LITERATURE, &c.

FROM THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MARY STUART.

DEATH OF CHASTELAR.

THE ill-fated Chastelar having confessed his love to the object of it, and been indignantly dismissed, the scene is thus continued·—

An hour had searcely elapsed before the lights were extinguished throughout the vaulted halls of Holyrood; the guard were posted for the night: the officers had gone their rounds: the ladies of the royal circle were dismissed, and all was dark and silent. In Mary's chamber a single lamp was burning in a small recess, before a beautifully executed painting of the virgin, but the light was not sufficient to penetrate the obscurity which reigned in many angles and alcoves of that irreguler apartment, although the moonbeams were admitted thro' the open casement.

Her garb of ceremony laid aside, her lovely shape scantily veiled by a single robe of spotless linen, her awburn tresses flowing in luxuriance, almost to her feet, if she had been a creature of perfect human beauty, when viewed in all the pomp of royal pagantry she now appeared a being of supernatural loveliness. Her small white feet, unsandled glided over the rich carpet with a grace which a slight degree of fancy might have deemed the motion peculiar to the inhabitants of another world. For an instant ere she turned to her repose, she leaned against the carved mullians of the window, and gazed pensively, and it might be said sadly, upon the garden, where she had so lately parted from the unhappy youth whose life was embittered by that very feeling, which above all others, should have been its consolation. Withdrawing her eyes from the moonlight scene, she knelt before the lamp and shrine which it illuminated, and her whispered orisons arose, pure as the source from which they flowed—The prayer of a weak and humble mortal, penitent forevery trivial error breathing all confidence to him who can alone protect and pardon—the prayers of a Queen for her numerous children, and last, and holiest of all, a woman's prayers for her unfortunate admirer. Yes, she prayed for Chastelar, that strength might be given him from on high to bear the crosses of a miserable life, and that by divine mercy the hopeless love might be uprooted from his breast. The words burst passionately from her lips—her whole form quivered with the excess of her emotion, and the big tears fell like rain from her uplifted eyes. While she was yet in the very flood of passion, a sigh was breathed, so clearly audible that the conviction flashed like lightning on her mind, that this most secret prayer was listened to by other ears than those of heavenly ministers. Terror, acute terror, took possession of her soul, banishing, by its superior violence, every less engrossing idea. She snatched up the lamp from the niche—waved it slowly around the chamber—and there in the most hallowed spot of her widowed chamber, a spy upon her ungarded moments, stood a dark figure. Even in that moment of astonishment and fear, as if by instinct purely of female modestly, she snatched a velvet mantle from the seat which it had been cast aside, and veiled her person even before she spoke.

'Oh God it is de Chastelar.'

'Sweet Queen,' replied the intruder; 'bright beautiful ruler of my destinies pardon—'

What ho!' she screamed in notes of dread intensity. 'My guards!—Seyton—Carmichael—Fleming—will ye leave your Queen alone!—alone with treachery and black dishonour!—Villain!—slave!' she cried turning her flashing eye upon him, her whole form swelled as it were with all the fury of injured innocence—'dids't thou dare to think that Mary, the wife of Francis, the annointed Queen of Scotland would brook thine infamous addresses—Nay, kneel not, or I spurn thee—What ho! will no one aid in mine extremity—'

'Fear nought from me,' faltered the wretched Chastelar; but with a voice like that of some inspired Pythyoness, she broke in—'Fear! thinks't thou that I could fear a thing an abject coward, like thee!—a wretch that would exult in the infamy of one he pretends to love? Fear thee!—if I could have feared, contempt must have forbidden it.' 'Nay Mary, hear me! hear but one word if that word costs my life—' 'Thy life! hadst thou ten thousand lives, they would be but a feather in the scale against thy monstrous villainy!—What ho!'—again she cried, stamping with impotent anger at the delay of her attendants—'Treason!—My guards!—Treason!'

