

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## OLD TIME.

Young sculptor he, and full of youthful thoughts,  
Who first devised yon figure of Old Time.  
He knew him old, and gave him withered limbs,  
Yet sinewy and strong for work withal;  
And that stout scythe, for he had much to mow;  
And those firm wings, for he had far to fly;  
Then with one forelock and (a whim of Art)  
A crystal hour-glass in the marble hand,  
The statue stood complete.

And stood around  
A group as young regarding. Fears were none,  
But hopes were many—gratulating hopes  
Each for his own glad prospect: while the gay  
Were jeering with him, 'Graybeard, go thy way!  
Mow, if thou wilt, the steppes of Tartary;  
Or fly thee, if thou choose, from pole to pole!  
For what art thou to us?'—

Years were flown by:  
When lo! beside that selfsame statue stood  
A few gray-headed men, the scant remains  
Of whom had gazed before. Where were the rest?  
But now methinks not only were their locks,  
But eyesights changed, to which no more appeared  
The same that statue, or had changed with them;  
For that broad crystal cone down which of old  
The sands had seemed to drawl, they now  
Saw dwarf  
To minute-glass, through which the glittering grains,  
Too swift almost for aged eyes to follow,  
Leapt twinkling, as if in turn to jeer,  
With, 'Now, good friends, we sure run fast enough?'  
So too, that scythe, whose length of curvature  
Had seemed full fit to sweep uncounted fields,  
Was now a short hooked sickle—fit not less  
For its cramped breadth of harvest: and they heard,  
Or thought they heard, it rasping audibly  
With sharp brisk rustle 'mid the dry, sere stalks—  
Themselves as dry and sere.

While each long wing,  
Which might have borne strong eagle on his quest  
From realm to realm, was cleft and rounded now,  
As those which only just suffice to bear  
The whirling partridge on from brake to brake,  
If swift, yet soon to fall.

But, lo! now stood  
There one beside that figure of Old Time,  
That stood not there before nor was not seen  
When youth is busied more to feel than see:  
Figure it was with loosely folded arms,  
And bended brow, and introspective eye,  
Which seemed as if it pondered on the past:  
The young, had any such been mingling there,  
Might well have wondered what such form  
Could mean;  
But of that gray haired group, which clustered round  
Not one there was but knew the name; and sighed,  
When asking, it was answered them—Regret.

From the London People's Journal.

## KATE MOWBRAY.

A LOVE SKETCH.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

No words can describe the successive emotions of wonder, expectation, and delight with which Kate read this long letter, mingled with sensations of surprise and displeasure that Henry should ever have doubted the continuance of her attachment. Lost in a delicious reverie, she remained a long time in the same position; sometimes re-perusing the letter, then speaking aloud in the earnestness of her feelings; but oftener silent and absorbed, in a deep thankful sense of unexpected, overpowering happiness.

The tolling of the castle bell for evening prayers then made her start up and hasten to the chapel, one moment frightened to think of the reproofs which probably awaited her, and the next insensibly walking more slowly as her thoughts returned to Henry's letter. She met her mother in the hall, followed by a train of obsequious attendants, and saw that Lady Mowbray gazed at her with displeasure, as she noted her daughter's fitful color, and the unwonted animation of her countenance, glowing as it did with all the sensibility of a young girl when excited by the deepest and dearest emotions of which woman's heart is capable. Long and severe was the lecture to which Kate had to listen that evening, before she was dismissed to her own apartment. When there she made many attempts to shorten the tedious business of her toilet, which was performed by her maid under the direction of her stiff governess; but these efforts to be released from what

Miss Fortescue considered an important duty met with neither sympathy nor indulgence; and the chimes of ten o'clock had rung out from the church tower ere her tormentors left her to repose.

By the light of the night lamps she had again addressed herself to the letter, when she was roused by something been thrown against her window. Springing out of bed and throwing a cloak around her, she fearlessly opened the lattice, and to her astonishment saw a man in the act of again flinging a small stone at the casement. She was on the point of closing it and sending for assistance, when his quiet call of, 'I entreat you to hear me for one moment, lady!' made her pause, while at the same moment she recognised the messenger who had delivered Henry's letter. No longer afraid, she asked him when he would return? and whether he could take charge of a small parcel for the same person who had sent the letter?

