acme of gratification to have the pleasure of soundly trouncing them.

"Either in the field or the town we always managed to get our quarters near to each other. If one had a bit of luck in getting well lodged, he always shared with the other; so in the story I am about to relate to you he became my companion, and, as you will see in the sequel, a most useful one.

"One wretched evening, after a fatiguing day's march, drenched to the skin, and scarcely able to sit our horses, that stumbled through the rough ways from sheer exhaustion, we entered a dreary Spanish village that promised very little accommodation to our troop,—a few scattered cottages, without any signs of inhabitants, and a wretched posado, round which lounged two or three very questionable-looking Spaniards, who peered at us from under their broad sombreros with no very welcoming look. The host came out as we alighted,—I should say got off our horses, for there was very little grace in that very awkward manœuvre, stiff as we were from a ten hours' ride, which made us, when we stood on our own proper legs, feel as if we still had horses between them, which gave us anything but a graceful carriage. The host welcomed us in with all the magniloquence of a Spaniard, but the inside of his house was as wretched as the unpromising outside. A good warm English stable would have been far preferable for many reasons—the one of cleanliness especially. We shuddered as we looked at the accommodation, if bare walls and uncomfortable stools could be called so, and knowing from long practice that money would do anything in Spain, as well as everywhere else indeed, we tried it on our host, to discover if we had any hope of anything better. In the midst of his shrugs my man entered, and stated that he saw at the end of the lane leading out of the village, the top of some old mansion, where he thought we might be made comfortable, if the owners were christians. This delightful news to us seemed anything but so to the poor host, who begged us not to attempt the dreadful house, where no one had resided for years, on account of one of those frightful tragedies of revenge and murder so frequent in Spain. We laughed at his long visage and terrified looks, and prepared to set out for the better quarters, bidding the soldier bring some wine and refreshments after us. Our host seized me by the arm, and implored us not to venture, as many had been foolhardy enough to do so, and never had been heard of again; and it was reported that strange noises and awful screams were heard nightly in the house, supposed to proceed from the spirits of the departed guilty parties, doomed to enact nightly as expiation the scenes of bloodshed and crime.

"This was quite enough for my friend De Courcy, who vowed he had never seen anything in the shape of a ghost, and would mightily relish the passing an evening with one.

"The host looked at us with despair, which we attributed to his affection to our purses, and not our persons. We took no heed of him, but departed, determined to force an entrance into the avoided mansion.

"Five minutes' walk brought us, through an approach darkened with the thick foliage of the trees, to the en-

trance of as pretty a piece of uncomfortable architecture as a nervous man would wish to look upon. Many of the lower windows had been half boarded, to keep out pilferers, and had a very Chancery like look. The building itself was in the castellated style, and appeared in pretty good repair. It had evidently been a residence of great pretension. To try the legitimate entrance was of no use, so we exercised our ingenuity upon some of the before-mentioned barricades for some time, but unavailingly, and began to look into each other's faces, as we both felt we had done rather a silly thing. When we beheld the host trotting down the avenue, accompanied by one or two persons bearing our refreshments, we hailed his approach with pleasure. On reaching us he said, that if we were rash enough to still hold by our resolve of sleeping there, he thought we might find an entrance through some of the back offices; so, guided by him and his companions, we made our way through an old dilapidated garden wall into a kind of back court, and found a door conveniently ajar. Our friends seemed quite at home, and lighting their lanterns, proceeded through a very fine spacious hall, very little the worse for wear, up a noble staircase, which led into what appeared to have been the reception room. Much to our astonishment, the furniture, though sadly wanting the dusting brush, was of the richest kind, and the room altogether bore the appearance of being lately inhabited. Books, even, were lying on the tables, and the remains of burnt logs were upon the hearth. We turned and questioned our host as to these curious appearances. He whispered his reply, evidently terror-stricken, that the family had fled after the sad tragedy, about six months before. From the dreadful disturbances and appearances that he had forewarned us of, and, after many unavailing attempts by some more courageous than the rest to keep possession in spite of the ghosts, it had at last been abandoned in despair.

"Without another word he, with the help of his companions, soon raised a cheerful flame in the chimney, and placed the refreshments they had brought with them on the table, with a few bottles of wine. When he had completed these little arrangements, he requested to know at what time we intended to march in the morning. 'By the holy St. Patrick!' said De Courcy, 'it's not to-morrow we cross saddle again. We wait in this district until farther orders, which I hope won't come till I've got some new skin on me, and rested my aching bones.' With this he threw himself into a large cushioned chair, with a sign of great satisfaction.

"The host looked aghast, and exchanged glances with his companions. I laid my holster pistols on the table, and with great sang froid uncorked one of the long-necked bottles, with a pop that startled the group, and echoed through the spacious chamber.

"The host and his companions put us under the care of a whole battalion of saints, and prepared to depart. We did not forget to see them to the door, which we secured after them, before we returned to our comfortable quarters. We resumed our seats and commenced our suppers, of which we were sadly in want, looking first carefully at the corks of our wine, to see that they had not been previously drawn, to play any trick with our drink, for such things were too common, although in the present case the proximity of our troop would act as a check upon anything like treachery; so a pretty good meal we made of it, without bestowing a single thought upon the unhappy ghosts who were to pay us a visit at midnight.

"We turned our luxuriously cushioned chairs round to the welcome blaze, and stretched out our weary limbs, unused to anything for weeks softer than rock, with a counterpane of grass thinly spread over it, then lighting our cigars, prepared to make a night of it, hugging ourselves upon our resolution in avoiding the filth of the wretched posado and its occupants.

(To be concluded next week.)

A PATRIARCH OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It was at the end of a wedding dinner—
'To the health of the happy couple!' cried in a voice like a tailor's a man with blue spectacles. 'May they have a posterity as numerous as the sands of the sea.'
'That is a good toast,' observed my neighbor; but if this gentleman found himself with so numerous a posterity on his hands, his blue spectacles would hardly help him out of the difficulty. Alas! did you know Baron Forbach?

'Never.'
'Then as you did not know him, I may speak to you of him. He was a worthy man, a worthy Baron, a worthy German, a friend of my father; his only fault was trying to act Priam, the primitive man. He had forty daughters, sir.'

'Forty,' I exclaimed, 'do you not exaggerate?'
'Forty, I tell you, he had this notion, and took literally the toasts at his wedding, for he married seven times, which was not too often for the project he had in his head. A child every year, and always a girl, but he flattered himself with the hope of a pension, he even petitioned the Germanic confederation, which bid him walk off.

Instead of obeying, and 'walking,' however, he shut himself up in his castle, and passed his time in studying the names of his forty girls; but as he had a bad memory he could never completely succeed in retaining