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SELECT POETRY.

WHAT I SAW.

Am I paler than in my wont, my wife?
Let me lay your head on my breast,
There is quiet truth in your dark-brown eyes,
In the eyes that I love best,
You can twine your arms about my neck,
And believe me all your own,
While I tell the cause of my whitened cheek
To you, my wife, alone.

There is sunshine on the crowded street,
And the day is superbly fair;
There are beautiful women in jewels and gold,
Wandering grandly there.
There are blooded teams, that spurn the stones,
Tossing their heads to the wind;
Carriages covered with pomp and glare,
Cushioned and satin-lined.

There was one I marked for the silken skin
Of its proudly stepping bays,
Till she who sat in its cushioned depths
Broke full on my startling gaze.
It was Madaline—she whom I loved so well—
Draw thyself nearer to me—
When I was a boy, and she was a babe,
And I was strange to thee.

She would let me hold her smooth white hand
Till I shivered with passionate dread;
She would press her snowy hands in mine,
While I held her beautiful head,
Yes! while I held her hand to my breast,
Just where your own now lies.
Twine your arms closer about my neck
And look me full in the eyes.

She said that she loved me better than life,
But ah! no better than gold—
You have heard the story a thousand times,
It is very, very old.
She cannot wipe from her memory
One single passionate vow;
She cannot blot one burning word—
Does she think to do so now?

Does she ever think of the wonderful love
That held her above the skies?
Does her frozen heart give no response
From its tissue of living lies?
Yes! I watched her eyes as they met my own;
Her cheek was far paler than mine.
I had beautiful time, as she dashed along,
To compare her beauty with thine.

She will never forget that autumn day
When she kissed my cold, cleaved hand,
When my trembling passion was crumbled away
In a moment at her command.
I had terrible thoughts that autumn day,
As I stood by the waves of the sea;
But oh! how deeply I thank her now
For the words she spoke to me!

Lay your head close to my beating breast
Madaline married for gold.
Do you feel my heart, how warm it is?
Madaline's heart is cold.
The look I gave her that autumn day
Has frozen its very vein;
Madaline never will know what it is
To love or be loved again.

Now you may know, my own sweet wife,
The reason my cheek grew pale.
I have looked on the terrible gulf I have passed
When borne on the blast of the gale.
Madaline—she has jewels and gold,
And silks of a gorgeous hue.
I have myself, a beating heart,
And you, my wife—and you.

Fallings from us, vanishing,
Blank page of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High respects before whose own moral nature
Doubt tremble like a giddy thing surprised.

DROWNED!

When the mud lies black and slimy,
Where the waters swoop along,
Where the wharfmen, stout and grimy,
Heave and haul with many a song—
Heaving still
With a will
Every coming day to fill;
Hauling, with a laugh and shout,
Bales of wondrous size about;
Straining to the ponderous weight
Of the good ship's wealthy freight.

Where the wind and swelling river
Rolls in one perpetual rhyme,
Where the gracious winds deliver
Glorious things from every clime—
Stuffs to wear,
Spices rare,
Lies in heaps or scent the air—
Where the merchant, full of gold,
Welcomes home the seamen bold,
Where each heart, its love confessed,
Clasps the loved one to the breast,

Where the soft-voiced land-breeze ever
Hums its tune by mast and shroud,
Where the rough-tongued master never
Ceases crying to the crowd—
"With a haul,
Lubbers all,
Stretch your muscles to the fall!"
Where the never-ceasing flow,
Man above, and waves below,
Night and day pours on and off,
Mingling at the city wharf.

There the ragrant boy is standing
With a ghastly, frightened air;
While each lounge is demanding
What he sees to make him stare.
Still his eyes
Grow in size
As his stammering speech he tries;
And his finger points below,
Where the waters ebb and flow.
Still his lips give forth no sound
But a hoarsely whistled "Drowned!"

THE OLD TREE.

Wave not so sadly in the wind,
Thou old and leafless Tree!
Nor sob that Summer never more
Can beauty bring to thee.
That but a desolation thou
Must stand upon the sea.

The inspirations of the Spring
Long years were at thy heart;
Thou gav'st, through many a summer-space,
Grand images to Art;
Old Tree! thou acted gloriously
Within the world thy part.

Then sigh not such a mournful dirge
Yet if thy voice must be
Like anthems, let the undertone
Be breathed exaltingly;
For thine was not a wasted life,
Magnificent Old Tree!

Man, white-haired man: if thou hast done
Bravely in life thy part.
If true humanity has made
Its music in thy heart,
Say why shouldst thou at Death's cold wind
In grief and terror start?

