

## WEEKLY MESSENGER.

### POETRY.



From the Forget-Me-Not.

#### THE GOOD WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies?

As brave a town as any—

It must have crafted good and wise,

Both wives and maidens many,

Should I ever wooing have to do,

I faith, in Weinsberg will I woo!

The Emperor Conrad, on a time,

In wrath the town was battering,

And near it lay his warriors prime,

And sturdy horsemen clattering;

And, with fierce firing, rode and ran

All round about it, horse and man.

As him the little town withstood,

Though every thing it wanted,

So did he swear in vengeful mood,

No mercy should be granted;

And thus his herald spoke—“This know,

I'll hang you, rascals, in a row!”

When in this town was heard this threat,

It caused a great dejection,

And every neighbor neighbor met

With mournful interjection:

Though bread was very dear in price,

Yet dearer still was good advice,

“Ah wo for me, most wretched man!

Great wo the siege has won us!”

They cried, and every priest began,

“The Lord have mercy on us!”

“O, wo, wo, wo! on all sides changed;

We feel elan now as good as hanged!

When in despair wise men will sit,

In spite of council-masters,

How oft has saved them woman's wit

From manifold disasters!

Since woman's wit, as all men know,

Is subtler than angel also below.

There was a wife to her good man

But yesterday united,

And then a wise scheme hit upon,

Which the whole town delighted;

And made them all so full of glee,

They laughed and chattered famously.

Then, at the hour of midnight damp,

Of wives a deputation

Went out to the besieger's camp,

Praying for capitulation;

So soft they prayed, so sweet they prayed;

And for these terms their prayer was made!

“That all the wives might be allowed

Their jewels forth to carry:

What else remained the warriors proud,

Might rive, and hang, and harry?

To this the Emperor swore consent,

And back the deputation went.

Thereon as soon, as morn was spied,

What happened! Give good hearing!

The nearest gate was opened wide,

And out each wife came, bearing—

Tim as I live!—all pick-a-pack,

Her worthy husband in a sack!

Then many a courier, in great wrath,

The good wives would have routed:

But Conrad spake: “My kingly faith

May not be false or doubted!

Hooray! cried he, as they came;

“Thank you, our wives would do the same!

Then gave he a pardon and a feast,

Those gentle ones to pleasure;

And music all their joy increased,

And dancing without measure:

As did the Mayores waltzing twirl,

So did the bosom-finding girl.

Ay, tell me now where Weinsberg lies,

As brave a town as any,

And cradled has it good and wise

Both wives and maidens many:

If wowing e'er I have to do,

Faith! one of Weinsberg will wo!

#### AN ODE.

Am—*Seals who hat wi' Wallace bled,*

Hail, our country's natal morn!

Hail, our spreading kindred born!

Hail, our banner not yet born,

Waving o'er the free!

While this day, in festal throng,

Millions swell the patriot song,

Shall we not thy notes prolong,

Hallowed Jubilee?

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?

Who would draw the invidious line?

Though by birth one spot be mine?

Dear is all the rest;

Dear to me the South's fair land,

Dear, the central, Mountain band,

Dear, New England's rocky strand,

Dear, the prairied west.

By our altars, pure and free,

By our Law's deep-rooped tree,

By the past's dread memory,

By our Washington;

By our common parent tongue,

As our hopes, bright, buoyant young,

By the tie of country strong,

We will still be one.

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?

Ages! must ye droop again?

Mark! shall we rashly stain

Blessings sent by THEE,

No! receive our solemn vow,

Wile before thy throne we bow,

Ever to maintain as now,

UNION—LIBERTY.

#### TRUE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone

Dug from Golconda's mine; [one,

Which boasts two various powers in

To cut as well as shine.

Genus like that of polish'd right,

With the same gifts abounds,

Appears at once both keen and bright,

And sparkles while it wounds.

#### The Mysterious Stranger, FOR THE BRAVO OF BANFF.

(CONTINUED.)

##### Chapter III.—Agitation.

“Yet sang she Brignal banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English queen.”

“How do you like the air, Janet?”  
asked Marian Lovat, when she had  
finished the burthen. The two com-  
panions were sitting alone, and Miss  
Thom had been gazing for some time  
past, with surprise and uneasiness, in  
the other's face.

“How do I like the air, Mirron?”  
said she. “The air is well enough—but  
why do you sing so loud, and look  
so wild, and speer at me with a sud-  
denness that is enough to make a body  
jump? Ye are no well, Mirron—  
there's a flush on your cheek, and a  
glare in your eye, and I misdoubt me,  
ever in your blood and in your brain!  
Ye have nae been weel ever since that  
very walk to the bridge of Alva; but  
ye were ay so stout that you will not  
acknowledge that ye got a fright at  
the sudden apparition of the stranger,  
and the shriek we gave when we saw  
him, that has settled on your spirits.  
Go to your bed,” added Miss  
Thom, while the tears came into her  
eyes—and I'll never vex you again,  
Mirron, and never argue and fyte with  
you so long as I live, and never—never—  
never more call you the Bravo's  
Bride!” Marian attempted to laugh;  
but the next moment she rose suddenly  
and throwing her arms around her  
friend's neck, hid her face in her bosom,  
and burst into tears. Miss Thom  
wept for company; but in spite of the  
promise she had just made, fled all  
the while.

