

Literature, &c.

ORIGINAL.

[The following beautiful Poem was written by CHARLES ARTHUR KELLY, son of Charles Kelly, Esq., of New Carlisle, Canada East, who is at present a student at a School near Fleetwood, England. It was a prize poem, and the author obtained for it the premium.]

DELHI.

Still, as of old, the glancing fountains play
Thro' the long sunshine of the tropic day;
Still, faint with death, the odorous night-
breeze waves
The palms that cluster round our warriors'
graves,
Still, flashing thro' the gloom, the firefly's
light
With twinkling diamonds, decks the brow of
night;
Still Jumna whirls his turbid power along,
The theme of many an Eastern poet's song.
Still the loved brightness of that poet's dream,
Thro' deep green leaf the snow-white minarets
gleam.

But ah! how fallen from her ancient worth,
Delhi the great, th' Elysium of the earth!
Alas! twice-conquered city! Thou hast
felt

The fall of pride, When monarchs round thee
knelt,

When thou wert hailed Eternal; when the
night,

Of thy dread sons, victorious in the fight,
Swept onward o'er the bounds of utmost Ind,
Like a strong storm-cloud driven by the wind,
Did some high bard, smote with prophetic fire
To melancholy chords attune his lyre;
Did he foretell, when yet thy sovereign
Fate

Seemed through all time imperishably great,
How Clive should lead his warriors from afar,
Armed with dread thunders from the Western
star,

Flushed with the fame of Plassey's deathless
field,

And in one day bid a whole empire yield!
How in the future ages of the world,
A mighty wrath against thy greatness hurled,
Should lay thee low in dust, while o'er thy head,
The blue-eyed Saxons hated race should tread,
When death's shrill tones should break thy
dreamy rest,

And war's red waves rush foaming from the
West!

In those far times old Delhi sat in power,
Queen of the East, the wealth of Ind her
dower;

What are her glories, what her triumphs now?
A withered laurel on her recreant brow!
For those dark murders done by Jumna's
shore,

Shall haunt her towers till time shall be no
more!

O for a Byron's fire, a Milton's might,
To wail our woes in words of living light!
What time the crimson sunset's angry glow
Mocks the red stream that flowed at dire Luck-
now,

When England's mothers (hear it England!)
knelt

But find no mercy save the accursed steel,
When children's wailings load the tainted air,
And angels shudder at the old man's prayer.

Weep for the golden tresses steeped in
blood,

Weep for the woes of England's womanhood,
Weep for our murdered infant's stifled cry,
Weep for the strong man's silent agony,
Weep for the loved ones early doomed to part,
Weep for the anguish of the pure in heart!

For fairer suppliants never bowed the head,
Since Rachel's tears "would not be comforted,"
And slaves more bloody never drew the brand,
Since Herod's vengeance cursed his red right
hand!

Yet tremble! for the word of Fate has sped,
Tremble, ye slavish souls, ye worse than dead,
Warriors on women, tremble! there has rung
The cry of "War" from every English tongue,
And England's wrath is hurrying o'er the deep,
For her great sorrow will not let her sleep;

Then now her mighty armaments rush forth,
Charged with the vengeful terrors of the North,
Tossed by the fierce Atlantic's foaming breath,
Swift as the storm and winged as sleepless
death!

Now Western warriors throng the Eastern
strand,

And clanging horse-hoofs echo thro' the land.
"Onward for Delhi!" let the guilty feel
The keen stern temper of our Saxon steel!

Onward for Delhi! pluck the regal crown
From her high head, and hew the oppressor
down.

Woe to the scornful city's impious pride,
Woe to the lips that mocked when children
died!

Not long unheard shall India's thirsty sod,
Red with the blood of patriots, call to God!
Not long their bones shall whiten on the plain,
For England draws the sword, nor draws in
vain!

Hark to the shout of hosts, where Jumna's
wave

Chants a sad requiem for the good and brave.
The red light flashes thro' the eddying smoke,
And swords gleam upward as the line is broke,
High o'er the serried lines of Scottish steel,
Swells the wild-cry of "Cameron" and
"Lochiel."

High mid the sabre's clash, the cannon's roar,
Floats England's Lion banner red with gore.

As the lone eagle, nursed on heights of snow,
Burns with a fire unknown to realms below,
So the hot valour, born of mountain air,

Spurs on the Scottish heart to do and dare;
Attest it, Flodden, when the dauntless ring,
Stood, wrapt in stern despair, around their
king;

Attest it! ye who saw what deeds were done,
When in close fight the twice stormed gate was
won.