'Yes, lady he replied. It is for that purpose I am now here; but I trust the packet is ready prepared, for ten minutes hence I start for London.'

'So soon!' she answered, almost inaudibly; and snatching up the flowers she had that day worn, she looked round for writing materials. They were in the adjoining sitting room, from which opened the chamber of her governess; and with suspended breath she quickly passed into it; but her light step aroused the attention of her unsleeping guardian, who supposing her to have come in search of a book, desired her to go to sleep immediately, and not make herself ill by reading at that time of night.

'I promise you, madam, that I will do as you desire,' was Kate's answer, as she blushing glided off with paper and pen. But much as she wished to set Henry's mind at ease by giving him the assurance he so earnestly entreated, a feeling of shyness prevented her beginning the intended epistle, until the sound of another missive against the casement, and the impatient cough of the messenger, roused her to a consciousness of the fast fleeting moments.

Presently the man said he dared not delay another minute; and she had only written the words:

'Dear Henry—I was truly thankful to receive your letter; but while rejoicing over the welcome tidings of your welfare, I felt grieved you should think I could ever forget you. The messenger will wait no longer, and I have only time to sign myself the same as in days of yore,

Your own KATE.

'Craven Castle.'  
She folded the flowers inside the brief letter, and tying the letter with the pale carnation ribbon Henry had been used to call her color, she dropped the packet on to the grass beneath: it was quickly carried off by the servant in waiting, who as he disappeared, made a gesture that it would not be safe to speak.

Once only, about this time, did Kate make an effort to confide the secret to her mother; but her attempt to commence the sort of conversation which she thought might lead to a good opening was met by so severe and contemptuous a reproof for permitting her thoughts to dwell on such a subject, that she had never again the courage to make a second attempt.

A fortnight passed over without any fresh occurrence to diversify the monotonous current of her existence, succeeded by the anniversary of her seventeenth birthday, when a large party were invited to grace a splendid banquet which was to be given in honor of the day, and to which Lady Mowbray looked forward as her daughter's introduction to the world. Little did Kate care about her presentation, or her appearance, or any of the preparations which were being made on her account; and she fully expected that the sweetest portion of their day would be the quiet morning hours, when she could steal away to a retired part of the home park to muse over past happiness, and to read the precious letter which formed the only literature that now could interest her.

A beautiful July day shone forth in all its glory, when on the morn of the festival she carried her intentions into effect, and sought the gloomy fir-grove, which she had learned to love better than any other place, on account of its seclusion and the associations to which she had consecrated its shades. A rustling in the branches presently caused her to look fearfully round, and Henry Liddell stood before her; she knew him instantly, changed as the tall dark young man was from the lively boy who had never known what care or anxiety meant.

A faint cry of joy escaped her as she sprang forward under the first impulse of vivid pleasure on seeing him again; and before she had had time to note the hesitation which lowered on the brow of her lover, she was folded in an embrace which told more eloquently than the language of sounds the perfect sympathy which existed between them, and their mutual joy in this re-union after years of separation.

Henry had indeed paused, not daring to speak to the lovely being, who, habited as became her rank, and now a beautiful woman instead of a playful girl, looked and moved like one who belonged to a race of human beings superior to his own. Besides, as he soon told Kate, when words at last found utterance, the note and flowers which she sent had never reached him; and though he was aware that the messenger had brought something from her, many fears had pressed upon him, which made him dread coming to Craven castle.

After the first glowing emotions had sub-

sided, Kate grew more reserved; for as she gazed on Liddell's altered form she could scarcely believe he was really the friend of her childish days; but her pleasure had been too frankly expressed upon their meeting for Henry to retain any doubt of her real sentiments towards him; and so gently, earnestly and tenderly, he wooed her to converse with him as she had been accustomed when they used to meet in the old Devonshire summer-house. Confiding, truthful, and unchanging, none of the arguments which Henry felt it his duty to bring forward could induce her to waver concerning the generous promise she had before given him—forsaking friends and wealth, station and power, to follow the fortunes of one, who as she said more than once, she knew loved her for her own sake, and the devotion of whose noble heart was worth more to her than riches, rank, influence or great acquaintances.

