

Moats' Couquet.

LONGFELLOW'S "MONTE CASINO."

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow lands
Sheathed itself as a sword and was not seen.
The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.
For more than thirteen centuries ago
Benedict, fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.
He founded here his Convent and his Rule
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer.
His pen became a clarion, and his school
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.
What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way
Mocking the lazy brotherhood, depletes
The illuminated manuscripts that lay
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?
Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the best;
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled
Incredulous, as at some idle jest.
Upon such themes as these with one young friar
I sat conversing late into the night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood fire
Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite,
And then translated, in my convent cell,
Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay;
And as a monk who hears the matin bell,
Started from sleep;—already it was day.
From the high window I beheld the scene
On which St. Benedict so oft had gazed:
The mountains and the valley in the sun
Of the bright sun, and stood as one amazed.
Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;
The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.
The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal and the actual in our life,
As on a field of battle held me fast,
Where this world and the next world were at strife.
For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Tossing the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And we as one awaketh from a dream.

FLORENCE O'NEILL; OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALONE WITH RECORDS OF OTHER DAYS.

FLORENCE, with the other ladies of the court, wondered much what steps the Princess Anne would take (of course I need not tell you she said nothing of what she knew respecting the queen's occupation on the previous night).

The princess did her duty; she was ill and confined to a couch; nevertheless, she sent a message to her sister, entreating her to allow her the happiness of waiting on her; she would notwithstanding the condition she was in, run any hazard. The message was delivered to her Majesty, and the messenger sent back with word that "the king would send an answer next day."

No kind sisterly message was returned; so no reconciliation could have been desired. Have we not seen all along that Mary's heart was almost dead to human feeling except for her husband? And even to him she left a letter of rebuke.

It happened the next day that Florence was with two other ladies in the queen's bed-chamber; the queen was sinking fast into unconsciousness, when Lady Fitzharding, who undertook to express to her the concern of the Princess Anne, forced herself into the queen's bed-chamber; the dying queen gasped out one word "Thanks." That single word was, indeed, all she was able to utter.

At length a terrible erysipelas spread itself over the queen's face, and a frightful carbuncle settled immediately over the heart. The king was in despair, he ordered his camp bed to be placed in the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night and day.

She received the communication that she was dying with calmness, said, "that she had wrote her mind on many things to the king," and spoke of the escritoire which he would find in her closet; and avoided giving herself or her husband the tenderness a final parting might have caused to them both. This idea is, however, much at variance with the rebuking letter she wrote to him a few nights since in her closet.

After receiving the Sacrament, she composed herself solemnly to die. She slumbered some time, but said her soul was not refreshed by it, and that nothing did her good but prayer. Once or twice she tried to speak to the king, but could not go through with it. For some hours she lay silent, then when she spoke she wandered very

wildly, and her hallucinations led those who were around her to believe that there was something still upon her mind.

"I have something to tell the Archbishop; leave me alone with him," said the queen, and the room being immediately cleared, Tennyson awaited in breathless impatience, the expected communication.

He afterwards said that the queen's mind was wandering, "she had fancied Dr. Radcliffe, her Jacobite physician, had put a Popish nurse upon her, and that she was lurking behind a screen."

One who lived in the time of the queen, on speaking of her last moments uses these words:

"But whether she had any scruples relating to her father, and they made part of her discourse with Tennyson, and that arch-divine took upon his own soul the pressure which, in those weak unguarded moments might weigh upon hers, must now remain a secret until the last day."

At that most solemn hour between night and morning, the spirit of the queen went forth, without one word of reconciliation or remorse with regard to her injured father, either to asking his forgiveness or expressing sorrow for her conduct.

Father Lawson was yet lingering in the vicinity of the palace when the queen's death took place. There were others, besides Florence and her handmaiden, secretly of the proscribed faith, and by one of these, the tidings was conveyed to James, who, though he would not put himself in mourning for her death, shut himself up in his apartments and refused all visits. His horror was great on finding that one he had loved so dearly had expired without sending him the slightest expression of sorrow at the misery she had been the means of causing him.

To the great honor of that primate, Dr. Ken, who had been Mary's chaplain in Holland, we may add that he wrote indignantly to Tennyson respecting his conduct at the queen's death-bed, charging him with not acting up to his position as primate, in failing "to call on the queen to repent on her death-bed of her sins towards her father," reminding him in very strong language of the horror Tennyson had expressed to him of some circumstances in the queen's conduct at the time of the revolution, affirming that they would compromise her salvation without individual and complete repentance.

Three times had the king swooned when word was brought him that the queen was no more. He insisted on remaining at Kensington, and as no one dared intrude on his grief, Florence was at a loss how to convey to him the letter of the queen; chance, however, threw her in his way.

The queen's funeral had taken place, and she was beginning seriously to think of dressing herself to the Princess Aene, when wandering down one of the galleries of the palace, she met the king advancing towards her. To retreat was impossible; he would have passed her by, for his head was bent downwards, and he seemed lost in thought.

Her step, however, aroused him, and he seemed about to pass on, when, as if a sudden idea struck him, he paused.

"I will speak a word to the Princess Anne," he said, and was walking on, when summoning courage by the thoughtfulness he had expressed, she knelt down, and gracefully presented to him the dead queen's letter. A flush, akin to anger it might be, passed like a momentary shadow across his countenance; and in somewhat harsh tones he exclaimed,

"You may go."

"You may go," he repeated; "go from here; go where you will, with your maid; read, and go quickly."

Her eyes fell on the few lines the dying queen had written, and which, passing on without further word or comment, the king left in her hand. They ran thus:—

In remembrance of my maid of honor, Florence O'Neill, having saved my life during the fire at Whitehall, and also of her submission to our will respecting the overtures of marriage from the Count Von Arnheim, I beg that you will allow her to leave the palace, with her maid, whenever she pleases to go, wheresoever she shall see fit; and that she may have the full and entire management of her late uncle's property, as well as of the Irish estates inherited from her aunt, Catherine O'Neill.

MARIE R.

Florence was alone in the gallery, and for two or three minutes after reading the paper, she remained in the position in which William of Orange had left her. Joy is near akin to grief in its manifestations, and her tears fell abundantly over the paper as she proceeded to her own chamber, her mind busily weaving a thousand delightful images by the way.

When she reached her room, she immediately summoned Grace. When that imperturbable handmaiden made her appearance, she was seated with that small piece of paper open on the table, her hands clasped, and an expression of joy on her countenance.

"Grace," she said, "I am going to France. Will you accompany me thither?"

"To France, madam!" said the astonished woman, and her eyes fell upon the open letter of the queen.

"I have the permission of the king. A voice from the grave, which he dared not refuse, has spoken to him. You may read if you wish;" and with a something of reverence, she put the dead queen's letter in her attendant's hand. "You must make your election, Grace, and make it quickly."

"It is already made, madam," said Grace. "I love the queen better just now than ever I loved her in her lifetime. When shall we leave London?"

"Pack up my clothes and books at once, Grace. Let us go as speedily as possible."

Then Florence withdrew to her private apartment, and you may be quite sure for some little time she felt like one in a dream, dazed, bewildered. Should she go straight to St. Germain's? Oh, no! She should act upon a hint the Queen, Mary Beatrice, had given her. She should seek out King Louis, and beg him to redeem his word; because you will please to remember, that when she met the king, at