

he endeavoured to awake his notice, by describing the nighean gheal (white maiden,) and the bratche solas (broche of light) which she wore, he suddenly lifted his head: "LIGHT! LIGHT!" he exclaimed, "it was all LIGHT!" And passing from one object to another with the sudden transition of a maniac, he fell into that deep poetical Gaelic, which solitude, and the frequent recitation of ancient verse, rendered the familiar language of the old deer-stalkers. For a moment he pointed to the pass above.

"The White Lady sat on the stone!" said he in a low voice;—"the tall warriors were around the hut. Gaul! Ossian of the stately steps—the mighty form of Fion! Their hands were on their great swords—their looks were in the glen!"

He stopped suddenly, and his voice changed to a low, almost inaudible whisper. "She was pale—pale—like the flower in the blast! Her tears fell with the rain: there was no hall—no house, but the cold moss—the wet rock, and the fire, and the wind, and the water, around her!" His voice sunk to an inarticulate murmur; but still he continued that fearful abstracted motion of his grey head; and at times they could distinguish in his muttering the recurrence of the words, "Thami trom! trom!—Tha mi trom, mo nighean bhoiach!"

Alan Mac Alan returned to Fraoch-Elan, but Ranald and Beatrice never came to Kinloch. Days and weeks elapsed, and some thought they had gone to France, to King Charles and Glen Garry. But King Charles came to Holyrood, and Mac Mhic Alaister returned to Invergarry; but when the traveller passed Kinloch there was no smoke on the tower, and no light in the casement; and when he asked for Ranald and his foster brothers, the old warder turned away his face, and shook his head, and gave no answer. But long after, in the Glens the hunters said they were seen in the mountain of Dalness, and that the faint cry of a female voice was heard at night amidst the storms.

Months, years, centuries, the hunters and the deer have passed away; but the shepherds say they are still upon the hill, in the same habits as they were seen passing up Glen Etive on the night that Alaister Mac Colla "burnt Loch Awe." Their appearance always indicates a tempest, and some think it precedes the death of a Mac Donnell. Before a storm, the White Lady is seen standing upon the green heap of cairn-bothan; and more than once, at the twilight, Ian Dubh Drinachan, the last of the old race of deer-stalkers, has met on the hill the gigantic figures of ancient-looking men, in the antique habit of the former Highlanders. Some have affected to rally his failing sight; and upon these occasions he generally shook his head, and made no reply; but if questioned "discreetly," he would describe the sharp-pointed bonnets of the unknown hunters, the long Spanish "spunk" guns on their shoulders, and the gigantic two-handed swords on which they leaned, and seemed to watch the passes of Glen Etive.

* I am sad! sad!—I am sad, beautiful maiden!

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

Of this edifice lately destroyed by the violence of a mob, we have the following description and history:

The approach to Nottingham from the Oakham road is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. The bridge by which you cross the river, whose winding course shews like a silver lake in an enamelled field, conducts you to St. Mary's Hill, a street, whose houses are supported, and in some instances overhung by the solid rock. The cliffs extend round the left side of the town encompassing them, as it were, with a natural rampart, and on the summit, in the most commanding station, stood Nottingham Castle, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle. Few places of strength have been more celebrated in history than that ancient building. Monarchs have resided and held within its walls, their courts and councils, their jousts and tournaments. Here the guilty Mortimer, Earl of March, and the licentious Queen of Edward the Second, lived in open shame, till her son, assisted by Lords Molens, Clifford, Sir John Neville, and Sir Edward Bohun, and others, resolved to free England from the yoke of the insolent and rapacious minister. The manner in which they succeeded has almost the air of a romance.

The fortress was strongly guarded, and the keys were carried every night to the chamber of the Queen Dowager. It became necessary, therefore, to obtain assistance from within. Sir William Eland, the governor, had discovered a subterraneous passage half filled with rubbish, and through this, the monarch, with his followers, were admitted, and the traitor seized in an apartment adjoining the Queen's. His hasty trial and execution on the gibbet at Elmes are too generally known to require narration.

The passage still remains, and its entrance, to this day, is known by the name of Mortimer's hole. In the

mansion, so lately destroyed, but little remained of the ancient fortalice. The front was of the time of Sir John Vaubourgh, and here and there, scattered about, like gems of antiquity in a modern cabinet, might be traced relics of its former style. Although situated in a delightful neighbourhood, it was never used by its noble owner but as a temporary abode. Indeed, I can remember it in my younger days the residence of an ancient lady of rank connected with the Newcastle family. She lived with as much state as her means would allow. There were many strange reports in circulation respecting her manners and the cause of her retirement. Perhaps her eccentric habits, were the only foundation on which these reports rested.

It is now three years since the writer of this sketch inspected the Castle, but the recollection of its interior is still fresh upon his memory. The rooms were of noble dimensions, and furnished in a half modern style. In the drawing-room, which commanded an extensive prospect, were heavy velvet curtains, and cabinets of the time of Louis XIV. The dining room and the suite adjoining were, perhaps, the most ancient in the house. They were adorned with some good family pictures, inserted in the panels, the heavy carved work of which served them as frames. The staircase was a fine specimen of English oak and stone work; but most of the pictures which had at one time adorned it were removed. One or two ancient helmets remained, as well as the long rolls of the genealogy of its noble possessor; but amidst these relics of the past there was no attempt to introduce modern art or comfort. An air of desertion pervaded the entire building. It remained a specimen of what an English noble's mansion formerly was.

