

# A Book for the Young eBook

## A Book for the Young

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# Page 1

## AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

A heartfelt greeting to you, my young friends; a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you all. Of all the three hundred and sixty-five days none are fraught with the same interest—there is not one on which all mankind expect so great an amount of enjoyment, as those we now celebrate: for all now try not only to be happy themselves, but to make others so too. All consider themselves called on to endeavour to add to the aggregate of human happiness. Those who have been estranged, now forget their differences and hold out the hand of amity; even the wretched criminal and incarcerated are not forgotten.

Yes, to both the Christian and the worlding, it is equally the season for rejoicing. Oh yes! view them in any of their bearings, joyful are the days that mark the anniversary of the Redeemer's Nativity, and the commencement of the New Year. Fast as the last twelve months have sped their circling course, yet they have, brought changes to many. Numbers of those we so gaily greeted at their beginning, now sleep in the silent dust, and the places they filled know them no more! And we are spared, the monuments of God's mercy; and how have we improved that mercy, I would ask? or how do we purpose doing it? Have such of us as have enjoyed great and perhaps increased blessings, been taught by them to feel more gratitude to the Giver of all good. If the sun of prosperity has shone more brightly, has our desire to do good been in any way proportionate. Has God in his infinite wisdom seen fit to send us trials,—have they done their work, have they brought us nearer to Him, have they told us this is not our abiding place, have they shown us the instability of earthly happiness? Have you reflected for one moment, amidst your late rejoicings, of the hundreds whose hearths have been desolated by cruel but necessary war, and then with a full and grateful heart humbly thanked the God who has not only spared you these heavy inflictions, but preserved all near and dear to you.

Oh ye young and happy! have you looked around you and thought of all this, and then knelt in thankfulness for the blessings spared you? Remembering *all this*, have ye on bended knees prayed, and fervently, that this day may be the epoch on which to date your resolves to be and to do better. Oh, may the present period be eventful, greatly eventful, for time and eternity.

Let us pause awhile ere we commence another year, and take a retrospective glance at the past. Can we bear to do so, or will day after day, and hour after hour, rise up in judgment against us? Can we bear to bring them into debtor and creditor account,—what offsets can we make against those devoted to sin and frivolity?

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Has every blessing and every mercy been taken as a matter of course, and every pleasure been enjoyed with a thankless forgetfulness of the hand from which it flowed? If such has been the case, let it be so no longer; but awake and rouse ye from your lethargic slumber, be true to yourselves, and remember that you are responsible beings, and will have to account for all the time and talents misspent and misapplied. Reflect seriously on the true end of existence and no longer fritter it away in vanity and folly. Think of all the good you might have done, not only by individual exertion, but by the influence of your example. Then reverse the picture and ask if much evil may not actually have occurred through these omissions in you.

To many of you too, life now presents a very different aspect to what it did in the commencement of the year. A most important day has dawned, and momentous duties devolved on you. The ties that bound you to the homes of your youth have been severed, and new ones formed, aye stronger ones than even to the mother that bore you. Yes, there is one who is now *dearer* than the parent who cherished, or the sister who grew up with you, and shared your father's hearth. Oh! could I now but impress upon your minds, how much, how *very much* of your happiness depends on the way you begin. If I could but make you sensible how greatly doing so might soften the trials of after life. Trials? I hear each of you exclaim in joyous doubt, What trials? I am united to the object of my dearest affections; friends all smile on, and approve my choice; plenty crowns our board: have I not made a league with sorrow that it should not come near our dwelling? I hope not; for it might lead you to forget the things that belong to your peace. I should tremble for you, could I fancy a life-long period without a trouble. You are mortal and could not bear it, with safety to your eternal well-being. This life being probationary, God has wisely ordained it a chequered one. Happy, thoroughly happy as you may be now, you are not invulnerable to the shafts of sorrow; —think how very many are the inlets through which trial may enter, and pray that whenever and however assailed, you may as a Christian, sanctify whatever befalls you to your future good.

But while prepared to meet those ills “the flesh is heir to” as becomes a Christian, it is well to remember that you may greatly diminish many of the troubles of life, by forbearance and self-command, for certain it is, that more than one half of mankind make a great deal of what they suffer, and which they might avoid. Yes, much of what they endure are actually self inflictions.

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There is a general, and alas! too true an outcry, that trouble is the lot of all, and that “man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward;” but let me ask, Is there not a vast amount made by ourselves? and do we not often take it up in anticipation, too often indulge and give way to it, when by cheerful resignation, we might, if not wholly avert, yet greatly nullify its power to mar our peace. Mind, I now speak of self-created and minor troubles; not those coming immediately from God. Are we not guilty of ingratitude in acting thus; in throwing away, or as it were thrusting from us the blessings he has sent—merely by indulging in, or giving way to these minor trials. It may be said of these sort of troubles, as of difficulties, “Stare them in the face, and you conquer them; yield to, and they overcome you, and form unnecessary suffering.”

If we could only consider a little when things annoy us, and reflect how much worse they might be, and how differently they would affect us even under less favourable circumstances than those in which we are placed; but instead of making the best of every thing, we only dwell on the annoyance, regardless of many extenuations that may attend it.

As one of the means to happiness, I would beg of you, my fair young Brides, not to fix too high a standard by which to measure either the perfections of your beloved partners or your own hopes of being happy. Bear in mind that those to whom you are united are subject to the same infirmities as yourself. Look well to what are your requirements as wives, and then prayerfully and steadily act up to them, and if your hopes are not built too high, you may, by acting rightly and rationally, find a well spring of peace and enjoyment that *must* increase. Think what very proud feelings will be yours, to find you are appreciated and esteemed for the good qualities of the heart and endowments of the mind, and to hear after months of trial, the *wife* pronounced *dearer* than the *bride*.

Look around at the many who have entered the pale of matrimony before you, equally buoyant with hope; with the same loving hearts and the same bright prospects as you had,—and yet the stern realities of life have sobered down that romance of feeling with which they started; yet they are perhaps more happy, though it is a quiet happiness, founded on esteem. Oh, you know not the extent to which the conduct I have urged you to pursue, may affect your well-being, and that of him to whom you are united.

And now with the same greeting I commenced with, will I take my leave—a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all, and may each succeeding return find you progressing in all that can give you peace and happiness, not only here but hereafter!

## THE DYING HORSE.



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Heaven! what enormous strength does death possess!  
How muscular the giant's arm must be  
To grasp that strong boned horse, and, spite of all  
His furious efforts, fix him to the earth!  
Yet, hold, he rises!—no—the struggle's vain;  
His strength avails him not. Beneath the gripe  
Of the remorseless monster, stretched at length  
He lies with neck extended; head hard pressed  
Upon the very turf where late he fed.  
His writhing fibres speak his inward pain!  
His smoking nostrils speak his inward fire!  
Oh! how he glares! and hark! methinks I hear  
His bubbling blood, which seems to burst the veins.  
Amazement! Horror! What a desperate plunge,  
See! where his ironed hoof has dashed a sod  
With the velocity of lightning. Ah!—  
He rises,—triumphs;—yes, the victory's his!  
No—the wrestler Death again has thrown him  
And—oh! with what a murdering dreadful fall!  
Soft!—he is quiet. Yet whence came that groan,  
Was't from his chest, or from the throat of death  
Exulting in his conquest! I know not,  
But if 'twas his, it surely was his last;  
For see, he scarcely stirs! Soft! Does he breathe?  
Ah no! he breathes no more. 'Tis very strange!

How still he's now! how fiery hot—how cold  
How terrible! How lifeless! all within  
A few brief moments!—My reason staggers!  
Philosophy, thy poor enlightened dotard,  
Who canst for every thing assign a cause,  
Here take thy stand beside me, and explain  
This hidden mystery. Bring with thee  
The head strong Atheist; who laughs at heaven  
And impiously ascribes events to chance,  
To help to solve this wonderful enigma!  
First, tell me, ye proud haughty reasoners,  
Where the vast strength this creature late possessed  
Has fled to? how the bright sparkling fire,  
Which flashed but now from those dim rayless eyes  
Has been extinguished? Oh—he's dead you say.  
I know it well:—but how, and by what means?  
Was it the arm of chance that struck him down,



In height of vigor, and in pride of strength,  
To stiffen in the blast? Come, come, tell me:  
Nay shake not thus the head's that are enriched  
With eighty years of wisdom, gleaned from books,  
From nights of study, and the magazines  
Of knowledge, which your predecessors left.  
What! not a word!—I ask you, once again,  
How comes it that the wond'rous essence,  
Which gave such vigour to these strong nerved limbs  
Has leaped from its enclosure, and compelled  
This noble workmanship of nature, thus  
To sink Into a cold inactive clod?  
Nay sneak not off thus cowardly—poor fools  
Ye are as destitute of information  
As is the lifeless subject of my thoughts!



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The *subject of my thoughts*? Yes—there he lies  
As free from life, as if he ne'er had lived.  
Where are his friends and where his old acquaintance  
Who borrowed from his strength, when in the yoke,  
With weary pace the steep ascent they climbed?  
Where are the gay companions of his prime,  
Who with him ambled o'er the flowery turf,  
And proudly snorting, passed the way worn hack,  
With haughty brow; and, on his ragged coat  
Looked with contemptuous scorn? Oh yonder see,  
Carelessly basking in the mid-day sun  
They lie, and heed him not;—little thinking  
While there they triumph in the blaze of noon.  
How soon the dread annihilating hour  
Will come, and death seal up their eyes,  
Like his, forever. Now moralizer  
Retire! yet first proclaim this sacred truth;  
*Chance* rules not over *Death*; but, when a fly  
Falls to the earth, 'tis *Heaven* that gives the blow.

—BLACKETT.

### COQUETRY.

It was in one of the most picturesque parts of South Wales, on the banks of the lovely Towy, that two ladies sat working at an open casement, which led into a veranda, covered with clematis and honey-suckle. The elder of the two might be about fifty, perhaps not so much, for her features bore traces of suffering and sadness, which plainly told, that sorrow had planted far deeper wrinkles there than time alone could have done. The younger, an interesting girl of nineteen, bore a strong resemblance to her mother; they were both dressed in deep mourning. The room which they occupied, though plainly and simply furnished, had yet an air of taste and elegance.

Mrs. Fortescue was the widow of an officer, who died of cholera in the East Indies, leaving her with one daughter, and no other means of support than a small annuity and her pension. An old servant of her own had married a corporal in the same regiment, who having purchased his discharge, now followed the trade of a carpenter, to which he had been brought up, previous to enlisting, and was settled in his native place, and the faithful Hannah, hearing of the Captain's death wrote to Mrs. Fortescue, telling her, not only of the beauty of the spot, but the cheapness of living in that part of the world, concluding by saying, a house was then vacant, and could be had on very reasonable terms. Mrs. Fortescue immediately wrote and engaged it. Though a common looking building, yet by putting a veranda round, and making a few alterations inside, it soon, with a little painting and papering, was transformed into a pretty cottage. The work

required was an advantage to Mrs. Fortescue, inasmuch as it occupied her mind and thus prevented her dwelling on her recent affliction, in other respects too, she felt that a kind providence had directed her steps to the little village in which we find her—and the good she found to do, was the greatest balm her wounded spirit could receive: for though her means were so limited, still, a wide field of usefulness lay before her.

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Mrs. Fortescue had a strong mind, and though her trial was hard, very hard to bear, she remembered from whom it came, and not a murmur escaped her. Devotedly attached to her husband, she deeply lamented her loss, still she sorrowed not as one without hope: she had the consolation of knowing few were better prepared for the change; and she strove to take comfort in reflecting how greatly her grief would have been augmented, were not such the case. But she felt that her shield had been taken from her; and knowing how precarious was her own health, she saw how desolate would be her child, should it please God to remove her also, but a true Christian cannot mourn long; and as the tears of agony would force themselves down her cheek, and her feelings almost overpower her, she flew to her bible and in its gracious promises to the afflicted, found that support and consolation, the mere worldling can neither judge of, nor taste. Some delay, though no actual doubt, as to ultimately obtaining her pension, had caused inconvenience, as all their ready money had been absorbed in the alterations of their house, though they had observed the utmost economy, and demands were made which they had not at the time funds to meet. Ethelind was miserable, but Mrs. Fortescue bore against all, trusting something would turn up,—and so it did; for while discussing the matter, a letter came, with an enclosure, from an old school fellow, begging them to procure her board and lodging in the village for a few months, intimating how much she would like it, if they could accommodate her themselves. The terms for the first quarter were highly remunerative and they gladly acceded to Miss Trevor's proposition, and the few requisite preparations being made, we will, if our reader pleases, go back to the evening when mother and daughter sat awaiting the arrival of their new inmate.

Mrs. Fortescue had never seen Beatrice Trevor, but Ethelind was loud in her praises. They sat in anxious expectation much beyond the usual time for the arrival of the stage, and were just giving her up for the night, when the rumbling of wheels was heard, and a post chaise drove up, out of which sprang a young lady who in another moment was clasped in Ethelind's arms, and introduced to her mother, who welcomed her most kindly.

"Oh what a little Paradise!" said Beatrice, looking round her, "how happy you must be here. Do Ethelind let me have one peep outside ere daylight is gone;" so saying, she darted through the French casement, on to the lawn, which sloped down to the water's edge. "Well I declare, this is a perfect Elysium, I am so glad I made up my mind to come here, instead of going with the Fultons to Cheltenham."

"I am indeed rejoiced that you are so pleased with our retreat, my dear Miss Trevor, it is indeed a lovely spot."

"No Miss Trevor, if you please, my dear madam: it must be plain Beatrice, and you must regard me as you do Ethelind, and be a mother to me; for I know I greatly need a monitress; for you will find me, I fear a sad giddy mad-cap."

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Mrs. Fortescue smiling benignly promised acquiescence, and taking her hand, which she grasped affectionately; led her into the next room, where tea was waiting. After which, Ethelind took her up stairs, and showed her the little bedroom prepared for her. They remained here some time, chatting over their old school days, till summoned to prayers. On taking leave for the night, Mrs. Fortescue begged if at all heavy in the morning, that Beatrice would not hurry up. But she arose early, much refreshed and delighted with all she saw. Ethelind soon joined her, and offered to help her unpack, and arrange her things, while the only servant they had, prepared the breakfast.

Soon as the morning meal was over, and little necessary arrangements made, Ethelind proposed a ramble, which was gladly acceded to on the part of Beatrice. They passed through an orchard into a lane, and as they crossed a rustic bridge, the village church came in view. It was a small gothic structure, standing in the burial ground, and as they approached it, Beatrice was struck with admiration at the beds of flowers, then blooming in full perfection on the graves; this is a very beautiful, and, by no means, uncommon sight in South Wales; but she had never seen it before. "Well, I declare, this is lovely; really, Ethelind, to render the charm of romance complete, you ought to have a very interesting young curate, with pale features and dark hair and eyes."

"And so we have," said Ethelind, "and had he sat for his picture, you could not have drawn a more correct likeness; but I regret to say, Mr. Barclay's stay is not likely to be permanent, as one of Lord Eardly's sons is to have the living, soon as the family returns from the Continent, which we are all sorry for; as short as the time is, that Mr. Barclay has been among us, he is generally liked, and from his manner, we think the curacy, little as it is, an object to him; though even now, he does a great deal of good, and you would hardly believe all he has accomplished. I wish he were here, for I am sure you would like him."

"I think," said Beatrice, "it is well he is not, for I might fall in love with him, and then—"

"And then, what?" asked Ethelind.

"Why it must end in disappointment to both; for if he is poor and I am poor, it would be little use our coming together; but were I rich, as I expected to have been, then I might have set my cap at your young curate, and rewarded his merit."

"Oh!" said Ethelind, "he deserves to be rich, he would make such good use of wealth, for even now, he is very charitable."

"Charitable!" re-echoed Beatrice, "a curate, on perhaps less than a hundred a year, must have a deal to be charitable with. Absurd: I grant you he may have the heart, but certainly not the means."

“I know not,” said Ethelind, “but I hear continually of the good he does, and his kindness to the poor, and doubt if the Honourable Frederic Eardly will do as much.”

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“Out upon these proud scions of nobility, I have not common patience with the younger members of the aristocracy, taking holy orders solely for the sake of aggrandizing the elder branches of the family; they are rarely actuated by pious motives.”

“We had only one service a-day till Mr. Barclay came, and now he officiates morning and evening, besides managing to do duty, in the afternoon, for a sick clergyman, who lives five miles off, and has a large family, two of whom our worthy curate educates,—”

“No more,” Ethelind, or my heart will be irrecoverably gone; but what large house is that I see among the trees?”

“That is Eardly House.”

“And do the family ever reside there?”

“They have not, since we have been in this part of the world, but when in England, I am told, they spend part of every summer here.”

“And if they come, they will spoil both our pleasure and our privacy; say what you will, great people are a nuisance in a small village.”

“To those who are situated like us, I grant it is unpleasant, but they may do a great deal of good to their poor tenants. But, hark, it is striking two,—our dinner hour,—mamma will wonder what is become of us; there is a short cut through the Park, which we will take, it will save, at least, a quarter of a mile.” So through the Park they went, and as they left it, to cross the road, a gentleman suddenly turned the corner, and Mr. Barclay stood full before them.

“Why, Mr. Barclay,” exclaimed Ethelind, “where, in the name of wonder, did you come from? did you rise from the lake, or drop from the clouds? I thought you were many miles away.”

“And so I expected to be,” said he, shaking hands with her, and bowing to Beatrice, “but circumstances wholly unexpected, compelled me to return.”

“And are you going to remain?”

“For some months, I believe.”

“I am really glad to hear it, and so, I am sure, will mamma be; but in the agreeable surprise your unlooked for return gave, I forgot to introduce Miss Trevor.” The conversation now took a general turn, and Mr. Barclay accompanied them to their door, where he only staid to shake hands with Mrs. Fortescue, and then took his leave, promising to return in the evening.



As may naturally be supposed, many weeks followed of delightful intercourse; Mr. Barclay, when ever it did not interfere with his duties, was the constant attendant of Ethelind, and Beatrice; he spent every evening at Mrs. Fortescue's cottage, affording much speculation to the village gossips, as to which of the two young ladies would ultimately become the curate's choice. With their aid he carried out his much cherished object of establishing a Sunday School, and everything was going on quietly, till, at length, an unusual bustle was observed in the village; artizans of every description were sent from London, and the news was soon spread, that after the necessary repairs and preparations were completed, the family might be expected.

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This was anything but welcome intelligence to Ethelind and Beatrice, who feared all their enjoyment would be disturbed. When Mr. Barclay came in the evening, he confirmed the report and little else was talked of.

