

POETRY.

SPRING HYMN.
BY DELTA.

How pleasant is the opening year!
The snows of winter melt away;
The flowers in beauty re-appear;
The songster carols from the spray;
Lengthens the more refulgent day;
And bluer glows the arching sky;
All things around us seem to say,
"Christian! direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the dreary length
Of winter, slept both bud and bloom;
But nature now puts forth her strength,
And starts, renewed, as from the tomb;
Behold an emblem of thy doom,
O man!—a star hath shone to save—
And morning yet shall re-illumine
The midnight darkness of the grave!

Yet ponder well, how then shall break
The dawn of second life on thee—
Shalt thou to hope—to bliss awake?
Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee?
Then shall pass forth the dread decree,
That makes or weal or woe thine own;
Up, and to work! Eternity
Must reap the harvest Time hath sown!

THE NOVELIST.

MAC NAB'S BURYING GROUND.

From Ackerman's FORGET ME NOT.

Duncan Gorram, like many of his line, from generation to generation, had been born and brought up upon the place of Kineli. He was hereditary fisherman to the old laird, and the young Mac Nab, from infancy to boyhood had been his daily companion. When the estate passed away into the hands of strangers, many thought that Duncan was more grieved upon the occasion than the young laird himself.—The old man however bore with firmness, the sale of the family estates, for he knew that the sacrifice was required by justice; and, when he saw the young, the mature, and the aged of his clan preparing to leave their native glen, and following their master to the distant land, he half wished to do the same; but, "no," said he, "the living may go, but the dead remain, and with them I'll stay. My master lies yonder in Inchbuy; the mother and the sister of Mary are there also; and so long as I can call that bit o' ground Mac Nab's, and cast my hook into the waters of the Dochart, Duncan Gorram will seek for no other country."

And such was the reply which he gave to the young Mac Nab, when urged to accompany him beyond the seas. The young chief could not look old Duncan in the face, and tell him that the resting-place of his fathers was now the property of a stranger. It reached the old man's ears at last, however, and, groaning in the bitterness of his soul, he exclaimed: "Ay, they have fairly uprooted me now: if Mary, poor lassie! will go wi' me, I may as well go too;" and, quitting the bank of the pool where he had so often angled, he cast a wistful, melancholy look on all around, and walked slowly homeward to consult with his daughter.

Till this time that daughter had never known another will than her father's; but to leave Killin was a measure which to her appeared impossible—for she was bound to the spot by ties more powerful than those even of nature. Long ere this period had she pledged her faith to young Ronald of Glen Lochy, the fair-haired son of Roary More; but their marriage had been delayed until Ronald should have cleared off some small debts incurred during an illness of his father's, and now that the glow of health had visited the old man's cheek, his son worked at his task with cheerfulness an hour earlier and later than his comrade, in order to gain the good-will of his intended wife's father, and to enable him to support his Mary in comfort.

To the young man himself Duncan could find no manner of objection, for he was the best son and the most active and expert young fellow in the parish; yet, with the natural pride of a father, he had indulged the hope of seeing his only child maintained in at least the same degree of comfort which she had hitherto enjoyed, and with this intent he would have encouraged the addresses of Allaster Campbell, who was by far a richer man than Ronald could ever expect to become.

It was while matters were in this situation that the sale of Inchbuy, with the last remnant of the property, reached the ears of the old fisherman; and bitter were the tears which Mary shed when he told her the painful news. "Oh, father! dinna bid me leave Killin," said the weeping girl. "I could die here beside you; but dinna speak of crossing the seas. I couldna break poor Ronald's heart, and him working day and night for me."

"But, Mary, dear," replied her father, "there are others who would work for you as well as Ronald; and I met one this night who would sell house and land for your sake, and follow wherever we might go, if ye

would but say the word. Dear Mary, tak' time to think what you are doing! I am an auld man now, and canna learn a new trade; but I hae' cast my line for the last time into the waters o' the Dochart, for it's easier for me to follow those who have gone, than to call another man my master. Mary! I couldna bear to look upon your mother's grave, and think that I might seek for a place aside her in vain—but I'll no say another word; only tak' time to think on it, and dinna refuse to hear what Allaster has to say."

