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the spumy wall. He was even sinking, when the palmer, wrenching away his hand with a sudden effort, buried the poinard in an instant to the very hilt in the bosom of the wretched Count. He plucked it forth again, reeking and smoking with the warm heart's blood, and then he let go his hold on the throat of the unfortunate Raymond. He never groaned—his lips merely moved and twitched, but no murmur came to his tongue. His eyes became fixed in vacant earnestness—he staggered forward a few paces, and fell heavily against the steps of the little altar, where he expired. * * * *

Years passed away, and no one could tell what had become of him who had committed the murder at the holy shrine of St. Patrick, until some workmen, in making alterations in the Birmingham Tower, Castle of Dublin, discovered a manuscript, written in Italian, of which the following is a translation :

"It is well—all is over now—and my country and my friends have rejected and disowned me, and the stranger looks upon his prisoner—the sacrilegious murderer—with eyes of horror. The rude walls of this dungeon are now the confines of my palace-domain, and its cold flags are my couch of repose. Thus will it be while life remains with Ugolino di Castella. But I embrace the galling chain that fetters my limbs, and I bless the rugged walls that confine me. I have given my heart its full revenge—its cherished and its long-sought revenge ! I saw him die !—yes, I saw the dread of his soul turn his face pale with terror—I grasped his felon throat, and beheld his eye-balls start with pain beneath the force of my pressure—and my heart swelled joyously at the sight, and my hand grasped him closer and firmer. I buried the poinard, red with the blood of a sainted martyr, deep, deep into his bosom. I plucked it forth, and saw his blood fall drop by drop from the reeking blade. I heard the last sigh escape from his writhing lips ; and I laughed, for it was a sight of joy to me. Madoline of Perilleaux, thou art revenged !!! * * * *

"My family is noble, ranking for honour and antiquity with the most noble in Italy. My elder brother, the Count di Castella, inheriting the titles and wealth of the family, I had to win a name and riches with my sword. The war with the Moslem then drew all the young and gallant spirits of Europe within its vortex, and never did Christian fortitude and Christian bravery obtain such a triumph over the dark infidel. It was then I first met with Raymond Count of Perilleaux, while defending the towers of Rhodes from the desperate attack of the infatuated Mahomedans. I saved his life. He then had a name as a leader of skill and prudence, and whose counsel had more than once proved beneficial to the Christian cause. When the flames of war had been extinguished, we returned in company to the banks of the blue rolling Rhine. There I first saw Madoline, and there my young heart first bowed itself before the majesty of beauty and grace. She was all—she was every thing—but it is idle to speak of her now. That dream never returns to my waking fancy without bringing torture and misery to my soul, like the fiend that dwells in the breast of the envious man. Still I love the thought, for it is of Madeline. We loved !—loved ! Love is too tame to depict the depth and intensity of the all-absorbing passion with which we held each other dearer than life or heaven. But a union could not be dreamt of. I was poor—she rich above price ; and the being in whom my soul was centered I dare not woo. But what was left to us then—the madness and the intemperance of the passion, and we were betrayed. Her cool, crafty, and treacherous brother vowed a terrible vengeance, and the innocent fell the victim. It was on a calm and mellow autumn evening ; the vineyards had given up their rich harvest, and the woods were deep-tinged with the rich and varied hues which we so much admire, when, as I flew to a lovely bower in the garden of the castle, my steps were arrested by the voice of Raymond, issuing in tones of anger from the thick and tangled arbour. I paused, and a chilling tremor crept over me, which I felt prophetic.

"Yes, Raymond," she exclaimed, "I love him ! We are even now united by bonds and ties as dear as those of wedlock ; and nothing shall separate us."

"An awful pause followed—awful to me. "Is the honour of our family then tainted by thee," said he, "thou reptile of infamy ?"

"Is he not honourable and brave ?" she replied ; "did he not save your life when you were beaten down by the arm of a common Moslem soldier ?"

"Insult on insult !" he cried with a tone of fury—"Contempt added to disgrace ! Die, then, for the honour of the house of Perilleaux !"

"I heard one shriek, and no more. I drew my sword, and rushed to the spot.

"Coward, murderer !" I exclaimed, as I madly entered the arbour ; but he fled away, and I turned to where the bleeding Madoline was extended, with the poinard of her brother buried deep in her bosom. She could not speak—all was over ; and I called on her name in the same unconsciousness as the wolves howl to the moon. She never spoke to me again. I pulled the poinard from her bosom, and the hot blood followed fast. I then swore never to know rest or peace—never to follow motive, or yield to inducement—never to seek repose, but when worn out nature conquered the thirst of vengeance—until that very poinard should be buried as deep within the false bosom of the foul murderer. I followed him from land to land—I haunted his footsteps night and day : the wide sea parted us, but I still was on his track—deserts separated us—like the blood-hound, I traced his path over plain and forest—until we met in the lonely cell. * * * *

"My hours are numbered, and my wretched day of existence is dim with the shadow of the night of death. This is the last I shall write. Vain and false world, farewell—farewell !" J. L. L.

SONG OF POOR MOINA, THE MANIAC.

Air—The *Caoine*, or Funeral Dirge of the Co. Monaghan.

"I've called my love, but he still sleeps on,
And his lips are as cold as clay ;

I've kissed them o'er and o'er again—
I have pressed his cheek with my burning brow,
And I've watched o'er him all the day.

Is it then true that no more thou'lt smile
On Moina ?

Art thou then lost to thy Moina ?

"Dear was our cottage and garden to me
When the hand of the spoiler came ;
Bright was the dew on my loved rose-tree—
Every leaf looked green as an emerald bright
Enclosed in a diamond frame.

Withered that tree where my love first wooed
His Moina !

But more withered the heart of poor Moina !

"I once had a lamb my love gave me—
As the mountain snow, 'twas white :
Oh, how I loved it nobody knows !
I decked it each morn with the myrtle and rose—
With "Forget-me-not" at night.

My lover they slew—and they tore my lamb
From Moina !

They pierced the heart's core of poor Moina !"

A linnnet sang sweet on a bough hard-by,
Then flew past the hapless maid—
"Tis my love," she cried—"his voice I know !"
And she followed the bird to the valley below,
And was lost in the evening shade.
Slowly and heavily home I turned

From Moina—
And wept o'er the fate of poor Moina.

MARGARETTA.

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