The Mortimer passage has, for ages, been more than two thirds filled up. Our conductress, who, for the sake of the picturesque, it is to be regretted was not an aged crone, said that she had heard something of the existence of a subterranean passage, but added, that all knowledge on the subject was confined to the Duke and the Stewart. For her own part she had never seen it. A friend afterwards informed me, that the report originated in a former possessor having caused a strong chamber, the entrance to which was concealed by the hangings in the Duke's Closet, to be made for the purpose of security for plate in case of an attack or of fire, a danger not unlikely at the time of its formation, 1745 as the rebel force had advanced as far as Derby.

FROM THE WINTER'S WREATH.

NAPLES.

THE SONG OF THE SYREN.

Then gentle winds arose,
With many a mingled close,
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odour keen;
Where the clear Bajan ocean
Welters with air-like motion
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green.

SHELLEY.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,
Bright City of the waves!—her magic song
Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstasy,
Fills thy soft summer's air:—and while my glance
Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay
Fleets thus o'er Fancy's ear; and thus to thee,
Daughter of Sunshine! doth the Syren sing.

"Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
Thine is the laugh of the golden day,
The golden day and the glorious night,
And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light!
—Forget, forget, that thou art not free!
Queen of the summer sea!

"Favoured and crowned of the earth and sky!
Thine are all voices of melody,
Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower,
Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower;
Hark! now they melt o'er thy glittering sea;
—Forget that thou art not free!

"Let the wine flow in thy marble halls!
Let the lute answer thy fountain falls!
And deck thy beach with the myrtle bough,
And cover with roses thy glowing brow!
Queen of the day and the summer sea,
Forget that thou art not free!"

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves
Dance to her chaunt.—But sternly, mournfully,
O city of the deep! from Sybil grots
And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore
Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
Murmuring—"Thou art not free!"

MRS. HEWART.

FROM THE WINTER'S WREATH.

THE DUEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA."

"What would I do, were this to do again!"

In the course of a ramble a few summers past, I alighted at a small country inn on the north road, designing to sup and sleep there, and proceed onwards by the mail, which, just at early dawn, changes horses at that lone spot. I had fully reckoned on a still, tranquil, solitary evening; but, to my vexation, a traveller was already enthroned in the great arm chair of the small and only parlour: however I soon warmed towards my companion, and we had a great deal of very rational and interesting conversation together. The subject of Duelling being introduced, he only spoke upon it with good feeling and good sense,—but related to me the following melancholy story, in words, and with a tone, which I shall not easily forget. This, however, in the substance of what he told me.

"I made an excursion three years ago to Kettering, in Northamptonshire, for the express purpose of visiting Broughton Hall; and I passed a happy morning in its deserted chambers. The furniture is in the fashion of other times: there are old pictures, and old portraits, galleries hung with faded tapestry—antique chairs with tall straight backs; and the mild portraiture of Edward VI. on horseback, looks out upon the stranger, commanding, by its mere gentleness, all love and respect for his pious and blessed memory.

"There is great companionship in the very furniture of noble old mansions, which have had worthy occupants. The beds in which they, of old times, have slept—the cushions on which they have kneeled—the 'big Ba' Bible' out of which their immortal spirits have drawn their daily nourishment, make a man think of things that have been—and now are.

"While lost in such reveries, the spire of a village church attracted by wandering eyes. I made my pleasant path to it, across the grounds which surrounded the Hall; pausing every moment, now to look down the long vista of interminable avenues; now to gaze upon the stately cedars, and cool myself on the margin of the fish ponds, over which they cast their black and grateful shade, and now to catch the general aspect of the more wild and tangled wood, across the glades of which, ever and anon, the deer slowly passed with an indolent tameness; while the greenery around glittered and glanced magically in the changing lights of the sun.

"Thankful for the joys of mere existence; thankful that I lived in this green world, I reached the rustic church-yard; and observed that the small door, at the side of the chancel, stood open. I took off my hat, and the little porch way looked so low and humble, that I bowed my head as I entered it, though taller men than I might have passed through it, and with helmet on, erect. The moment I entered, a voice struck upon my ear, so mournful, but so mellow and sweet withal, that I stood breathless; fearing to advance, but yet unwilling to retire. I listened, I could not but listen: I was charmed to the spot. The voice was that of a man, and it was breathing forth an old hymn, in that measured recitation, which, without being song, is yet so musical."

"Again I could not but listen to the sweet truth it conveyed. This exquisite hymn I have never seen in print, but doubtless it will be found among the writers of a better day than ours. Montgomery is the only living poet who perhaps could breathe such another.

My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, he'll raise
My flesh again, e'en mine—
Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise;
And with these eyes,
My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

My Lord his angels shall,
Their golden trumpet sound;
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound!
Sweet truth to me, &c.

I said sometimes with tears,
Ah, me! I'm fain to die;
Lord, silence thou these fears,
My Life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

What means my beating heart
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I shant part,
Though I resign my breath!
Sweet truth to me, &c.

Then welcome harmless grave,
By thee to heaven I'll go:
My Lord! his death shall save,
Me from the flames below.

Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise;
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

"The voice ceased, and I walked gently forwards, and saw a man of middle life leaning against the rails which enclosed a very noble monument; and looking up at it steadily with eyes