"Oh, father! dinna speak to me of Allaster e'en wi' a' Braidabin in his gift."

Duncan said no more; he saw that this was not the time to urge his daughter farther so he kissed her cheek, and promised that he would mention Allaster no more: his time on earth, he added, could not be long, and he would leave it with her to settle all as she thought fit. The old man then wandered into his little garden, which, through his daughter's care, had become by far the best stocked and most thriving in the village. He placed himself upon the green turf seat, where Mary would often work of an afternoon and cast his eyes upon the small circle of daisies before it, which inclosed a plot of flowers. They were not rare of their kinds, it is true, but they were more precious in her eyes, than all the kalmias and azaleas that deck the gardens of the great, for they were selected and given her by Ronald of Glen Lochy; and, as his father thought of the care with which she had tended them, and remembered how she loved the giver, he felt how cruel it would be to bid her leave the giver—how vain the hope that she could tear her heart from him who had so long exclusively possessed it.

Mary, in the mean time, had summoned Elspat, her nurse, to aid her counsels; and, after relating all that had passed, she bade the old woman go up Glen Lochy to find out Ronald himself: "for I maun see him Elspat," she exclaimed with earnestness; "I maun see him before I sleep; so tell him to meet me at Inchbuy after my father's till his bed: tell him I'll be waiting him in the burying ground, and that he mauna fail me, for I've that to say that winna bide delay."

And in the resting place of the Mac Nabs, accordingly did the lovers meet, when all was silent in the village of Killin. No sound, but the dashing of the waters or the murmuring of the cushat-dove among the branches, interrupted their earnest conversation.

Sair, sair did they greet, and muckle did they say—for Mary declared to the young man all her father wished and hoped. "And how can I gainsay his wishes, Ronald," added the weeping girl, "when I have no means of aiding, far less of supporting him? Ye ken, Ronald, he will never give his consent until the whole debt is paid; and even then how can I think o' bringing another mouth on you to feed, and your own father so helpless?"

"But the debt shall be paid, out and out, Mary," said Ronald, with vehemence. "I ken a way to pay it, and I am a fool to stand swithering sae lang about it. So Mary dear, keep up your heart. We're both young and stout, and with God's blessing we shall be able to maintain both the old folk and ourselves. Only keep your father till his promise, Mary; let him remember that when the debt is paid off you are to be mine."

"But how can ye get the money, Ronald? Ye mauna borrow—that would only add to trouble; and, except the wee pickle o' barley, ye ha' nae thing in the world that I ken o'."

"And what would ye say, Mary, if I could mak' the pickle o' barley pay the whole yet?—but I'll ha' nae questions, lassie; ye maun just trust to me, and I'll meet you here again before it is lang, Mary, and ye'll hear all about it."

"And you, Ronald, to whom are you going to trust?" rejoined Mary, with a look of anxious dread; "remember your own words—that with the blessing of God we should do well; and can ye expect God's blessing on any thing ye are feared to tell me about?"

"I'm no feared to tell you about it, Mary," rejoined her lover, with a slightly embarrassed air; "for there's nae ill that I can see in making the most o' what I hae; but the matter concerns others as well as me, and that's the reason why I canna tell it to you—so dinna turn your head awa', Mary, but gi' me a kiss before we part."

Just at that moment, the fall of some loosened earth into the water startled the lovers; and, on looking around, they saw by the moonlight the figure of a man, who had just leaped a narrow part of the stream near where they stood, and who was now making for the wood on the other side. "Lord guide us! wha may that be?" exclaimed Ronald; "I wish he may na hae been ow'r near us—but who cares—I'm easy about it."

So was, not poor Mary. The same foreboding shudder which she was always sensible of when Allaster Campbell approached her now crept through her veins, but she dared not tell Ronald upon whom her suspicion fell. Urging him therefore to make the best of his way home, with a sinking heart she returned to her father's cottage.

Slowly and heavily to the anxious girl did the next ten days wear away. Little passed

between her and her father; and the subject of their leaving Killin was not again mentioned. But old Duncan no longer in the grey of the morning or the mellow stillness of evening grasped his rod, and the salmon leapt unheeded in the Dochart; for, from the moment that the old fisherman became acquainted with the fate of Inchbuy, he would not again set foot upon the "Yellow Island."