In such converse the morning passed away; and Kate said it was time to return to the castle, Henry telling her as they parted that they would probably meet again in the course of the afternoon, where they would not be able to speak to each other.

Surprised, she would have asked what he alluded to, but there was no time for more; and sitting down before her large Venetian mirror, Kate allowed her women to adorn her with an absent mind; and consequently a degree of patience which won their applause, and even obtained the measured approbation of Miss Fortescue; while all present admired the radiant beauty of their young lady, who they thought—and truly—had never before appeared to such advantage. When her long toilet was concluded, Lady Mowbray herself came in to inspect her daughter's dress and seemed satisfied; but her penetrating look observed Kate's raised color and expressive countenance with a something of suspicion, which added to her natural sternness in the injunctions which she now bestowed as to her behaviour and carriage.

The feast was ready and the guests marshalled in due order; and a band of musicians played martial airs as the stately hostess and her blooming child entered the banquet hall, where the latter was presented to the principal persons assembled; nor could she suppress a start of surprise when the name of the earl of Whitehaven greeted her ear. To her confusion she found herself placed next to him at dinner, and could hardly command herself to reply to his numerous inquiries, although she also experienced the truth of what Liddell had told her, when he said the earl was not one to be trifled with. But still greater was her astonishment, when, as the banquet advanced and she became more at ease, she looked about her, and perceived Henry seated at a lower table, amongst a herd of upper attendants and grooms of the chamber. The color indignantly rushed over her brow, and attracted both the Earl's and Lady Mowbray's attention; but on meeting soon afterwards a quiet smile from Liddell, she made a strong and successful effort to subdue so ill-timed a display of feeling. At length after the feast had lasted, Kate thought, an interminable number of hours, the guests rose and she retreated to her own room to muse in all the quiet luxury of solitude upon the occurrences of that eventful day, and to speculate on the future.

The next day, however, brought new and unexpected trials of her fortitude, for the earl frequently required the attendance of his secretary; and whenever accident brought him into contact with Lady Mowbray nothing could exceed the haughtiness with which she treated him, or the unworthy indignities, as Kate conceived, to which her mother subjected him. Not that Lady Mowbray knew who he was, or suspected Kate's intimacy with the young secretary; but she habitually treated all whom she considered as her inferiors in station, in the same contemptuous distant manner. It needed all Henry's influence during this time, in their occasional interviews in the fir-grove, to reconcile Kate to what could not be helped, and to prevent her from making any instant declaration of her situation, and proclaiming herself Henry's destined bride. She was the more tempted to do so, because her mother had intimated to her, that the Earl of Whitehaven had made proposals for her hand, on behalf of Lord Viscount Ramsay, his eldest son, and that such an alliance would be most acceptable to all parties.

'Except to those concerned,' thought Kate, as she pondered on the best means of escaping the threatened honor.

It happened one evening that when she and Henry had met as usual in the fir-grove, they were overtaken by a violent storm of thunder, rain, and wind. No shelter was at hand; anxious that she should not remain under the trees, on account of the lightning, Liddell insisted on her returning homewards, and in spite of Kate's agitated remonstrance, he persisted in accompanying her to the castle, where they were met by a large detachment of servants, on the point of setting out to look for Kate. One of these carried to Lady Mowbray the annoying intelligence that the Earl of Whitehaven's secretary had been her daughter's protector on this occasion, and added the gossip of the servant's hall upon its being no unusual occurrence. With every feeling outraged, of a mother and of a lady of high rank in those days, her ladyship immediately sought her child's apartment, and there taxed her with the truth, while harshly upbraiding her for secrecy, and the degradation she had caused the noble family of the Plantagenets, and could boast of at least three royal alliances. At the same time she imperatively commanded Kate never to hold

any communication with Henry Liddell again; and under pain of disinheritance, and her mother's curse, to pass her word that she would never unite herself to him, or any one who was not approved of by her mother. At first Kate was overwhelmed by the conflicting claims of duty which her mother's speech suggested, but her courage did not forsake her; and kneeling before the inexorable parent who seemed so unmoved at the sight of her distress, she firmly but respectfully declared her intention never to marry any one except Henry Liddell; yet offering to wait until Lady Mowbray should freely consent, without which, she would promise faithfully not to unite her fate with his; though she implored her mother to have pity on their mutual happiness. Highly incensed, Lady Mowbray quitted the apartment, without deigning to reply; and Kate, burying her face in her hands, continued kneeling while she fervently prayed for strength to see and act up to her duty, whatever personal sacrifice it might involve.

