

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## THE MUSIC OF THE RILL.

BY JOHN BOOKER.

'Twas in summer—glorious summer,  
Far beyond the smoky town,  
Weary with a long days ramble  
Through the fern and blooming bramble,  
Needing rest, I sat me down,  
Beetling crags hung high above me,  
Ever looking grandly rude:  
Still there was some trace of mildness  
In this scene so weird—its wildness  
Might be sought for solitude.

Birds and flowers—song and beauty—  
Seemed this rugged realm to fill:  
That which was my soul's, entrancing  
Was the Music and the glancing  
Of a rock-born plashing rill.  
Lingering there I was delighted,  
Musing on the days gone by,  
Watching its bright spray—pearls sprinkled,  
And each silvery tone that tinkled  
Touched some chord of memory.

'Twas as though sweet spirit-voices  
Threw a spell around me there:  
Now in lightest notes of gladness,  
Now in deeper tones of sadness,  
Were a whispering in mine ear.  
Memory, hope, imagination,  
Seemed to have usurped my will;  
And my thoughts kept on a-dreaming,  
Till the bright stars were a gleaming  
To the music of the rill.

What a world of strange reflections  
Came upon me then unsought!  
Strange that sounds should find responses—  
Where e'en mystery ensconces—  
In the corridors of thought!  
Then emotions were awakened,  
Making my heart wildly thrill.  
As I lingered there and listened,  
Whilst the dew around me glistened,  
To the music of the rill.

From Frank Leslie's-Gazette of Fashions.

## THE FISHERMAN OF SCARPHOUT.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE were tears in the blue eye of the morning, but they were like the tears of a spoiled beauty when her momentary anger has gained all she wishes, and the passionate drops begin to be chequered by smiles not less wayward. Gradually, however, the smiles predominated; the clouds grew less frequent and loss heavy, the sun shone out with shorter intervals, and though the wind and the sea still sobbed and heaved with the past storm, the sky was momentarily becoming more and more serene. Such was the aspect of the coming day, when the unhappy Marguerite of Flanders again opened her eyes, after having for a time forgotten her sorrow in but too brief repose.—For a moment she doubted whether the past were not all a dream; but the aspect of the chamber in which she now found herself, very different from that which she had inhabited in her father's palace, soon recalled the sad reality. And yet as she gazed around the room, there was nothing rude or coarse in its appearance. Rich tapestry was still upon the walls; the dressoir was still covered with fine linen and purple, and many a silver vessel—laver and ewer, and cup, stood ready for her toilet. The small grated windows, with the enormous walls in which they were set, the faded colors of the velvet hangings of the bed in which she had been sleeping, the vaulted roof, showing no carved or gilded oak, but the cold, bare stone, told that she was in the chamber of a lone and ruined fortress; but one that less than a century before had contained persons in whose veins flowed the same blood that wandered through her own. Rising, she gazed out of the window, which looked upon the wide and rushing sea, and she thought of the good old Lord of Wavrin and his dangerous voyage; and, like the figures in a delirious dream, the forms of the old fisherman, and his beautiful daughter, and fair wife, and handsome, dark-eyed son came back upon her memory. A slight knock at the door roused her; but her whole nerves had been so shaken with terror that she hardly dared to bid the stranger enter. At length, however, she summoned courage to do so, and the fair and smiling face of Emiline, the fisherman's daughter, appeared behind the opening door. Torn from the fond, accustomed things of early days, left alone and desolate in a wild and unattractive spot, surrounded by dangers, and for the first time exposed to adversity, the heart of Marguerite of Flanders was but too well disposed to cling to whatever presented itself for affection. Emiline she found kind and gentle, but though younger, of a firmer mood than herself, having been brought up in a severer school; and to her Marguerite soon learned to cling. But there was another companion whom fate cast in her way, from whom she could not withhold the same natural attachment, though but too likely to prove dangerous to her peace. Morning and evening, every day, Albert, the fisherman's son, who had been left behind by his father to afford that

protection which none but a man could give, visited her retreat in the company of his sister, and Marguerite was soon taught to long for those visits as the brightest hours of her weary concealment.