Mary, on her part, saw but little of her lover. Ronald was no longer to be found the first at his work in the morning; for whole days was he absent, and more than once enquiries had been made in vain regarding him at Duncan's cottage. The uncertain mutterings and broken hints of her old nurse were in no degree calculated to lessen the alarm of the poor girl; for Elspat, when forced by the earnest entreaties of her foster child to speak out, informed her that she had observed Allaster Campbell sneaking ow'r often about the doors of late, asking thievish questions; and that she had seen him while skulking in the gloaming wi' strange folk, and that the hale town was talking o' a gauger, [exciseman,] who was bidding at Cameron's public, up by, wi' a hantle o' his men."

"But what can all this hae to do wi' us?" exclaimed the terrified Mary; "surely you canna think that Ronald has any thing to do wi' these strange men?"

"I denna ken," replied Elspat; "but I pray the Lord they may hae naething to do wi' him. I canna but jealous Ronald's being sae aften frae hame, and I denna ken what a market the poor fellow's taen his barley till, but I'm hearing the neighbours wishing it may prove a good one."

Poor Mary clasped her hands upon her eyes in silent misery for a space; then, starting up, "I maun hear all this frae Ronald's sel; Elspat, at whatever hour he may come hame, I maun see him this very night at Inchbuy; and you, Elspat, maun watch yourself, that no one follows us there."

It had been a day of roaring winds and heavy rain at Killin and Glen Dochart; and the night, though calm compared with the stormy day, was still wild and cheerless; the wind sighed in gusts among the branches of the tall fir trees and the noise of the swollen torrents sounded fearfully in the ears of the agitated girl, as she entered the burying ground. "Surely he cannot be from home in such a night!" said she, as she leant upon the head-stone of her mother's tomb; for the grass was all too wet to afford her a resting place; and scarcely had the thought embodied itself in half uttered words before Ronald himself appeared advancing through the trees. He came not with the heavy step of sorrow, nor was his countenance clouded with the look of doubt or apprehension. Lightly did he spring forward; and clasping the trembling girl to his heart, he whispered: "Mary dear, I have been a sad wanderer of late; but I will soon mak' up for it all: the debt will be paid to-morrow, and then, Mary, I may claim my bride!"

Where now were all her doubts and fears? the cheerful voice of Ronald had dispelled them in an instant. Scarcely did she remember the vexatious reports which had induced her to summon her lover; for one happy moment she lay upon his bosom, fearing to dispel the blissful trance and awaken doubt or sorrow by a word or by a breath. It was for a moment. Ere a word was spoken, the voice of Elspat was heard at its highest pitch, exclaiming, "Flee, my bairns, flee! the bloodhounds are upon you! Oh! not that way, Ronald! not that way! they are fast upon my heels, the gauger and a' his men, ye maun cross the Dochart, and awa for the hills." Ronald started to his feet, for a glance shewed him the truth; and, darting to the bank of the stream, he stood for a moment, arrested by the furious rush of the fearfully swollen torrent. "Oh, not there! not there, for God's sake!" exclaimed Mary; "he will be dashed to pieces!—My God! is there no escape for him?" and, casting a glance round, she saw the officers of justice, led by the miscreant Campbell, close around them, just above the spot where she stood. Ronald saw them too, and he had heard their deep curses as they levelled their pieces at him, commanding him to yield himself their prisoner. The sight determined him; hesitating no longer, but casting one eager glance at Mary, he took the fatal leap. But he never reached the opposite shore. Deep was the plunge; and fearful, even above the roar of the torrent, which told his fate. That piercing shriek rung like a knell upon the ear of Mary; she darted forward as if to save him, and fell senseless among the broken rocks, which jutting far under the troubled waters, had given the death-blow to her lover.

