

## LITERATURE.

## TIME.

Time speeds away—away—away!  
Another hour—another day—  
Another month—another year—  
Drop from us like the leaflets aere;  
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts,  
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,  
The tresses from the temples fall,  
The eyes grow dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away!  
Like torrent in a stormy day,  
He undermines the stately tower,  
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;  
And sweeps from our distracted breast  
The friends that loved—the friends that blessed;  
And leaves us weeping on the shore,  
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away!  
No eagle through the skies of day,  
No wind along the hills, can flee  
So swiftly or so smooth as he.  
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage  
He bears us on from youth to age;  
Then plunges in the fearful sea  
Of fathomless Eternity.

## THE BLACK PIN.

(Concluded from our last.)

The imperial was but just off Mr. Vortex's carriage, ere the owner ordered it on again; and leaving some excuse for a temporary absence, he flung himself into the vehicle and was driven to the Deptford Inn. Arrived there, and having procured a friend, he despatched him to Charles with the following message,

"That unless Mr. Romer quitted Langford Manor House that afternoon, and by so doing set at rest all suspicions as to his views respecting Miss Newardine, Mr. Vortex must consider his refusal as an avowed intention to supplant him in that young lady's affections, and require satisfaction accordingly."

The reply to this intemperate message was a direct negative; and consequently Charles had only to seek for a second, in whom he might confide.

During the time that he was sending a messenger for this purpose, the hour of dinner arrived. The party sat down; and Rosa's eyes could not disguise the trace of tears, nor could she conceal her anxiety. She was sad, very sad; and more than once had to endure the well-meant, unsuspicious, and mistaken rallying of Sir John, as to her disappointment at her intended's sudden, but temporary disappearance.

With Charles it was different; he was more cheerful than ever, though in society, always gay; trusting by such measures, to dispel any anxiety which Rosa might feel as to the situation in which he might be placed with her affianced husband. During the evening Charles was more than once called from the room to receive disappointments to his applications for a friend. None of those to whom he had written were at home; and all resource having failed him, he was forced to send to Deptford Inn to say, that as he could not find a friend to act for him, he would be perfectly content if Mr. Vortex's second would appear for both; in which case they would find him at Yanbury Castle at two hours after midnight, the moon giving ample light by which to settle such an affair. Being the party challenged, Charles had a right to name his weapon; and he decided on small swords for the purpose.

The reason why he selected the small sword in preference to the pistol, was, that being well skilled in its use, he good-naturedly hoped either to disarm or lightly touch his antagonist; while he also trusted to defend his own person from any serious consequences, which, had the pistol been used, he could not have been so certain of doing. Mr. Vortex being in haste to dispose of the matter, accepted the proposition; and the meeting strange to say, was thus finally arranged.

It was midnight ere the family had retired to rest; Rosa had not an opportunity of speaking to Charles; and she retired to her room in doubt and uncertainty of the course the affair had taken. The house had been hushed for some time, when Charles stole softly to the entrance hall, the walls of which were decorated with every description of sword, from the long rapier down to the more modern cutlas; and selecting two small swords of equal length, prepared to set forth to the place of appointment. He approached the hall door, and having carefully withdrawn the bolts, turned to a recess wherein to deposit his taper; when, to his surprise, he beheld Rosa herself observing his motions from the other end of the hall. The strong light of the lamp she held in her hand fell on her now pale, but expressive features, contrasted as they were with her long black hair, which, in all its natural beauty, lay unrestrained on each side of her well turned shoulders, reached far beneath her waist. The outline of her figure alone was visible, as she hastily wrapped herself in a large, spotless, but not ungraceful robe.

As he paused in astonishment, she approached him, and laying her hand on the hilt of the sword which he had gathered under his arm, with an energy almost supernatural, yet speaking in a whisper—"Charles," she said, "you shall not go—I thought it was thus: and have sent a letter to Mr. Vortex, renouncing him forever. What is the anger of my relations—what are poverty and distress—what is the temporary condemnation of man, when compared to a life of heartless degradation, and personal abandonment, and the frown of God! No, no, no; better

to renounce the world and live in seclusion, than be a splendid and guilty slave. Stir not, Charles, stir not to night; but, as a favour to me, quit this house to-morrow, and forget the existence of one who knows your worth and her own duty too well to wish to be longer in your society."

As she said this, she laid her small, fair hand, tenaciously on his arm. What was he to do? He could not shake her roughly off, yet he could not obey her commands. Advancing, therefore, sufficiently to reach and open the door, he placed the swords on the outer side, Rosa still holding him by the left arm. Having accomplished this, he turned and entreated her to leave him; assured her that her presence would be of no avail; that his honour, which was dearer to him than his life, was at stake, and that he had but one course to pursue.

