

LITERATURE.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

A COLLEGE ESSAY.

"Tecum habita"—PERSIUS.

"Dwell with thyself!" what can the precept mean?

In gloomy solitude four walls between,
With not a friend the tedious hours to cheer,
Brother or sister, wife or children dear;
No faithful dog my broken meat to share,
Nor fondling puss to purr away my care;
But all day long, and longer night, alone
Keep doleful company with number one!
Well Persius, if such your prosing be,
No concord here with all your poetry.
Made was this soul in harmony to flow,
Feel with another's joy or other's woe;
Woe—for with want or pain, or deep distress,
Far happier to dwell, than all possess,
Which man alone can gather round himself,
Cold monument of heart-consuming pelf.

Nor only I this principle maintain;
'Tis Nature's law throughout her varied reign.
Those trees, these plants and flowers she bids arise,
Spread forth and flourish in Societies.
These animals, the fields and woods, that roam,
Seek not for each a solitary home;
In flocks and herds, in pairs at least they rove;
O'er sunny lawns, or court the shady grove.
The birds of air, the fishes of the sea
Together drawn in social love agree,
And shall not man, for higher converse made,
Earth, air and sea, and Heaven above survey'd,
Thought interchange with thought, and mind to mind,
And heart to heart, in sweet communion bind?

Nor other doctrine ever held the seer,
Rapt into other he, and sunlight clear,
Leaves the dark dreams of hermits here below,
Congenial there—where life and goodness glow;
Truth in his view, with truth divine inspired,
And with thy passion Love eternal fir'd.

"Dwell with thyself!" how read the maxim then,
But that I close the door to other men,
Exclude alike the foe and mortal friend,
And silent, meditate my latter end?

Nay, but he bids you not in dust to dwell,
Or doom this soul within the cloistered cell,
Dwell in the light, rise, walk, converse with man,
With bard, with sage, with angels if you can;
Lift up your heart, contemplate all the skies,
And through the Heavens, to Heaven Supreme arise;
Enter the dome, the countless hosts behold,
And hear the words that never shall be told;
Still with yourself, your very self, you may
Dwell in the regions of unbounded day.

O, now I grasp the Poet's deep intent,
Poet and prophet with his message sent
From the high temple's holiest oracle,
Truth's central shrine, and wisdom's inmost cell.
"Know thyself!" once shone forth in rays of gold,
Where Greece adored, and all the world of old.
"With thyself dwell!" soft breathes the voice within,
From outward glare withdrawn and worldly din.
Keep thine own house, the house not made with hands,
And strict observe the Architect's commands.
Remember he requires thou keep it clean
In every part, as fair in front and mien,
Well swept and garnished from disorder free,
Waste, and the foul excess of revelry;
No crime to blacken it, no sin debase,
Nor evil demon there to find a place;
But for the master meet, as suits him best,
Meet for thyself, with every worthy guest,
The gentle, modest, chaste and pure in heart,
The just and merciful, who ne'er depart,
In deed or word, in look, or thought repense,
From sacred truth, or guileless innocence.
With these around thee thou shalt dwell at ease,
And thine own soul shall all within thee please.
When thou thyself shalt with thyself agree,
Thy mind and heart attain'd to harmony,
In self-content thy day shall glide along,
And grateful praises fill thy nightly song;
Then conscience free shall bid thee rest in peace.
While hope assures thee joys that never cease.

BLACK NORRIS,
OR THE WRECKERS.

CONCLUDED.

By the fire of a miserable hut, was seated upon a stool a female, of youthful, but haggard appearance. She had an infant at her breast, and was endeavouring to lull it, rocking to and fro, with a low, melancholy hum. Every now and then she paused and listened, and after a second or two resumed her maternal task.

"Be quiet, Shark! be quiet!" she occasionally would cry, as a lean, black, rough-coated dog, between the Newfoundland and the mastiff, and which was stretched across the hearth, would raise his head, and turning in the direction of the door, keep howling amidst the gusts of the storm, which was slowly and fitfully subsiding.

At length the infant fell asleep, and was transferred

from its mother's lap to a wretched pallet in an adjoining room. Her charge being thus disposed of, she returned to the outer apartment. A cooking vessel was on the fire. She lifted the lid. The steam faintly rose from the contents.

"Will it never grow hot?" she impatiently exclaimed, and resorting to a bellows, through the creviced sides of which escaped the greater portion of the wind which was intended for the proper vent, proceeded assiduously but almost in vain, to urge the sluggish fuel. "He'll brain me, if he comes home and nothing ready," she cried to herself in a querulous undertone. "Heaven send him luck, and I shall have peace for a day or two," continued she. "But for my baby, I wish I had never seen the face of Black Norris."