"It is really provoking," said Ethelind "I am quite of Beatrice's opinion, and think great folks anything but desirable in such a small place, at least, to people circumstanced as we are."

"I am of opinion," said Mr. Barclay, "you will find it quite the reverse."

"Shall you remain as curate," asked Mrs. Fortescue.

"Frederic Eardly purposes to make poor Bennet his curate."

"But if he is so ill he will not be able to do the duty," said Beatrice.

"It is not hard, and Eardly is well able to do it himself."

"But will he," said she, "I really feel curious, to see how this embryo bishop will get on, as I suppose nothing less is the object of his taking orders."

"Oh, Miss Trevor, judge not so harshly. Is it not possible that in singleness of heart, he may have gone into the Church, unmindful of all but the sacred calling? I do not pretend to judge, but I believe no worldly honour or pecuniary consideration influenced his choice, as I know his grandfather left him quite independent."

"Oh, don't tell me, Mr. Barclay, it is very unlikely; but it is natural that you should take his part because—"

"Because, what?" responded Mr. Barclay, "do you think money or interest would prompt me to say what I don't think or mean?"

"No," said Beatrice, "I think you the last person in the world to truckle to the great,—but no more of this; what kind of a being is this Frederic Eardly?"

"I am a poor judge of character, besides, you would hardly give me credit for being impartial. They say he is spoilt by his mother and sisters, by whom he is perfectly idolized and to whom he is, in return, devotedly attached."

"Come, that and helping poor Bennet, are certainly very redeeming traits; but will his giving him a preference be doing justice to you, who have done so much, and will it not —" here feeling she was going too far, she coloured.

Mr. Barclay too, was much confused; and Beatrice was greatly relieved when Mrs. Fortescue turned the conversation. She had long remarked to herself, there was a

mystery about Mr. Barclay which she could not understand. There was, at times, a reserve she attributed to pride. If not well born, he was quite *au fait* in all the usages of well-bred society. He never spoke of his family, but Mrs. Fortescue once asked him if he had any sisters, when he replied, "Two, such as any brother might be proud of;" but, while he spoke, the blood mantled in his forehead, and fearing it might result from pride, she dropped the subject, and, for the future, avoided saying anything that might recall it, trusting that, in time, she might win his confidence.

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Almost unconsciously to herself, was Ethelind, under the garb of friendship, indulging a preference from which her delicacy shrank. She could plainly see a growing attachment in Mr. Barclay to Beatrice, and could not, for a moment, suppose he could be insensible to her friend's fascinations, which certainly were very great. She was the more convinced that Mr. Barclay loved Beatrice, for his manners evidently changed, and, at times, he was absent and thoughtful, and she sometimes fancied unhappy. Once it struck her, his affections might be engaged elsewhere, and that Beatrice had shaken his faith to her to whom it was plighted. She observed Beatrice using all her efforts to attract and win Mr. Barclay, and yet she doubted if she were sincere. Many things in her conduct led to this conclusion, and showed no little coquetry in her disposition. Be it as it may, she met Mr. Barclay's attentions more than half way, and seemed never in such spirits as when with him; at any rate, poor Ethelind's delicacy took the alarm, and she resolved to crush her own growing attachment in the bud, and hide her feelings in reserve, and so great was her self-command, that her love for Mr. Barclay, was unsuspected by all save her mother.

As Beatrice and Ethelind were returning one evening from a long walk, and being very tired, they sat down on a bank facing the Towy to rest themselves, and watch the setting sun sink behind the undulating mountains that almost surrounded them. They were, for some minutes, so absorbed in the scene before them, that neither spoke; at last Beatrice exclaimed:—

“What a pity it is, Ethelind, that you and Mr. Barclay never took it into your heads to fall in love with each other; you would make such a capital clergyman's wife.”

“Beatrice!” said Ethelind, “why talk thus; do you mean to say that you have been insensible to his attachment to you?”

“I do not mean to say that,” replied she, “but I can assure you, that if there is such a feeling, it is only on his side.”

“And yet, you have not only received, but met his attentions with such evident pleasure, and given him such decided encouragement.”

“Now, Ethy, how could I resist a flirtation with such an interesting character?”

“Oh, Beatrice, did you never think of the pain you might inflict by leading him to suppose his affection was reciprocated.”

“Never, my conscientious little Ethelind, he is too poor, nay, too good, for me to think seriously of becoming his wife.”

“Oh, Beatrice! I thought you had a more noble heart than to trifle with the affections of such a man, particularly now there is a chance of recovering your property; you might be so happy, and make him so too.”

“And do, you think, if I do recover it, I should throw myself away on a poor curate, and that I should like to lead such a quiet hum-drum life. No, my dear girl, I was never made to appreciate such goodness or imitate it either.”

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"Then, of course, you will alter your conduct, ere you go too far, and not render him wretched, perhaps for life."

"Of course, I shall do no such thing, his attentions are too pleasing; it does not appear he will be here long, so I must make the most of the time."

"Oh, Beatrice, think what havoc you may make in the happiness of a worthy man; look at his character; see his exemplary conduct; and could you, for the paltry gratification of your vanity, condemn him to the pangs of unrequited love. He has now, I fear, the ills of poverty to struggle against; did you notice his emotion when speaking of his mother and sisters? perhaps they are dependant on him,—you must not, shall not trifle with him thus."

"And why not, dearest Ethelind; I shall really begin to suspect you like him yourself; oh, that tell tale blush, how it becomes you."

"I think," said Ethelind, "any one would colour at such an accusation."

"Well then, to be honest, I have no heart to give."

"No heart to give! surely you are not engaged, and act thus?"

"I am, indeed."

"Cruel, heartless Beatrice," said Ethelind, "you cannot mean what you say."

"I do most solemnly affirm it; but I will tell you all bye and bye: now I cannot. I am smarting too much under you severe philippic, you shall indeed know all,—but," said the thoughtless girl, "let us go home, as your mother will be waiting tea, and Mr. Barclay with her."

"How can you face one you have so injured," said Ethelind, "I could not."

"When you see a little more of the world, you will call these little flirtations very venial errors."

"I hope," said Ethelind, "I shall never call *wrong right*, or *right wrong*; neither, I trust, shall I ever act as if I thought so."

They reached home, and found tea ready, but Mr. Barclay was not there, nor did he visit them that evening, but about eight o'clock Mrs. Fortescue received a note, begging her to excuse him, as he had so much to attend to, preparatory to the family coming to the Park.

They saw no more of him during the week. On Sunday, he looked, Ethelind thought, very pale. Coming out of church he spoke to her mother, and she thought there was a tremor in his voice as he spoke, as if concealing some internal emotion. They made many conjectures as to the cause of this extraordinary conduct, but both Mrs. Fortescue and Ethelind felt certain there must be some good reason, as caprice had, never since they had known him, formed any part of his conduct; they were, therefore, obliged to come to the conclusion, that if they knew it, they would find he had good reason for his conduct.

To Ethelind, when he met her alone, his manner was friendly as ever, but she fancied he had often avoided them, when she and Beatrice were together; sometimes she suspected he doubted Beatrice's sincerity. He sent books and fruit to Mrs. Fortescue, as usual, but rarely went to the cottage, and if he did, always timed his visits, so as to go when the younger ladies were out. He would however, saunter home with Ethelind, if alone, after the duties of the Sunday School, and consult her on many of his plans; in short, he daily became more like his former self.

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The fact was, that the day on which Beatrice and Ethelind held the discussion, he had started to meet them, but feeling tired, sat down to rest on the very same bank they afterwards occupied: but the sun shining fully on it, he had retreated behind a large tree, and having fallen asleep, was awakened by their talking, and thus became an unintentional auditor of their conversation.

It was a thunderbolt to him, to hear Beatrice acknowledge herself positively engaged, and yet wilfully resolve to encourage his attentions, and thus trifle with his feelings. Before Beatrice came, he had been much pleased with the unaffected manner of Ethelind, whose character he highly respected; but her reserve made him conclude she was indifferent to him, but how did she rise in his estimation, as he heard the conversation. Not a word of her advice to Beatrice was lost on him, and he only wondered he had not done her more justice; how grateful he felt for the noble indignation she expressed at her friend's levity, and the honest warmth with which she took his part, and strove, as it were, to prevent his being betrayed by the heartless coquetry of Beatrice. He regarded all that had occurred as a special intervention of Providence to save him from future misery. His regard for Beatrice was daily increasing and believing her good and amiable, he desired to win the affection, which he fully thought was reciprocal; and how did the discovery of her treachery dash the cup of happiness from his lips; but as it was because he believed her truly amiable that he loved her, he thought, now the veil was drawn aside, he should soon get over his disappointment. But, unworthy as she was, she had so entwined herself in his heart, that it was no easy task to tear her image from it—however, he was strong-minded, and soon reflected that instead of grieving, he ought to be thankful for his escape. Ethelind saw he was wretched, and fancied Beatrice was, some how or other, the cause. She pitied him, and prayed for him, but it was all she could do; but she was not sorry to hear Beatrice say she had an invitation to Miss Fulton's wedding, which she was determined to accept. The night previous to her departure, Mr. Barclay, unasked, remained to tea, and when he took leave, he put a letter into the hand of Beatrice, which she slipped into her pocket, she thought, unseen by any one, but Ethelind saw it, though she took no notice, nor did Beatrice mention it Before retiring to rest, she read as follows:—

“MY DEAR MISS TREVOR,

“I should ill act up to that fearless line of duty my sacred calling prescribes, were I not, as a friend, to urge you to reflect on your present line of conduct, and ask you to pause on it, ere you wreck, not only the happiness of others but your own, at the shrine of inordinate vanity. Shall I honestly own, that mine has narrowly escaped being wrecked; and that, from your own lips, I learnt such was the case. Believing you good and amiable,

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as you seemed, I was fascinated, and allowed my feelings to outrun my judgment, and yet I can hardly say that such was the case, for I thought you all a woman should be. Let me warn and entreat you, on all future occasions, as you wish to be happy, to deal fairly and truly with him who may seek to win your affection. I was an unwilling listener to your conversation with Miss Fortescue, the other day, and there, from your own lips, learnt that while engaged to another, you scrupled not to receive and encourage my attentions; and more than that, you declared your resolution, of holding out hopes you never meant to realize. Had I known you were bound to another, whatever my feelings had been for you, I had never sought to win your love, but I fully believed you ingenuous as you seemed. Had you not met the advances so sincerely made by me, with such seeming pleasure, whatever the struggle might have cost me, it had passed in silence. I will candidly own, that while my respect is lessened, I cannot forget what my feelings towards you have been. Time alone can heal the peace of mind you have so recklessly wounded; but I again advise you to reflect seriously on the past, and be assured, that she who pursues such a line of conduct as you have done, will ever find it militate against her own happiness, as well as that of others; and I fear, it has done so in the present instance, for while smarting under the bitter feelings your behaviour called forth, I wrote to an intimate friend, and spoke of my disappointment, and the struggle I had to obtain such a mastery over myself, as would prevent it interfering with my duty. Unfortunately, that friend was the very man to whom you are engaged; which I did not know at the time, nor am I prepared to say if I had, how I should have acted. George Graham is an honourable fellow, who believed you as faithful as himself. Thus has your thoughtless, nay, I will go farther, and say highly culpable levity, sacrificed the happiness of two as honest hearts as ever beat in the human breast; I would say I pity you, but I can hardly expect your own peace to have suffered. "Mine is a responsible and sacred calling; and feeling it to be such, I want, when I marry, a woman who will *aid*, not *hinder* me in my arduous duties; I have, as far as human infirmity permits, done with the world and its pleasures; but I am but mortal, and who knows to what frivolity, nay to what sin, but for the merciful interposition of God, you might have led me; and that, while bound to teach and guide others, I might, in my daily conduct, have contradicted the truths I was bound to enforce." On first coming to reside here, I was much pleased with Miss Fortescue, and I felt that with her, I could be happy, but her reserve made me fancy her indifferent to me, and I judged she could not return my love; and while her conduct increased my esteem, I resolved that I would not forfeit her friendship by persevering in attentions,

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I feared, she cared not for. You came: your beauty struck me; your fascinating manners made an impression I could not resist; your seeming pleasure in my attentions misled me, and my heart was enslaved ere my judgment could act. But no more! you have yourself, undrawn the veil, and humbly do I thank the merciful Providence that has thus over-ruled things, and interfered to save me from—, I hardly know what. You can scarcely wonder that I avoided you, after what I heard; and it was not till to-day I could sufficiently command my feelings, to stay at Mrs. Fortescue's, and see you; it is not that I still love you, for I cannot love the woman I no longer respect. I do not hate you; but I do sincerely pity you, and humbly, and fervently do I pray that you may, ere too late, see the errors of your conduct. You, by your own confession, deem coquetry a venial error; can that be such, from which come such cruel and mischievous results. But no more. I forgive you most freely, and shall ever fervently pray that you may see and feel how inimical to peace *here*, as well as *hereafter*, is such conduct as you have shown.

“Ever your sincere friend, F.B.”

No words can do justice to the agony of Beatrice's feelings, as she read the foregoing letter. She was thunderstruck; here was a blow to her happiness, how completely was she caught in her own toils; she could but feel the retribution just. Of all men, she knew, George Graham to be one of the most fastidious, and that of all things he held the most despicable, she well knew, was a coquette. She loved him with passionate devotion, but knew, if the effort cost him his life, he would cast her from his affections. She was almost maddened with the thought. She did indeed feel that Mr. Barclay was amply revenged, and in feeling every hope of happiness was lost, she could judge to what she had nearly brought him; though she perhaps forgot that he had a support in the hour of trial to which she could not look, for she had wilfully erred. It had always been her practice to go daily to the village post office, consequently, no suspicions could arise on the part of Ethelind, as they would have done, had she seen the frequency of her friend's receiving letters. She rose early, and went the morning she was to leave. She started, as the well known writing met her eye on the address: her limbs trembled, and she feared to open the packet put into her hands. Her own letters were returned with the accompanying note:—

“FAITHLESS, BUT STILL DEAR BEATRICE,

“Farewell, and for ever! May you never know the bitter pangs you have inflicted! I may be too fastidious, but I could never unite my fate with yours; the woman I marry I must respect, or I can never be happy; and miserable as I shall be without you, I feel that I should be still more wretched did I unite my fate with yours. My whole heart was, and is yours only, and had your feelings been what they ought, you would have spurned the paltry gratification of winning the affection you could not return, I sail for India to-morrow; to have seen you would be worse than useless; as we can never now, be anything, to each other.—Once more, adieu!



"Your once devoted,

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“GEORGE GRAHAM.”

Beatrice’s eyes were red with weeping when she returned from the village. She hesitated whether or not to show Ethelind the letters; but she well knew her disposition and that although she highly disapproved her conduct, still she would feel for her, and she needed consolation; accordingly, calling her into her bed room, she put both epistles into the hand of her friend, begging her to try and read them through before the carriage came that was to take her away. Ethelind was little less astonished than Beatrice had been, and truly did she feel for her mortification. Many and bitter were the tears she shed on reading Mr. Barclay’s letter, for she well knew how strongly he must have felt. Most thankful, too, was she that, by striving to overcome her own attachment she had spared herself from having it even suspected. Without a remark she returned the letters to Beatrice, who could only beg to hear from her, and she promised to write, when the post chaise drove up, and after affectionately embracing Mrs. Fortescue and Ethelind, she was soon out of sight.

Mrs. Fortescue was, for some days, very poorly, and at length took to her bed. Mr. Barclay was daily in attendance, affording her all the religious consolation in his power, but he saw, although resigned, there was something on her mind; and was not mistaken. She felt her earthly race was well nigh run, and she was anxious as to Ethelind’s future fate. She knew God had said, “leave thy fatherless children to me,” and she felt she could do so, and she knew also, that it was written, “commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass;” he had said, and would he not surely do it? She was one on whom sorrow had done a blessed work.

Mr. Barclay calling one morning, found Ethelind out. It was an opportunity he had long desired, and having read and prayed with Mrs. F., he told her he feared some anxiety was still pressing on her mind.

“Yes,” said she, “though I feel it to be wrong, I cannot help wishing to be permitted to linger a little longer here, for Ethelind’s sake, though I know that God is all sufficient, still it is the infirmity of human nature.”

“Make your mind easy on that head, my dear Mrs. Fortescue, for if Ethelind will but trust her happiness with me, gladly will I become her protector.”

“Oh, Mr. Barclay how thankfully would I trust my child in such keeping, but would your means support the incumbrance of a wife.”

“Believe in my truth, at such a moment; I have sufficient for both.”

“Almighty God, I thank thee!” exclaimed the invalid.

Mr. Barclay now insisted on her taking her medicine, which had such a soothing effect that she soon after fell into a peaceful slumber. He sat sometime musing, when Hannah, who had alone been helping Ethelind nurse her mother, came in, and Mr. Barclay rose to go.

He met Ethelind at the door, and finding she was going to her mother, told her she was asleep, and asked to speak with her in the parlour. Only requesting permission to be assured that he was not mistaken as to Mrs. Fortescue not being awake, she promised to join him immediately.

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"Ethelind," said he with some emotion, "will you, dare you, trust your happiness with me? Can you be contented to share my lot, and help me in the discharge of my duties. Will the retired life I lead, be consonant with your tastes and wishes. Tell me honestly; you, I know, will not deceive me. Your mother, I fear, is seriously ill, and if, as I sometimes dare hope, you love me, let us give her the satisfaction of seeing us united ere she is called hence."

"Mr. Barclay," said Ethelind, soon as she could speak, "were I differently circumstanced, gladly would I unite my fate with yours, but with your present limited means, I should only be a burden. You have, perhaps, a mother and sisters dependent on you, with whose comfort I might interfere."

"They are," said he, "perfectly independent of me; but tell me if I have that interest in your affections that alone can make me happy, tell me the truth, I shall not respect you the less."

"Oh, Mr. Barclay, I shall be but too happy," said Ethelind, bursting into tears, "but can I really believe you."

"I was never more earnest, and I will add, more happy in my life; but my Ethelind," continued he, "your mother's health is so precarious that I must insist on your consulting her, and naming an early day to be mine."

"But I cannot, will not leave her; no, we must wait."

"You shall not, my sweet girl, leave your respected parent. No, while it pleases God to spare her life, you shall not be separated from her one hour; she shall live with us, But I shall write to my mother and sisters, who must witness my happiness;—but you are agitated, dearest, do you repent or desire to rescind?"

"Oh! no;" said Ethelind, "but this is so unexpected. Oh, let me go to my beloved mother, pray do, Mr. Barclay," said she, drawing away the hand he still strove to retain in his.