O stand beside the grand Old Tree,
And gaze on its dim,
Scarred trunk, lift bravely up
Thy hat, but fearless hymn;
For thou hast nobly done thy part—
What were our cherubim!

CONTINUED TALK.

BARONET, OR BUTCHER?

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

Continued.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SIR HARRY STARTS FOR THE BOURNE
WHEN ON A TRAVELLER RETURNS.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all!"—
Hamlet.

"There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
Lad with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between."

One night, when the hail beat against the darkened window of the chamber, the master of Edgcombe rose from his chair, where he had been sitting up, and strode with tottering steps to the bell-pull, retreating to the low chair again immediately, and sitting uneasily over the fire like a sick, death-stricken savage.

The door opened gently, and Lady Mary entered, her pale face uneasy with apprehension; but Sir Harry, not looking round, and supposing it to be the old valet who waited on him, growled in a broken voice—

"Saunders, send Startel here," and bent lower still over the fire.

Lady Mary stole into the room, and laid her trembling hand on his shaking shoulder.

"Are you worse to-night, Sir Harry?" she murmured, in her soft, gentle voice.

He started, and turned his wrinkled face round with a hurried gesture of surprise—almost fear—and answered, querulously—

"Oh! is it you—Mary? Worse? worse? No; what should make me worse? Cannot a man send for his steward without being worse? I want Startel!"

I will send him, replied Lady Mary, sadly, stopping a moment to bend lower over him, and whispering, earnestly, "Cannot I do anything for you, Sir Harry? Will you not let me stay?"

"Do anything for me?" he repeated, drawing away from her touch with a shudder, which she saw that he tried to repress. "No, no, don't stop, you— you worry, annoy me—fidget. Go, go—my dear—and send Startel. Why the devil doesn't he come!"

Lady Mary, with a sad sigh, left the room, and sending for Startel, told him that Sir Harry wanted to see him.

In a few minutes the slick-faced man of business entered the room.

"Oh! you here, eh?" snarled Sir Harry, turning his harassed face towards him with a suspicious look.

"Yes, my lord, I heard that—"

"I wanted to see you," broke in Sir Harry, pointing to a chair opposite his own: "I do. Bring me the books."

Startel rose, and lifted three huge books on to the table beside the low chair, and Sir Harry immediately tottered to his feet, and, looking at the candles, which to his eyes suddenly grew

dim, and seemed to burn feebly, with an impatient gesture, bent over the written pages, and, following the figures with a trembling finger, commenced adding the columns.

"Shall I check the amount, your lordship?" said the steward, watching the tottering figure and bright, eager eyes with a vicious look.

"No, no," answered Sir Harry eagerly. "Don't talk, you throw me out. I've been reckoning up this account, and I make you fifty pounds short—short eh, do you hear?"

"The account is right, I think your lordship will find," retorted Startel somewhat sulkily, his face twitching for a moment with an uneasy expression, but assuming the same set smile the moment afterwards.

"That's what I can't do," replied Sir Harry, querulously.

"I—" commenced Startel.

"Hold your tongue; how can I reckon if you jubber?" interrupted Sir Harry, bending lower over the book. "Ten and five are fifteen, and five are twenty, and—eh? what's this?"

"What's what?" asked the steward, rising slowly, knowing by the figures the item the old man meant.

"What's what! you pig—why this—this?" and he pointed his shaky finger to the item for a farming account for fifty pounds, as paid by the steward.

"That's Newell's bill for seed, Sir Harry," said Startel glibly; "I paid it yesterday morning, and have got the receipt among the papers on the file, I think you will find."

"Where is it?" show it me, said Sir Harry, facing him, with his hand doubled up upon the open book, and his great eyes fixed suspiciously upon the small sleek figure and shifting orbs of the steward, who turned to a table and commenced examining some papers upon a file.

"Hem," he said, meditatively, and looking up to the ceiling, "it is not here—what did I do with it, I wonder."

"Well, have you found it?" asked Sir Harry, in a sharp voice, not having heard his soliloquy.

"No, I have mislaid it; I had it this morning—"

"You lie!" shrieked the old man, raising his fist and striking the open book. "You lie, you thief! the account was paid three weeks ago and charged for!"

"No, it wasn't," commenced Startel, turning pale, then livid, as the baronet sprang towards him, and seizing him by the throat, dashed him up against the marble chimney piece.

"You gave me the lie!" he hissed, "you villain! you thief! I say the fifty pounds was paid, and you know it! You have been robbing me all along!" I turned