"Let me in," cried the wrecker at the door.
"Thank heaven, he has met with luck!" ejaculated the wretched wife.

She let him in. He had a trunk upon his shoulder, and under his arm he carried a bundle of clothes.

"Good luck, Norris?" tremulously and half doubtingly inquired she.

"Yes," was his sullen reply. "Why do you ask with such a face as that?"

"I was afraid your had not met with any."

"Why?" demanded he, sternly.

"From your looks," timidly responded she.

"Curse thee!" muttered the ruffian; "what business hast thou to mind my looks? Here, lend me a hand, and help this load from my back." The trunk was deposited on the floor. "What, nothing ready?" Hast thou no victuals in the house? Hast thou not fire? Hast thou not hands? and why is not my dinner ready? Bestir thee. I have something to do in the next room. On thy life let me not be interrupted till I have done. Haste! Give me the key to the big chest."

"Don't wake the baby," entreatingly enjoined the wife. He has not slept the whole morning and is only just now dropped asleep."

"Curse the child!" cried the wrecker, thou thinkest of nothing but the child. Look to my dinner.

He went to the next apartment, shut the door and then bolted it.

He examined the jewels again. He examined the purse of its contents and counted them. He opened the rest of the pockets. The trousers he had taken from the bundle and thrown upon the floor of the other room—all contained riches. He put them on the floor, applied the key, and hastily began to deposit them in the bottom of the chest. In the progress of the work, he started and stopped short, a shuffling of feet which he heard in the outer apartment, accompanied by the sound of voices, as of persons speaking in a low key. Muttering a curse, he proceeded.

"Norris, Norris," whispered his wife at the door. He replied not, but went on.

"Norris!" she whispered again, you are wanted."

He answered not, but listened anxiously. Now all was silent.

"Norris," she repeated.

"Silence, and confound thee was the ruffian's sharp reply.

"I cannot help it, Norris," rejoined she, still whispering. You are wanted, husband. O come, do come."

"Presently," he vociferated.

The last article was put in. He locked the chest, and unbolting the door he threw it open.

"Well, is my dinner ready?" he noisily demanded, entering the outer apartment, and looking toward the table—which had been constructed out of the fragments of a wreck—a corpse lay stretched upon it. At the head and foot was a group of his neighbours. He stood for a moment or two transfixed.

"What means this?" at length he boldly inquired, with a loud voice, striving to conceal a cowering heart.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed one, lifting the rifled trowsers, which the wrecker had thrown upon the floor. "Merciful powers! it is your father's body, that you have been stripping."

"My father's body!" echoed Black Norris, the blood utterly forsaking his cheeks.

"Yes, there it is stretched upon the table."

Black Norris did not attempt to speak. He looked at the body, at the by-standers, at his wife, at the body again, with an expression of vacuity in his countenance. He then approached the table, half seated himself on a corner of it, his back to the corpse; and with one leg upon the floor, kept swinging the other, looking wildly around him.

His wife, who had dropped upon the stool on which she she had been nursing her child, sat the image of horror. The rest kept silence.

"It can't be helped," at last exclaimed Black Norris. "the dead have no use for clothes. We'll bury him tomorrow and wake him to-night."

His auditors looked at one another but made no remark. Pipes, tobacco, and spirits, were immediately procured and placed upon the same table with the corpse, which was now covered with a sheet. Black Norris seated himself at the head. His neighbours, whose numbers were now increased by occasional droppers-in, accommodated themselves as they could, with stools, empty kegs placed on end, and pieces of plank converted into temporary forms, sat ranged around. The room waxed merry, save—where the wrecker's wife sat crouching near the fire, her head supported by the wall. At length the first supply of spirits was out.

"I'll bring you better," cried the wrecker. What we have been drinking was watered. I'll bring it you as pure as from the still."

He disappeared; and after the lapse of about ten or fifteen minutes, returned with a fresh supply. He opened the door unobserved, but stopped short upon remarking that the place which he had just quitted, was occupied by three or four who were intently employed in examining the head of the dead body, from which the sheet had

been partially removed. The rest of the company were leaning forward, apparently absorbed in what was passing.

"'Tis an ugly mark," said one.

"No rock could do that," observed another.

"No," interposed a third, 'tis more like the blunt end of an axe-head—see, here is the regular mark of the edge, all round. I would not be Black Norris for all he has got by this day's work!"