"Have done with Mr. Barclay, and call me Frederic." Waiting only till she assented to this, he took his leave; and Ethelind went, with a heart overcharged with joy, to her mother, who had just awakened from a tranquil slumber. It is needless to say how truly thankful Mrs. Fortescue was. Her child's happiness seemingly so well secured, she had only now to prepare for the solemn change that she felt was not far distant.

From this time, however, her health gradually amended, and the day was fixed for the union of Ethelind and Mr. Barclay. He settled that they should, for the present, reside at the Rectory. Ethelind's countenance brightened, for she fancied she had solved part of the mystery, and that Mr. Eardly was not yet coming, and till his arrival they would be permitted to reside there.

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The evening before the ceremony was to take place, Mr. Barclay came in with two ladies. One, a benign but august looking personage; the other, a sylph-like, beautiful creature of eighteen, whom he introduced as his mother and younger sister. Ethelind timidly but gracefully received them. Their kind and easy manner soon removed the little restraint there was at first, but she was still bewildered, and could hardly fancy she was not dreaming; their appearance, too, increased rather than diminished her wonder, for they were most elegantly attired. After allowing a short time for conversation, she went out and fetched her mother, and all parties seemed delighted with each other. After sitting some time, Mr. Barclay, looking at his mother, rose, and taking Ethelind's hand, said, "now, my disinterested girl, allow me to introduce myself as Frederic Barclay Eardly!"

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue and Ethelind at once, and with the utmost surprise, while Lady Eardly and her daughter sat smiling and pleased spectators.

"Yes, my dear Ethelind; but the deception has been very unpremeditated on my part, as you shall hear. Arriving in England alone, I came down, merely intending to look round, having had some reason to be dissatisfied with Mr. Jones, the acting curate, by whom, when I got to the inn, I was supposed to be the new curate, and as such, I believe, received very differently to what I should have been as the rector; and anxious to know exactly the state of my parishioners, thought, in the humble capacity, they had taken me, I might better do this. In calling to see your mother, who, I thought, from her previous good deeds in the parish, was likely to be an efficient adviser, I was invited to tea, and from the conversation of both you and her, I found, that while as the curate I should have free intercourse at the cottage, as the Hon. Frederic Eardly the doors would be closed on me; added to this, was a lurking hope that I might, eventually, gain your affections, and know that you loved me for myself alone. Your reserve however, dispelled, for a time, that illusion. Beatrice Trevor came and threw out lures I could not resist, and I was fairly entrapped; however, I will not dwell on what has led to such happy results. Bennet, alone, knows my secret."

Lady Eardly now took an affectionate leave. She had brought a splendid wedding dress for Ethelind, but her son insisted on her wearing the plain white muslin she had herself prepared.

A union founded on such a basis, could not fail to bring as much real happiness as mortals, subject to the vicissitudes of life, could expect. Frederic Eardly passed many years of usefulness in his native place, aided, in many of his good works, by his amiable wife. But though blessed with many earthly comforts, they were not without their trials, they had a promising family, but two or three were early recalled; and in proportion to their affection for these interesting children, was their grief at the severed links in the chain of earthly love. The mother, perhaps, felt more keenly than the father, but both knew they were blessings only lent, and they bowed submissively.

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Beatrice was not heard of for some time, though Ethelind wrote repeatedly, and named her second girl after her, and some eight or ten years afterwards a letter came, written by Beatrice as she lay on her death-bed, to be given to her little namesake on her seventeenth birth-day. She left her all her jewels and a sum of money, but the letter was the most valuable bequest, as it pointed out the errors into which she had fallen, and their sad results. She had, it would seem, accompanied the friend abroad to whose marriage she had gone, and had once more marred her own prospects of happiness by her folly, and once more had she injured the peace of others. Farther she might have gone on, had she not sickened with the small-pox, of a most virulent kind; she ultimately recovered; but her transcendent beauty was gone, and she had now time to reflect on the past. Her affliction was most salutary, and worked a thorough reformation, which, had her life been spared, would have shown itself in her conduct.

Although Ethelind needed it not, it was a lesson to her to be, if possible, more careful and anxious in the formation of her daughters' principles as they grew up, and more prayerful that her efforts to direct their steps aright, might be crowned with success. Her prayers were heard, and the family proved worthy the care of their excellent mother.

### **LINES, ON SEEING IN A LIST OF NEW MUSIC, "THE WATERLOO WALTZ."**

BY A LADY.

A moment pause, ye British fair  
While pleasure's phantom ye pursue,  
And say, if sprightly dance or air,  
Suit with the name of Waterloo?  
Awful was the victory,  
Chastened should the triumph be;  
Midst the laurels she has won,  
Britain mourns for many a son.

Veiled in clouds the morning rose,  
Nature seemed to mourn the day,  
Which consigned before its close  
Thousands to their kindred clay;  
How unfit for courtly ball,  
Or the giddy festival,  
Was the grim and ghastly view,  
E're evening closed on Waterloo.

See the Highland Warrior rushing  
Firm in danger on the foe,



Till the life blood warmly gushing  
Lays the plaided hero low.  
His native, pipe's accustomed sound,  
Mid war's infernal concert drowned,  
Cannot soothe his last adieu,  
Or wake his sleep on Waterloo.

Charging on, the Cuirassier,  
See the foaming charger flying  
Trampling in his wild career,  
On all alike the dead and dying,  
See the bullet through his side,  
Answered by the spouting tide,  
Helmet, horse and rider too,  
Roll on bloody Waterloo.

Shall scenes like these, the dance inspire;  
Or wake th' enlivening notes of mirth,  
Oh shivered be the recreant lyre,  
That gave the base idea birth;  
Other sounds I ween were there,  
Other music rent the air,  
Other waltz the warriors knew,  
When they closed on Waterloo.

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### THE BOY OF EGREMONT.

The founders of Embsay were now dead, and left a daughter, who adopted the mother's name of Romille, and was married to William FitzDuncan. They had issue a son, commonly called the Boy of Egremont, who surviving an elder brother, became the last hope of the family.

In the deep solitude of the woods, betwixt Bolton and Barden the river suddenly contracts itself into a rocky channel, little more than four feet wide, and pours through the tremendous fissure, with a rapidity equal to its confinement. This place was then, as it now is, called the Strid, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who stride from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction which awaits a faltering step. Such, according to tradition, was the fate of young Romille, who, inconsiderately, bounding over the chasm with a greyhound in his leash, the animal hung back, and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent. The Forester, who accompanied Romille and beheld his fate, returned to the Lady Aaliza, and with despair in his countenance, enquired, "what is good for bootless Bene," to which the mother, apprehending some great misfortune, had befallen her son, instantly replied, "endless sorrow."

The language of this question is almost unintelligible at present. But bootless bene, is unavailing prayer; and the meaning, though imperfectly expressed, seems to have been, what remains when prayer avails not?

—*Vide. Whitaker's History of Craven*

Lady! what is the fate of those  
Whose hopes and joys are failing?  
Who, brooding over ceaseless woes,  
Finds prayer is unavailing?  
The mother heard his maddening tone,  
She marked his look of horror;  
She thought upon her absent son,  
And answered, "endless sorrow."

How fair that morning star arose!  
And bright and cloudless was its ray;  
Ah! who could think that evening's close,  
Would mark a frantic mother's woes,  
And see a father's hopes decay?

Inhuman Chief! a judgment stern  
Hath stopped thee in thy mad career;



And thou, who hast made thousands mourn.  
Must shed, thyself, the hopeless tear,  
And long, in helpless grief, deplore  
Thy only child is now no more.

Long ere the lark his matin sung,  
Clad in his hunting garb of green,  
The brave, the noble, and the young,  
The Boy of Egremont was seen!  
Who in his fair form could not trace,  
The youth was born of high degree;  
He was the last of Duncan's race,  
The only hope of Romille.

In his bright eye the youthful fire  
Was glowing with unwonted brightness;  
Warm in friendship, fierce in ire,  
Yet spoke of all its bosom's lightness.  
His mother marked his brilliant cheek,  
And blessed him as he onward past;  
Ah! did no boding feeling speak,  
To tell that look would be her last.  
He held the hound in silken band,  
The merlin perched upon his hand,  
And frolic, mirth and wayward glee  
Glanced in the heart of Romille.



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And oft the huntsman by his side,  
Would warn him from the fatal tide,  
And whisper in his heedless ear,  
To think upon his mother's tear,  
Should aught of ill or harm befall  
Her child, her hope, her life, her all;  
And bade him, for more sakes than one,  
The desperate, dangerous leap to shun.  
He smiled, and gave the herdsman's prayer.  
And all his counsel to the air,  
And laughed to see the old man's eye,  
Fix'd in imploring agony.

Where the wild stream's eternal strife,  
Wake the dark echoes into life,  
Where rudely o'er the rock it gushes,  
Lost in its everlasting foam;  
And swift the channeled water rushes,  
With ceaseless roar and endless storm;  
And rugged crags, dark, grey, and high,  
Hang fearful o'er the darkened sky;  
And o'er the dim and shadowy deep,  
Yawning, presents a deathful leap.  
The boy has gained that desperate brink,  
And not a moment will he think  
Of all the hopes, and joys, and fears  
That are entwined in his young years.

The old man stretched his arms in air,  
And vainly warned him to forbear:  
Oh! stay, my child, in mercy stay,  
And mark the dread abyss beneath;  
Destruction wings thee on thy way,  
And leads thee to an awful death.

He said no more, for on the air  
Rose the deep murmuring of despair;  
One shriek of agonizing woe  
Broke on his ear, and all was o'er;  
For midst the waves' eternal flow,  
The boy had sank to rise no more.

When springing from the dizzy steep,  
He winged his way 'twixt earth and sky,



The affrighted hound beheld the deep,  
And starting back, he shunned the leap,  
And by this fatal check he drew  
Death on himself and master too.

But those wild waves of death and strife  
Flowed deeply, wildly as before,  
Though he was reft of light and life,  
And sunk in death to rise no more.

And he was gone! his mother's smile  
No more shall welcome his return.  
Ah! little did she think the while,  
Her fate through life would be to mourn!  
And his stern sire; how will he brook  
The tale that tells his child is low!  
How will the haughty tyrant look,  
And writhe beneath the hopeless blow!  
While conscience, with his vengeance sure,  
Shall grant no peace, and feel no cure.  
Aye, weep! for thee, no pitying eye  
Shall shed the sympathizing tear;  
Hopeless and childless shalt thou die,  
And none shall mourn above thy bier.  
Thy race extinct; no more thy name  
Shall proudly swell the lists of fame.

Thou art the last! with thee shall die  
Thy proud descent and lineage high;  
No more on Barden's hills shall swell  
The mirth inspiring bugle note;  
No more o'er mountain, vale and dell,  
Its well known sounds shall wildly float.  
Other sounds shall steal along,  
Other music swell the song;  
The deep funeral wail of wo,  
In solemn cadence, now shall spread  
Its strains of sorrow, sad and slow,  
In requiem dirges for the dead.



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Why has the Lady left her home,  
And quitted every earthly care,  
And sought, in deep monastic gloom,  
The holy balm that centres there?  
Oh! ill that Lady's eye could brook  
On those deserted scenes to look,  
Where she so oft had marked her child,  
With all a mother's joy and smiled,  
For not a shrub, or tree or flower,  
But brought to mind some happy hour,  
And called to life some vision fair.  
When her young hope stood smiling there.

But he was gone! and what had she  
To do with love, or hope, or pride,  
For every feeling, warm and free,  
Had left her when young Duncan died;  
And she had nought on earth beside.  
One single throb was lingering yet,  
And that forbade her to forget;  
Forget! what spell can calm the soul?  
Should memory o'er its pulses roll  
Through almost every night of grief,  
We still hope for the morrow;  
But what to those can bring relief,  
Who pine in endless sorrow.

—EMMA TUCKER.

## LINES WRITTEN ON THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Sad solitary thought! that keeps thy vigils,  
Thy solemn vigils in the sick man's mind;  
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,  
And musing on the dim obscurity around him!  
Thee! rapt in thy dark magnificence, I call  
At this still midnight hour, this awful season,  
When on my bed in wakeful restlessness,  
I turn me, weary: while all around,  
All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness,  
I only wake to watch the sickly taper that lights,  
Me to my tomb. Yes, 'tis the hand of death  
I feel press heavy on my vitals;



Slow sapping the warm current of existence;  
My moments now are few! e'en now  
I feel the knife, the separating knife, divide  
The tender chords that tie my soul  
To earth. Yes, I must die, I feel that I *must* die  
And though to me has life been dark and dreary  
Though smiling Hope, has lured but to deceive,  
And disappointment still pursued its blandishments,  
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me,  
As I contemplate the grim gulf,—

The shuddering blank, the awful void futurity.  
Aye, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme,  
Romantic schemes and fraught with loveliness;  
And it is hard to feel the hand of death  
Arrest one's steps; throw a chill blast  
O'er all one's budding hopes, and hurl one's soul  
Untimely to the grave, lost in the gaping gulf  
Of blank oblivion. Fifty years hence,  
And who will think of Henry? ah, none!  
Another busy world of beings will start up  
In the interim, and none will hold him  
In remembrance. I shall sink as sinks  
A stranger in the crowded streets of busy London,  
A few enquiries, and the crowds pass on,  
And all's forgotten. O'er my grassy grave

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The men of future times will careless tread  
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;  
Nor will the sound, familiar with their ears,  
Recall my vanished memory. I had hoped  
For better things; I hoped I should not leave  
This earth without a vestige. Fate decrees  
It shall be otherwise, and I submit.  
Henceforth, oh, world! no more of thy desires,  
No more of hope, that wanton vagrant hope;  
Now higher cares engross me, and my tired soul,  
With emulative haste, looks to its God,  
And prunes its wings for heaven.

—KIRKE WHITE.

### AN EMBARKATION SCENE.

A short time since, I found among other papers, one containing an account of the embarkation of a few detachments to join their respective regiments, then engaged in the Burmese war, in India. It was written almost verbatim, from the description by one, who was not only an eye witness, but who took an active part in the proceedings of the morning. As so very many similar and trying scenes are occurring at the present time, among our devoted countrymen, leaving for the Crimea, it may not be wholly uninteresting now; as it is founded on facts, which alas, must be far, very far, outnumbered by parallel facts and circumstances.

Having business at Gravesend, I arrived there late at night, and took a bed at an Inn in one of the thoroughfares of that place; I retired early to rest, and was awakened in the morning by the sound of martial music; and ever delighting in the "soul-stirring fife and drum," I jumped out of bed and found it was troops, about to sail for India; I therefore, dressed myself and strolled down to the beach to witness what, to me, was quite a novel sight, the embarkation.

It was a clear bright morning in June, and the sun was shining in full splendor, while the calm bosom of the beautiful Thames reflected back all its dazzling effulgence. The river was studded with shipping, and to add to the beauty of the scene, two or three East Indiamen had just anchored there, and as I viewed them majestically riding, I could easily fancy the various feelings their arrival would create, not only in the breasts of those who were in these stately barks, but of the hundreds of expectant friends, who were anxiously awaiting their return. With how many momentous meetings was that



day to be filled. How many a fond and anxious mother, who had, perhaps, for years, nightly closed her eyes in praying for a beloved son, was in a few hours to clasp him to the maternal breast. Here, too, might be pictured, the husband and father returning, not as he left his wife and children, in the vigour of health and manhood, but with his cheeks pallid and his constitution enfeebled by hard service in a tropical climate. Some few had, doubtless, realized those gorgeous dreams of affluence and greatness which first tempted them to leave their native land. I once knew one myself, whose hardy sinews had for nearly sixty years, braved

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the fervid heat of the torrid sun; but he returned to *endure* life, not to *enjoy* it. He told me, he had left England at the early age of fourteen. He had, as it were, out grown his young friendships. Eastern habits and associations had usurped the place of those domestic feelings, which his early banishment had not allowed to take root, we might question if the seeds were even sown in his young breast, for he was an orphan, with no other patrimony than the interest of connexions, which procured him a cadetcy in the East India Company's Service. On his departure, he earned no parent's blessing for him, no anxious father sighed, no fond indulgent mother wept and prayed. As I stood musing on the scene, a gentleman, a seeming idler, like myself, joined me, and after many judicious remarks on what was passing around, informed me he was there to meet a widowed sister, who only three years before, had gone out in the very ship in which she now returned, to join her husband,—the long affianced of her early choice. For a short period, she had enjoyed all earthly happiness, but it was only for a brief space; for soon, alas! was she taught in the school of sorrow, that this world is not our abiding place.

But the Blue Peter,[1] gently floating in the scarcely perceptible breeze, betokened the vessel from which it streamed, destined for a far different purpose. It told not of restoring the fond husband to his wife, the father to his children, or the lover to his mistress; it was, in this instance, to sever, for a time, all these endearing ties; for very soon would the father, the husband, and the lover be borne many miles on the trackless ocean, far, very far, from all they hold dear, and some with feelings so deep and true, that for a time, not all the brilliant prospects of wealth or glory, will restore their spirits to their wonted tone.

[1] A flag hoisted always when a ship is preparing to sail.

There was one detachment which greatly struck me; it consisted of about one hundred and fifty fine athletic young men, who though only recruits, were particularly soldier-like in appearance. There was throughout, a sort of determined firmness in their countenances, which seemed to say, "Away with private feelings! we go on glory's errand, and at her imperious bidding, and of her alone we think!" Yet to fancy's eye, might be read an interesting tale in every face. We might trace, in all, some scarcely perceptible relaxation of muscle, that would say, "With the deportment of the *hero*, we have the feelings of the *man*." One young officer was there, belonging to a different regiment, who, certainly, seemed to have none of those amiable weaknesses, none of those home feelings, which characterize the husband or the father. He had not even pains of the lover to contend with. Glory was indeed *his* mistress, the all absorbing ruling passion of his mind; he dreamt not, talked not of, thought not of aught, but glory!"

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Panting to distinguish himself with his corps, he would gladly have annihilated time and space to have reached it, without spending so many tedious months in making the voyage. Led away by his military ardor, he thought not of his anxious parents; little recked he of his mother's sleepless nights, and how her maternal fears would fancy every breeze a gale, and every gale a storm, while he was subject to their influence.

Among those waiting to embark, was one who had just parted from his wife and children; care and anxiety had set their marks on him. He was a man of domestic habits, and was now, perhaps, to be severed for years, from all that gave any charm to life; but the fiat for separation had gone forth, and was inevitable! Soon would immense oceans roll between them; their resources, which, while they were together, were barely sufficient for their wants, were now to be divided; and the pang of parting, severe enough in itself, was sharpened by the fear that poverty and privation might overtake them, ere he could send remittances to his family.