'At length the passages rang with the hurried footsteps of the startled inmates of the palace: with torch and brandished blades they rushed into the apartment—page, sentinel, and chamberlain; ladies with disheveled hair, and faces blanched with terror. The Queen stood erect in the centre of the room, pointing with one arm, bare to the shoulder, towards the wretched culprit, who with folded arms and head erect, awaited his doom with unresisting silence. His naked rapier, with which alone he might have foiled the united efforts of his enemies, lay at his feet, his brow was white as sculptured marble, and no less rigid, but his eyes glared wildly, and his lips quivered as though he would have spoken. The Queen, still furious at the wrong which he had done her fame, marked the expression. 'Silence!' she cried—Degraded, would'st thou meanly beg thy forfeited life? Wert thou my father, thou shoulds't die to-morrow. Hence with the villain. Bid Maitland execute the warrant. Ourself, ourself, will sign it. Away! Chastelar dies at day break!' ''Tis well,' replied he calmly, 'it is well, the lips I love the best pronounce my doom, and I die happy since I die for Mary! Would'st thou but pity the offender while thou dost doom the offence, de Chastelar would not exchange his shortened span of life and violent death for the brightest crown in Christendom. My limbs may die, but my love will live for ever! Lead on minions, I am more glad to die than ye to slay. Mary, beautiful Mary, think, think hereafter upon Chastelar!'

The guards passed onward—last of the group, unfettered and unmoved, de Chastelar stalked after them. Once, ere he stopped beneath the low-browed portal, he paused, both hands on his heart, bowed lowly, and and pointed upwards as he chaunted the words. 'Pensez a moi—Noble Dame—Pensez a moi.' As he vanished from her presence, she waved her hand impatiently to be left alone, and all night long she traversed and retraversed the floor of her chamber in paroxysms of the fiercest despair. The warrant was brought to her—silently, she traced her signature beneath it; not a sign of sympathy was on her pallid features, not a tremor shook her frame; she was passionate, majestic, and unmoved. The Secretary left the chamber on his fatal errand, and Mary was again a woman. Prostrated upon her couch she lay sobbing, and weeping as though her very soul was bursting from her bosom, defying all consolation, spurning every offer at remedy 'Tis done!' she would say.—''Tis done! I have perserved my fame, and murdered my only friend.'

The morning dawned slowly, and the heavy bells of all the churches clanged the death peal of de Chastelar. The tramp of the cavalry defiling from the palace gate, struck on her heart as though each hoof dashed on her bosom. An hour passed away; the minute bells still tolling—the roar of a culverin swept heavily downwards from the castle, and all was over! He had died as he had lived, undaunted—as he had lived devoted!

'Mary, divine Mary,' were his last words—'I love in death as I have loved in life; thee and thee only.'

TO THE WINDS.

'I called on the refreshing blast'—*Ossian.*

WIND of the Winter night, whence comest thou?
And whither, oh whither, art wandering now?
Sad, sad is thy voice on this desolate moor,
And mournful, oh mournful, thy howl at my door.
Say, where hast thou been on thy cloud lifted car?
Say, what hast thou seen in thy roamings afar?
What sorrows impel thee, thou boisterous blast,
Thus to mourn and complain as thou journeyest past?
Dost weep that the green sunny summer hath fled?
That the leaves of the forrest are withered and dead,
That the groves and the woodlands re-echo no more
The light-hearted music they teemed with of yore?
That the song of the lark and the hum of the bee,
Have ceased for awhile on the snow-covered lee?
Say, wind of the winter night, whence comest thou,
And whither, oh whither, art wandering now?

REPLY.

I have been where the snow on the chill mountain-peak
Would have frozen the blood in the rudiest cheek,
And for many a dismal and desolate day,
No beam of the sunshine has brightened my way;
But I weep not that winter hath bared the green tree,
And hushed the sweet voice of the bird and the bee;
I sigh not that summer hath fled from the plain,
For spring will return in its brightness again;
But I mourn and complain for the wail and the wo
That I've seen on my course as I journeyed below,
For I've heard the loud shout of the demon of war,
And the peal of his guns as they flashed from afar,
And heard the lone widows and orphans complain,
As they wet with their tears the pale cheeks of the slain:
And I sigh as I think on the miseries of man,
And the crimes and the follies that measure his span—

I have come from the deep, where the storm in its wrath
Spreads havoc and death on its pitiless path,
Where the billows rose up as the lightnings flew by,
And twisted their arms in the dun-coloured sky,
And I saw a frail vessel, all torn by the wave,
Drawn down with her crew to a fathomless grave;
And I heard the loud creek of her hull as I past
And the flap of her sails, and the crash of her mast;
And I raised my shrill voice on the cold midnight air,
To drown the last cry of the sailor's despair,
But it smote on my ear like the tocrin of death,
As he struggled and strove with the waters for breath;
'Tis his requium I tune as I howl through the sky,
And repent of the fury that caused him to die.