While he said this, he gently pressed his own fingers beneath the hand which she had placed upon his arm, and by a sudden effort, though careful not to hurt her, he removed the pressure of her little palm. Then, holding for an instant her slender wrists in one of his hands, and loosing her suddenly, he slipped through the door; when, having snatched up the swords, and sped, with the swiftness of a deer, in the direction of the place of meeting, he crossed the downs, and approached the little trout stream which glided through the valley.

The moment he had left her, Rosa sank upon the cold stones of the ancient hall, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. The thought that she was about to be the cause of bloodshed and of death, was as terrible to endure, as the supposition that she was to be the object of contention between two men, was revolting to her delicacy. The body of Charles Romer, pierced and bloody, his fine countenance, pale in the agony of death, yet bearing its mild and handsome expression, seemed to lie before her; she seemed even to hear the clash of swords—when, rising frantically from the spot, she resolved to seek the apartment of Miss Heatherfield. In regaining her feet, her hand had been pressed upon the floor, and in the act she had grasped a letter—this being mechanically secured a few moments more saw her seated at the bedside of her equally alarmed friends.

It was resolved at once to consult Sir John; and Miss Heatherfield hastened to his room for that purpose. She knocked at his door, twice—thrice—when, receiving no reply, she entered, and discovered that he was not there; and from the absence also of a stout bludgeon which usually stood in one corner, she concluded that he had gone out for the night, to see that his gamekeepers were doing their duty, knowing that he was wont to make these nocturnal inspections. Miss Heatherfield returned to communicate her disappointment to her friend; but Rosa had left her sister, and had passed into her own room. Miss Heatherfield followed, but found her not; called her by her name, searched for her, in vain, and then descended to the hall. There, the door was ajar, and on looking forth, she perceived the traces, on the moonlit dew, of two persons having egressed.

We must now return to Charles. Having reached and crossed the little trout stream, he ascended the opposite down. The morning was still as death, not a cloud was to be seen, and the clear, full, and rather frosty moon threw her broad beams unchequered, over the undulating downs, rendering visible every knoll and tuft of furze on their brown and sun-burned surface. Not a sound was to be heard, but the occasional and lonely cry of the lapping, scared by our hero's unseasonable advance. At length, with a firm and unhesitating step, he passed the ditch of Yanbury Castle, and entered the vast area of the deserted camp. It was a situation well calculated for the passage of arms, or for any deed of blood; the turf smooth as velvet, yet buoyant and firm, yielded the best foothold; while the huge mounds of earth threw up around, seemed calculated to shut out the rest of the living world, and exclude the hope of succour. Such a place, and so well calculated for violence, might it seem, when looked upon by moonlight, and with the eye of a gladiator; but observed in a more peaceful and Christian spirit, when the soft rays of the setting sun were kissing, here and there, the points of its defences, and the lamb and hare were cropping the daisied grass, then it might seem a sin to suffer it to suggest aught but silent and thankful contemplation.

Charles' mind was busied with such conflicting thoughts as these, when the opposite entrance to the camp was darkened by the approach of figures; and Mr. Vortex and his friend stood before him.

Not a moment was lost ere they advanced to meet each other; and the swords having been measured, the principals having divested themselves of their coats and waistcoats; then cast aside their braces, tied a handkerchief round their waists, and assumed their weapons. The second having placed them about four yards asunder, asked them whether they were ready: and receiving a reply in the affirmative, gave the signal which was to authorise the commencement of the strife.

Each party advanced, and Charles offered his sword to be crossed by that of his opponent; but instead of adopting the usual preliminary, Mr. Vortex, shortening his arm a little, kept the point of his weapon directed against his antagonist's face, and seemed resolved to act upon the defensive. Charles was immediately aware that Mr. Vortex was not skilled in the use of the sword; and that he had adopted this dangerous method of meeting him in the face during a lunge, as his only chance of victory.