Mourn, Delhi, mourn, thy vanquished sons
have fled,

And thou art but the Empress of the dead!
Gone is thy high renown of other days,
Thy barbarous grandeur, sung in ancient lays,
For England plants her standard on thy walls,
And Christians throng thy sacred temple-halls!

Though Havelock slumbers on a foreign
shore,

His lifelong toils and deathless conquests o'er,
Though England mourns with more than Ro-
man grief,

The far-off grave of many a victor chief,
Though many a hero's bright blue eyes are
dimmed,

For many a soul the funeral dirge is hymned,
And many a mother weeps till dreary dawn,
Breaks the dim night, as only mothers mourn,
Yet shall they say, proud smiling thro' their
tears,

He sleeps, full old in fame, though young in
years,

His grave is with the mighty ones who fell
Hushed by that deadly storm of shot and shell,
On that red field where England's valour
shone,

Bright as the Athenian fire at Marathon,
Where the loud death-shriek thrilling thro'
the sky,

Fired the proud soul and made the heart beat
high,

Where England's sons 'gainst countless hosts
arrayed

For Eastern empire drew the avenging blade,
Where rebel India felt the hand of Fate,
By Lucknow's mouldering wall, and Delhi's
shattered gate.

From Chambers's Journal for July.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

As soon as the few friends who visit this
little vicarage of mine at Woodislee, for the
first time, have done admiring its low white
front, all garlanded with honeysuckle, and the
wild growth of ivy overhead, I take them to the
school-house as a sight more pleasant still;
quite as large, and twice as high it is, and built
of rough-hewn stone, with a porch almost as
big as the house itself, to shelter the children
when they come too early for their school-time.

The thymy smell of the moorland is borne to
us as we approach, along with the murmur
of their voices, making it seem doubly like the
hum of bees; and the stock in its garden, and
the blooming roses, and the sweetbriar that
peers in at its open casements, make the air
fragrant within. The school-room of both boys
and girls are lofty and well ventilated, and how-
ever their young hearts may long to be up and
away over the purple hill there is, at least, no
headache or drowsiness to dull their little wits.

In the winter-time, too, all is snug and warm,
so that fewer small red noses, and a less uni-
versal infant snuffle, are perceptible in the
school-house of Woodislee than in any similar
place that I am acquainted with. The squire
built it at his own expense, and the cottage of
the master and his wife beside it likewise.

Higher upon the moorland yet—a beacon to be
seen from half-a-dozen counties, and a landmark
for the ships that come up from the western
world—stands the new church, and has stood
there those ten years in despite of the four
winds.

Oh, pleasant sight upon a Sabbath morn,
while the bells are still ringing their first peal,
and along the winding sandroad come the good
people up by twos and threes; the young men
in their clean smock frocks, and the girls in
gay apparel; the old men toiling slowly with
hat in hand, their gray hairs lifted by the
breeze, and their old dames resplendent in the
scarlet cloak they are so loathe to leave off
wearing, though the summer is come; and all,
as they stop to rest from time to time, turning
to westward gladly for that glorious view.

The glimmering towns, from which, too, comes
a faint and far off music; the teeming hedge-
rows, with the deep blood-red Devon lanes;
the crystal river hiding from the sun in the
cool copses; the sparkling sea, with its fair
burdens most motionless, but on its verge a
dim white speck that grows, and close in shore
(that was itself a speck when the bells rang for
school an hour ago) a huge three masted ship—
an isle of snow, or a white cloud fresh fallen;
and so with thankful hearts, I hope, for the
fair world that has been given us to dwell in,
we enter into church at Woodislee. Massive
need its walls be, and the tall gray tower,
straight and without flaw, when the fierce north-
wester blows—and they are so. The good
squire built this also—Mr Markham that is,
who lives in the great house yonder with the
gables, which is called the Grange.

When I first came to Woodislee, I came as a
curate, for the incumbent was near ninety years
of age, and very infirm. I had a hundred pounds
a year, and the little cottage that is now in
ruins close by the old church, to live in, and
never dreamed to have done better. That
would have been enough and to spare, indeed
—without my good wife here, and the four little
ones of course, who then were not in the ques-
tion—for the place is not a dear one as to living.
The Brent, which you have seen, runs by our

door, supplied me well with trout, and I was
my own fishmonger. A knife and fork, too
were always laid for me at the squire's board;
and on Sundays, without exception, I was there
to use them. No mere bluff country magnate
was Mr Markham—

A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
And pamphleteer on guano and on grain.