And far have I roamed on the desolate shore,
And the cold dreary wastes of the tenantless moor,
Where a hoary old man journeyed on thro' the plain,
To his bright blazing hearth to his children again,
And I sighed as I rushed o'er that desert of snow,
For I saw not the path where the traveller should go;
For a moment he paused in that wilderness drear,
And clasped his cold hands as he listened to hear
The bark of his dog from his cot in the dell,
Or the long-wished for tone of the far village bell.
Poor weary old man! he was weary and chill,
And the sounds that he loved were all silent and still,
For vainly he turned his dim glance to the sky,
And vainly he sought with his tremulous eye
Some light in the distance, whose pale beaming ray
Might guide him aright on his comfortless way,
'Till, fainting and chill, he turned wearily back,
And tried to recover the snow-hidden track;
Ah! vainly he strove, and no sound could he hear,
To tell his sad heart that a refuge was near;
When, worn by the load of his toil and his wo,
He muttered a prayer, and sank down on the snow;
And I heard the last gasp of his quick fleeting breath,
His last dying groan as he struggled with death:
And I mourn for him now on this desolate moor,
And tune his sad dirge as I howl at thy door.

JOHN M. WILSON.

THE FATHER.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I WAS in the full tide of a laborious and absorbing profession,—of one which imposes upon the intellect an unspairing discipline. but ultimately opens the avenues to wealth and fame. I pursued it, as one determined on distinction,—as one convinced that *mind* may assume a degree of omnipotence over matter and circumstance, and popular opinion. Ambition's promptings were strong within me, nor was its career unprosperous.—I had no reason to complain that its promises were deceptive, or its harvest tardy.

Yet as my path was among the competitions and asperities of men, a character combining strong elements might have been in danger of becoming indurated, had it not been softened and refined by the domestic charities. Conjugal love, early fixing on an object most amiable and beautiful, was a fountain of living waters, springing up to allay thirst, and renovate weariness. I was anxious that my home should be the centre of intellectual and polished society, where the buddings of thought should expand unchilled, and those social feelings which are the life-blood of existence, flow forth, unfettered by heartless ceremony.—And it was so.

But my present purpose is to delineate a single, a simple principle of our nature,—the most deep-rooted and holy.—*the love of a father for a daughter.*—My province has led me to analyze mankind, and in doing this, I have sometimes thrown their affections into the crucible. And the one of which I speak, has come forth most pure, most free from drossy admixture. Even the earth that combines with it, is not like other earth. It is what the foot of a seraph might rest upon, and contract no pollution. With the love of our sons, ambition mixes in spirit, till it becomes a fiery essence. We anticipate great things for them,—we covet honours,—we goad them on in the race of glory;—if they are victors, we too proudly exult,—if vanquished, we are prostrate and in bitterness.—Perhaps we detect in them the same latent perverseness, with which we have waged warfare in our own breasts, or some imbecility of purpose with which we have no affinity; and then, from the very nature of our love, an impatience is generated, which they have no power to soothe, or we to control. A father loves his son, as he loves himself,—and in all selfishness, there is a bias to disorder and pain. But his love for his daughter is different and more disinterested; possibly he believes it is called forth by a being of a higher or better order. It is based on the integral and immutable principle of his nature. It recognizes the sex in hearts, and from the very gentleness and mystery of womanhood, takes that colouring and zest which romance gathers from remote antiquity. It draws nutriment from circumstances which he may not fully comprehend, from the power which she possesses to waken his sympathies. to soften his irritability, to sublimate his aspirations;—while the support and protection which she claims in return, elevate him with a consciousness of assimilation to the ministry of those benevolent and powerful spirits, who ever "bear us up in their hands, lest we dash our foot against a stone."

I should delight longer to dwell on this developement of affection, for who can have known it more perfectly in its length and breadth, in its depth and height? I had a daughter. beautiful in infancy, to whom every year added some new charm to awaken admiration, or to rivet love. To me, it was of no slight import, that she resembled her mother, and that in grace and accomplishment, she early surpassed her contemporaries. I was desirous that her mind should be worthy of the splendid temple allotted for its habitation. I decided to render it familiar with the whole circle of the arts and sciences. I was not satisfied with the commendation of her teachers. I determined to take my seat in the sacred pavilion of intellect, and superintend what entered there. But how should one buried beneath the ponderous tomes and Sysiphean toils of jurisprudence, gain freedom, or undivided thought, for such minute supervision! A father's love can conquer if it cannot create. I deprived myself of sleep; I sat till the day dawned, gathering materials for the lectures that I gave her. I explored the annals of architecture and sculpture, the recesses of literature and poetry,