But in the meantime the fishermen returned no more. Day passed after day; morning broke and evening fell, and the boat which had left the shore of Scarphout on the eventful evening, did not appear again. The eye of the fisherman's wife strained over the waters, and when at eventide the barks of the other inhabitants of the coast were seen approaching the shore, his children ran down to inquire for their parent—but in vain. About the same time, too, fragments of wrecks—masts, sails, and planks, were cast upon the sands, and dark and sad grew the brows of the once happy family, at the point of Scarphout. The two other men whom he had chosen to accompany him were unmarried, but their relations at length gave up the last hope, and the priest of Notre De Blackenburgh was besought to say masses for the souls of the departed. The good old man wept as he promised to comply, for though he had seen courts, and lived in the household of the noble prince, he loved his simple flock, and had ever been much attached to the worthy man whose boat was missing. Marguerite of Flanders, with a fate but too intimately interwoven with the unfortunate family at Scarphout, had been made acquainted with the hope and fears of every day, had mingled her fears with Emiline, and had even clasped the hand of Albert, while she soothed him with sympathetic sorrow for his father's loss. 'Mine is an unhappy fate,' she said, 'to bring sorrow and danger even here, while seeking to fly from it myself.'

'Grieve not, lady, in that respect,' replied Albert, raising her hand to his lips; 'we have but done our duty towards you, and our hearts are not such as to regret that we have done so, even though we lose a father by it. Neither fear for your own fate. The times must change for better ones. In the meanwhile you are in safety here, and should need be, I will defend you with the last drop of my blood.'

The morning that followed, however, wore a different aspect. Scarcely were matins over, when the good old priest himself visited the cottage of the fisherman, and proceeded to those of his companions, spreading joy and hope wherever he came. What, it may be asked, was the source of such joy? It was but a vision! The old old man had dreamt, he said, that he had seen the fisherman of Scarphout safe and well, with a net in his hand, in which were an innumerable multitude of fishes. And this simple dream, was, in that age, sufficient to dry the eyes of mourning, and bring back hope to bosoms that had been desolate. Albert flew to communicate the tale to Marguerite of Flanders, and there was spoken between them many a word of joy—joy that so often entwines its arms with tenderness. He now came oftener than ever, for the old priest by some means had learned that he took an interest in all the changing fortunes of the state of Flanders, and daily the good man brought him tidings, which sometimes he felt it a duty, sometimes a pleasure to tell to the lonely dweller in the ruined castle. He found, too, that his presence cheered her, and that his conversation won her from her grief. She began to cling even more to him than to his sister; for he knew more of the world, and men, and courts than Emiline, and he thought it but kind to afford her every solace and pleasure he could give. Every day his visits became more frequent, and continued longer. Sometimes he would liberate her, after a sort, from her voluntary prison, by taking her, with Emiline, in his boat upon the moonlight sea, or even by leading her along, under the eye of Heaven's queen, upon the smooth sands, when the waves of a calm night, rippled up to their feet. At other times he would sit upon the stones of the old battlements, rent and rifted by the warfare of ages, and would wile her thoughts away from herself by tales of other days, when those battlements had withstood the assault of hosts, and those halls had been the resort of the fair and brave, now dust. Then, again, he would give her tidings which he had gained while dwelling at Namur or at Tournay; reciting the gallant deeds of the servants of the Cross in distant Palestine, or telling of the horrors of captivity in Paynimire; and then, too, he would sing, as they sat above the waters, with a voice, and a skill, and a taste which Marguerite fancied all unequalled in the world. Day by day, and hour by hour, the fair inexperienced princess of Flanders felt that she was losing her young heart to the youth of low degree; and yet what could she do to stay the fugitive, or call him back to her own bosom from his hopeless flight. It was not alone that Albert was, in her eyes at least, the most handsome man she had ever beheld, it was not alone that he was gentle, kind, and tender, but it was that on him alone was she cast for aid, protection, amusement, information and hope; that her fate hung upon his word, and that while he seemed to feel and triumph in the task, yet it was with a deep, earnest, anxious solicitude for her peace and for her security. And did she think, that with all these feelings in her bosom, he had dared to love her in return—to love her, the princess of that land in which he was alone the son of a poor fisherman? She knew he had—she saw

it in his eyes, she heard it in every tone, she felt it in the tender touch of the strong hand that aided her in their stolon wanderings. And thus it went on from day to day, till words were spoken that no after-thought could ever recall, and Marguerite owned, that if heaven willed that her father's lands should never return to her father's house, she could, with a happy heart, see state and dignity pass away from her and wed the son of the fisherman of Scarphout.