Or rather, he had all the qualities of such a man,
and finer ones besides; a good scholar, an ele-
gant musician, and a gentleman as I discovered
at the first; who pleased my Oxonian fancy with
his classics, and knew the literature of his own
land also at least as well; who played on flute
and violin divinely; and who, when lords and
bishop and county families raved around his
table, remembered not the less—a virtue very
rare in hosts—the curate of Woodislee. Of
his real worth and goodness, I knew more as I
knew him longer; his open hand, his kindly
heart, are dear even to speak of. I bring one
proof of them, not stronger than I could select
from a crowd of others, nor better witnessed,
although it affects myself. The Sunday after
Mr Melville—the old incumbent—died, I was,
as usual, at the Grange; and, as was natural,
our talk fell upon his loss and on the future
vicar.

"I have appointed one in my own mind," said
Mr Markham; "and if he chooses to accept the
living—as there is no reason whatever for de-
lay—he will read himself in within the month
or so: a young man not over rich, who knows
the people here, and is well liked by them."

"I fear then sir, he will not want a curate
since the parish is so small?"

"No; I fear not, Grantley. We shall be
sorry to lose you, although we have seen so lit-
tle of each other; but I will have you in my
eye be sure, as will my wife, in whose way cu-
racies come somehow more than they do in mine."

And so we parted for that time with a hearty
hand-shake.

Ah, what a wife that Mrs Markham was! a
fair blithe woman then, with auburn hair just
dusted over with gold, and wearing her thirty
summers like a flower. She, with her pleasant
smile, was the fit messenger to tell me ere the
month was up that I myself was the new vicar
of Woodislee. She took as great delight to
bring the news as I to hear it. "The vicarage
is yours," said she; "and may this please you
Mr Grantley. It was not with my will that it
was kept a secret from you for so long; but
you know my husband loves his kindly joke."

It was not likely after this that I was to be-
come less their friend; and indeed the Mark-
hams and myself were forever together. Both
as clergyman and as familiar intimate, my inter-
course grew very close with them indeed. I
learned (with pains enough) even to join their
little concerts in the hall; I read with them old
plays in winter evenings; and the vicarage was
almost less my home than was the Grange.

I am not sure that they did not choose my wife
for me; if so, I have the greatest gift of all to
thank them for; and they stood both of them
as sponsors to my eldest boy. About two
years after I had been installed as vicar, I be-
gan to observe a great strangeness in Mrs Mark-
ham. She grew absent, started when address-
ed—especially if by her husband—wasted visi-
bly, and lost in part her pleasant looks. The
squire did not see this; she had always a smile
to greet him with, however she might look to
others; and would watch him sometimes, when
he was not regarding her, with a concentration
of affection in her gaze more intense than ever.

Another change was this: the squire's fortune
being very large, his wife had a most liberal al-
lowance, and kept quite a little establishment of
her own. Her charities, besides those that
were in common with his, were extensive.

When any person needed help beyond that
which I was justified in giving, I had been ac-
customed to apply to her as readily as to him;
but now her aims had first diminished, and then
altogether ceased. She parted under some
frivolous pretence, with her carriage and ponies,
and, from being rather fastidious and choice in
her attire, she came to dress with great simpli-
city, and almost ill; so that upon that point her
husband rallied her. One night she was sing-
ing with us in the hall, as usual, a favourite
Scotch song of his that she had sung a hun-
dred times; before, when her voice sudden-
ly trembled, as though her heart was breaking,
and she burst into a fit of tears. It was one of
those exquisite melodies of Burns upon the do-
mestic affections, and Markham spoke touch-
ingly to me afterwards of that excessive fondness
of his wife's for him which had so completely
overmastered her. "If I were to be taken from
her," said he, "I do believe dearest Jane would
die."

Certainly, to watch her anticipating his
slightest wish, and listening to his every word
as though it were to be his last, it might well
seem so. Upon my venturing to remark to him
that she was generally in by no means good
health, and not in her usual spirits, he thanked
me, and was nervously alive to this at once; and
thinking a little company might cheer her, he
sent for his maiden sister from the north to
spend some time with them—a quiet elderly
lady, very excellent, but not in any way gifted
as her brother and her sister-in-law were. We
two struck up an acquaintance very soon, and
the squire was wont to make facetious allusions

to it which would have been embarrassing from
anybody else. She soon filled up, in some
measure, that position of Lady Bountiful in the
parish which Mrs Markham had abdicated—
although I confess she somewhat lacked the
gracefulness of her well-doing—and evidently
to that lady's satisfaction. I left her more to
herself, and at liberty to retire to her chamber
or elsewhere, as had now become her favourite
custom. This, combined with the other pecu-
liarities, in her conduct, although veiled from
her husband's notice, did not escape the quick
eye of Miss Markham.

