

From the New York Mirror.

SERENADE.

Oh! if love's burning spirit is felt in thy slumbers,
And emotions of sadness are thrilling thy breast,
Then a minstrel is here, who in soul-breathing
numbers,
Will soothe every sorrow and lull thee to rest.
Like the soft fleecy clouds in an azure-sky sailing,
Thy dreams shall in the tenderest beauty appear;
While as rich as the starlight of heaven prevailing,
His melody falls on the slumbering ear.

And if love's burning spirit has kept thee from sleeping,
With thoughts that are verging to doubt and despair;
Then this minstrel, who now his lone vigil is keeping,
Will light thy anguish and banish thy care.
For his heart will be faithful, e'en tho' thou shouldst never
Adhere to thy early devotion and truth;
And he still, like the needle, unchanging forever,
Will hold in his fondness the love of his youth.

MIRIAN.

THE LITTLE VOYAGERS.

The lake was smooth and not a breath
Stirred through the sleeping grove;
The oak-tree hung as mute as death
Upon the mute hills above:
"Come sister," said the young Arnest,
While sporting on the bank;
"Come o'er this water's silvery breast—
Let's sail upon this plank."

"Yes, brother," and the plank she drew
Along the slippery sand,
Around his neck her arm she threw—
And they drifted from the land.
Poor children! though these waters lie
Sleeping in sunshine bright,
That ray, which dazzles now the eye,
Shall melt away in night.

"Yet forth they drifted, till the lake,
Roused by the evening breeze,
Around the plank began to break,
And swell in little seas:
"Alas, my brother!" cried Florelle,
And raised a piteous scream;
Till both grown sick and dizzy, fell
Into the treacherous stream.

So, they who sail on pleasure's streams,
Move beautously away;
For every scene around them, seems
Elysian and gay.
But, when attracted from the shore
By zephyr's scented breath,
The threat'ning waves begin to roar,
And waft them on to death.

IB.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

PERRAN PATH—A CORNISH STORY.

Henry Norton was—but it does not signify what he was—suffice it he was poor and in love—had nothing, indeed, but the half pay of a service which he had not health to remain in, while Mary Franklin was rich, and her parents intended her for a much higher rank in society than the life of a "half pay luff," as they used contemptuously to call him. But women are obstinate in these cases; and, moreover, even if there had been no opposition, she would very likely have fallen in love with the young sailor; and as her fortune would be her own when she was of age, the odds were very much in her favor. But the parents were aware of this also, so, from the time they dismissed Mr. Norton, they watched their daughter with linx-eyed vigilance, but not so carefully but that the lovers contrived to meet, though, it must be confessed, it was but seldom, and their interviews short.

Sweet are such meetings, by moonlight, in a grove, or by a lake; but they met not there. Sweet are such meetings at balls, theatres, bazaars, but they met not there. But, as the gray dawn was breaking slowly and mistily over Perran cliff—as the spray was breaking over the Mussel Rock, clearly in the haze of the morning, as the lengthened wave was curling along the white and seemingly endless breach, they would meet on the dizzy height of the precipice, and repeat their vows of love. But it was impossible for them to give each other notice when these meetings would be. It was Norton's business to be on the cliffs by daybreak every morning. Sometimes, for days, Miss Franklin found it impossible to come, and Norton's walks were often quite as solitary as a lover could wish. Now and then, indeed, he would meet a lonely minor, or occasionally a fisherman, who would eye him with suspicion or pass him unnoticed, according as they were or were not engaged, (as almost all Cornish peasants are,) in assisting the landing of contraband goods.

One morning, however, he was sitting on the cliff, thinking, of course, of his beloved Mary, and frequently hoping his watch was wrong, for the time of meeting was past, when, as the sun would rise, in spite of his wishes, and it was perfectly certain that he would not be able to see her that morning, he saw, or fancied he beheld, on the next promontory, on the very edge of the cliff, the figure of a woman, standing and waving a handkerchief. With the speed of a lover he rushed to the place, but there was nothing to be seen but spray and foam, and it was a spot where no woman could have dared to go; so he laughed at his absurd fancy, and the next morning he went again. But again there was the same figure, only rather more distinct; and again he ran to the spot, and again he found nothing but the white spray, hanging like a silver shower over the cliff, and the foam trembling on the edge. The next morning Mary came; and, telling her the story, they walked together towards the place where he had seen the "grim white woman," as they called her; but she was not visible, so they laughed and forgot her.

"And is this to last forever, Mary?" said Norton. "Are we ever to meet thus, and scarcely to say two words of welcome, before we have to say good bye, to meet again we know not when?"

"Be patient, Henry, be patient; and if when I have a right to my fortune, my parents still refuse, why, I will give my consent without waiting any longer for theirs."