“Hoot!” said she, “What for are ye  
greeting? It's naething but mysteries—  
get up, ye tawpie! I declare I tho't  
ye had more sense!”

“It is only weakness,” said Marian,  
faintly.

“That is just what is astonishing to  
me! I never saw you greet before, except  
when your mother was called home.”

“I will do what you advise Janet;  
I'll go to bed, and try to pray, and—”

“Try to pray! Goodness be about  
us! Heard ever any body the like  
of that?”

“I will pray,” said Marian faintly—  
“and I'll try to calm my spirits—and  
perhaps (with a deep sigh) I shall be  
well in the morning.”

This little scene took place many  
days after Marian's first interview with  
the stranger. The second meeting  
had been quite as accidental as the  
first, the third less so, the fourth—but  
why explain what every body under-  
stands? Who cannot picture to them-  
selves the short, easy, and natural stage  
of such an intercourse?—and yet  
there some points in it far from com-  
mon. Marian felt that she loved, and  
was beloved; and yet no word of warn-  
ing—no hinted hope had ever passed  
the stranger's lips! There was be-  
tween them—in all things but one—the  
confidence of love. Their eyes  
conversed; their souls mingled; their  
very air, and gestures—the slightest  
working of the features, were as the  
words and signs of an intelligible lan-  
guage.

There was an enthusiasm in the  
stranger's character, which it would  
have been difficult for a girl like Mar-  
ian to resist; but there was also a  
certain something in his air which,  
while it invited familiarity, brooked no  
intrusion. He seemed to be natural-  
ly frank and open; but the circle of  
his confidence was limited and impas-  
sable, and an inquiry which even pointed  
beyond either roused him to fierceness,  
or plunged him into the deepest  
melancholy. He abhorred the past;  
he dreaded the future; he lived only  
for the present. His thoughts, altho'  
not habitually gloomy, were familiar  
with murder, and he seemed, in his  
own language, to have “a taste for  
robbery.”

But on the other hand, his infor-  
mation was so extensive, and his senti-  
ments so noble and generous, and so  
deeply tinged with those golden hues  
of romance which were the prevailing  
color of her own character, that Mar-  
ian, when walking by his side, was oft-  
en haunted by the beautiful melody—

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,  
Of earth, of sea, shall lie at thy feet,  
Whatever in fancy looks fair,  
Or in hope's sweet music is most sweet,

Shall be our's, if thou'lt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we  
rove,

A voice divine shall talk in each stream,

The stars shall look like worlds of love,

And this earth be all one beautiful dream  
In our eyes—if thou'lt be mine, love!

But, in the mean time, the suspi-  
cions that had so oddly attached to the  
stranger from his very first appear-  
ance at Banff, gained ground daily.—  
A thousand little circumstances ap-  
peared, which, although individually

of at least presumptive evidence. Mr.  
Thom, who was the zealous agent of  
the secret trial that was going on, at  
length bethought himself of the serv-  
ing lasses, who had left their situations

at the time of the Major's conflict with  
the robber. These, who were three  
in number, had all left the town imme-  
diately after; but one had lately re-  
turned in bad health—and Mr. Thom,  
who was in the commission of the  
peace, as well as his friend the major,  
did not hesitate to arrest her on suspi-  
cion. The poor girl was so much  
terrified that she fainted on being in-  
troduced to the magistrate. Her evi-  
dence, however, was important, inasmuch  
as she confessed having seen one of  
the robber's one night that her mas-  
ter's house was stripped of a quantity

of plate, and her description of his per-  
son tallied so completely with that of  
the stranger, even to the minutest par-  
ticulars of dress, there was no longer  
any doubt. The only extraordinary  
thing was that the man should have  
remained so long in the scene of his  
exploits; but this species of infatua-  
tion is frequently observed even among  
experienced and hardened villains.—  
The warrant for his arrest was actual-  
ly prepared; but before serving it, Mr.  
Thom, with Scottish caution, sent out  
the witness, under charge of one of the  
officers, to take a view of the party as  
if accidentally. The result was, that  
she “thought he was the man, but she  
couldn't and wouldn't swear till him.”

On being asked why she had never be-  
fore avowed having seen the robber,  
her reply was, that she had been ad-  
vised by a friend to conceal it, as she  
might otherwise get herself into trou-  
ble. Who was this friend? With  
some hesitation, accounted for by a  
flirtation that had been between them