A post chaise now came in sight, when an officer stepped forward, as it drove to the water's edge, and assisted a lady to alight from it. Her eyes were red with weeping and her trembling limbs seemed scarcely able to support her sinking frame. Her husband, for such I found he was, who had gone towards the vehicle, showed little less emotion than herself, which he, however, strove hard to suppress. These were parents, whom each successive wave would bear still further from their lovely offspring, towards whom their aching hearts would yearn, long after their childish tears had ceased to flow. They, poor little things, knew not the blessings they were about to lose, but their fond and anxious father and mother could not forget, that they had consigned them to strangers, who might or who might not be kind to them, and who had too many under their care, to feel, or even show the endearing tenderness that marks parental love.

In regimental costume, also, stood one, quite aloof, and from his history, (which I afterwards learnt,) I found that his position on the beach corresponded with that in which he stood in the world—alone; cared for by none, himself indifferent to all around him; every kindlier affection had withered in his breast. He was careless whither he went or what became of him. Yet was he not always so, for he had known a parent's and a husband's love. His now blighted heart had often beaten with rapture, as the babe, on which he doted, first lisped a father's name, taught by a mother, whose smile of affection was, for years, the sun that gladdened his existence. But these bright visions of happiness had all flown; that being whom he had so fondly loved had dishonoured him, and neglected his boy, and on his return, he found one in the grave, the other living in infamy.

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Among the soldiers, I noticed one, on whom not more than nineteen summers had shone; nay, less than that. His light and joyous heart seemed bounding with delight, as he witnessed the busy scene that met his wondering eyes. An aged woman stood near him, whose blanched and withered cheek but ill accorded with the cheerful look of her light-hearted thoughtless son. She took his hand, and sobbed out, "Oh, George, my poor boy, little thought I to see the day when I should be thus forsaken; I did hope you would now have staid with me, and been a comfort in my old days."

"Hush, hush! grand-mother, the boys are all looking at you. Come, now, don't be blubbering so foolishly, I shall soon come back again."

"Come back again, boy! afore that day comes, these poor old bones will be mouldering in the dust. But God's will be done, and may his blessings be upon you; I know there must be soldiers, but oh, 'tis hard, so very hard, to part with one's only child. Oh, after the care I have taken to bring you up decently, to lose you thus; and how I worked, day and night, to buy you off before, and yet you listed again, though a month had not passed over your head. God help me," said she sighing, "for even this trial could not be without God's will, for without that, not a sparrow could fell to the ground. But stay, do wait a bit longer," said she, catching him by the belt, as he was manifesting a restless impatience to join the busy throng.

"You will promise to write to me, George, you will not forget that?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure, mother, I'll write."

The sergeant now began to call the muster roll, and the poor old creature's cheek grew whiter still as the lad exclaimed:

"Now, mother, I must fall into the ranks; good bye, good bye."

"May God Almighty preserve thee, my child; you may one day be a parent yourself, and will then know what your poor old grandmother feels this day."

The lad had by this time passed muster, and was soon after on board. The afflicted grand-mother stood, with her eyes transfixed on the vessel, gazing on her unheeding boy, who, insensible to the agonizing feelings that rent her breast, felt not one single throe of regret, his mind being entirely engrossed in contemplating the bright future, which the sergeant, who enlisted him, had drawn.

Captain Ormsby, who commanded the detachment, was a man of feeling; he had particularly noticed the poor woman's distress.

"Be comforted," said he, "I will watch over the lad, for your sake, and will try and take him under my immediate charge, and if he behaves well, I may be able to serve him. I will see that he writes to you."

“Heaven bless and reward your honour,” she exclaimed, “surely you are a parent yourself. Oh, yes, I knew it,” said she, as she saw him wipe off the starting tear. “May God spare you such a trial as has this day been my lot.”

“Thank you, thank you, my good woman,” said he hardly able to speak.

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She had touched a tender chord, and its vibration shook his very frame, for he had in the last few days, taken leave of four motherless girls, pledges of love by a wife whom he had fondly loved, and of whom he had been suddenly bereaved. Well might he feel for this poor wretch, for *he* had known parting in all its bitterness.

A soldier and his wife stood side by side, apparently ready to embark, whose looks told unutterable things; they both seemed young, but their faces betokened the extreme of agony. The name of Patrick Morgan being called, the distracted wife clung to her husband, uttering the most piercing and heartrending cries.

"Sure, and what'll become of me," cried she, "will you then lave me, Pat, dear, lave your own poor Norah to die, as, sure I will, when you go in that big ship? Oh, my dear Captain, and where will I go if your honour isn't plazed to go without him this time? Oh, do forgive me, but do not, oh, do not, in pity, part us. Sure, an' its your honours dear self as knows what it is to part from them ye loves; an' so you thought, when ye tuk lave of the dear childer, t'other day, an' saw the mother's swate face, God rest her sowl, in the biggest of 'em, for sure they're like, as two pays in a bushel, only one is little an' t'other big, barring she's in heaven. Sure, and if your honour's self had to bid 'em good bye over agin you'd, may be, think how hard it was for me to stay behind when Pat goes."

Patrick, who, with national keen-sightedness, saw the internal working which his wife's home appeal had created, now came forward, and said, "Oh, yer honour, if as how I dare be so bowld as jist to ax you this wan'st, to take compassion on us; may be, next time, we could go together, and if Norah was but wid me, what do I care where I goes. Here's Jem O'Connor wouldn't mind going in my stead, and he's neither wife, as I have, nor childer, like your honour to part from." Jem O'Conner now came forward and testified his readiness to go all the world over to serve a comrade.

Words could but poorly convey an idea of the looks of the anxious couple, as they watched the varying countenance of the Captain. The situation of the soldier and his wife touched him to the quick, and the appeal proved irresistible. Jem O'Connor was permitted to go instead of Pat. Morgan, who, triumphantly led off his wife, both of them invoking blessings on his head, whose humanity had thus spared them the pangs of separation.

I stood, perhaps, twenty minutes musing on the scenes that had just been passing before me and was returning, to retrace my steps to the inn breakfast, when I noticed a wretched looking woman, with a baby in her arms. She was walking very fast, towards the water's edge, where the boats were still waiting to take the last of the soldiers on board ship. She had an anxious, nay, a despairing look as she looked around, as I judged, for the Captain, who was not to be seen.

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Hushing her little one, whose piteous cry would almost have made one think it was uttered in sympathy with its mother's distress. Casting one more despairing glance, she was, apparently, about to retrace her weary steps with a look that completely baffles description, when her eye fell on a boat returning from the vessel, which that moment neared the water's edge, and she saw Captain Ormsby jump out. Hastily going up to him, she exclaimed, in a tone that seemed almost to forbid comfort.

"Oh, Sir, I am ashamed to be so troublesome, indeed I am, and I fear to ask you if I have any chance this time?"

"Why Kitty, my good girl, had you asked me that question half, nay, a quarter of an hour ago, I could not have given you any hope, but I can now put you in place of Timothy Brennan's wife, who has just altered her mind."

"Sergeant Browne," cried he, "here is Hewson's wife, who went out in the 'Boyne.' Do the best you can for her, she can take Hetty Brennan's place." Joyfully did Kitty Hewson step into the boat, beckoning to a lad who was holding a small deal box, which he placed beside her; but she seemed as if she could hardly believe herself about to follow her husband, till actually on board.

The worthy Captain was, indeed, to be envied such a disposition to lessen the aggregate of human misery, by entering into their feelings. In how very short a space (three hours) had he the power of cheering the desponding hearts of several fellow creatures, without either detriment to the service, or swerving, in the least, from his duty.

## THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

This Narrative is supposed to be addressed by an aged Highlander to his Grandson shortly before the battle of Killiecrankie.

Come hither, Evan Cameron,—  
Come stand beside my knee;  
I hear the river roaring down  
Towards the wintry sea.  
There's shouting on the mountain side;  
There's war within the blast;  
Old faces look upon me,  
Old forms go riding past.  
I hear the pibroch wailing  
Amidst the din of fight,  
And my dim spirit wakes again  
Upon the verge of night.



'Twas I, that led the Highland host  
Through wild Lochaber's snows,  
What time the plaided clans came down  
To battle with Montrose.  
I've told thee how the South'rons fell  
Beneath his broad claymore,  
And how he smote the Campbell clan  
By Inverlocky's shore.  
I've told thee how we swept Dundee  
And tamed the Lindsay's pride;  
But never have I told thee yet  
How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes:  
Oh, deed of deathless shame!  
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet  
With one of Assynt's name,  
Be it upon the mountain side,  
Or yet within the glen,  
Stand he in martial gear alone,  
Or backed by armed men;  
Face him as thou wouldst face a man  
That wronged thy sire's renown;  
Remember of what blood thou art,  
And strike the caitiff down



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They brought him to the watergate  
Hard bound, with hempen span.  
As though they held a lion there,  
And not a 'fenceless man:  
They set him high upon a cart,  
The hangman rode below,  
They drew his hands behind his back  
And bared his noble brow.  
Then as a hound is slipped from leash  
They cheered the common throng,  
And blew the note with yell and shout  
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart  
Grow sad and sick that day,  
To watch the keen malignant eyes  
Bent down on that array.  
There stood the whig west country lord  
In Balcony and Bow;  
There sat three gaunt and withered Dames  
And daughters in a row,  
And every open window  
Was full, as full might be,  
With black robed covenanting carles,  
That goodly sport to see.

And when he came, so pale and wan  
He looked, so great and High,  
So noble was his manly front,  
So calm his steadfast eye,  
The rabble rout, forbore to shout,  
And each man held his breath,  
For well they knew the hero's soul  
Was face to face with death.  
And then a mournful shuddering  
Through all the people crept,  
And some that came to scoff at him  
Now turned aside and wept.

But onward, always onward,  
In silence and in gloom,  
The dreary pageant labored  
Till it reached the house of doom.  
Then first a woman's voice was heard



In jeer and laughter loud,  
An angry cry and hiss arose,  
From the lips of the angry crowd.  
Then as the Graeme looked upward  
He saw the bitter smile  
Of him who sold his king for gold,  
The master fiend Argyle.

The Marquis gazed a moment  
And nothing did he say;  
But Argyle's cheek grew deadly pale,  
And he turned his eyes away.  
The painted frail one by his side,  
She shook through every limb,  
For warlike thunder swept the streets,  
And hands were clenched at him,  
And a Saxon soldier cried, aloud,  
Back coward, from thy place!  
For seven long years thou hast not dared  
To look him in the face!

Had I been there with sword in hand  
And fifty Cameron's by,  
That day, through high Dunadin's streets,  
Had pealed the Slogan cry  
Not all their troops of trampling horse,  
Nor might of mailed men;  
Nor all the rebels of the South  
Had borne us backward then.  
Once more his, foot on highland heath  
Had trod, as free as air,  
Or I and all who bore my name,  
Been laid around him there.

It might not be! they placed him next,  
Within the solemn hall,  
Where once the Scottish kings were throned  
Amidst their nobles all.  
But there was dust of vulgar feet  
On that polluted floor  
And perjured traitors filled the place,  
Where good men sat before.  
With savage glee came there,  
To read the murderous doom  
And then up rose the great Montrose  
In the middle of the room,—



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Now by my faith as belted knight,  
And by the name I bear,  
And by the bright St. Andrew's Cross,  
That waves above us there;  
Yea, by a greater mightier oath,  
And oh! that such should be—  
By that dark stream of royal blood,  
That lies 'twixt you and me,  
I have not sought in battle field  
A wreath of such renown,  
Or dared to hope my dying day  
Would win a martyr's crown.

There is a chamber far away,  
Where sleeps the good and brave  
But a better place ye have named for me  
Than by my fathers grave,  
For truth and right 'gainst treason's might  
This hand has always striven,  
And ye raise it up for a witness still  
For the eye of earth and heaven.  
Then nail my heart on yonder tower,  
Give every town a limb  
And God who made, shall gather them;—  
I go from you to him!

The morning dawned full darkly,  
The rain came flashing down  
And the forky streak of lightning's bolt,  
Lit up the gloomy town.  
The thunders' crashed across the heaven,  
The fatal hour was come;  
Yet aye broke in with muffled beat  
The 'larum of the drum:  
There was madness on the earth below,  
And anger in the sky,  
And young and old and rich and poor  
Came forth to see him die.

Oh God! that ghastly gibbet,  
How dismal 't is to see,  
The great spectral skeleton—  
The ladder and the tree.  
Hark! hark! the clash of arms



The bells begin to toll,—  
He is coming! He is coming!  
God have mercy on his soul!  
One last long peal of thunder,—  
The clouds are cleared away  
And the glorious sun once more look'd down  
Upon the dazzling day.

He is coming! he is coming!—  
Like a bridegroom from his room,  
Came the hero, from his prison  
To the scaffold and the doom.  
There was glory on his forehead,—  
There was lustre in his eye,  
And he never walked to battle  
More proudly than to die.  
There was colour in *his* visage,  
Though the cheeks of all were wan,  
And they marvelled as he passed them,  
That great and goodly man.

He mounted up the scaffold,  
And he turned him to the crowd;  
But they dared not trust the people,  
So he might not speak aloud.  
But he look'd up toward heaven,  
And it all was clear and blue,  
And in the liquid ether  
The eye of God shone through.  
Yet a black and murky battlement  
Lay resting on the hill,  
As though the thunder slept therein,  
All else was calm and still.

Then radiant and serene he rose,  
And cast his cloak away;  
For he had taken his latest look  
Of earth and sun and day.



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A beam of light fell o'er him,  
Like a glory round the shriven,  
And he climbed the lofty ladder,  
As it were a path to heaven.  
Then came a flash from out the cloud,  
And a stunning thunder's roll,  
And no man dared to look aloft,  
Fear was on every soul.  
There was another heavy sound,  
A hush!—and then—a groan,  
And darkness swept across the sky,—  
The work of death was done!

### A GHOST STORY, FOR THE YOUNG.

#### MY DEAR CHARLES—

When I promised to write to you during the holidays, I little thought I should have so much to put in my letter. I actually fancied it would be difficult to find enough to fill one sheet; and now I do really believe two will not be sufficient for all I have to say: but to commence my story, which you must know, is a real Ghost Story! But to begin:—

While we were at breakfast the other morning, papa showed mamma an advertisement in the “Times” newspaper, remarking, at the same time, that it appeared just the thing he had long wanted; and that he would go to the Solicitor’s and make enquiries, and if it seemed still eligible, would go immediately and see about it. Upon asking what it was;

I was told it was an estate in South Wales to be disposed of; on which was a large commodious dwelling house, which at a trifling expence, might be converted into a family mansion. It commanded, the paper said, a picturesque view, with plenty of shooting and fishing.—It further stated, that on one part of the grounds, were the ruins of a castle, and a great deal more, in its favor, but you know the glowing descriptions with which these great London auctioneers always set off any property they have to dispose of.

Papa had every reason to be satisfied, that it was what he desired; so it was settled he should start by railway that very evening. And you may judge how delighted I was when he asked if I should like to accompany him. You may be sure I did not refuse; so we got ready, and started by the eight o’clock train.

We travelled all night and arrived at our destination about four next day. Papa thought I should sleep during the night, but I found it impossible, for a gentleman, whom we met in the cars, knew the place, and said so much in favour of it, that I could think of nothing

else, but he admitted there was a drawback, and that a great prejudice existed against it, which caused no little difficulty in the disposal of. It was reported to be haunted, and one or two people, who had bought it, had actually paid money to get off the bargain. Of course, hearing this, my mind dwelt much on it, though I said nothing, lest I might be suspected of being afraid. Now, you know, it is not a little, frightens me at school, but I was greatly puzzled at all I heard, and determined I would rally my courage. After dinner, we strolled out to take a look at the proposed purchase. Papa was very much pleased with all he saw. House, grounds, and prospect were, he said, all he could wish, and not even the report of a ghost, did he consider, any disadvantage, but quite the contrary, as he certainly would never else be able to buy it for double the sum they now asked for it.

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By the time we got back to the inn, Mrs. Davis, our landlady, had learnt the purport of our visit, and we, consequently, found her in great consternation. We had hardly entered, than she exclaimed:—

“Why surely, Sir, you are not going to buy Castle Hill? Why it is haunted, as sure as my name is Peggy Davis!”

“Well, my dear madam,” said Papa, “haunted or not, such is my present intention.”

“Why, sir, nobody can live there. Don’t you know there’s a ghost seen there every night.”

“Oh,” replied papa, “we shall soon, I think, send the ghost off packing.”

“Send a ghost off packing! really, sir, you must pardon me, but you are a strange gentleman. Dear! dear! why do you know that four or five have tried to live there and couldn’t, for the ghost wouldn’t let ’em. You may laugh, but it’s a real truth, that it drove every mother’s son away; yes not one of them could stay.”

“Well, my good Mrs. Davis, we shall soon see whether I can or not; at any rate I shall try.”

“Well you certainly are a stout-hearted gentleman, and you must please remember, whatever comes of it, I warned you. Why, there was James Reece, a bold reckless fellow and a very wicked one into the bargain, who feared nothing nor nobody, agreed, for five pounds to stay the night, and was never heard of any more, and some go so far as to say, his ghost has been seen alongside the others once or twice.”

“The others,” repeated papa, “why you don’t mean to say there is more than one?”

“Yes, sure sir, two or three; but ’tis no use telling you, for I really think you are unbelieving as a Jew,” and away trotted the old dame, talking to herself as fast as she chatted to papa.

The next morning, after another ineffectual effort from Mrs. Davis, to persuade him to give it up, papa went and concluded, what appeared to him, an excellent bargain, with the lawyer, who was too anxious to serve his employer, not to try and make light of the reports, and not only this, but to fix papa so, that he could not possibly retract.

He came to the Inn and dined with us. Poor Mrs. Davis appeared rather in awe of him; as she never spoke a word, but as she came in and out with different things, she gave papa some very significant looks; but always behind Mr. Crawford’s back. No sooner had that gentleman left us, than papa told me, he had made up his mind to take possession of his new purchase, by passing the night in the haunted house.



Charles you are my most intimate friend; and therefore, I may open my heart to you, and tell you honestly, (but mind, not a word to the other boys, when we get back to school) that my heart began to fail me; I know it ought not, for I had been taught better things, and should not have suffered myself to have been influenced, by an ignorant old woman.

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There was a bedstead left in one of the rooms, put up by a gentleman who had nearly bought the place, and who, hearing such dreadful stories, determined to try and pass a night there, ere he finally closed:—but people said he heard such strange noises, and saw such odd sights, that he ran away and never returned; the bed and bedding had, the country people believed, all vanished at the bidding of the ghost; indeed, some scrupled not to say, that he had himself been spirited away. Papa said when *he* heard it, that most likely he was ashamed of his cowardice, and that this prevented his going again to the village.

