

## Poetry.

### The Ice King.

The Ice King grapples with the stream,  
And binds it in his chain,  
Then slumbering in some fitful dream,  
Releases it again:  
Again he binds it in his might,  
And limits it its space,  
Within a cavern cap'd with white,  
And deck'd with sparry lace!

The lowly vale and lofty mount,  
He robes within an hour,—  
Can gem alike the Lake and Fount,  
With magic's meteless power.  
He scatters forth his flakes o'er all,  
The humble, and the great,  
The beggar's hut and noble's hall,  
From him alike partake.

He casts a cold and cheerless garb,  
O'er flow'rs and fields we love,  
And furious as the frighten'd barb,  
He sweeps along the grove,  
To rattle it, of bud and bloom,  
Of plumage and of song,  
And leave it moaning like the tomb,  
Where evil spirits throng!

But though he leaves Earth lonely—yet  
You twinkling stars that God hath given,  
More clearly shine, and longer let,  
Their brilliance dot his dappled heaven!  
There if we lift the heart we'll find,  
Amid the myriad train,  
Bright homes from whence the immortal mind  
Shall seek new worlds again.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Bytown, March, 1854.

### Talents give us Titles here!

Why bend to these who steal along,  
The tombstones of the ages fled,  
To pilfer titles which belong,  
By right to their ancestral dead.  
What reck we for their noble birth,  
Or titles traced through many a year—  
Our country honors manly worth—  
And talents give us titles here!

As little reck we for the gold,  
Which avarice, and crime amass'd.  
For even guilt may riches hold,  
Or dotards boast possessions vast!  
One wealth which honors ever soil,  
And one we all will value dear,  
Noble worth—or honest toil:—  
While talents give us titles here!

He who holds the legal right,  
To proud dominions broad and fair,  
More holy in God's sacred sight,  
Than you poor widow lone and bare?  
Is not more holy though so great,  
Alike vain ripples of the clay,  
To be swept by three their last estate,  
Will more than all their wants repair.

Then tell us not of Titles grand,  
Of Wealth, or Birth, or Deeds long done,  
By some of thy ancestral band,  
But gird thy own good armour on:  
Go battle bravely with thy kind,  
And leave a pathway broad and clear,  
Truth's banner floating on the wind,  
Reads—Titles spring from Talents here!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Bytown, 1854.

## SCRAPES AND ESCAPES.

### THE ROBBER'S CHILDREN.

What is't ye do?  
A deed without a name.

SHAKESPEARE.

(Continued from our last.)

In the meantime the summer wore on, and the time arrived when we should visit the cottage. Johns was loth to leave his studies, to which he had been bound for many years; but I was imperative, and with a heavy heart he locked up his apartments, and taking with him materials enough for half a year's study to an ordinary mind, left for a fortnight's absence from his regular pursuits.

The cottage was a most remarkable one—a little more than twelve miles from London. It had originally been a porter's lodge to a nobleman's seat in the neighborhood; a new road, however, having been run across the country, new enclosures were made, and, as the little place was far too pretty to be destroyed, it underwent some alterations, and being offered for lease, found a ready tenant in Mr. Johns. The road which lead to it was lonely, and quite overgrown with grass. The cottage itself stood sheltered and hid, among a plantation of tall trees, and a large garden sloped away southward, before its wood-bine-clad front.

If I had been struck with the beauty of it, I was a thousand times more so with that of one of its occupants—the fair Katherine. Her brother had hardly told me right, that she was his very picture. The same intellectual features had she, but none of the wrinkles of thought; the same deep blue eye, but no wild look of enthusiasm; the same pale, white complexion, but on her cheek the sunny tinge of health. Her figure slender—yes, and there was a stoop, too—yet, oh how feminine and graceful! and when she chose to erect that proud neck, and bent upon you the full glance of that noble eye, it was no sight to look upon and escape scathless. And did I escape?—God knows!

[Here he paused, and appeared much moved. I sat quietly beside him as if I perceived nothing unusual. In a moment he went on again—]

I am an old man, now, Mr. —, and these things happened many, many years ago when I was young like you, so you may fancy with your young feelings the love I felt for that girl. My friendship for her brother seemed molten into love for her; it became burning as his ardor for science—yes, more so, if that were possible.

The three weeks that I was with her flew like three days—the three happy days of a lifetime. I begged hard of Elias for a week longer; but he was inexorable, so we packed up, and returned to town once more.

[He paused again for a moment or two, looking thoughtfully at the fire—slowly he turned to me.]

I believe, Charles, there is an instinct that tells a man when he is beloved. Let her do all she can to conceal it; nay, let her hide from it all—from the sister that sleeps in her bosom—even the mother, whose anxious eye is on her every motion, and would read her every thought; let her do this—his eye perceives it. Yes, ere her fond heart itself is conscious of the beam that warms it, he has seen, and been gladdened by its dawning.

It was a feeling of this nature that spoke within me, as I left behind the beautiful dwelling, and told me that my image formed the centre of a radiant dream of hope and joy in that pure mind—that I was the cause why the pent-up breathing heaved higher the snowheap of that gentle bosom. Alas! the day—the day!

[Here he covered his face with his hand, bent his body forward, and remained motionless. A moment, and I heard a drop fall upon the knee of his trousers—I watched it—it sparkled in the light for an instant, like a small diamond, and then sunk absorbed into the cloth. I was deeply, almost painfully affected.]

Under the influence of this feeling, I moved suddenly in my chair. Thereupon one of the fire irons was shaken from its place, and fell with a loud crashing rattle upon the fender. This most prosaic occurrence brought him back from his dream; he gave a deep breath, like one relieved from a weight, took up the utensil, stirred the fire briskly, and then, passing his palm over his bald head, went on talking.]

The short time I was at the cottage I employed to the best advantage; I became I prize favorite with Mr. Johns the elder, a admired his flowers, which were very magnificent, and proved myself to have not quite such a distaste for practical botany as his son. With his birds, again, I made myself no less intimate, and actually taught his favorite starling to sing one of the little birds' choruses in the Ormithes of Aristophanes, a thing that pleased him mightily. Himself I found to be a plain, but very intelligent man, though of a kind of bold, scornful manner, and with an unpleasant propensity to strengthen every opinion with a bet. From this I thought I could guess the origin of his ill success in business. Personally he was what is commonly called a fine-looking man, in fact, only two-and-twenty years older than his son. His features were not unlike those of the latter in general cast, but wanted the intellectual look, so characteristic, and were dark, heavier, and more decided; his hair was black as coal.

The mother was a slight, pale, white-haired woman, with a face most singularly expressive of anxiety. She never smiled, but sat for long periods in thoughtful silence, broken only by an occasional shudder that ran through her frame apparently from pain. A habit that she had, too, of clasping her