"Yes! and then the world will call me a fortune hunter."

"But what does that signify? I do not think so. Is not that sufficient, Henry? And if we do our duty, and wait with patience, and prove to our friends that our love is real and enduring, they may at last consent, and Heaven will—

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried a voice from beneath them; and a woman started from the rock, and sprang to their side. She was dressed in a white gown, a plain cottage bonnet, with white ribbons. In one hand she held a white handkerchief, in the other a stout riding-whip, such as is used by farmers' drivers. Her hair was brushed straight down over her forehead, while her pale features looked much the paler for its raven blackness. "Who are ye? and what are ye?" continued she, coming up to Norton; "for that this third time, I have frightened him away! for I have called and he did not come; I have sung, and he hath not heard; for ye have

scared him away with your false vows—you have driven him away the while I was sleeping, and he will not come again. But I'll away to your father, Mistress Mary; Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

So saying, she sprang away with the speed of a fawn; and though Norton rushed after her, she turned round the hill before he could overtake her, and on reaching the spot he could see no traces or signs of her. Poor Miss Franklin, though she did not faint, was so frightened on his return, Norton found her leaning against a rock, so dreadfully nervous as to be unable to walk without assistance. This, under existing circumstances, was particularly agreeable. Upon going a little way, she found it impossible to go farther without resting, and it was getting late. This was still more agreeable. She had to pass some cottages, and the inhabitants were awake and stirring, and they stared and wished her good morning; they would have known her a mile off. This was perfectly delightful. She might, however, still get home unobserved through the shrubbery; but then she was so ill. However, she reached the gate, and Norton effected his retreat; and no one had met him, except the inhabitants of the village. She was entering the house, somewhat cheered by this circumstance, when she met her father at the door.

"You are early, Mary," said he. "It is too cold now for you to walk before breakfast; you will be ill, child."

"The child will never be well," said a voice behind him, which made the old gentleman start, "that heeds not the mother's bidding. Well, well! I called and he came not; ye called me not, but I am here."

"What is your business, woman?" asked Mr. Franklin. "Mary, what does this mean?"

"I will answer," said Rosa Rosevargus; "I will answer, for the truth is speaking, and the sin of disobedience has kept him away. Three mornings have I called him, and he remained behind—for why? the daughter was with her lover, though the command was upon her that she should have headed, and she was away from home when the father was sleeping, the mother at rest. And he did not come, for the false tongues of the disobedient kept him away. But Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

And so saying, she ran off to the gate, to which

one of the strong ponies of the country was tied; and jumping on his back, was out of sight in an instant. Mary would not live so near her lover, and not see him, or let him suppose she had forgot him, for mere prudish etiquette; but she could not utter a falsehood, even for his sake; and the enraged father heard all the story, and her meetings were of course put a stop to. And many long and weary walks by the side of the cliff had poor Norton, guessing what had happened, yet having no certain information; and often did he see the "grim white woman," and often did he attempt in vain to overtake her. Her pony was always at hand, and she would spring on her raddle and gallop off with her usual parting of "Aha! I wish you well—aha!" In answer to his inquiries, Norton could only learn that she was the "Mazed Woman" who lived at Mr. Herring's at the far end of Cuthbert Parish; and it was too far for him to follow her.

But it is time the reader should know who Rosa Rosevargus really was. Her father had been an opulent farmer, and had once rented a large tract of land. But the times and his landlord both pressing him at the same time, he was obliged to give it up. He, however, took a smaller farm; and while the times continued bad, it was determined his daughter, Rosa, should, as the Cornish express it, "go out in service." But Mrs. Franklin, taking compassion on their distresses, took her as her own maid; and would have kept her, but the maid had a susceptible heart, and so had the butler. He had formerly been an apprentice; but now, as I said before, he was Mr. Rosevargus, and a monied man. Accordingly it was agreed that they should be married, and that he should take a small farm; and for some time fortune favored them exceedingly, for, speculating in mines, they became very rich. But their happiness was of short duration. A few years after their marriage the husband died, leaving behind him only one son. Robert did not, however, inherit his father's industry. The wrestling-ring, the hunt and the alehouse, had more of his presence than his pocket could stand; nay, so great was his passion for all these, that not only were his mother's persuasions of no avail, but even pretty Anne Roberts could not reform him. She even threatened to find another and a stouter sweetheart, without effect; so she tried another plan, and said, if he would live quietly, she would marry him directly. Now, this said, Anne Roberts was, his mother thought, exactly the person Robert should not marry, being fond of dress and excessively extravagant. Accordingly she expostulated and reasoned; but it was of no use. So the day was fixed, and she was obliged to consent, though, as she said, no good would ever come from it. However, she was somewhat appraised by a white gown and bonnet Anne Roberts sent her, to be worn on the day of the wedding, as a joint gift from both of them; so the day was fixed. Two nights, however, before the wedding, two friends of the young farmer came to his house, and insisted on his accompanying them on a fishing excursion. This time his mother insisted strongly on his not going; but his friends laughed at him, and he went. The boat upset in one of the storms which are so frequent on the coast, and which the most experienced seamen can scarcely ever foresee, and every one on board perished. From that time the senses of the unhappy mother forsook her; and though her father took her home, and she grew better in time, still she would frequently put on the white dress—her son's last present—and mounting her pony, would ride off to that part of the coast where it was supposed the boat was lost. She used to fancy he was only still at sea, and would be too late for the wedding, and call him, and wave her handkerchief, and then ride home and say he was coming. At times she was perfectly rational; but it was almost dangerous to interfere with her rides to the cliff. It was in one of these fits she first met Norton; and to know the reason why she was there, she avenged herself for the interruption in the manner we have related.