Papa sent for Mr. Davis, or Griffy Davis, as his wife was pleased to call him; but the old body herself came, and entreated of papa not to try and entice him to accompany us; for it seems that papa's cool and determined manner had made a great impression on Griffy, who, perhaps, got more sceptical on these matters, on account of it. Mrs. Davis was so importunate on the subject, that she obtained the desired assurance, *viz.*, that Griffeth Davis should not be directly or indirectly tempted to encounter the ghost or ghosts, as the case might be. The old man soon came, and you would have laughed to see the old dame's rubicund face, with her large grey eyes, peering over his shoulder; for, notwithstanding; the promise given, she had some doubts that he might be induced to try his prowess in the haunted chamber. Papa asked him if he knew any strong bodied young man whom a good sum of money would induce to accompany him and stay the night. Griffy scratched his head, and pondered some short time; till at length, he said he knew, but one at all likely; they were he said all so plaguey timerous, or timmersome I believe was the word; but he thought Davy Evans might go if well paid, if he were certain papa would remain too; but another doubt was started; Davy had talked of taking some cattle to a fair some miles off, and might be gone: however, it turned out, that he was on hand, and agreeable to go, with the understanding, that he was to have his money, even if papa was conquered by the ghost, or had to run for his ghostship. This was soon obviated; by papa's depositing the money in Mrs. Davis' hands; an arrangement that seemed to give great satisfaction to Davy. The next difficulty was the bedding necessary, this, as Mrs. Davis never expected to see it again, had to be paid for. Davy Evans, seemed a stout stalwart fellow, who had rather a good countenance. Papa who had put the same question before; again asked, "if he were sure he was not afraid."

"Oh no, sir," said Davy, "not a bit, thank God, I never intentionally harmed man, woman, or child, or wronged them, that I of, in any way, and therefore, I may trust in Providence, go wherever I will, and I certainly ain't afraid of the ghosts up there."

"But your courage may fail you, my friend, at the last."

"There's nothing like trying, sir, I haven't been in these parts long; and I know there's strange noises to be heard, but then a little noise breaks no bones and can't hurt me; and as to a ghost, why, seeing its made of air, that can't do much mischief either, especially to flesh and blood, can it now?"

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"Well, my friend, we'll try the question, however, very soon," said my father.

I must own, Charles, I again began to feel a little queer, and I think papa noticed it, for he told me to please myself as to going with him or staying at the inn. I was nervous, though I felt sure nothing could really harm me, and then, I recollected, I should always repent, if my courage failed me, so I said boldly out,

"I shall certainly go with you, papa."

"Very well, my son, but even now, if you had rather stay behind, I do promise not to reflect on you afterwards, therefore, act just as your feelings prompt you. I am, myself, so fully persuaded that not anything supernatural can or will harm us, that I am determined to find out what can have led to such extraordinary reports."

"But papa, do you not think ghosts are sometimes to be seen?"

"Frederic," said he, "I will not pretend to say what a guilty conscience or over-heated imagination may have conjured up and fancied, but as I have neither, I do not expect to see anything supernatural; but, as I said before, having heard so much about the mysteries of this place, I think, that even had I not made the purchase, I should like to find them out."

"But if you see the ghost, papa, will you then believe in such things?"

"Wait till, to-morrow, Fred; these are silly suppositions for a religious well educated boy to make, from whom far better things might be expected. Now, only reflect a moment, and then ask yourself what good can these appearances do."

I really now began to be quite ashamed of myself, and thought I was not only foolish, but wicked, in giving credence to the superstitious nonsense I had heard.

Mrs. Davis now coming in with some things papa had ordered to take with him; again ventured to say she hoped he would not repent going to Castle Hill, adding she would pay every attention to the young gentleman, meaning myself, in his absence.

"If I am not mistaken, he would rather accompany me Mrs. Davis, he has been early taught to fear nothing but acting wickedly; and I feel very sure he will not shrink from passing the night where I do; however he can please himself."

Mrs. Davis actually looked aghast! and though I again expressed my readiness and determination to go, I own I was a *little, a very little* afraid.

"Well, it must be as you please, I see you are a gentleman not very soon turned, when you make up your mind to do a thing."

“What time may we expect, this said ghost to visit us. When does it usually appear?”

“Why, Sir, generally they say from twelve till two; well you may smile,” said she seeing papa unable to control his features, “but its not once I have warned you, nor twice either.”

“You have done so” said papa “and I feel certainly much obliged by your kind intentions. I always heard the Welsh were superstitious; but could not have believed they carried it to such an extent as you do in this neighbourhood.”

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"It may be so; but you are so very unbelieving. May be you don't believe in corpse candles."

"Oh yes, when they're lighted I do."

"And ain't they always lighted."

"What do you mean," said papa, "are they not the lights you burn during the night, while a dead body lies unburied."

"Bless your innocent heart! No. The corpse candies, are seen burning and moving of themselves, afore people die; coming down the roads from the houses they live in as a warning."

"A warning for what my dear Mrs. Davis? what earthly purpose can they answer? have we not warning enough in the daily events of our lives to impress us with the instability of life, and yet how rarely does death find us prepared."

"Well, well; you may be as unbelieving as you like, and talk as you will: I shall always believe when I see a corpse candle, there'll be a death but just wait till you pass one night in Castle Hill; may be you'll tell a different story then!"

"The long and the short of the matter, Mrs. Davis is this, I liked the property, and have bought it; and am determined to reside in it if God, spares my life. As to the ghost or ghosts, I am well persuaded that, although some natural causes may render the house and premises untenable; supernatural ones I am sure have nothing to do with it."

Time passed on and the clock struck eight; the hour fixed on, to leave the inn, for Castle Hill: when papa brought a large trunk and basket, which he had tried to fix on Davy's shoulders; but strong as he was, he was unable to carry them both, he therefore got a wheel barrow, for the trunk; while papa and I carried the basket between us, and off we started. A great concourse of people were at the door; many of whom accompanied us to the foot of the hill, and there left us.

We went in and took up our quarters in the room, in which was the bedstead and which was considered to be the most constant rendezvous of the ghost. Davy lighted a good fire and found a table and three chairs one of which however proved rickety, so Davy had to seat himself on the trunk. To our surprise we found the bedstead not in the same place in which we saw it in the morning. This rather, at least so I thought, astonished papa; however he made no comment on the circumstance.

Papa had taken care to bring a good supper; He also brought a large pair of pistols, and we had a blunderbuss, the latter, the property of our friend Davy. These with a sword he arranged to his own satisfaction under the pillow, and in about an hour, we sat down to a good and substantial supper. Davy offered to replace what was left in the basket but

papa jokingly told him to leave it for the ghost. We now sat for nearly an hour and a half, and except some occasional out burst of merriment, as Davy told us some droll things, about the ghost, which were current in the village, we were as still as we well could be.

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At last I got very sleepy, as well I might, for it was nearly twelve o'clock. Papa made me lie down and said he thought he would do so himself; not thinking he said, it was necessary to shew so much courtesy to the ghost, as wait for it. We did not undress. Davy fixed himself before the fire and soon gave proof, that he was asleep, by snoring most loudly.

Mind my dear Charles, in giving you this account, that papa told me about it afterwards; for I had fallen asleep too.

Till five minutes to twelve all was quiet as the grave, and then commenced the slamming of the doors and knockings, and thumpings, as if done with the instrument the paviours use to beat down the stones they pave with. This continued some minutes, and then the door gradually opened, and a female, tall and thin, entered, dressed in an old fashioned yellow brocade, with a sweeping train. Over her head was thrown an immense gauze veil; her features were sharp and she was very pale. She paused as she entered, and advancing half way from the door to the bed she again made a full stop, upon which papa rose up and sat on the bed, when she threw out her arms, exclaiming:

"Impious and daring mortal; why presumest thou to intrude here, where none like thee are permitted to come? Of all those who have attempted it. None have ever been left to tell the tale!"

"Indeed!" said my father advancing towards her. "I trust you will make me an exception, however."

"Hold!" said she "nor dare come nigh to one, whose nature is so different to thine own."

"Aye!" said my father "who then and what art thou?"

"Not flesh and blood as thou art; again I ask, rash mortal, why are *thou* here?"

"I remained this night, madam, in the hopes of meeting you, that I might inform you that having purchased this property, I purpose residing on it, at least six months of the year, consequently, I must request you and your friends, supernatural or human, to quit the place altogether."

"Many before," said she, "have tried, but vainly, to retain possession and to attempt it would be fatal."

"Enough," said my father drawing a pistol from a belt under his coat, "if you are really of a spiritual nature, my weapon will be harmless, if you are not, the consequences be upon your own head." As he spoke he pointed the pistol at her heart. With a courage worthy a better cause, she darted by him and tried one or two of the wainscot panels as if seeking a private spring, which Davy who, was fully awake by this time perceiving,



sprang up, and caught hold of her, grasping her tightly; she wrestled with him with the strength of a lioness, and but for papa's help, she must have escaped; he now fired the pistol at the wainscot, to show her it really contained a slug, which he thought she might doubt, and taking the fellow instrument from his pocket, told her it was loaded like the other and that, unless she that moment really and truly confessed who and what she was, and by whom employed, her hours were numbered.

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Trembling and almost gasping for breath, she fell on her knees and implored mercy.

"It can be shown," said my father "only on one condition, a full confession of every thing connected with your being here."

"But," faltered she, "if I do shall I be given up to *them* and they will surely kill me if I am."

"Tell the truth," said my father, "and if, as I judge from your last words; you are the tool of others, you shall be protected, and if deserving, or even repentant, shall be cared for: but stay," said he, pouring out a glass of wine, "you are greatly agitated, take this and then sit down. Now, if you will tell the truth, you may dismiss your fears, and by making the only reparation in your power, a full disclosure, you may also make a friend of me."

"Indeed Sir I will, for I feel sure you will keep your word."

"You see before you one, who till the last few years, knew not the ways of sin. I was carefully and tenderly brought up some miles from here; but forming an acquaintance with a young man, I married him against the wishes of my parents. I soon found out he was a smuggler, for he brought me to these parts, where I have been compelled to act the character you saw this evening, to prevent any body buying the place, it being so near the sea and having a passage under ground it just suited for the purpose. The gang consists of six men who are all but one gone out with a boat to fetch a cargo; the moon sets about half past three, when they will bring it in. Had you been here last night they were all in the cave."

"Would you like to return to the paths of duty and virtue?" asked my father.

"Oh yes Sir, but how can I, who will now look on me, how can I leave one, who though so wicked and I fear hardened in wickedness is still very dear to me?"

"Only purpose to do rightly," said my father, and God will surely open a way for you. All you have to do, is to pray to and trust in him."

"Oh Sir that is what my poor old father would say, that is just how he used to talk to me;" and she fell to crying bitterly.

"Is he still living?"

"He is Sir, for a letter I wrote begging his forgiveness, was returned to a neighbouring post-office, only the other day."

Papa then insisted on her taking some more refreshment, and looking at his watch perceived it was nearly one o'clock: much was to be done, ere the smugglers returned. The woman informed him that only one then remained who ought to have been on the watch, to light a beacon prepared in case of any danger, but that there was so little fear

of any thing of the kind, that he had freely indulged in spirits, of which there were plenty in the cave and was now fast asleep, in a state of intoxication, consequently, could be secured without any difficulty. She accompanied papa and Davy to the bed, but on reaching it started back with horror, and would have fallen,

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had not the latter caught her; for the wretched being that lay before them, was her husband who had returned wounded and from the state of exhaustion he was in, it appeared dangerously so. She was alarmed, and both papa and Davy were so too, least the man they expected to find had escaped, and given the alarm; but it was not the case; for at a little distance, they found him lying on the ground, so completely under the influence of drink, that he was easily secured. Papa now concluded it better to light the beacon, particularly when he learnt that doing so would deter the smugglers from running their cargo, till another signal was given. The poor creature entreated that something might be done for her husband, and papa much moved by her distress, told her a surgeon should be sent for, but that he did not consider it safe for either Davy Evans or himself to remain alone. She then pointed to a door which contained the arms and ammunition of the gang, in case of being discovered. He secured the key of this, and then despatched Davy to the village, who soon roused Griffy Davis to whom he triumphantly announced the capture of the ghost, and speedily returned with several of the villagers, whom he assured should be well rewarded from the spoils of the smugglers. The latter soon after seeing the light announcing danger sent a secret emissary, who finding all was discovered, returned to the others, who immediately left the country; and although a strict search has been made, no tidings have yet been heard of them, and it is supposed they have flown to foreign parts.

It was ludicrous to see and hear Mrs. Davis, she thought papa an extraordinary man before, but now, she knew not how to express her admiration of his courage and discernment even I, fell in for a share of her praises. "Who could," she said "have thought it!" indeed, every one seemed surprised, and wondered they never suspected the truth, as papa did, but I must leave all their surmises and curious remarks till we meet, only telling you, Jenkins the wounded man lived long enough to testify sincere repentance and poor Mary his wife, was restored to her parents through the intercession of papa who thinks she will now-become a respectable character. The man who was taken, was doubtless more guilty than could be proved, however he was found sufficiently so, to be sent to hard labour for three months in the neighbouring Penitentiary. He proved to be the identical Jamie Reece, who was said to have been spirited away by the ghost, but who, in fact, joined the gang which had just lost one of their number.

An immense quantity of contraband goods were found secreted.

I must now conclude this voluminous epistle and trust we shall soon meet, when I have a great deal more to say. And next summer you will I hope be able to come spend a month here.

I remain, my dear Charles,



Yours sincerely,

FRED. GRAYSON.

**LORD BYRON.**

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A man of rank and of capacious soul,  
Who riches had, and fame beyond desire,  
An heir to flattery, to titles born,  
And reputation and luxurious life;  
Yet not content with his ancestral name,  
Or to be known, because his fathers were,  
He, on this height hereditary, stood,  
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart  
To take another step. Above him, seemed  
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat  
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,  
By nature taught, and native melody,  
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.  
No cost was spared—what books he wished, he read;  
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see  
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days  
Britannia's mountain walks and heath girt lakes,  
And story telling glens, and founts, and brooks,  
And maids as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul,  
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.  
Then travel came and took him where he wished;  
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp,  
And mused alone on ancient mountain brows,  
And mused on battle fields, where valor fought  
In other days: and mused on men, grey  
With years: and drank from old and fabulous wells,  
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked;  
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave  
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste,  
The heavens and earth of every country; saw  
Where'er the old inspiring genii dwelt,  
Aught that could expand, refine the soul,  
Thither he went, and meditated there.  
He touched his harp and nations heard, entranced,  
As some vast river of unfailing source.  
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed  
And ope'd new fountains in the human heart  
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
In other men, *his* fresh as morning rose,  
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home  
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,  
Beneath their arguments seemed struggling, while  
He from above descending, stopped to touch



The loftiest thought, and proudly stooped as though  
It scarce deserved his verse. With nature's self  
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest  
At will, with all her glorious Majesty;  
He laid his hand upon "the ocean's wave,"  
And played familiar with his hoary locks;  
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,  
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend,  
And wove his garland of the light'ning's wing,  
In sportive twist;—the light'ning's fiery wing,  
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,  
Marching up the storm in vengeance, seemed  
Then turned: and with the grasshopper, who song  
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed,  
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were,  
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,  
His brothers; younger brothers, whom he

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scarce

As equals deemed. All passions of all men,  
The wild, the same, the gentle, the severe;  
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane,  
All creeds, all seasons, time, eternity:  
All that was hated, and all that was dear,  
All that was hoped, all that was feared by man,  
He tossed about as tempest withered leaves.  
Then smiling looked upon the wreck he made.  
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,  
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness,  
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself,  
But back into his soul retired, alone.  
Dark sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously  
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet,  
So ocean from the plains, his waves had late  
To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
Exulting in the glory of his might,  
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought,  
As some fierce comet of tremendous size,  
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,  
So he, through learning and through fancy took  
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top  
Of fame's dread mountain sat. Not soiled and worn  
As if he from the earth had labored up,  
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair  
He looked, which down from higher regions came,  
And perched it there to see what lay beneath.  
The nations gazed and wondered much and praised;  
Critics before him fell in humble plight,  
Confounded fell and made debasing signs  
To catch his eye; and stretched, and swelled themselves  
To bursting high, to utter bulky words  
Of admiration vast: and many, too  
Many, that aimed to imitate his flight,  
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,  
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much,  
And praised and many called his evil good.  
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness;  
And kings to do him honor took delight:



Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,  
Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full;  
He died!—he died of what? of wretchedness!  
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump  
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts  
That millions might have quenched, then died  
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.  
His goddess, nature, woo'd, embrac'd, enjoy'd;  
Fell from his arms abhorred!

**SELF-RELIANCE.**

“Well, my dear Miss Willoughby, how is your mother this morning,” said a venerable looking clergyman as he pressed the hand of a fair young girl, apparently, not more than eighteen. Her face was pale with watching, and her eyes were red with weeping, and though she seemed in deep distress, there was a subdued and resigned manner about her, as she replied:

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"Not any better, sir, I fear; she has had a very bad night, her cough has been so very troublesome." Saying this, she opened a door which led to an inner apartment, into which Mr. Montgomery entered, and approached the bed, followed by the afflicted daughter, who now tried to assume a composure of manner, very foreign to her feelings, as faintly smiling, she exclaimed, "Here, dear mamma, is our kind friend again." The poor sufferer looked anxiously at him. Her attenuated frame and sharpened features told the sad tale, that consumption had done its work, and the hand of death was upon her.

"Well, my dear madam," said the good pastor, "I will not ask if you are better; I will only hope the same spirit of resignation to the Divine Will fills your mind as when I left you, yesterday. Remember in *whom* you trust, and for *whom*. There are never-failing promises recorded there," pointing to a Bible that lay on the bed, "and thrice happy are they who can rely on them in affliction's hour. I have read them to you, and your own eye, you tell me, has often rested on them; you have only, therefore, to 'commit your way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass.'"

"Oh, yes," replied the suffering woman, in a feeble tone, "I know it all; I know He is able and willing to take care of my hapless children. I *can* and *do* trust them to Him; feeling sure He will more than supply the place of the only parent left them; but, oh, my dear sir, convinced, as I am, of all this, it is, nevertheless, hard to leave them; may He forgive my weakness; but human nature is such, that—" here she paused from exhaustion.

