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## SELECT POETRY.

### THE SILENT SPECTRE.

'Twas an Egyptian custom, in the ages that  
are gone,  
That at each festive board should sit a shroud-  
ed skeleton;  
And, little as we dream of it, the custom still  
goes on.

For though, amid his warriors, the Tyrant sits  
on high,  
And quaffs upon his purple throne, to their  
last victory,  
Still near him sits the skeleton—dumb-  
tongued Conspiracy.

The Poet, too, who toils for all, whose heart  
eschews delights,  
Who lives laborious days, and gives to solemn  
thought his nights,  
Sees the grim skeleton—the world with scorn  
his love requites.

The Beauty, in her flush of bloom, whose  
bright and perfect charms  
Enslaves the panting heart of youth, and e'en  
the aged warriors,  
Thinks on that ghastly skeleton—Old Age  
and shrivel'd arms.

The Merchant, 'mid his cringing clerks, that  
wait upon his eye,  
Whose very heart is cased in gold, has still  
that spectre nigh.  
A grinning, scornful mockery—friend-freez-  
ing Bankruptcy.

The Mother with her darling child, whose  
budding charms begin  
To show the opening of a flower fairer than  
all her kin,  
She trembles at the skeleton—the child may  
die, or sin!

And no true living child of earth can from its  
presence fly;  
It enters with us at our birth, is with us when  
we die;  
For within us dwells the skeleton—unseen  
by human eye.

Oh, Conscience! silent spectre, awful pres-  
ence of the just!  
Thou teller of the tale, whose gaze makes  
midnight ghost!  
Thou loiterer with the loungers, and thou rider  
with the fast!

Thus the old Egyptian custom of a skeleton  
a'way  
Sitting 'neath at every festive board, as a  
check upon the gay,  
Has been from the Creation, and will last to  
Judgment Day.

### MY SLEEPING BOY.

Now tread softly, go on tiptoe,  
Do not move the very air!  
Thou'st thou! tell me, did you ever  
Dream of angels had so fair?

See the fair, rosy dimples,  
Grouped around those rose-lip lips!  
I think 'twould be a draught to kiss them,  
Fit for Hebe herself to sip.

See the ever-changing color,  
On that full rounded cheek,  
As though pleasant were the fancies,  
In his calm and rosy sleep.

One dear arm so soft and rounded,  
Is thrown above his curly head,  
And there seems an angel's presence,  
Breathing round his little bed.

Lids as soft and white as snow-flakes,  
Shade his eyes of loveliest blue,  
Which in beauty and in color  
With the tiny violets hue.

Do you wonder then I love him?  
Love my little darling boy!  
Ah! there's only one that's dearer  
To my heart so full of joy.

"Who is that?" I hear you ask me,  
Oh! I should not dare to tell;  
For fear the great, rough bearded fellow  
Would put on airs and cut a swell.

### THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

"It flourished in historic earth—  
Land long and greatly sanctified;  
It had its proud and noble birth  
Amongst the hills where Ham died;  
It minds us of Moslem faith,  
That knows no counterpart but death.

"Though torn away from native dust,  
And faded from its mother-tree,  
Its leaves still whisper 'sacred trust,'  
And still impart love's mystery;  
They blend in one all thoughts of them  
"Who last were at Jerusalem."

"How many graves these leaves embower!  
How many forms they lie above!  
Mingled with tears—affection's shower—  
And burst in sighs, and notes of love:  
But oh! the comfort they have given!  
A balmy zephyr, straight from Heaven:

"Telling of that not distant day  
When parted love is joined again;  
Bidding the storms of sorrow stay,  
Affording antidote to pain;  
Suggesting that all-powerful Hand  
Will raise the dead and bid him stand.

"Soon will these leaves be showered on thee  
Thy mouth is numbered, every one;  
Soon the last solemn mystery,  
Above thy coffin will be said,  
Though thou in silence, wilt not heed.

"So live that when these Acacia leaves  
Shall blend with thy forgotten dust,  
Kind Mother Earth, who all receives,  
Will yield, unmeasured, her sacred trust;  
While angels lead thee to the Throne,  
And God, the Master, claims his own."

### THE WAVE-SWEEP CITY.

I have read of our city  
Beneath the Northern Sea,  
When the back of waves swept churches  
(on the shores all agone)  
Could be heard upon the Sabbath,  
When the people bowed the knee:

Search ye up of the old sea water,  
Floating seaward through the air,  
As a city of voices they are dead  
When they end to praise and prayer  
All the strong and the true-hearted,  
All the brave and all the fair.

