

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY, 17, 1883.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

As on the rugged mountaineer's segment height
The wearied traveller turns awhile to gaze,
Viewing below the landscape's gladdening shade,
On smiling fields and nature's peaceful ways.
The scenes of olden time are here,
When time's resounding current man beholds,
To things of earth his troubled heart endears,
And brighter visions of the Past unfolds.

What of the Present? In meridian glow
Suns to its zenith shall His sun attain;
The wearied traveller turns awhile to gaze,
Lifts up his heart to the bright noon above.
It ripened ages now droves the golden grain;
When at thy feet the gathered harvest lies,
And death his spot is garnering away,
A mournful vision within these whispering crags.
"The harvest time: what had thou gleaned
to-day?"

Over mountain top and lowly valley creeps
The gloomy terror of night's darksome shade;
Little canst thou set; the way-worn traveler
shuns the scene.

While in oblivion Past and Present fade:
But to his wistful view the beauteous sight
Still from the sun unshrouding banners bore,
The herald day successively darkest night:
Weep then no more: joy cometh with the
morning!"

THE OLD BARON;

—OR—

THE CHAMPION OF VIRTUE.

[CONTINUED.]

The same autumn that Edmund completed his eighteenth year, the Baron declared his intention of sending the young men of his house to France the following spring, to learn the art of war, and signalize their courage and abilities.

The ill will towards Edmund was so well concealed, that his patron had not discovered it, but it was whispered among the servants, who are generally close observers of the manners of their principals. Edmund was a favorite with them all, which was a strong presumption that he deserved to be so, for they seldom show much regard to dependents, or to superior domestics, whose generally objects of envy and dislike. Edmund was courteous but not familiar with them; and by this means, gained their affections, without eliciting them. Among them was an old serving man, called Joseph Howell. This man had formerly served the old Lord Lovel, and his son; and when the young Lord died, and Sir Walter sold the castle to his brother-in-law, the Lord Fitz Owen, he only of all the old servants was left in the house, to take care of it, and to deliver it into the possession of the new proprietor, who retained him in his service. He was a man of few words, but much reflection; and, without troubling himself about other people's affairs, went silently and properly about his own business—more solicitous to discharge his duty, than to recommend himself to notice, and not seeming to aspire to any higher office than that of a serving man. This old man would fit his eyes upon Edmund, whenever he could do so without detection, and a tear would often fall from his eye, which he strove to conceal from observation. One day Edmund surprised him in his tender estimation, as he was wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Why," said he, "my good friend, do you look at me so earnestly and affectionately?"

"Because I love you, Master Edmund," said he, "because I wish you well."

"I thank you kindly," answered Edmund. "I am anxious to reward your love, otherwise than by returning it, which I do sincerely."

"I thank you, sir," said the old man, "that is all I desire, and more than I deserve."

"Do not say so," said Edmund; "if I had any better way to thank you, I would not say much about it; but words are all I have."

"You know to the contrary," said Edmund; but Joseph was out of sight and hearing.

The notice and observation of strangers, and the affection of individuals, together with that inward consciousness that always attends superior qualities, would sometimes kindle the flames of ambition in Edmund's heart; but he checked them presently, by reflecting upon his low birth and dependent station. He was modest, yet intrepid; gentle and courteous to all, frank and unreserved to those that loved him; discreet and compliant to those that hated him; generous and compassionate to the distresses of his fellow-creatures in general; humble but not servile, to his patrons and superiors.

Once, when he, with a manly spirit, justified himself against a malicious imputation, his young lord Robert taxed him with pride and arrogance to his kinman.

Edmund denied the charge against him, with equal spirit and modesty.

Master Robert answered him sharply—

"How dare you contradict my cousins? do you mean to give them the lie?"

"Not in words, sir," said Edmund; "but I will behave so that you shall not believe them."

Master Robert haughtily bid him be silent, and know himself, and not presume to contend with me so much his superiors in every respect.

These heart burnings, in some degree, subsided by their preparations for going to France.

Master Robert was to be presented at court before his departure, and it was expected that he should be knighted.

All that Master Robert gained by this step was the contempt of those who saw Edmund's merits, and thought it want of discernment in him not to distinguish and reward it.

Edmund requested of his lord that he might be Master William's attendant; and when, said he, "my patron shall be knighted, I think no doubt he will one day be knighted."

The Baron granted Edmund's request; and being freed from servitude to the rest, he was devoted to that of his beloved Master.

William, who treated him in public as his principal domestic, but in private as his chosen friend and brother.

The whole cabal of his enemies consulted together in what manner they should vent their resentment against him; and it was agreed that they should treat him with indifference and neglect, till they should arrive in France; and when there, they should contrive to render his courage suspected, and, by putting him upon some desperate enterprise, rid themselves of him for ever.

About this time died the great Duke of Bedford. He was succeeded by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, as Regent of France, of which great post had revolted to Charles the Dauphin. Four actions ensued. Cities were lost and won; and continual occasions offered to exercise the courage and abilities of the youths of both nations.

The young men of Baron Fitz-Owen's house were recommended particularly to the Regent's notice. Master Robert was knighted, with several other young men of both, who distinguished themselves by their spirit and activity upon every occasion. The youth were daily employed in varie exercises and frequent actions; and made the first essay in arms in such a manner as to bring into notice all that deserved it.

Various arts were used by Edmund's enemies to expose him to danger; but all their contrivances receded upon themselves, and brought increase of honor upon Edmund. He distinguished himself upon so many occasions, that Sir Robert himself began to pay him more than ordinary regard to the infinite mortification of his kinsmen and relations.

In several actions in which the young men were engaged, Edmund displayed unusual courage, and, during the intervals, evinced such gentleness, humanity and modesty that he attracted the notice of every person of observation, and received personal commendations from the Regent.

Intrigues, however, were prevalent, and many schemes were laid against Edmund, but without effect.

At a cabal in Sir Robert's tent, Mr. W-

lock first began —

"You see, my friends, that every attempt we make to humble this upstart turns to applause, and serves only to raise his pride still higher. Something must be done, or so, for they seldom show much regard to dependents, or to superior domestics, whose generally objects of envy and dislike. Edmund was courteous but not familiar with them; and, by this means, gained their affections, without eliciting them. Among them was an old serving man, called Joseph Howell. This man had formerly served the old Lord Lovel, and his son; and when the young Lord died, and Sir Walter sold the castle to his brother-in-law, the Lord Fitz Owen, he only of all the old servants was left in the house, to take care of it, and to deliver it into the possession of the new proprietor, who retained him in his service. He was a man of few words, but much reflection; and, without troubling himself about other people's affairs, went silently and properly about his own business—more solicitous to discharge his duty, than to recommend himself to notice, and not seeming to aspire to any higher office than that of a serving man. This old man would fit his eyes upon Edmund, whenever he could do so without detection, and a tear would often fall from his eye, which he strove to conceal from observation. One day Edmund surprised him in his tender estimation, as he was wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

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