"It is, my dear madam, meant that we should do so; and trial would lose the object for which it is sent, did we not feel its bitterness; but you must try, and rejoice that you are allowed to manifest both faith and hope, under so severe and trying a dispensation. Let me entreat you to remember the many instances recorded in scripture, where answer has been given from on high to the prayers of those who can faithfully cling to them." But while the worthy man strove to lead the sufferer beyond this sublunary sphere, his heart bled for the poor children she was leaving. The first blow she received, was the sudden news of her husband's death in the Crimea, which came to her ears so abruptly, that her nerves received a shock, from which she did not rally for months. This was followed by a letter, informing her that some property which had been left to her a few months previous to Captain Willoughby's departure, had been claimed by a distant branch of the family, as heir at law, the testamentary document being found invalid. These circumstances, joined to delicate health, following each other so quickly, proved too much for feeble nature, and she sunk under them.

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Her excellent daughter, whose fragile form seemed little calculated to breast the storms of adversity that now threatened her, was unwearied in attention to her dying parent. She saw there were heavy trials before her, and knew they could not be averted, though she could not tell how she was to meet them; but there was a trusting feeling in her young heart, that must ever be inseparable from a trust in God's over-ruling providence; and as she sat through the long nights, watching by her mother's bed, a thousand vague shadows of the future flitted before her, and many schemes offered themselves to her mind; she tried to drive them off, for it seemed to her sinful. She durst not *think*, but she could *pray*; and she did so; and oh! the eloquence of that simple trusting prayer, that her God would protect and bless her and the two young beings, whose sole dependance she was soon to be. How widely changed was her position in a few short months! The petted, and almost idolized child of doting parents, whose every wish had been anticipated, must now soon exert herself to support her orphan brother and sister.

Mrs. Willoughby, as is often the case with those suffering from pulmonary affection, went off very suddenly; and now was every threatened evil likely to burst on poor Helen's devoted head; but though weak in the flesh, she was strong in faith. Relying, as she had been early led to do, on her God, she seemed to rise with fresh energy under accumulated trials. She soothed and kissed the weeping children by turns, but their grief was so violent, they refused to be comforted.

The night her mother was consigned to the grave, was indeed a trying one to Helen. The good clergyman, who had gone back to the house after the funeral, now knelt in prayer with the bereaved ones, and commending them to the care of their Heavenly Father, took leave, promising to be with them early next day.

"Farewell, my child," said he, to Helen, "fear not for the future, for it is a merciful and loving God who lays his rod upon you; and though the clouds of darkness loom heavily around you, with Him nothing is impossible; and He could, in one moment, disperse them, if it were better for you. May you be purified by the affliction He sends. Good night, once more, and remember that not a sparrow falls to the ground unheeded by Him who made it."

How was it that this feeble child of affliction, went to bed that night in some degree composed? For every earthly hope seemed blighted. Her parents, one by one were recalled; her little patrimony taken away; and she and the little ones left almost friendless. Was it to make her the better feel where she could and must place her sole dependance? Doubtless it was. Oh! ye happy sons and daughters of prosperity, do you read this description, which many an afflicted one is now realizing, with apathy? Do ye regard it as an over-wrought scene of trial? Believe me it is no such thing. While you are surrounded by every earthly comfort, I will say by every earthly luxury; lolling, perhaps, on your sofas, or in your easy chairs, your cup filled to overflowing with every blessing, hundreds of your fellow creatures, young as you, are suffering privations, you hardly like to *think* of, but which they, alas! have *to bear*.

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Helen rose early, refreshed by a long sleep, brought on by many nights of broken rest. She kissed the tears off her sleeping brother and sister's cheeks, and having recommended herself and them to God, proceeded to commence the arduous duties that now devolved on her. When Mr. Montgomery came, he found her doing that which he was about to suggest, viz., preparing for an immediate sale of the furniture, by taking an inventory, while the faithful servant was busily employed cleaning the house, for which a tenant was luckily found. The two young ones were doing their best to aid their sister. Mr. Montgomery wished them sent to the vicarage, but Helen would not hear of it till the day of, or after the sale. Well has it been said, that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and so did she find it; for on applying, through Mr. Montgomery, to a neighbouring auctioneer, he, gratuitously, attended, and did all in his power to dispose of the things to advantage. Mr. Willoughby had taken the house on coming into possession of the property and furnished it throughout, so that being in good order, most of the furniture fetched a fair price. The day after Mrs. Willoughby died Mr. Montgomery had written to a sister of his, who lived twenty miles off, to enquire for a small house, should there be such in her neighbourhood. She sent word there was a cottage in the suburbs, which she thought would just suit, and, therefore, had taken it for one year certain, it being a very moderate rent. Although greater part of the things sold, had obtained a fair price, there were several useful articles that would have gone for little, and but for the good clergyman, have been completely sacrificed, these he bought in; among them was a large carpet and the piano; he thought they might, if the money were needed, be privately and more advantageously disposed of. The funeral expenses were, comparatively, small; for although Helen desired to pay every respect to her mother's memory, Mr. Montgomery convinced her it was an imperative duty on her, to avoid unnecessary expenditure, as she knew not what calls might yet be made on her resources. It next became a consideration how the things reserved from the sale, could be got, with the least expense, to their new place of residence; but Nancy who was present said there was a distant relative of hers, a farmer, who volunteered to take them in his large waggon, which he said, by starting at midnight, could be accomplished in one day, and as it was anything but a busy time, he could do it with little loss; added to which, he expressed himself right glad to be able to serve a young lady, who, with her mother, had been so uncommonly kind to his only parent, during a long illness. When did a good action ever lose its reward? Helen thankfully accepted Mr. Montgomery's kind offer of taking the young ones to stay with him till she was settled in their new abode, but Henry would not hear of it; he insisted on remaining with his sister and doing all he could to help her. So that not liking to leave Fanny alone, it was agreed they both should accompany her. She was not sorry for this, as she thought the bustle and novelty would divert their minds from their sorrow; for herself, so much was required of her, both to think and to do, that she had no time to dwell on the desolation of her position.

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I must not here forget to state, that, though only eighteen, Helen had experienced other troubles than those which now bowed her down; and they were such as the youthful mind ever feels most keenly. She had, with the sanction of her parents, been engaged to Edward Cranston; he was himself considered unexceptionable, and the match was thought a very eligible one; he was five years Helen's senior, and had just entered the practice of the law, with every prospect of being called to the bar. He was first attracted by her beauty and afterwards won by her amiable and pleasing manner. Idolized by his own family, where she first met him, and unremitting in his attention to herself, she soon felt attached, and, confidingly, plighted her troth, and all seemed the *couleur de rose*. His stay was some time prolonged, but he had, at length, to leave; it was a hard struggle to him to part from her; and he did not do so without many promises of fidelity. To see him leave her, was the first trial she knew. The pang was severe; but his devotion was such, that she doubted not his faith, and most indignantly would she have repudiated the idea that his love for her could lessen; but his disposition was naturally volatile, and once away from her, and within the blandishments of other beauty, he could not resist its power. He became enslaved by the fascinations of another, and poor Helen was almost forgotten. Painfully did the conviction force itself upon her, as his letters became first, less frequent, and then less affectionate. Love is generally quicksighted; but Helen's own heart was so pure, and so devoted, that it was hard to believe she was no longer beloved. Hers was, indeed, a delicate position. She noticed the alteration in Edward Cranston's style of writing, and fancied it proceeded from any cause but diminution of regard for her; that, she thought, could not be possible; but soon, alas! did she learn, the (to her) sad truth, that her affianced lover was devoted to another, a most beautiful girl, residing in the same town, and it was said, they were engaged, and too true were the reports, which the following letter confirmed.

"MY DEAR HELEN,

"How shall I write, or where find words to express all I desire to say. Shall I commence by hoping that absence has led you to regard me with less affection, or shall I honestly say, I no longer love you as you deserve to be loved, and that I am no longer worthy your affection. It costs me much to say this; but you would not wish me to deceive you; you would not wish me to go perjured from the altar with you. I most earnestly hope, nay, I feel sure, you will not regret that I have discovered this mistake ere too late for the peace of both. I have opened my heart and most bitterly do I regret its delinquency; but our affections are involuntary, and not under our control. Till the last two months, I believed mine to be inviolably yours. I know I am betrothed to you, and, if you

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require it, am bound, in honour, to fulfil my engagement; but I will ask you, ought I to do so, feeling I no longer love you as I ought? Is it not more really honourable to lay myself open and leave the matter to your decision? If we are united, three individuals are miserable for life; but it shall rest with you, oh, my excellent Helen; forgive and pity

“Your still affectionate,

“EDWARD.”

What a blow was this to her warm and sanguine heart! What a return to love, so trustingly bestowed! She uttered not one reproach in her reply, but merely released him from every promise, and wished him every happiness.

She had, from the tenor of all his late letters, had a presentiment of coming evil; but she could hardly, till that cruel one, just given to the reader, realize its full extent; but the young do, and must feel keenly in these matters,—females in particular,—and, if right-minded, their all is embarked, and, if founded on esteem, the affections are not given by halves; and I firmly believe the author, who says, “Man is the creature of ambition and interest; his nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song, piped between the intervals, But a woman’s whole life is a history of her affections; the heart is *her world*; it is there, her ambition strives for empire; it is there, her avarice seeks for treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventures, and embarks her all in the traffic of affection, and, if shipwrecked, unless she be strongly supported by religious principles, it is a complete bankruptcy of her happiness.”

But let the young remember, there is often in these disappointments, so hard to meet, the most wholesome and salutary chastenings. How very many happy wives can look back with thankfulness and gratitude, to the all directing hand of providence, that, by a blasting of their seemingly fair prospects, they are directed to happier fate, than their own inexperience would lead them. How often does their Heavenly Father manifest his care, by leading them from the shoals and rocks of misery, which are oft times hidden, not only from themselves, but even from the anxious eye of parental vigilance.

When Helen had paid the funeral expenses and some trifling debts, she found she had but a small sum left. It was now her all for the present support of three individuals; and for the future? poor girl! did she think of that? it did indeed cross her mind; but she suppressed the murmuring sigh that arose; and her beloved mother’s precepts were remembered, and her injunctions, that in every trial, she would cling to her God for help. And truly, and wonderfully was this lone girl supported; and almost superhuman were the efforts she was enabled to make. Fortunately, much manual labour was saved by the faithful servant, Nancy, whom no entreaties could force to quit. She insisted on accompanying the children of her beloved

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mistress to their new home. She, therefore, went with the waggon, and the next day, Mr. Montgomery drove the three young ones to their destination. They were to spend the first night with Mrs. Cameron, whom Helen found the counterpart of her worthy brother. Less refined in manner, it is true, and with few advantages of education, but she had much common sense, and a most benevolent disposition, and was able to judge most sensibly of things passing around her. Greatly prepossessed by all she had heard of Helen, she received her with the warmth of an old friend. Little Henry soon became an especial favourite; he was delighted with the change, and the natural buoyancy of his disposition, soon led him to forget past sorrows; the farm yard, the garden, the promised fishing from the neighbouring trout stream, were all novelties that enchanted him. Nancy was up early, and with the aid of Mrs. Cameron's servant, had got nearly everything into the different rooms, ere that lady and Helen could get there. The cottage was very small, but nature had done much for the situation, which was indeed beautiful. There was a small bed room off Helen's that was exactly the thing for Henry, and a back one, which Nancy took for granted would be hers, and had, accordingly, put all her things in it.

Everything was soon nicely arranged, and but little had to be bought. Mrs. Cameron sent a great many things from her house that, she said, were superfluous, causing much extra trouble to keep in order. This, Helen knew, was only intended to lessen the sense of obligation. Naturally active in her habits, she soon made the little place comfortable, and while she thought how different it was, to what she had been used to, she also remembered how much better it was, far better than she could expect under existing circumstances.

Her next consideration was the possibility of getting something to do for their support before their little money was expended. She consulted with Mrs. Cameron, as to the probability of obtaining needlework, at which she was very expert; though she feared the confinement might injure her health, of which, it behoved, her to take especial care, for the sake of little Fanny and Henry. However, if any could be obtained, at once, she resolved to take it, till she could fix on something else; and early the next day Mrs. Cameron called to say, Mrs. Sherman, the Doctor's wife, would have some ready, if Miss Willoughby would call at three in the afternoon. Helen's pride rose, and her heart beat high; was she to go for it herself? She, for the moment, revolted at the idea; but principle soon came to her aid, and she accused herself of want of moral courage.

"What!" said she to Mrs. Cameron, "has it pleased God to place me in a position, at which I dare to murmur? oh, my dear friend, what would my beloved mother say, could she witness my foolish struggle between principle and pride. Were it not for my good, should I be called on to do it?"

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"No, my dear girl; and that Being who sees principle triumph, will reward it. Go then, my child; you see and feel what you ought to do, therefore, act up to it. It is only when the right path is rugged, there is any merit in walking in it."

"You are right, my excellent friend; may God direct this rebellious heart of mine. Oh, how unlike am I to that dear departed one, who,—" here she burst into tears. Mrs. Cameron now rose to go, and Helen promised to call after she had been to Mrs. Sherman's.

In the afternoon, she dressed herself to go for the work. Her deep mourning added, if possible, to her lady-like appearance. When in health, she was extremely lovely; but it was a beauty, one can hardly describe, since it arose not from regularity of feature. Suffice it to say, she found Mrs. Sherman alone, who received her, not only kindly, but with a degree of feeling and respect, that is rarely accorded those, whom adversity has depressed. She apologized for not having sent the work, and said, that indisposition, alone, induced her to trouble Helen to call for the directions as to making the shirts, about which the doctor was very particular. While pointing out how they were to be done, a little girl, about eleven, burst into the room, and threw herself on the sofa. On her mother desiring her to leave, she cried out in a wayward tone, "No, I shan't, I want to stay here, because I like it, and I will, too; papa would let me if he was at home, and if you turn me out, I'll tell him, so I will."

"Susan, my child, you must, indeed you must leave me, I want to speak to Miss Willoughby alone."

"Oh, yes, I know you do; you don't want me to hear you tell her how to make papa's shirts."

"Fie! my dear, how can you act thus perversely," said Mrs. Sherman, as she forcibly led her to the door, which had no sooner closed on the petulant child, than she apologized, with much feeling, and seemed greatly mortified at this *contre temps* of her little girl. "In fact, my dear Miss Willoughby," she said, "she is, with several others, running almost wild, for want of a good school in the place."

"Oh, madam!" cried Helen, in almost breathless haste, "do you say a school is wanted here? oh, tell me, would they think me too young, if I were deemed capable, which I feel I am; for my beloved mother spared no pains in grounding me thoroughly in the essential points, and, for accomplishments, I have had the best masters."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Sherman, "could you undertake to impart the rudiments of music?"

"I am sure I could," said Helen, blushing as she spoke, at the idea of having, thus, to praise herself, "for when I left off learning, I could play anything off at sight."

“If that be the case, I can easily get you a few pupils to commence with, but how will you manage for a room?”

“Oh,” replied the enthusiastic girl, cheered by these opening prospects, “there is a room at the back of our parlour, which, being so large, I did not care to furnish, it would make an admirable school room.”

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"It is, indeed, a lucky thought, my dear Miss Willoughby, and may be, not only of benefit to yourself, but to the inhabitants of the place; that is, if you are capable and attentive."

"Indeed! indeed! I will be both. Only permit me to make the trial," said the excited Helen.

"That you shall, and have my little Susan to begin with; and the sooner you do so, the better; but let me beg of you not to be too sanguine, for fear of disappointment. Let me see, this is Wednesday; you could not manage to get your room in order by Monday, could you?"

"At any rate," said Helen, "I would take the few who would attend, at the first, in our little parlour."

Helen, then after thanking Mrs. Sherman for the suggestion, rose to go; when that lady invited her back to tea, wishing to get more insight into her plans and capability, before she ventured to recommend her to others; and she wished that her husband the Doctor, should see and converse with Helen, for whom she began to feel great interest, as she had much reliance on his judgment, and penetration into character. Having gleaned from the early part of her conversation with Mrs. Sherman, her anxiety about the shirts, which were a new, and difficult pattern, Helen insisted on taking and doing them at her leisure, which after repeated refusals, she at length agreed to.

In returning home, she called, agreeably to her promise, on Mrs. Cameron, who was as much pleased with the result of her visit as herself.

"See, my dear Miss Willoughby," said she, "how your conduct was rewarded, as I was sure it would be, for adhering to the right. Had you sent Nancy for the work, perhaps you would never have got it, and your qualification as a teacher might never been known. Was there not my dear Helen, a special providence here? yes indeed there was."

Here, I must beg to digress a little, to urge the advantage of a thorough education; which can never be too highly appreciated, or too strongly enforced. Under any reverse of fortune, who can calculate on the benefits? to say nothing of the gratification it affords in so many ways. "Knowledge is power," and always secures its possessor, a degree of influence, that wealth can never command. Oh! would that all mothers, as well as daughters, could but be duly impressed, with a sense of its *vital* importance. Then we should not see girls, day after day, permitted on any frivolous excuse, to absent themselves from school: for if time be so truly valuable, as we know it really is; how doubly, nay trebly, is it, in the period devoted to education. If we could only rightly reflect, on the true end of education, this serious waste could never be. What is it I ask? is it merely to acquire a certain amount of rudimental information, and perhaps a

superficial acquaintance with showy accomplishments? assuredly not: it is to learn how to think rightly, that we may by thinking rightly, know how to act so.

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Rudimental instruction is necessarily the foundation; and as such, must be duly and *fully* appreciated; but it is the *application* of knowledge that education is meant to teach, and this must be acquired by “line upon line and precept upon precept; here a little and there a little,” it is not the work of a day; nor is it to be gained by alternate periods at school. Who know but those who teach, half the time that is required to recover what is lost in these frequently recurring, temporary absences. It is not only a large portion of rudimental instruction that is lost; but those *many* opportunities, which every conscientious teacher eagerly, and anxiously, avails herself of, to enforce good principles. This can be done at no stated periods, but they must be seized as circumstances call them forth, whether suggested by the teachings of the sacred writings, or from the ample pages of history: or even from the lesson she may convey from the sentiment that often heads a child’s simple copy book. If these, lost and frittered away periods, be of no account, then there is both time and money thrown away by those who are regular in their scholastic attendance.

Most amply was Mrs. Willoughby’s sedulous care in the education of her daughter, repaid; what comforts it brought to her orphan children; and to how many would it prove equally serviceable, and save them from eating the bitter bread of dependence.

It was but little in consonance with the state of Helen’s feelings, to mix with strangers so soon after her beloved mother’s death, and most gladly would she have declined going back in the evening, and proposed to send an apology, and say she would be with Mrs. Sherman early the following day; but Mrs. Cameron, whom she consulted, and upon whose advice she generally acted, strongly advised her to go, and take Fanny with her, as Mrs. Sherman had requested.