About two months after this, her madness took another turn. She fancied that he was just upset, and that she would go and look for his body. The fishermen, to humor her, would say they would take him out for a pound, but as they never trusted her with money she would only answer them with her usual salutation and ride on. One day, however, she met Mr. Franklin in one of the narrowest of all narrow lanes; and suddenly seizing his horse by the bridle, she exclaimed—

"And have ye heard of my loss, Mr. Franklin: have ye heard of my loss? Willy—ye know Willy the fisherman! Willy tells me that my poor boy is drowned; and Willy says he will take him out for a pound—for one pound, Mr. Franklin. Now, your honor would not refuse the value of a pound to poor Rosa Rosevargus, for this cause?"

Mr. Franklin did refuse, however. But Rosa was not satisfied with this refusal; she went twice afterwards to his house, and demanded her pound; till at last the 'squire lost his temper, and sent her rather rudely out of the house. A short time afterwards, in the same narrow lane, Mr. Franklin met her. His horse was awkward, and the rider as usual lost his temper.

"Now, Henry, help me on my horse, and we will meet again often."

"We will, indeed," answered he, "for we will never part again."

"What do you mean, Henry?"

"Simply," said the sailor, "this; I have a chaise and four at Cuthbert; the packet passes Padstow to-night; and I claim your promise, for you are now your own mistress."

Mary loved truly, devotedly; but there are some things in leaving the home of their childhood, the friends that have loved them, the parents that gave

"Curse ye, curse ye," cried Rosa. "Ye have turned from the mother's prayer, and ye would not help her to find the son she took delight in. Now listen while she tells ye—ye shall call for your child, and she shall not answer; ye shall seek her and ye shall not find. For ye would not help the childless and the widowed woman; and Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

It was the very next morning that Norton was taking his walk along the cliff, more from habit than any chance of seeing Miss Franklin. He sat down on the same place where he had first seen Rosa—probably blessing her in his heart for all the misery she had caused him.

"Mary," said he, aloud, "I shall see you no more.

They tell me that you are going to London, and I am too poor to follow you; or if I was, I would not bear to see you happy without me. But we are separated forever, and I will leave this place—"

"Curse ye, curse ye," cried a well remembered voice, as Rosa started from behind the same rock as before. "I curse ye, for ye heard not the widow's prayer, and her son is unburi'd on the waters."

"Woman!" cried Norton, springing on her, and seizing her by the arm, "what did you—"

"I'll tell ye then," interrupted Rosa; "I'll tell ye what I did, the thing which makes me sleepless, and I will do the thing which will give me rest. Ye said ye were separated forever; ye said ye would leave this place—ye were a fool to think it. Did I not give the wound?—will I not heal it? Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked."

"What mean you, woman? What are you?—"

"Mr. Norton," said she, in so altered a tone that her hearer started, "they say I am mad, because I forgot not my dear boy—my only son; because I came here to weep for him. You came here to interrupt me, I thought—to mock me as others do; but I was deceived, and it has grieved me to think it; for I am not mad, indeed I am not. I have done the mischief, and I will repair it. Have you no note—no message?—trust me with it, and it shall be delivered safely, quickly."

Norton was deceived, as many are, by a mad person's temporary return to reason, and agreed to meet her in an hour, with a letter for Mary. But he more than half-repent having done so, when at the sight of the letter, the widow's wildness returned.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" said she. "Ye shall learn to hear the prayer of the childless and the widowed woman. Ye shall seek and none shall answer; ye shall seek, but ye shall not find; ye shall run but it will be too late. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

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Norton jumped on the pony, and his companion's, though a fleet horse, could scarcely keep up with old Rolley, who went off home, as if quite as mad as his mistress. As Norton arrived at the hill opposite the small hills, he turned to see if she was pursued, but saw nothing except the form of Rosa, waving her handkerchief on the high sand-hill, opposite the small village of Ellengles. He answered her signal, and in a few hours was safe in the Bristol steamer.