Some time had passed, how long she knew not, when her maid knocked for admittance, and told her Lady Mowbray desired she would attend her directly in the oak parlor. The woman would have rectified Kate's disordered dress, but she put her aside, and with traces of weeping only too visible, and her hair falling negligently over her shoulders she obeyed the directions she had just received; and then was alarmed and surprised at finding herself in the presence, not only of Lady Mowbray, but of the Earl of Whitehaven, his secretary, her governess, and the chaplain. Trembling, yet with modest dignity she stood beside her mother's arm chair; and the Earl after kindly greeting her, proceeded to urge his son's claims, and to bring forward every inducement he could devise to persuade her to accept his offer. In eloquent words he set forth the various and tempting advantages which would attend the union; and then Lady Mowbray recapitulated what she had before said on the same subject, while the presence of the Earl's Secretary only served to add bitterness to her denunciations.

With white quivering lips, but in no faltering voice, did Kate repeat what she had said to her mother; and when she had concluded the Earl turned to his Secretary, and dwelt on the difference between Miss Mowbray, the wealthy heiress of a noble family, and Kate Mowbray, a penniless girl, whose conduct would deprive her alike of home and friends; and asked him whether, in the latter case he still desired the marriage.

Liddell hesitated, but after looking at Kate, he replied—

'If I could feel certain that she whom I have dared to love would not suffer from such a change in her worldly fortunes, heaven knows how indifferent would be the loss of station and riches, and will bear witness that I look upon the possession of Kate Mowbray's hand as the dearest boon which earth or heaven can bestow. I need not say that my whole heart and soul and strength shall be devoted to secure her happiness, should such a blessing ever be mine.'

He could say no more, but paused in breathless suspense, while Kate's tears gushed forth, and her rosy color returned as she listened to his manly declaration, and gathered strength and hope from his presence and his firmness. But her courage again quailed when she looked at Lady Mowbray, whose wrath, subdued as it was in outward expression, made her appear absolutely terrible to the young people whose destiny lay at her mercy. It was a dreadful moment of suspense, broken by the Earl turning to his hostess and saying—

'You will not, then, madam, consent to this marriage, which would secure the happiness of your excellent child?'—

'If, my Lord,' said Lady Mowbray, 'you mean her union with a base-born adventurer, whom you call your secretary, I never will consent.'

'Then, madam, may I ask whether, without a personal interview with my son, you will now give me in writing your sacred promise that your daughter shall become Lady Ramsay, upon condition of my making such settlements as you shall dictate, and relying on my word that my son is worthy of the high honor to which he aspires?'—

'Certainly, my Lord, I cannot have the slightest hesitation in acceding to your obliging offer,' said Lady Mowbray, walked to a table upon which writing materials were duly arranged, and taking a swan-quill prepared to write the desired pledge, without even looking towards her daughter.

Liddell stood rooted to the ground in speechless horror. He knew no remonstrance of his would avail him with the haughty lady or the commanding earl; yet he wondered, even then, that the noble principles of the latter, which he had so often seen tested, would permit him to sanction so ruthless a violation of nature's most sacred claims.

But Kate could not see her fate thus decided without making one more effort; and she again knelt at her mother's feet, and words which thrilled to the hearts of all present, including Lady Mowbray, she touchingly brought forward all the various motives which would naturally occur to one so true, so warm hearted, so disinterested. Once, when she dwelt on her unsatisfied yearning for affection and the loneliness of soul endured by the high-born, who have no one to love them for their own sake, Lady Mowbray's stiff features relaxed, and she seemed to waver in her purpose; but when her child reverted by name to young Liddell, the stony expression returned, and waving her off, she signed