But still the fisherman himself returned not: days had grown into weeks, and weeks had become months, yet no tidings of him or his companions had reached the shore, and men began to fancy that the vision of the old priest might be no more than an ordinary dream. Not so, however, the family of the fisherman himself. They seemed to hold the judgment of the good man infallible, and every day he visited their cottage, bringing them tidings of all the events which took place in the struggle that now convulsed the land.

By this time, the King of France had roused himself to chastise the rebels of Flanders, and to re-instate the young Count in his dominions. He had summoned his vassals to his standard, and creating two experienced leaders marshals of his hosts, had entered the disturbed territory with lance in the rest. Little armed opposition had been made to his progress, though two or three detached parties from his army had been cut off and slaughtered. But this only exasperated the monarch still more, and he had been heard to vow that nothing but the death of every one of the conspirators would satisfy him for the blood of Charles the Good, and of the faithful friends who had fallen with him. Such was the tale told by the good priest to Albert the fisherman's son, one day towards the end of the year, and by him repeated to Marguerite of Flanders, who heard it with mingled feelings; for if a momentary joy crossed her heart to think that the murderers of her father would meet their just reward, and her brother would recover the cornet of Flanders, the fear, the certainty that she herself would be torn from him she loved, overclouded the brief sunshine, and left her mind all dark. The next day, however, new tidings reached Albert, and filled his heart with consternation and surprise. Burchard, the chief murderer of the dead count, had, it was said, despatched a messenger to the King of France, to bid him either to hold off from Burges, or send him a free pardon for himself and all his companions, lest another victim should be added to those already gone from the family of the dead Count. 'I have in my power,' he had added, 'the only daughter of Charles, called by you the Good. I know her retreat—I hold her as it were in a chain, and I shall keep her as a hostage whose blood shall flow if a hard measure be dealt to me.'

Albert fell into deep thought. Could it be true, he asked himself, that Burchard had really discovered Marguerite of Flanders? If so, it were time, he thought, to fulfil one part of his father's directions concerning her, at any cost to himself; and as those directions had been, in case danger had menaced her in her retreat, to carry her to sea, and landing on the coast of France, to place her in the hands of the king or his representative, it may easily be conceived that the execution thereof would be not a little painful to one for whom such hour of her society was joy. The more he pondered, however, the more he felt that it must be done, but for the last three days, four or five strange sail had been seen idly beating about not far from the coast, and Albert determined, in the first instance, to ascertain their purpose. With some young men from the neighbouring cottages he put to sea, and finding an easy excuse to approach one of the large vessels which he had beheld, asked, as if accidentally, to whom they belonged, when, with consternation and anxiety he heard that they were the ships of 'Burchard, Prevot of St. Denatein.' Returning at once to the shore, he dismissed his companions and sought his father's cottage; but there he found that the King of France had advanced upon Burges, and that Burchard had fled with his troops; but the same report added, that the rebels, hotly pursued by the chivalry of France, had directed their flight towards the sea shore. Time pressed—the moment of danger was approaching; but great peril still appeared in every course of action which could be adopted. The escape by sea was evidently cut off; the retreat of Marguerite of Flanders was apparently discovered: and if a fight by land were attempted, it seemed only likely to lead into the power of the enemy. With her, then, he determined to consult, and passing through the vaults, he was soon by the side of the fair unfortunate girl, whose fate depended upon the decision of the next few minutes. He told her all; but to her as well as to himself, to fly seemed more hazardous than to remain. The high tide was coming up; in less than half an hour the castle would be cut off from the land; the King of France was hard upon the track of the enemy, and various events might tend to favor her there. 'I would rather die,' she said, than fall living into their hands; and I can die here as well as anywhere else, dear Albert.

'They shall pass over my dead body ere they reach you,' answered he. 'Many a thing has been done, Marguerite, by a single arm; and if I can defend you till the King arrives, you are safe.'