The consternation of the pie-pie party at the long absence of Miss Franklin was indescribable. The truth flashed across the mother immediately, and at first the father agreed with her. But when he considered the impossibility of the lovers holding communication with each other—that Norton as was reported, was at sea—the dreadful thought that she had fallen into a shaft, drove every other suspicion out of his head. For the whole night they were looking for her. Lanterns and torches were in great requisition; horns, whistles, bells, shouts—every means of making her hear was resorted to, but she did not answer. The moon went down, and the last hour before daylight was completely dark. About this time Mr. Franklin was by himself separated from the rest of the party. The light in his lantern was just expiring, and he was trying to trim it, when it went out entirely; and he could see nothing but the lamps of his companions, at a considerable distance, and that only now and then, as they ascended and descended the hillocks. He tried in vain to catch them; he called, but they could not hear. At last he gave it up; and fearing lest he should fall into a shaft, he surrendered the pursuit in despair. Even the cries of his companions became at length inaudible, and he almost fancied himself in another world of darkness and desolation. Suddenly, however, a light seemed to start up from his feet, and the form of the "Mazed Woman" was before him.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried she. "Ye turned from the mother's prayer—ye have refused to assist her to find and to bury the child she took delight in. Did I not tell ye? but ye were deaf. And now ye are calling on your child, but she answers not; ye seek but ye cannot find; ye run, but it is past the time. What do ye here!—She is away with the loved and the true; for Rosa gave and Rosa healed the wound. Ye listened not to the prayer of the widow—ye preferred your gold to the peace of the childless. Away then, for she is not here—away then, for she is not at home. For Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

And holding her lantern close to the face of the astonished father, she repeated her usual parting words—

"Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

We will not say Mr. Franklin was frightened; he was startled—he was agitated; and his companions found him scarcely ten paces from the spot where Rosa had left him. The fact was now evident enough to all, and the next day's post confirmed their suspicions.

It was some time before the baffled parents would forgive their daughter. At last, however, discovering that further resistance was not only useless but ridiculous, they consented to receive the delinquents. After their first visit, they were again invited to spend a longer time. The next time they were entertained to stay still longer; and at last the old people found that they could not live without them, and gave them up a set of apartments to themselves, on condition that they lived with them always. In the mean time poor Rosa, after the stimulus of avenging herself on Mr. Franklin for the imagined injury he had done her, by refusing her the pound for her son's burial, got gradually worse; till at last it was positively necessary for the peace of the neighborhood that she should be confined. But Mrs. Norton would by no means consent to this before something had been tried to effect a cure. Accordingly, at her own expense, an eminent physician was sent for; and by his advice it was settled that she should be deceived, if possible, by a mock funeral of her son. The plan succeeded. For one year she would constantly visit the spot where the old church had been for years lost in the sand, and where she believed her son to be buried; but after that she gradually recovered her senses. We need not say Mr. and Mrs. Norton were grateful for the service she had done them; for though she did not live above two years after the recovery of her reason, she spent them in the service of those she had been the means of making so happy.

Reader, I know not how you are satisfied; but I shall be quite content if, for the space of ten minutes, you are half as much pleased as I was with the tale of the "Mazed Woman," when I heard it first in the small room of the little inn at Perran Path.

them birth—to leave them and offend them forever, perhaps—to live without their blessing—to die without their forgiveness—which requires all the courage that women are possessed of. It is an undertaking which requires long consideration, and few dare run the risk. Mary found herself unequal to it, and all Norton's prayers were useless.

"I'll come," cried Rosa, when she heard her determination, "to the false tongue of the deceiver, that can desert the wished and the lovely; I'll come to the eyes of the maiden that can see her true love in trouble, and can look round for a richer to keep her company. But it shall not be so. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked."

Mary was frightened but not persuaded; but the last part of Rosa's speech was not lost on the jealous ones.

"And it is so, Mary!" said he. "Is there then another, richer and dearer, suitor for your hand? You are silent. It is so! Farewell, then, Mary; I do not blame you for leaving me; it is right. But why deceive me!—why write to me!—or if you did write, why not write the truth?"

"I did, I did, Henry,—I did indeed; and rather than you should doubt me, I will—"

"'Oft end the sentence, Mary—say you will fly with me?'

"She did not say yes, but she did not say no; and Norton placed her on her horse.

"But," cried the frightened girl, "they will catch us—they will stop us; and how are you