“Situate as you are my dear,” said she, “you owe it to yourself, and the dear children, to make as many friends as you can. The Shermans are kind-hearted, and I may say influential people, and may do you a great deal of good. I have known them many years as worthy and sincere characters.” This was enough: and Helen was punctual to the time named.

The Doctor was in to tea, and his frank good humoured manner, completely won Helen’s heart. He too, on his part, was much pleased with her. After conversing for some time, he appeared thoughtful, and then put several questions to her; among others, asked, if she had ever applied for the allowance from the “Compassionate Fund,” for herself and the children; saying, he knew some who received it; and that he would inquire what forms were necessary for obtaining it: adding,

“I believe it is not much; not more than ten pounds a year each, but as there are three of you, thirty pounds is worth trying for.”

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Helen was very grateful for the suggestion, and the good Doctor promised to make the requisite inquiries next day. While they were thus chatting together, the two little girls were amusing themselves in the drawing room, which communicated with the parlour by folding doors, and just as the Doctor was remarking how quiet they were, the piano was struck, and a pretty sonata played. Mrs. Sherman was surprised to find it was Fanny, and still more so, on hearing that Helen had been her sole instructress, as she played very prettily. The Doctor, who was passionately fond of music, was then very anxious to hear Helen play, and asked her to do so, but kind feeling restrained him from urging her, when she gave her reason, which, I need not tell the reader, was the recent death of her mother.

The evening passed off very cheerfully, and Helen found, ere she left Mrs. Sherman's, she had secured warm friends in her and her excellent husband. It was agreed that, on the following day, she should be introduced to several families, where she would be likely to obtain pupils; and so successful were Mrs. Sherman's efforts, that she had the promise of six to commence with on the following Monday, and ere a month had elapsed, three more were added to the number.

I should before have mentioned, that, on the death of her mother, Helen had written to an aunt, who was in great affluence, informing her of the sad event, from whom she received a cool letter of condolence, but not the slightest offer of assistance.

Finding it necessary to forward certificates of her parents' marriage, as well as those of her own and the children's baptism, she wrote to her aunt, for information as to where she might obtain them. In reply, she informed her where she could get them, and then concluded, by offering her and Fanny an asylum, for such she termed it, if for their board, Helen would instruct her three cousins. She took care to insinuate, that as doing this, would involve additional expense, she must be content to be received as a mere stranger; she would be expected even to assist in the family needle work. Fanny, Mrs. Selwyn said, would not require much clothing to be purchased, as two of her cousins were older than she, was, and never half wore their things out, adding, as Helen, would in all probability, obtain the compassionate allowance, it might, with care, clothe her and help Henry, if he needed anything. She finished her heartless letter, by saying: of course, Helen would try and find a place for him, as he must not, she said, be too particular *now*. Helen read, and re-read it, and then bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and thanked her Heavenly Father, who had given her the means, by honest industry, of saving herself and little ones the bitter pang of eating the bread of dependence. After this, with what heartfelt thankfulness, did she sit down with them, to their frugal meal.

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She wrote and respectfully declined her aunt's offer. The fact of the matter was this: Mrs. Selwyn had heard of Helen's successful attempt, and though she held no communication with her sister,—Willoughby, after that lady had offended her father by marrying, yet she had little doubt of Helen's capability; and thought, after the energy and self reliance she had manifested, she might, for she was, though rich, a most parsimonious woman, turn it to her own account and for a few years, at least, get her children cheaply educated. It was Helen's determination, if she obtained the compassionate allowance, to keep it, as a reserve for her brother's education. She mentioned her intention to Dr. Sherman, who expressed his warm approval of her plan.

One day, Nancy, who had been to the shop for groceries, came in, very hastily, to the room Helen and Mrs. Cameron were sitting in.

"Oh, Miss Helen! do you know, while I was waiting in Mrs. Conway's shop, who should come in, but Peggy Smith, to say she was going to leave, the place, and go to her mother, a long way off, as she was, all along, so sickly, and she herself but a lone woman here; well she's going to sell that nice cow, and let the field that joins our little paddock, which she holds on lease. Now, I know that cow is a first-rate milker, and I thought if you would buy her, as I have a good deal of time, I could soon clear the five pounds, which is all she asks for it; she will calve in a month, and Mrs. Conway will take all the butter we don't want."

"It will be a capital thing, Helen," said Mrs. Cameron, "if Nancy understands how to manage her."

"I should think, ma'am, I did, when I was brought up in a dairy all my life, till I went to live with Mrs. Willoughby, and mother's been sick two months at a time, and I made all the butter and cheese too."

Mrs. Cameron told Helen, she had no doubt it might be made quite a profitable investment, as Nancy was such a good manager, and even offered to lend the money, but Helen had so well economised her little stock, this was not required.

Weeks and months passed away, but no satisfactory, or indeed, any answer at, all could be obtained as to the compassionate allowance. At last, Dr. Sherman wrote again to the War Office, and received an answer, saying, the request could not be complied with, on the ground that Captain Willoughby's death was not properly authenticated, though it was not, in the least, doubted, as a miniature of Mrs. Willoughby, and his pocket book, were found in the breast of a dead major, a friend of his, and in the same regiment, it was supposed, that he consigned them to the major, in his dying moments. The grant, therefore, could not be allowed while the essential document was wanting.

Among her pupils, she gave lessons in music at their own house, to the Misses Falkner. One morning, being tired of waiting which she invariably had to do, she sat

down to the instrument to pass away the time. One of her favorite songs lay before her on the Piano, and she almost unconsciously struck the keys and played the accompaniment, and sang it. Hardly had she finished, than Miss Falkner came in; exclaiming, as she did so, "what, you here, Mr. Mortimer! how long have you been waiting?" not taking the slightest notice of Helen.

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"Some time," said he, "but both my apology, and thanks, are due to this lady, for the high treat, she has afforded me. I was standing outside the veranda, when she entered and seeing it was a stranger, was going off, when she commenced a favorite air of mine, and I was spell bound! but you will introduce me, will you not?"

"Oh yes, certainly," said Miss Falkner in a hesitating tone. "It is the young person to whom Julia goes to school, and who gives me, and Eliza lessons in music; Miss Willoughby," here she stopped; she did not even add the gentleman's name. "I am sorry Miss Willoughby," said she "I cannot take my lesson to-day, and therefore need not detain you."

Helen colored, and bowing left the room, the stranger rose, opened the door for her, and accompanied her to the street door, when he again bowed his head respectfully.

When he returned to the room, Miss Falkner rallied him on his politeness, to the village governess, as she contemptuously, styled Helen.

"Village queen! I think," said he, "for she certainly has a most dignified, and ladylike bearing, and is very good looking too."

"Well, I do declare Mr. Mortimer, you have quite lost your heart."

"By no means my dear Miss Falkner, it is not quite so vulnerable. A lovely face and graceful form alone, will never win it: even with the addition of such a syren's voice as Miss Willoughby possesses; she sings, not only sweetly, but scientifically."

"Of course," said she, "if people are to get their living by their talents, they ought to be well cultivated."

So little accustomed, since the death of her mother, to kindness from the world in general, and made to feel, so keenly, her dependant situation, Helen fully appreciated the respectful deference accorded to her by the stranger.

Her pupils increased so, that in a short time, she had twelve, besides several for accomplishments but the Misses Falkner, for reasons best known to themselves, declined her future instructions, and just as she was preparing to go to them a day or two after being, so cavalierly dismissed, Mrs. Falkner was announced at the cottage. She came, she said, to pay the bill, and say her daughters would discontinue their lessons:

"Of course," she said, "you will only charge for the time you actually came to them."

Helen quietly replied, "that she should certainly expect the quarter they had commenced, to be paid for." She knew they could afford it, and she felt it due to those she laboured for, not to throw away one penny.

“Well,” said Mrs. Falkner, “this comes of patronizing nobody knows who, it is just what one might expect.”

“Madam,” said Helen, her colour rising as she spoke, “had you thought proper to have done so, you might have known who I was.”

“I think,” said the unfeeling woman, “as Julia’s quarter is up, I shall keep her at home too, for the present.”

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"As you think proper," said the agitated girl.

"Well, well, you are mighty high, I think, for a person obliged to work for her bread. You are come down pretty low, and may——"

"Hold!" said Helen, "let me intreat you, Mrs. Falkner, to desist these cruel taunts. God has been pleased to place me in my present position; and it is, with thankfulness, nay, with pride, I exert the talents he has given me for the support of myself and the dear children, he has committed to my care. Poverty, madam, may *try* us, and that severely; but while we act rightly, it can never *degrade* us, but in the eyes of those, unfeeling as yourself."

"Mighty fine and heroic, to be sure! Is it not a pity Mr. Mortimer isn't hidden somewhere to hear you, as he was when you sung, and pretended not to know he was listening. He could see through it, though, as well as we did; and let, me tell you, artful as you are, that he is not a bird to be caught with chaff. But there's your money, so give me a receipt." This, she no sooner received than off she started.

Helen, who had, with difficulty, restrained her tears, now gave way to her feelings, and thus relieved her over-charged heart. At this moment, Mrs. Cameron came in, and having heard all that had passed, said:

"Never mind, my dear child, we must all be tried, some way or other, and even this cruel heartless woman could not vex you thus did not God permit her to do so; we have all, yes, the very best of us, proud, rebellious hearts, that need chastisement; and it is not for us to choose, how it is to be done. God knows best; meet it, therefore, my dear, humbly, as from *Him*, and not *man*; all will yet come right. You are a good girl; still Helen dear, you need, as we all do, the chastening of the Almighty, for we every one of us, come short, and 'when weighed in His balance, are found wanting,'"

A few days after this, Henry, who had been out fishing, came in, with his basket full of trout."

"Look there, Helen," said he, "what do you think of that? There's trout for you?"

"Why, Henry dear, are you already so expert at fishing?" asked his sister.

"No," replied Henry, "but a gentleman joined me, and we angled together. See, what beautiful flies he has given me! He caught three fish to my one, but he would make me take all. Oh, he's a real nice fellow. He has hired Mr. Bently's hunting lodge for the season, and says I may go with him, whenever I please, if you will let me.

"Whenever it does not interfere with your studies, Henry, but you must mind and not be troublesome to him."

“I’ll take care of that; but I forgot to tell you, I met Mrs. Sherman, as I was coming home, and she wants you to go to tea there, and Susan is to come down and stay with Fanny.”

Mrs. Sherman had seen Mrs. Cameron, and learnt from her the cruel manner in which Mrs. Falkner had behaved, and kindly desired to have a chat with Helen, in order to soothe and strengthen her mind, and; if it were possible, render her less vulnerable to these shafts of malice. After they had, for some time, discussed the matter:

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"Now," said Mrs. Sherman, "let us forget all unpleasantries, and give me one of your nice songs; I wonder where the Doctor is? he promised to be in to tea; but, I suppose, he has taken it where he is detained."

Helen sat down, and played and sang. At length, the Doctor's voice was heard in the passage; but Mrs. Sherman insisted on her going on, and held up her finger, as her husband entered, in token of silence. The Doctor sent Mrs. Sherman to the parlour door, where stood Mr. Mortimer; when Helen had finished, she turned and saw him. He bowed and went across to her, and expressed his pleasure in meeting her again, in such a frank off-hand manner, that our heroine, if such she, may be called, soon lost all feeling of embarrassment, and went on playing and singing and the evening passed imperceptibly away. When the Doctor escorted Helen home, Mr. Mortimer accompanied them to the gate, leading to the cottage and took his leave.

Their meeting at Dr. Sherman's was entirely the result of accident. Mr. Mortimer had been on friendly terms at the house ever since he had been in the neighbourhood, but as both the Doctor and his wife concluded he was engaged to Miss Falkner, they never thought to ask him, when Helen was expected, and so tenacious was he, not to win her affections, till assured he could make her his, that he carefully assumed an indifference he was far from feeling. He pitied her position; which he saw was a trying one; and he greatly admired the way she acquitted herself in it. He gained a great insight into her character, in his conversations with Henry, who, entirely off his guard, was very communicative. The following letter, however, from Mr. Mortimer to an old friend, will best elicit his views and opinions:

"MY DEAR EMMERSON,

"I promised to let you know where I brought up, and here I am, domiciled in a pretty little country village, where Bently has property, and I have hired his snug hunting lodge, and, in the mind I am in, I shall remain the next six months, that is, if when the term for renting this said lodge expires, I can find a place to which I can bring my sister Emily, Here there is hardly room enough for myself and Philips, who is still my factotum, valet, groom, and I know not what besides; however, he is content, and so am I. Heartily sick of town, and its conventualities, and tired of being courted and feted, not for *myself*, but my *fortune*, I care not, if I never see it again. I am weary, too, of 'single blessedness,' and yet afraid to venture on matrimony; why is it so few are happy, who do? There is some grand evil somewhere; but where? 'Aye there's the rub.' I look narrowly into every family I visit, especially, the newly married ones, and I see the *effect*, but not the *cause*. Now, *one* cannot be without the *other*, we well know. I fear I expect too much from the other sex, and begin to think there is more truth than poetry in your

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observation, that I 'must have a woman made on purpose for me,' for I certainly do want to find one very different from most that I have yet seen. "Travelling between London and Bath, I met my father's old friend and college chum, Falkner, who finding I had no settled plans, persuaded me to take Bently's hunting lodge, which is in the vicinity of his villa. Falkner is a worthy good creature, whom I should give credit for a great deal of common sense, were he not so completely under the dominion of his wife, a perfect Xantippe; by the bye, I think, however wise he might be in some respects, that Master Socrates was a bit of a goose, particularly if, as history maintains, he did, he knew what a virago he was taking. But, however deficient in her duty as a wife, Mrs. Falkner goes to the other extreme, and overacts her part as a mother; but I am very ungrateful in thus animadverting on her behaviour, for you must know, she has singled out your humble servant as a most especial favourite; and though *she does not wish her girls married*, takes right good care to let me know that she thinks the woman who gets me, will be lucky; and that, much as she would grieve to part from one of her daughters, yet, were an eligible chance to offer, she would throw no obstacles in the way. I do verily believe she has discarded a little girl who taught her daughters music, solely for fear I should fall in love with her; and certainly, she is as far superior to the Misses Falkner as she well can be, both in attainments and personal attractions. I am so afraid of coming to a hasty conclusion, but own myself greatly prepossessed in her favour. She has been well and carefully brought up; I have watched her in church, and have marked an unaffected devotion, which I have seen carried to the sick and suffering poor around her. She has lost both parents, and now by her talents, supports an orphan brother and sister. The former, an intelligent interesting boy of thirteen, is a frequent companion of mine, and if I can, without wounding the delicacy of the sister, I trust to be of some future service to him. I have, indirectly, and, perhaps, you will say, unfairly questioned the boy, and all tells in her favour; now, here it must be genuine. Miss Willoughby plays and sings like a Syren; but then, so does many a pretty trifler. Beauty and accomplishments are very well to pass an evening away; but in a companion for life, *far more* is required; much more than these must I find in a woman, ere I venture to ask her to be mine. I am heartily tired of my present life; it is a lonely stupid way of living; living! I don't live, I merely vegetate! I have no taste for dissipation; neither have I any great predilection for field sports. "Miss Willoughby is, I think, far superior to the generality of her sex, but she shall never have an idea of my partiality, till I am thoroughly persuaded she can make me happy; for although she may

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not come up to my standard of female perfection, she is far too amiable and too forlorn to be trifled with; and, therefore, I will not try to win her affections, till I know I can reciprocate them. With regard to the Falkners, I will be guarded. I respect the old man sincerely, and his family; farther, deponent sayeth not. He is the beau ideal of a country squire, and I think you will like him! They are all remarkably civil, and I must, for many reasons, keep up an intercourse, or give room elsewhere of having my plans suspected, The whole village, I believe have given me to one of the Falkners. I do not wish even the worthy Dr. Sherman and his excellent wife to suspect that I feel more than a common interest in their protegee. I wish you would come down for a month, I think you would like this part of the country, and I am sure you and Mr. Falkner would get on together. Neither have I the slightest doubt, but you would be pleased with the Shermans; they are gems, perfect gems, in their way. And as to Miss Willoughby,—but come and judge for yourself. You are engaged, or I might not, perhaps, be so pressing.“Just as I was concluding this, a letter was brought by the mail, from a distant relative, who is just returned from India. It was hastily written, and sent off while the ship was laying in the Downs, requesting me, if possible, to meet him at Deal. So I am off for a short time, and will write to you directly I return. Till when, farewell.

“Ever faithfully yours,

“GEORGE.”

Every meeting increased Helen's respect for Mr. Mortimer; she often met him at Dr. Sherman's, but it seemed always the result of chance, nor had she the slightest idea that he felt for her other, than the esteem of a friend. The village gave him to one of the Misses Falkner, and Helen took it for granted it was so. She rather regretted it, as she thought him too good, and feared they could, neither of them, appreciate his worth. She occasionally met the Falkners at Dr. Sherman's, when the eldest young lady always took care to monopolize him, which, for reasons of his own, he readily fell into. When he took leave to go to Deal, Helen could not help fancying there was a tenderness and peculiarity in his tone, as he addressed her, and yet she thought she must be mistaken, and that it was only his natural friendly warmth of manner, for she had none of that silly vanity, that leads many girls to fancy, because a man is kind and attentive, he must be in love.

She missed him greatly, for latterly he had accompanied her in her songs, and supplied her with music and books; still, all was done under the mask of friendship, and duplicates of these little presents were generally procured for Falkner Villa. Also, Henry, too, was sadly at a loss for his companion; all his out door amusements seemed to have lost their interest, and he began to look anxiously for the time proposed for his return. A room was prepared both for Mr. Mortimer, and his cousin, at Mr. Falkner's. On his return, however, he preferred going to his own quarters, leaving Sir Horace Mortimer, his relative, to the hospitalities of Falkner Villa.

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Sir Horace Mortimer's stay with them, opened a fresh field for Mrs. Falkner's speculations, and not being either so fastidious or clear-sighted as his cousin George, Sir Horace, at one time, bid fair to set the former an example.

They were all assembled at Dr. Sherman's a few nights after Mr. Mortimer's return, when Sir Horace was introduced, to Helen. He almost started, but said nothing; however his eyes were so completely riveted on her, that he became quite absent—in short, his fixed gaze became painful. Dr. Sherman was, during the evening, called to the door, when he received a parcel from London, carriage paid, which the man said he had promised to place in the Doctor's own hand. The worthy man wondering from whom it could possibly come, retired to his own room and opened it. It contained Mrs. Willoughby's portrait and the pocket book; the latter he locked up carefully; the former he was carrying to Helen: who being engaged with Mrs. Sherman in the adjoining room, he showed it to Sir Horace Mortimer, with whom he had just been conversing about Helen, and her orphan charge.