There are those whose faith in legend  
Leads them to the Northern Sea,  
When they peer the sea's in science  
Till the bearings solemnly  
Then, with hands and eyes uplifted,  
Humbly bend the willing knee.

And the sweet sound of the chiming,  
Falling on the pilgrim's ear,  
Leaves within the heart an echo  
That will never disappear,  
But grow dearer with the coming  
And the going of each year.

And I think of other cities,  
In the sea of long ago,  
And of memory legends whose chiming,  
Coming sweetly, soft and low,  
Bear the echoes of affection  
That once through our hearts did flow.

Overswept by Time's dark waters,  
Yet oblivion cannot quail  
Keep the memory from the spirit  
Of the scenes it notes from sight,  
And though leaving us no mark,  
We are conscious of the light.

## CONTINUED TALE.

WHEN HE IS SEEN,

## BARONET, OR BUTCHER?

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

Continued.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

MARKS AND FACES.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world  
kin."

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."  
"If you prick me do I not feel?"

One evening, the men scattered  
about the billiard-room of the Valet,  
tired of playing and thirsting for  
some amusement, had beguiled  
Derry into a long, interesting story,  
and the dead silence which follow-  
ed was not broken when Arthur  
Thussington opened the door and  
sole in.

Stole in so quietly that Lewis's  
bull-dog, which had been snoring  
under the table in a most hideous  
manner, arose with a suspicious  
snarl, and uttering a yell, flew at  
his leg.

Arthur Thussington gave a hor-  
rific cry, and tried to shake him  
off, turning as white as ashes, for  
he was more afraid of a dog than  
anything, and he was by no means  
a brave man.

In an instant the whole room  
was in confusion, everybody, ex-  
cepting Lewis, rushing at the  
struggling man and dog.

The owner of the vile beast con-  
tented himself with sitting up and  
coolly whistling at it.

"Seize it by the neck!" cried one.  
"Kick it!" another. "Give it some  
snuff!" a third, and amidst the con-  
fusion, Arthur Thussington was  
yelling with pain, and vainly en-  
deavoring to shake off the dog.

When every one had suggested  
something, and no one attempted  
to put into practice his or any one  
else's ideas, Bartie Lennox pushed  
through the group, and quietly  
striking the beast on the head with  
a cue, seized the next instant  
by the back of the neck, and flung  
it with tremendous force through  
the window.

Then, almost before the others  
could comprehend what had been  
done, he regained his seat, and  
seemed half asleep again.

Arthur Thussington sank into a  
chair, and glared over at Lewis  
with his lips working and his eyes  
flashing a venomous hate.

Lewis rose with a shrug.  
"Really, Mr Thussington, I am  
very sorry, poor my honor—but it's  
a singular thing that that dog has  
never bitten any one before."

"Pray don't apologise for the dog,  
sir," hissed rather than said the  
injured man. "The blame rests  
rather with the man who can keep  
such a hideous beast; but birds of  
a feather—"

Lewis started upright with a  
flushed face.

"What do you mean?" he  
snapped.

"What I said," hissed Arthur  
Thussington, rising with difficulty,  
and confronting him, one hand still  
upon the bite, and the other clenched  
at his side.

"Are you aware that you are  
speaking to a gentleman, sir?" said  
Lewis, hotly.

"No," sneered the other, "I was  
speaking to you."

Lewis walked up to him, and  
both stood looking at each other  
very much as the dog outside would  
have looked at a fellow cur.

"Your words require some ex-  
planation, Mr. Thussington," ex-  
claimed Lewis.

"Then you can supply it your-  
self," retorted Thussington. "I  
thought them plain enough to be  
understood, even by you."

Lewis's sullen temper was lashed  
into something like passion at the  
scornful sneering words, and with  
an oath he raised his arm to strike  
the white face, but Arthur Thus-  
sington lunged up his own and at  
the same moment struck the in-  
tended striker a heavy blow across  
the face.

In a moment Lewis, much the  
stronger man, had felled him to  
the ground.

Clarence Foppington, and Derry  
here stepped in, and caught their  
arms.

"Gentlemen!" said the former,  
in a tone of grave rebuke.

"Aye, gentlemen!" echoed a  
voice which startled them at the  
door. It was Sir Robert.

"In God's name what has hap-  
pened? Arthur, are you hurt?  
Mr. Lewis, your face is swollen  
and cut. What on earth have you  
been doing?"

"Forgetting ourselves, my dear  
sir," said Arthur Thussington.  
"The matter is easily explained.  
Mr. Lewis's dog seized my leg, and  
I entered the room, and I was  
afraid I was not only bitten, but  
somehow or other, I was bitten in  
some very suspicious manner."