"I cannot think," said she, as we were taking
a parochial walk together about three weeks
after her arrival, "what change has come over
Jane. If we did not know herself and George
to have been the most loving couple that ever
breathed, I should be inclined to think her an
unhappy wife; and if I were not convinced of
the badness of her late husband, that she was
regretting his loss."

I had never heard until that moment of Mrs
Markham having been ever a widow, and I ex-
pressed my surprise strongly.

"Indeed?" said my companion. "I had made
certain they had intrusted you with that revela-
tion; but since you are aware of so much, you
may just as well know all."

"Mrs Markham, whom, you perceive, even
at this time, charming and almost perfect as
she appears, to be extraordinary sensitive and
unsuspicious of evil, was, as Miss Jane Raby-
romantic to the last degree. She eloped at
school, at the age of seventeen, with an adven-
turer named Heathcote. I never saw him my-
self, but I have been told that he was in youth
extremely handsome, and gifted with some at-
tractive but superficial talents. After living to-
gether a short time in great unhappiness, so far
as Jane was concerned, he deserted her, and
sent her back to her friends. He did not ap-
pear again for years. He must have treated the
poor girl very brutally, to account for the horror
and absolute loathing which she entertained for
him. He knew that she did so, and used that
knowledge for his own profit. He had openly
boasted that 'he had not married a milkpout for
nothing, but for her money;' and the moment
which secured to her her property, the very day
on which she came of age, brought this harpy to
her side again. She bought him off with ran-
soms, then and at many other times, as the
civilized nations in old time bought off the sa-
vage, and with the like result—he became more
frequent and extravagant in his demands."

When I say that he was a systematic gambler
and a drunkard, I believe that I have men-
tioned only his lighter foibles. The relics of
her original fortune only remained to her, when
he required of her a blank check to be filled
up at his own pleasure. This, backed by her
paternal uncle, and sole relative, in whose house
she was then residing, she steadily refused to
give him; and Heathcote, uttering the most
frightful threats, was obliged to content himself
with a draft drawn by Mr Raby upon his own
banker for a hundred pounds. He drew it
merely to save his niece, who was in an agony
of terror from her husband's violence, and to
get the man out of the house as quickly as pos-
sible; but, as the matter turned out, this was
the luckiest thing in the world. Heathcote
altered the 'one' upon the order to 'five, and
the number '100' to '500,' and so got the check
changed by the commission of a felony. The
next time that this fellow came for his merciless
tax—which was soon enough, Mr Raby had a
policeman in waiting for him. 'If,' said that
gentleman 'you ever again attempt to persecute
my unhappy niece, I transport you for the term
of your natural life. You may thank her alone
that I suffer you to escape your just punishment
this time. If it rested with me only—and
luckily the proof of your penal crime does rest
with me, and with no 'milkpout,'—you should
be shipped off as soon as law could ship you."

Heathcote hectored a good deal, and strove to
obtain an interview with his poor wife; but Mr
Raby was firm. He told him out one hundred
five-pound notes, and enclosed them in a cover
whereupon he wrote his own name and address,
to remind him of this compact, telling him that
it was the last handwriting and the last shilling
of his that he should see. The conditions of
gift were, that the recipient should depart for
Australia forthwith, and never set foot again in
England. "The fellow five hundred, the forged
check, sir, is in my possession; and if ever I see
your face again, shall be produced in a court of
law—which penalty the other, there being no
help for it, agreed to. Heathcote's brutality
must have been something excessive to have
trodden all traces of love out of a heart like
Jane's; but he had quite succeeded in so doing.

Although she had not consented to her uncle's
threat being held over him—and happy was it
that it did not rest with her to use it, she could
not but feel comfort from the event. Six
months' experience of freedom did wonders in
restoring her roses and lightening her heart of
a sorrow that seemed likely to crush it alto-
gether. She began to move about less like an
automaton, to wear the smile of content, if not
of merriment, and to be in some sort like the
Jane Raby of five years before. Then came
some news which made her serious and silent a
while, but could scarce have made her sad—
Heathcote was dead in the bush, slain by the