"Can it be possible," said he "or do my eyes deceive me?"

The Doctor looked inquiringly, but Sir Horace said no more. At last he went up to the Doctor, and asked if Helen was expecting the arrival of the miniature? Dr. Sherman replied, she knew it was safe, but was quite uncertain when it might arrive.

"Then my dear sir, would you trust me with it till to-morrow morning? when I will restore it at an early hour," I would not ask, but for very particular reasons, connected it may be, of much moment to that dear girl: if as I strongly suspect, I have seen that miniature before, there is a secret and very minute spring, which I could not well ascertain without my glasses. Believe me, my dear Doctor, I have very cogent reasons for my request, and I feel no common interest in Miss Willoughby: but we are attracting the notice of those people I am staying with, who are not at all friendly disposed towards her; in fact, they have done all in their power to prejudice me against her.

The Doctor marvelled much at the request; but readily acceded to it—and then both he and Sir Horace Mortimer, joined in the general conversation.

When the little party broke up, Sir Horace Mortimer undertook to be Helen's escort, and offered her his arm. Miss Falkner having come with him, quietly took the other. When they reached Helen's abode, which was in the way to Falkner Villa, at parting, Sir Horace requested permission to call and see her at an hour he named next day, and she promised to be ready.

"Will you send your young brother for me? I have heard much of him; and must make his acquaintance."

“Oh,” said Miss Falkner, “we are going to call at the cottage to-morrow, and I will be your guide. We have long been intending to pay a visit to Miss Willoughby, mamma is anxious to apologize for some little misunderstanding.” Helen tried to speak, but her words could find no utterance, in reply to the impertinent speech of Miss Falkner, but shaking Sir Horace warmly by the hand, she bowed and went into her home.

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At breakfast Miss Falkner told her mother, that as Sir Horace Mortimer, had made an appointment to visit Miss Willoughby; they could avail themselves of his escort, and go with him. This I beg leave to say, though apparently the thought of the moment, was a *preconcerted* proposition: but one which Sir Horace declared impossible! as he had particular business with Miss Willoughby, at which none but Dr. Sherman, and Mrs. Cameron could be present. This was spoken so decidedly, that no further opposition was made to his wish to go alone.

But both mother and daughters were sadly puzzled. Conjecture was rife among them the whole morning: at last they came to the conclusion that he had made up his mind to propose for Helen—it must be so, else why Dr. Sherman and Mrs. Cameron present?—this point, therefore, was settled—at least with the Falkners, of her acceptance of him, a rich East Indian, oh there could be no doubt of that. And the elder Miss Falkner could breathe again, since she was free to captivate Mr. George Mortimer, with whom she was desperately in love. Thus do vain and silly people jump at conclusions and thus is half the business of a country town, or village, settled without any concurrence, or even knowledge of those most concerned.

The request of Sir Horace Mortimer set Helen wondering, and certainly deprived her of some hours sleep. His peculiar manner and his ardent gaze, too, recurred to her mind, as she lay thinking on the subject.

She was completely puzzled, he was a perfect stranger whom she had never before seen, nor he her, what could it mean? Would not some have concluded he was in love with her, but a man old enough to be her father! Such an idea never entered her head: in fact she could make no probable guess, so she determined to make a virtue of necessity, and wait quietly, till he came. Early the next day, she sent for Mrs. Cameron, and told her of the appointment Sir Horace had made, and as she thought it more than probable, the Falkners might accompany him, as they spoke of doing so over night, she wished her friend to be with her. But we have already seen that Sir Horace had decidedly expressed his determination to go alone. Mrs. Cameron was equally perplexed with Helen, as to his object. She thought perhaps he had mistaken Helen's likeness, to some one he was attached to in his early years, and applying her favorite well-founded maxim and belief in an over-ruling Providence, made up her mind, that however the mistake might be; it would end in the orphans finding a sincere friend in the Baronet or the rich Nabob, as the people termed him.

Whatever were the surmises of Sir Horace Mortimer, he was perfectly satisfied with the result of his private examination of the miniature for he exclaimed to himself, "God be praised! it must indeed be so," saying this, he put it in his pocket, and joined the Falkner family at breakfast, where the conversation before related, took place.

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On his way to Helen's, he met his cousin, and they walked on together. At length Sir Horace Mortimer asked, "George, my boy do you not begin to think of marrying; it is in my opinion, high time you should—let me see; you must be eight and twenty, why you are losing time sadly, take care I don't get spliced first, as sailors say."

"Why sir, they do say Maria Falkner has certainly made a conquest of you."

"They do, do they: its very kind of them to settle so important a point for me. Do you approve the match."

"I think there are many who would make you happier."

"Miss Willoughby, for instance!" said Sir Horace.

"Miss Willoughby! sir."

"Yes, Miss Willoughby, George, what objection? Should I be the first old man, who has married a young girl? and made her happy too. I intend to make her a proposal to-day."

"You! sir; you surely don't mean what you say!"

"But I do, though; I was never more in earnest in my life. But, eh, George! what is the matter? you change colour. You don't want her yourself? You know you can't marry her and Miss Falkner too."

"I marry Miss Falkner? Never; I would sooner be wedded to—"

"Hold! my boy; I know the workings of that wayward heart of yours, better than you think; and, therefore, let us understand each other; at any rate, let me be clearly understood, when I say, that unless you make up your mind to marry Helen Willoughby, I shall."

"But, my dear Sir Horace, though I greatly admire and esteem her far beyond any woman I ever saw. Yet I am,——" and he paused.

"You are what? Shall I tell you? You are so very fastidious, that you are refining away your happiness, like anything but a sensible man. You don't expect perfection, do you? The long and the short of the matter, is this: in your haste to answer my letter from the Downs, you sent me, by mistake, a confidential epistle, which you had intended for some intimate friend. Not having any signature, I went on reading it, nor till you adverted to my arrival off Deal, was I aware who was the writer. It was a lucky *contre temps*, it gave me a better insight into your views and character, than years of common intercourse could have done. I admire your principles, though I think you carry them a little too far. Now don't blame me, as I again repeat, you omitted your name at the end. So no more nonsense, my lad; 'screw up your courage to the sticking point,' and go,



and propose for the girl at once. You must do it, I tell you, or I disinherit you, and give her every penny; and, as I before said, myself into the bargain. But I am off to Sherman's and thence, to Miss Willoughby, where I shall expect you in an hour, so you had best be on the alert. You will not be the first young man who has been outwitted by an old one, so mind." Saying this, he left his young relative, who was not, however, very tardy in following advice so consonant to his own wishes.

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It may be thought George Mortimer was too particular, but be it remembered, it was a most honorable feeling that led to his deliberation; viz., the firm resolve not to win Helen's, affections, and then leave her. No, he nobly resolved first to learn the state of his own feelings; and well would it be if many others would act equally generous. But no! however men decry beauty, they are all its slaves, and it ever wins a willing homage from them. They are won by the attractions of a pretty face, and are in consequence, most particular in their attentions to its possessor; who is thus singled out, and in all probability, is subject to the jokes of her friends till from so constantly hearing, she is beloved, she believes it to be so, nor awakes from her dream, till she sees herself supplanted by a newer or prettier face. This is a crying evil: a bad state of things; and in regretting it, we must not lay the blame wholly on the opposite sex. There is doubtless too much credulity in the ladies, but this credulity would be greatly diminished, were they more frequently met and treated as rational beings, and they would much sooner become so: for they would have an object in it. How much would the state of society be improved, could there be a little reform on the side of each sex. Let the man, as the superior, commence; he will find his young female friends, beings capable of more than the small talk, with which they are too generally amused; and I think they will soon be better prepared for sensible conversation; and then let the ladies on their part be a little more sceptical in believing the flattery and adulation of the men, and not fancy every gentleman, who is friendly and attentive in perhaps merely a general way, in love with her. As in everything else, there are exceptions, here I only speak of generalities, and I trust not with acerbity. A very little of mutual effort, would bring about a great improvement in these matters. The *young* have great influence on the *young*, particularly in the formation of character, and well for those who exercise it beneficially.

When Sir Horace Mortimer went into the cottage, he had hardly shaken hands than he asked Helen her mother's maiden name.

"Brereton," she replied.

"Brereton?" said he "not Anna Brereton, for she married a Lieutenant Bateson; am I wrong then, after all?"

"Papa changed his name," said Helen, "on receiving some, property, which we afterwards found he had no claim to."

"Then, my beloved girl, in me you behold your uncle William. You have heard your mother speak of me."

"Oh, yes, frequently! she always said, had you been at home, you would have brought about a reconciliation with grand-papa."

"Do you ever see or hear of your Aunt Elinor; she was engaged when I went away, to a Mr. Selwyn, and it was thought to be a good match."

Helen told him she had received two letters from Mrs. Selwyn.

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"Which two letters I must see, for I suspect she has slighted you. As to you, my dear Mrs. Cameron, what can I ever say to you and your worthy brother, or the kind Mrs. Sherman, I meant to have had the Doctor with me; but just as we were leaving his door, he was called away to somebody taken suddenly ill. Helen, there is your mother's portrait, which was taken for me, but I sailed before it was completed. I gave the order myself and a pattern; Sherman received it last night, and this led to my discovering you. Though I was much struck when I first saw you, by your strong likeness, to your mother, I never expected, to see any of you."

"But why, dearest uncle have we heard, nothing of you for so long a time?"

"That my child is a long story, which time will not allow me to go into now: you shall have it some of these days; as I see George coming, whom I desired to follow me here, as I recommended him to consult you about his proposing to Miss Falkner."

"Me!" said Helen, "consult *me*?" and she colored deeply.

"Why not, you are second or third cousins; and he has a great opinion of your judgement."

"Well sir," said the Baronet to Mr. Mortimer, as he entered, "the hour has not yet expired: however you have given me time to tell Helen, how nearly she and I are related, for her mother was my own sister!"

"Is it possible!" cried the astonished George.

"Yes, and I told her you were coming to consult her upon several matters." As he spoke this, he stole his hat and slipped off giving a significant look at Mrs. Cameron, who followed the old gentleman to the garden, and there learnt what he had gleaned from George Mortimer's letter, to Mr. Emmerson, *viz.*, that he was much attached to Helen—and added he had no doubt but they should soon have a job for Mr. Montgomery, to marry them.

"At any rate we must have him here."

The remainder of my tale, is soon told, *viz.*: that Helen and Mortimer, were united, and Mrs. Falkner, insisted on removing to a place where she would be more likely to settle her girls. Sir Horace bought the villa which still retained its name.

## IDLE WORDS.

"My God!" the beauty oft exclaimed,  
In deep impassioned tone;  
But not in humble prayer, she named



The High and Holy One;  
'Twas not upon the bended knee,  
With soul upraised to Heaven,  
Pleading with heartfelt agony,  
That she might be forgiven.

'Twas not in heavenly strains  
She raised, to the great Source of Good,  
Her daily offering of praise,  
Her song of gratitude.  
But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,  
And in the festive Hall,  
'Midst scenes of mirth and mockery proud  
She named the Lord of All.

The idlest thing that flattery knew,  
The most unmeaning jest,  
From her sweet lips profanely drew,  
Names of the Holiest!  
I thought how sweet that voice would be,  
Breathing this prayer to Heaven,  
"My God, I worship only thee,  
Oh be my sins forgiven!"



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### THE MANIAC OF VICTORY.

But here comes one, that seems to out-rejoice  
All the rejoicing tribe! wild is her eye,  
And frantic is her air, and fanciful  
Her sable suit; and round, she rapid rolls  
Her greedy eyes upon the spangled street.  
And drinks with greedy gaze upon the sparkling scene!  
“And see!” she cries how they have graced the hour  
That gave *him* to his grave! hail lovely lamps,  
In honor of that hour a grateful land  
Hath hung aloft! and sure he well deserves  
The tributary splendor—for he fought  
Their battles well—ah! he was valor’s self—  
Fierce was the look with which he faced the foe  
But on his Harriet, when my hero bent it,  
’Twas so benign! and beautiful he was—  
And he was young; too young in years, to die!  
’Twas but a little while his wing had thrown  
Its guardian shadow o’er me—but ’tis gone—  
Fall’n is my shield, yet see now if I weep.  
A British warrior’s widow should not weep—  
Her hero sleeps in honor’s fragrant bed—  
So they all tell me, and I have nobly learned  
Their gallant lesson—all my tears are gone—  
Bright glory’s beam has dried them every drop  
No,—No,—I scorn to weep—high is mine heart!

Hot are mine eyes! there’s no weak water there!  
’Tis time I should have joyed—what mother would not?  
To have shown him that sweet babe o’er which he wept  
When last he kissed it—yes he did—he wept;  
My warrior wept!—as the weak woman’s tears  
From off this cheek, where now I none can feel,  
He kissed away—he wet it with his own;  
Oh! yes ’twould—’twould have been sweet to have shown him  
How his dear lovely boy had: grown, since he  
Beheld it cradled, and to have bid it call him  
By the sweet name that I had taught it utter  
In softest tones, while he was thunder hearing,  
And thunder hurling round him—for his hand  
Would not be idle amid deeds of glory;  
Yes *glory—glory—glory* is the word—  
See how it glitters all along the street!—

And then she laughs, and wildly leaps along  
With tresses all untied. Fair wretch—adieu:  
In mercy—heaven thy shattered peace repair.

—FAWCETT.

“GOD DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.”

I remember how I loved her, as a little guileless child;  
I saw her in the cradle, as she looked on me, and smiled.  
My cup of happiness was full; my joy, no words can tell,  
And I bless the Glorious Giver, “who doeth all things well.”

Months passed, that bud of promise, was unfolding every hour.  
I thought that earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower.  
So beautiful! it well might grace the bowers, where angels dwell,  
And waft its fragrance to His throne, “who doeth all things well.”

Years fled; that little sister then was dear as life to me,  
And woke, in my unconscious heart a wild idolatry.  
I worshipped at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,  
Forgetful of the praise of Him “who doeth all things well.”



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She was like the lovely Star, whose light around my pathway shone,  
Amid this darksome vale of tears through which I journey on;  
No radiance had obscured the light, which round His throne doth dwell,  
And I wandered far away from Him, who “doeth all things well.”

That star went down, in beauty, yet, it shineth, sweetly now,  
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Saviour’s brow,  
She bowed to that destroyer, whose shafts none may repel;  
But we know, for God has told us, that “He doeth all things well.”

I remember well, my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed,  
And my deep and heartfelt anguish when they told me she was dead.  
And, oh! that cup of bitterness—but let not this heart rebel,  
God gave; he took; he can restore; “He doeth all things well.”

## HOW OLD ART THOU?

Count not the days that have idly flown,  
The years that were vainly spent;  
Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own,  
When thy spirit stands before the throne  
To account for the talents lent.

But number the hours redeemed from sin,  
The moments employed for heaven;  
Oh, few and evil thy days have been,  
Thy life, a toilsome but worthless scene,  
For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shade go back on thy dial plate?  
Will thy sun stand still on his way?  
Both hasten on, and thy spirit’s fate  
Rests on the point of life’s little date,  
Then live while ’tis called to-day.

Life’s waning hours, like the Sybil’s page,  
As they lessen, in value rise;  
Oh, then rouse thee, and live nor deem that man’s age  
Stands in the length of his Pilgrimage,  
But in days that are *truly wise*.

## ON TIME.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him  
That flesh is grass! that earthly things, but mist!  
What are our joys, but dreams? And what our hopes?  
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?  
There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it  
Some rainbow promise. Not a moment flies,  
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,  
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.

'Tis but as yesterday, since on those stars,  
Which now I view, the Chaldean shepherd gazed,  
In his mid watch observant, and disposed  
The twinkling hosts, as fancy gave them shape;  
Yet, in the interim, what mighty shocks  
Have buffeted mankind; whole nations razed,  
Cities made desolate; the polished sunk  
To barbarism, and *once* barbaric states,  
Swaying the wand of science and of arts.  
Illustrious deeds and memorable names,  
Blotted from record, and upon the tongues  
Of gray tradition, voluble no more.



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Where are the heroes of the ages past,—  
Where the brave chieftans; where the mighty ones  
Who flourished in the infancy of days?  
Ah to the grave gone down! On their fallen fame  
Exultant, mocking, at the pride of man,  
Sits grim Forgetfulness. The warrior's arm  
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame,  
Hushed is the stormy voice, and quenched the blaze  
Of his red eye-ball.                      Yesterday, his name

Was mighty on the earth; to-day,—'tis what?  
The meteor of the night of distant years,  
That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,  
Musing, at midnight, upon prophecies,  
Who at her only lattice, saw the gleam  
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly  
Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up,  
Safe in the charnel's treasure.                      Oh! how weak

Is mortal man! how, trifling! how confined  
His scope of vision! Puffed with confidence  
His phrase grows big with immortality;  
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,  
Dreams of eternal honours to his name,  
Of endless glory and perennial bays,  
He idly reasons of eternity.  
As of the train of ages; when, alas!  
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries  
Are in comparison, a little point,  
Too trivial for account.

Oh it is strange;  
'Tis very strange to mark men's fallacies.  
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,  
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,  
And smile, and say, my name shall live with this,  
Till time shall be no more; while at his feet,  
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust  
Of the fallen fabric of the other day,  
Preaches the solemn lesson.—He should know  
That time must conquer; that the loudest blast  
That ever filled renown's obstreperous trump,  
Fades in the lap of ages, and expires.



Who lies, inhumed, in the terrific gloom  
Of the gigantic pyramid? Or who  
Reared its huge wall? Oblivion laughs, and says,  
The prey is mine. They sleep, and never more  
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,  
Or memory burst its fetters.

Where is Rome?  
She lives but in the tale of other times;  
Her proud pavilions, are the hermits' home,  
And her long colonades, her public walks,  
Now faintly echo to the pilgrims' feet,  
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace  
Through the rank moss revealed, her honoured dust.

But not to Rome, alone, has fate confined  
The doom of ruin; cities numberless.  
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,  
And rich Phoenicia; they are blotted out  
Half razed,—from memory razed; and their very name  
And being, in dispute.

—WHITE

## THE YOUNG MAN'S PRAYER.

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One stood upon the threshold of his life;  
A life all bright with promise,—and he prayed,  
“Father of Heaven! this beautiful world of thine,  
Is trod in sorrow by my race.” The shade  
Of sin and grief darken the sunshine, Thou  
Around us with a lavish hand, hast spread.  
Man only walks this breathing glowing earth,  
With spirit crushed,—with bowed and stricken head.  
I ask not, Father, why these things be so,  
I only ask, that thou will make of me  
A messenger of joy, to lift the woe  
From hearts that mourn, and lead them up to Thee.

**THE END.**