'But arms,' she said, 'you have no arms.' 'Oh, yes, I have,' he answered. 'No one knows this secret of the old castle but my father and myself; and there are arms here too for those who need them. Wait but a moment and I will return.'

His absence was as brief as might be; but when he came back, Marguerite saw him armed with shield and helmet, sword and battle axe; but without either hamlet or coat of mail, which, though they might have guarded him from wounds, would have deprived him of that agility which alone could enable one to contend with many.

'If I could but send Emiline,' he said, as he came up, 'to call some of our brave boatmen from the cottages to our assistance here, we might set an army at defiance for an hour or two.'

Marguerite only answered, by pointing with her hand to a spot on the distant sands, where a small body of horsemen, perhaps not a hundred, were seen galloping at full speed towards Scarphout. Albert saw that it was too late to call further aid; and now only turned to discover where he could best make his defence in case of need. There was a large massy wall, which ere the sea had encroached upon the building, ran completely round the castle, but which now only flanked one side of the ruins, running out like a jetty into the waters which had swallowed up the rest. It was raised about twenty feet above the ground on one side, and perhaps twenty-five above the sea on the other; and at the top, between the parapets, was a passage which would hardly contain two men abreast. Upon this wall, about half way between the keep and the sea, was a small projecting turret, and there Albert saw that Marguerite might find shelter, while, as long as he lived, he could defend the passage against any force coming from the side of the land. He told her his plans; and for her only answer she fell upon his neck and wept. But he wiped her tears away with his fond lips, and spoke words of hope and comfort.

'See!' he said, 'the sea is already covering the CHAUSSEE between us and the land, and if they do not possess the secret of the vaults they cannot reach us till the tide falls.' When he turned his eyes to the shore, the body of horsemen were within a mile of the castle; but then, with joy inexpressible, he beheld upon the edge of the sand-hills, scarcely two miles behind them, a larger force hurrying on as if in pursuit, with banner and pennon, and standard displayed, and lance beyond lance bristling up against the sky.

'The King of France; the King of France!' he cried; but still the foremost body galloped on. They reached the shore, drew up their horses when they saw that the tide was in; turned suddenly towards the cottage; and the next moment Albert could see his mother and Emiline fly from their dwelling across the sands. The men at arms had other matters in view than to pursue them; but Albert now felt that Marguerite's only hope was his own valor.

'To the turret, my beloved!' he cried, 'to the turret!' And half bearing, half leading her along, he placed her under its shelter, and took his station in the pass. A new soul seemed to animate him, new light shown from his eyes; and, in words which might have suited the noblest of the land, he exhorted her to keep her firmness in the moment of danger, to watch around, and give him notice of all she saw from the loop-holes of the turret. Then came a moment of awful suspense, while in silence and in doubt they waited the result; but still the hosts of France might be seen drawing nearer and more near; and the standard of the King could be distinguished floating on the wind amidst a thousand other banners of various feudal lords. Hope grew high in Albert's breast, and he trusted that ere Burchard could find and force the entrance the avenger would be upon him. He hoped in vain, however, for the murderer was himself well acquainted with the spot, and had only paused to secure the door of the vaults, so that his pursuers could not follow by the same means he himself employed. In another minute loud voices were heard echoing through the ruin, and Albert and Marguerite concealing themselves as best they could, beheld the fierce and blood-thirsty Prevot with his companions seeking them through the castle. Still onward bore the banners of France; and ere Burchard had discovered their concealment, the shore at half a bow shot distance was lined with chivalry. So near were they, that, uninterrupted by the soft murmur of the waves, could be heard the voice of a herald calling upon the rebels to surrender, and promising pardon to all but the ten principal conspirators. A loud shout of defiance was the only reply; for at that very moment the eye of Burchard had lighted on the form of Albert as he crouched under the wall, and the men at arms poured on along the narrow passage. Concealment could now avail nothing; and starting up with his battle-axe in his hand, he planted himself between the rebels and the princess. The French on the shore could now behold him also, as he stood with half his figure above the parapet; and instantly seeming to divine his situation, some cross-bowmen were brought forward, and poured their quarrels on the men of the Prevot as they rushed forward to attack him. Two or