

New Year's Day

Another leaf old heavy Time hath turned / Of the mysterious book o'er which he pores.

Here is a page all consecrated with tears / Which stole the life from youthful heart and eyes.

Anon, a widow weeping for the son, / Whose bright ray of hope that cheered her life.

On this page mad ambition, self-frustrate, / Seeks the unknown, unsummoned, unprepared.

And here poor innocence doth hesitate / Upon the brink of depths of woe unknown.

Happy, if faith had cast her magic light / Into the darkness of the dread beyond.

And your page, brother, and mine own he reads / 'Tis yet unfinished; when "finis" shall be writ.

Thus, when Old Father Time shall drop the veil / Which hangs between Heretofore and Life's dream.

Go herald forth with witness true and real / Whose spring-time comes beneath a happier beam.

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

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It was a great relief. Until placed in it, Colonel Blake could not have realized the misery of the situation from which he had just escaped. He had been dragged to the edge of the precipice, and narrowly escaped being cast over.

those same moneys, which he had paid under his former client's written directions. The third snit—for Clipper took a separate action for the costs and balance due him as law and land agent—had a similar result.

He declined to join the party. He had no wish to visit the haunts of fashion, and, besides, his presence would be required at the Castle during its master's absence.

Danger was now at the door, and Colonel Blake was compelled to look it boldly in the face. He had never contemplated the possibility of being placed in such a position as that in which he now found himself.

Mr. Pepper congratulated the Colonel on this favorable termination of the affair, and attributed the good terms he was enabled to obtain to his own determined deportment at the interview, which, no doubt, had its due effect, as Clipper was well aware that the period for which he had been bound to keep the peace was just expired.

It so happened that Colonel Blake, as the trustee of his niece, had invested ten thousand pounds (her fortune) on a mortgage recommended as first-rate security by Mr. Clipper, and the thought struck him that the transfer of this sum would meet the exigencies of the occasion.

In this emergency the Colonel applied to his banker in Dublin (an old friend) for a loan of the requisite sum, stating at the same time the particulars of the security he was prepared to offer.

It was only when the mysteriously-worried parchment were spread before him that the unhappy gentleman, about to pledge his patrimony, fully appreciated the importance of the proceeding.

and the reminiscence of the fatal act is generally accompanied by a sense of independence lost and of ruin in perspective. As the Colonel strolled through his grounds after Sharp's painful visit, he dared scarcely look upon the trees, of whose antiquity and giant size he was so justly vain; and when he reached a seat placed beneath an enormous oak, on which he usually rested, he hesitated to avail himself of the shelter of a time-honored friend whom he had just before handed over to the tender mercies of a rapacious attorney.

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arrived, but the possibility of their master being in his power never entered their heads. When the fact of his arrest transpired, "boys" were sent off in every direction to rouse the neighbors, and effect a rescue.

He immediately recovered his self-possession, and after offering some consolation to the ladies, he followed the sheriff, and entered his carriage. But the post-boys positively refused to stir, and proceeded to unyoke their cattle.

Mike succeeded in accomplishing his business, luncheon was ready, and he stood in high spirits at the inn door on the look-out. As the Dunseverick equipage dashed down the street, he entered the house to summon the servants, when to his astonishment, the carriage swept quickly past, and after halting for a moment while Jim descended from the rumble, then followed the road leading to the gaol.

But relief was at hand. A neighboring gentleman who happened to be in town, and whose solvency could not be doubted, at once proceeded to offer his security for the prompt payment of the debt.

Mike could not endure such a delay. Every hour the Colonel passed in prison was one of intolerable anguish to him. He, therefore, determined at once to ride to Castlemore, only a few miles distant, and have an interview with Pincher Martin himself.

After a very brief delay, the man swaggered back, with a smirking and impudent air, to say, that the High Sheriff, who never interfered in the business of the office, referred him to Mr. Sharp.

As he entered back, he decided on his future proceedings. If the sub-sheriff rejected the arrangement proposed, now that the matter was left entirely at his discretion, he determined to start himself for Dublin.

the throat he dragged him across the desk which stood between them. "What the devil are you at, sir?" cried the attorney during his transit.

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forwarded by that night's post to the country. They now returned to Clipper's, only to learn that the office hours were over, and that the clerk had left.

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LLOYD PENNANT. A TALE OF THE WEST. By RALPH NEVILLE, ESQ. (Reprinted from Duffy's Hibernian Magazine.)