

THE
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JASMIN, THE TROUBADOUR.

ON the right bank of the Garonne, seventy-three miles southeast of Bordeaux, stands the little town of Agen, for a long time noted for being the entrepôt of trade between Bordeaux and Toulouse. Its prefecture, seminary, public library of fifteen thousand volumes, and churches, were not more remarkable than those of other provincial towns that basked in the warmth and cherished the reminiscences of Southern France. Nor did its manufacture of serge, cotton prints, starch, leather, and sail-cloth suffice to bring upon it greater repute than its Gascon sisters enjoyed as centres of thriving commercial interests—active little bourgeois towns that worked bare-footed all the week and came out on Sunday in sabots and ribbons to spend the afternoons in dancing and wine-tipping. It dwelt in the shadow of its rocks, secluded from the world, apart from the passions of the metropolis, sipping its *vin blanc* and eating its rye-bread in peace, caring nothing for the wayfarer who recounted the wonders of the capital; in love with its own remoteness, living the life and dying the death which Monsieur le Curé registered in the parochial record, when it was ushered in, and dismissed with the crucifix and the unction, when it was ushered out. Nobody thought specially that it would ever be sprinkled with the golden dust that flies behind the chariot of a poet; for though it boasted of the residence of one great scholar in the sixteenth century, and the birth of another, and the church of Notre-Dame de Bon-Encontre in its neighborhood was famous for its legend, its miracles, and the pilgrimages that were made to it in the month of May, these circumstances

some cause his letter was delayed on the way up, and he was a week without the means of returning. Too proud to beg, sick and weary, he had crawled into an old hovel to die, where Dr. M. found him. When I went he was fast asleep. On awakening he recognised me, and with a sweet smile said : "God will have some use for me in heaven," and soon found out the cause of life's failures. A tender little maiden's hands keep the grave and memory of her grandfather green and beautiful still.

B. R.

AN INVITATION.

COME on the swan-down plumes of the storm,
Wrapping the strength of the oak's old form,
When pale boughs bend,
And walls defend,
And the fleecy hurricane shrieks with woe,
Cold as the heart of the sepulchred snow.

Come with the sun, in thy diamond mail,
With glancing spears and silvery vail ;
In scarf of gold
Thy brown limbs fold ;
Weighty with orient gem and pearl,
Down to the ground thy baldric hurl.

Come when the night is still and grand,
And the chill stars shine in Orion's band ;
When the lake below
Reflects the bow
Of the Milky Way in its icy sheen,
And the rosy skaters' shadows keen.

Come when the sleepless moon grows round,
And mute the articulate torrent's sound ;
When the phantom night
Is ghostly white,
And cold in her glimmering winding-sheet,
Where the tall trees and the faint stars meet.

The Haunted House.

Come in the path of the soft false dawn,
 Kindling fires on the dewy lawn :
 The bird, blithe comer,
 Can make a summer
 For one brief day ; on a flattened world
 The glooms of the evening soon are furled.

Come when the mighty log is flame,
 And crackling hearths the wild winds blame :
 Now do not fear
 To take good cheer ;
 Let the winds blow : for the pinched wretch pray,
 Sunk in the drift in the cañon gray.

A. C. HARRINGTON.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A COMEDY BY TITUS MACCUS PLAUTUS.

LEARNED readers, quotquot adestis, be pleased to pass on to the next article: these pages are not for you. And you especially, Professor, in whose undisputed domain I am timidly poaching, crawling under the hedge, dilate not the nostril of scorn, invoke no Furies or Vejoves, perform no frenzied eclactisma of disgust;—in the words of your favorite author, molestus ne sis: abi istinc: abi dierecte atque extempulo!

Having cleared the coast of all formidable critics by this effective exorcism, I can now proceed, much at my ease.

It has occurred to me, as an imperfectly informed person, that there may be many other imperfectly informed persons, to whose minds the ancient Romans invariably present themselves as a solemn stiff sort of fellows, always talking in long Latin sentences with the verb at the end, marching behind the eagles, going in procession to the Capitol, leaping into chasms, swimming in armor over rivers, falling on their swords, and doing other grim and aquiline things, quite incompatible with anything like fun. To such persons, if such there be, it has struck me as aforesaid that a specimen of Roman fun, or the