Many feints were now made by Charles to provoke his enemy to action, or to induce him to change the plan of address; but to no good end; for Mr. Vortex remained cool and determined. Thus, they stood for several minutes, Charles good-naturedly manœuvring for a favorable opportunity of disarming or slightly drawing blood from his opponent, while the latter waited on his efforts with a dogged resolution and a bitterness of purpose which rendered the combat one of most uncertain issue. After many ineffectual attempts, Charles, as he thought,

struck the point of Mr. Vortex's sword sufficiently out of the line to enable him to draw blood from his shoulder; and he lunged accordingly. He had however miscalculated the activity of the man with whom he had to deal; for, with a quickness he did not expect, the sword of his antagonist recovering its level, met him beneath the eye, and snapped up the cheek bone. But, as Mr. Vortex had thrown his whole weight upon the thrust, the hilt of the broken weapon struck Charles so severely on the head, that he went down; at the very moment that his own sword drew blood from his adversary's shoulder. Mr. Vortex looked as if he would have struck at Charles again with such portion of the blade as yet remained to the hilt but his second pushed him back, desiring him to speed to the inn, and having sent assistance, to quit the neighbourhood without delay. Mr. Vortex retired slowly from the scene, his bitterness unsubdued, and anger still at his heart; while his more noble foe lay bleeding on the ground from a wound his own generosity had entailed upon him.

Charles having assured Mr. Vortex's second that his hurt was not dangerous, asked for some water; and the latter having taken from his pocket a hunting flask, and departed in search of it, our hero was left by himself. He had not lain thus for many moments, when he felt a gentle pressure on his hand—so soft—so tenderly applied—so unlike the touch of man, that he anxiously turned his face to see from whom it proceeded; when, kneeling at his side, he beheld Rosa. She did not weep—she did not speak; her face was pale, but there was not any appearance of emotion farther than might be gathered from her tearless eye.

"Good heaven, Miss Newardine, is it possible that you have ventured hither?" was the question faintly asked by Charles, as the blood gushed out afresh from the stab in his face.

Motioning him to be silent, she took a scarf warm from her beautiful neck, and endeavoured to stanch the wound. She stooped so close to him in her efforts to serve him, that her breath, like the soft summer air stealing through a wilderness of sweet and dewy flowers, fanned his feverish brow; and as she watched the expression of his countenance, she heard him murmur,—"Rosa, dearest Rosa, my life, my love, how knew you where to seek me?"

She had only time to hold before his eyes the letter which he had let fall, and which she had found on the floor of the entrance hall at Langford, when a chaise was heard approaching, and several people arrived to their assistance.

The village bells of little Langford were ringing merrily on the succeeding first of May, and the labouring classes, dressed in their best attire, were standing in groups round the ancient portico of Langford Manor House. Before the door waited a chariot and four post horses, in the dicky of which was already seated a smartly dressed lady's maid.

The neighbouring downs, decked in the emerald hue of spring, and spangled with innumerable cowslips, were smiling up at the soft blue sky; while Langford and Grovely woods were alive with wild untutored melody—the dove, the lark, the black-bird, nightingale, and thrush, each vying with the other who should more sweetly sing the bounties of creation! O! what a happy face had nature then put on!

There was a bustle among the domestics in the Hall; the carriage steps were let down with much display; a lusty cheer was given by the crowd; and then amid the waving of hats, and blessings from all, Rosa, blushing and beautiful, and beloved, was handed to the carriage by Charles, who had made her his bride. The good old Sir John and his amiable daughters, with a host of friends and relations, were crowding the steps of the portico; and as the carriage drove off, waving a thousand kind and affectionate adieux.

A clergyman announced to his people that he should preach to young men; the pews of his church were crowded with young ladies. He then announced a sermon to young women; the church was thronged with broadcloth. He proclaimed an address to children; and the fathers and mothers, and what some one calls "the dear middle aged people," were out in force. He gave notice that he should exhort sinners; and had the sexton for audience. So the announcement of a subject is not always the best way to secure the audience for whom it is best calculated and for whom the lecture is written.

"TOO POOR TO TAKE A NEWSPAPER."—It is a remark with some people, when asked to subscribe for a newspaper, that they cannot afford it. What! you cannot spare twenty paltry shillings for four hundred large folio pages of valuable reading, when you are spending ten times that amount for useless and perhaps injurious purposes. The person must be "poor indeed" in mind and purse, who cannot afford to pay for one good newspaper; and we think the man who does not, fails to perform his duty to himself, his family, and his country, as a good citizen. Rather than be without a good newspaper, it were better that the man should wear the old coat a month longer—or the wife to try the £2, instead of the £3 shawl.

Use your precious time as if you knew the value of it—which means, that you should not crack filberts with your gold watch. It endangers the integrity of the chronometer more than that of the nuts.

"Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for? You look as though you had lost all your friends."

"The fact is, cousin, I am mourning over departed spirits!"

"You're a hard customer," as the man said when he ran against a lamp post.