

The abridgement, or epitome in the last couplet is most humourously made.

“Fain would the timid centinel  
Stol’n homeward thro’ the dusky dell,  
And felt her heart more freely beat,  
Lest found alone in such retreat;  
Stretching her hands to shed the limbs  
Where linnets sat and sang their hymns,  
When ‘Heav’n protect you, angel dear,’  
Fell, like an earthquake, on her ear.”

The *centinel stol’n* homeward, the girl *shedding* limbs of a hemlock tree where linnets *sat*, and the “Heaven protect you” *falling like an earthquake*—of the above paragraph need no comment.

Without copying, what we imagine never should have appeared, we merely allude to some exceedingly coarse and tasteless lines at the foot of page 12, and to a poor pun on the goat’s name, at the expense of a christian sentiment, which occurs on page 32.

As Ellen returns from her interview, she pauses to examine the tokens of the old lady, and lets the book fall in horror, when she feels convinced that its late owner is a Witch; although in the full belief that she was, and to obtain the exercise of her art as such, she had just visited her. Recollecting however, that an unholy spell cannot be formed from the Sacred Scriptures, she “stooped down to lift it up again,” when

“The goat behind now made a push,  
And pitch’d her headlong in a bush,  
Then started back, as if to see  
The frightened maiden’s furze *melee*;  
Escape was twice essayed in vain,  
Grace once victorious charged again;  
Whilst Ellen lay, the minion stood  
Still as corpse wrapt in a shroud,  
But when she moved a limb to rise,  
It was a signal for surprise;”

The delicacy and poetry of this little passage require no seeking. What an impressive similitude is applied to the goat; how “very like a whale”—“still as corpse wrapt in a shroud.” Very few would light on this, as appropriate to an old fool of a gray goat, who was resolved on merriment at the expense of all politeness and decorum. Ellen lies, fearful of the goat’s attacks, and,

“As she cast her eye  
Around on ocean, earth, and sky,  
The earth was blank—the ocean blue,  
The sky was beautiful to view—  
But help or hope she gathered none,  
From all the far surrounding zone,