"Why not?" vociferated the wrecker, springing forward and confronting the speaker.

Every eye was turned toward the wrecker in whose countenance desperation and gathering fury were fearfully depicted. No answer was returned to his question.

"Why not?" repeated he with increased vehemence.

"Why not?" echoed the young man recovering from temporary surprise. "Why was it that your father's forehead in, Black Norris?" added he after a pause.

He had scarcely time to duck his head. The vessel which the wrecker carried flew over it, and in the next moment the young man's throat was in the ruffian's gripe.

"Loose your hold of him," cried several all at once.

Black Norris paid no heed to them. Three or four of the strongest and boldest rushed together upon him at once, overpowered him and rescued his almost suffocated victim. The wrecker drew his knife and brandished it.

They rushed upon him again before he had time to make a stroke with it, and wrenched it from him. His wife, who, it appeared, had retired into the inner apartment during the interval of her husband's absence, now burst from it, sank on her knees before him, and, clasping him round the legs with one arm, while with the other she supported her infant, she implored him to be calm. A blow levelled child and mother to the earth. With horror at the savage act, the spectators stood awhile, as if bereft of power of speech or motion. For a second or two the wrecker glared round like a fiend, then suddenly vanished into the other room. He searched here and there, blaspheming, as anything came to his hand except what he wanted. At length, however, he succeeded in finding his pistols. Then a pouch filled with slugs; and, last of all a powder horn presented themselves. Hastily he loaded and primed his weapons; and proceeding to the door, with one in each hand, advanced a pace into the outer apartment.

"Now," roared the wrecker, "now, what the man to come on?" No one stirred. "I give you just as much time," continued he, "as it will take to ear the house. When that has expired, I fire at the manna remains."

A wild, shrill, piercing laugh was the answer to his menace. It came from the head of the corpse. The maniac was standing there. The wrecker's axe was in her hand; the blunt end resting on the mark in the dead man's forehead.

"Ha, ha!" she cried exultingly, "there's your father, Black Norris; a corpse upon the plank wood, to get possession of which you murdered my father; and here is your axe upon the mark which you made your father's forehead when I told you as you were ring him on the beach, that his eyes were moving, and you coaxed me to leave you alone with him. See how nicely it fits.—But I knew you, and stole back. I did, lack Norris.—And I saw the blow—and heard the crash and snatched up your hatchet, when you threw it behind you, and ran away with it. Give you joy of your diamonds and your gold, Black Norris. A fair day! is it not? A fair, lovely day; a fair, lovely, bonny day!"

The wrecker had been gradually raising his right arm. It was now nearly brought to a level. He fired! but the charge perforated the roof. His arm was struck up by some one, and at the same moment it himself powerfully pinioned. He looked round; he found himself in the hands of four of the preventive guard, accompanied by Kate's lover, with the staff of a boating pike in his grasp.

That day, having completed the business which called him from home, had the young man returned. His first inquiry was for Kate. She had been at her usual pranks and had stolen away. He sought her hall her haunts, she was nowhere to be found—dispirited and fatigued too—for he had walked upwards of thirty miles since morning—he was returning home, when he received from a group returning from the wreck, and of whom he made inquiries after her, an account of her apparance among the wreckers, and her wild, mysterious pophecy, which had been so strangely fulfilled. Revolving what he had heard, he lifted the latch of his mother's door, and entered; but stopped short. A female, almost naked to the zone, was sitting with her back towards him; her skin of so pure a whiteness that it almost shone. The waist and shoulders of such a mould, as of itself apprises the beholder of the presence of surpassing richness; although unrefined, and uninformed, he is utterly at a loss to tell in what it lies. A moment he stood; then abashed, confounded—he was on the point of retiring; when the female turned suddenly round.

"Kate!" burst in astonishment from the young man's lips.

The next moment, the maniac, unconscious of her situation, was hanging upon his neck. Wildly she kissed him, straining him to her bosom, and laughing.

"He has done it! he has done it!" she almost shrieked. "He has murdered his own father. Here is the hatchet with which he beat his forehead in," added she, springing from him to the other end of the room, and snatching up the instrument and flourishing it: her sun-burned hands and neck forming an extraordinary contrast with the snowy whiteness of her skin which had never before been revealed to the eyes of her lover, whose mother now entered from an adjoining room with some articles of apparel upon her arm, hastily retired again, drawing the poor, half-resisting girl along with her. The former presently returned.

"She has been down on the shore all day. There has been a wreck," said she. "About a quarter of an hour