Bleeding, and lifeless as it seemed, the unhappy girl was carried to the house of her father. For many weeks did the old man and Elspat watch the wavering spark of life, until at length it glimmered with a more steady ray; and Mary rose from her bed of sorrow, and sat once more in the sunshine; but the light of reason had fled for ever.—She never spoke, nor took interest in aught around her; but it soon became apparent that her indifference to the present proceeded from no forgetfulness of the past. Not

long after her partial recovery, old Elspat, who had gone to draw water from a neighbouring well, missed the unfortunate girl upon her return to the cottage. She hastened into the garden, but Mary was not there; a nameless but fearful apprehension led her to the island of Inchbuy; and there indeed she found her unhappy charge, resting her head upon a still fresh grave—it was that of her lover. From that day forward, poor Mary wandered constantly to the burying-ground; and thither did her broken-hearted father follow her, and, aimless of purpose, save that of tending and providing for his ill-starred child, he once more casts his line into the waters of the Dochart, while she sits silent and mournful beside him, or gathers wild flowers to plant on Ronald's grave.

SELECTIONS.

THE LADY'S MAN.—This animal is one of the most useful species of the domestic tribe. He seldom arrives at perfection until the age of thirty-five, when he is usually of short stature, and somewhat bald at the top of the head. He is as active as the monkey, and possesses a similar chatter, commonly denominated "small talk." Like the French poodle, he is perfect in the art of "fetching and carrying," and may be seen with his canine companion in the society of the fair sex, when all others of the male kind are rigidly excluded. To the maid he is invaluable, no less as a walking stick in the promenade, than as a convenient partner in the dance. He supplies the place of a play-bill at the theatre, and on account of his acknowledged harmlessness, allows and takes many freedoms, so that a flirtation with him is classed among "innocent amusements," there being no one instance in the records of natural history of his ever "pairing."—By the wife his services are no less esteemed. He hands the toast at tea—shows-off in the science of comparative anatomy at dinner—brews capital lady's punch after supper, and takes the children to see the Pantomimes.—At the birth-day juvenile parties he pares the oranges, performs the principal character in the classical game of "bubble puppy," and adjusts the machinery of the magic lantern. When an "event" occurs he stands god-father, and sees home elderly ladies after family tea-parties. But the widow most appreciates the lady's man. Does she want a new servant? He procures "a two years' character from the last place." Is she curious about the cause of Miss So-and-So's illness? He leaves not an inquiry unasked until the mystery is solved. He receives her dividends at the Bank, takes the place of "dummy" at whist, and plays the fiddle at her dances. In short, he all but supplies the place of the "dear departed." The sustenance of this animal is derived principally from ailments—tea, caudle, negus, &c., and as he is very abstemious, generally lives to a good old age, and dies "respected and beloved by a numerous circle of acquaintances," with the satisfactory assurance that his virtues will be immortalized in divers "Stanzas on a departed friend," and sundry "Lines on the death of an esteemed cousin," in the *Lady's Magazine*.

PUNISHMENT OF DRUNKARDS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Grand Vizier, in order to fill his coffers, commands, during the festival of the Bairami, and in times of calamity, that the taverns, which, like the gaming houses of Europe, are licensed, shall be shut, and soon after he receives a petition from the Greeks, accompanied with a present, which settles all differences. The news of the opening of the taverns spreads joy among the drinkers, who form a large class, though they are often chastised for their want of decorum. A Turk found drunk in the street by the guard is condemned to the bastinado, which punishment is inflicted three times, if he so often commit the offence; after this he is considered incorrigible, and receives the title of an *imperial or privileged drunkard*. The next time he is arrested and in danger of receiving punishment, he has only to tell his name, and prove his privilege in order to be released.—*Fouquetville*.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "ABSTEMIOUS."—An abstemious person is one who refrains absolutely from the use of wine. *Abs*, from, and *temetum*, wine, is its derivation; and in Ecclesiastical History, *abstemius* was the term applied to persons who could not partake of the cup of the Eucharist, on account of their natural aversion to wine.—It is remarkable that the word *Abstemiously* contains all the vowels in regular succession.

When Don Carlos asked his brutal father if he really intended to take away his life, the latter calmly replied, "Son, when my blood becomes bad, I send for a surgeon to let it out."

A lady having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple-tree, the wife of a neighbour immediately came and begged a branch of that tree, to have it grafted into one in her own orchard, "for who knows," said she, "but it may bear the same kind of fruit!"—*American Paper*.