

again! But this may not be. It would but add another drop of gall to her cup of bitterness, already overflowing." And as he raised the latch, he dropped a guinea into Bridget's reluctant hand. He then left the cottage, and reached the little wicket gate where he had left his horse; but ere he mounted, he was assailed with screams for mercy, from a wild and frantic woman, who he soon recognized, notwithstanding her matted and dishevelled locks, and more than usually disordered dress, to be his acquaintance at the gate on the previous night. She flung herself at his feet, and clasped his knees with convulsive earnestness, and in the frenzy of despair, exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Netherby! save him! save him! 'twas for you or for your house he did the deed. They hunted him down this morn, the blood-hounds! an' a' Ra'stondale is out, as in the twenty, an' they'll be here anon. An' as I'm a living woman! I hear their mad shouts even now!"

When Harry listened, a confused noise, as if of a rabble rout, came wafted on the morning breeze across the heathery knoll which hid them from his view, when the poor grovelling wretch renewed with increased energy her cries for mercy. "Hang that fellow Hudson! and deed they will if they catch him, and I trust they will; it's hard for poor folks to be hanged for the crimes of their betters."

Harry Netherby was utterly confounded; he thought at first it was all a dream, and then that he was under the influence of some mighty spell; his nerves had been sadly shaken by his late distressing interview with Bridget, and he was in a state of excitement little inferior to that of the frantic wretch before him; he thought too of the mysterious warning at the door of his inn, but this only bewildered him the more.

The faithful nurse of Alice closed her cottage door when Harry left her, to ruminate alone on what she had heard, and witnessed not the strange rencontre at her garden gate; but when the furious mob had scaled the summit of the hill and saw their victim, now, as it were, within their grasp, a shout of triumph echoed down the mountain side and reached poor Bridget where she sat and wept, who instantly came out and saw at once, or thought she did, the full meaning of their dreadful outcry.

"Away—away!" she said, waving her hand, as if, to deprecate any reply he manifestly wished to make. "Mount, I say, Harry Netherby, and away this minute, or it will be your last!" and she wrung her hands in agony when she saw that he hesitated, and exclaimed—"they'll tear my poor boy limb from limb, and then what will be the fate of my poor Alice!"

Harry was in the saddle ere the magic spell was uttered; but she saw him not, for at that self-same instant half a dozen of rough fell-siders cleared the garden wall, and made a desperate spring upon his bridle rein, when poor Bridget shut her eyes in fear and saw no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WICKLOW:

A POEM.

BY DR. HASKINS.

ROMANTIC Wicklow! e'en in childhood's hour
Thy name for me was fraught with magic pow'r;
And yet, though ocean's waves between us roll,
To think of thee brings sweetness on my soul.
Thy scenes were beauty—e'en the very gale
Around superior freshness seem'd t' exhale.
Thy glens and groves, hills, lakes, and sparkling streams,
Haunted my heart in boyhood's early dreams.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

WICKLOW! I've wander'd far, view'd many a scene
Of loveliness; of grandeur; scenes sublime,
And of elysian beauty; still, lov'd land I
My heart reverts to thee; and for a space
I fain would dwell upon thy varied charms;
Fain would in fancy wander 'mong thy hills,
Where oft my spirit roves. 'Tis Atlantic wild,
That barrier of worlds, between us rolls
Its universe of waters; in the land
Where strangers find a home, I've built my cot;
And thou to me, as to all outward sense,
Art now as nothing; yet my spirit strays
Amid thy beauty; holds communion still
With scenes sublime; high mountains, uprear'd rocks,
Blue lakes, and verdant groves, and sunny hills,
And sparkling waters; hears the voice of streams,
The roar of torrents, melody of birds;
All that entranc'd my soul in boyhood's hour.
Land of my love! I view thee now again,
In visionary brightness see thee smile;
And fain would trace—haply with faltering hand—
Scenes, whose remembrance cheers my widow'd heart.
And first—that glen*—above whose darkling breast
The Gilt Spears† tow'r with points y-piercing heav'n,
Tinted by morn or evening's ruddy ray
With purest gold. Deep, deep that valley lies
Dossin'd in hills, with woods of fairest growth
Broad waving; and beneath, the mountain stream,
Soothing the soul with sound of falling waters;
Or gently gliding amid rocks and roots
Of giant trees, that shooting high from banks
Moss-cover'd, of that wanton, wayward stream,
Uplift their branching tops in upper air;
Nor wanting walks of steep ascent, and heights,
Whence the beholder gazing down below,
Starts back and shudders as afraid to fall;
Nor verdant slopes, all radiant in the sunlight
Streaming from heav'n; that o'er that valley smiles.
How wild that scene to youth's romantic eye!
How sweet the flow'rs that bloom on ev'ry bank!
How pleasantly I've wander'd there with those

* The Dargle.

† The Sugar-Loaf Hills—so called in modern days, but
anciently as above.