

Miscellaneous.

ROKELY.

[At the request of some friends, we have been induced to republish that part of the narrative of Mr. Norton's new poem, which appeared last week—not because there is any merit in our sketch, but that this interesting story may be presented to our readers connectedly in one view. We do not promise any remarks in the nature of a critique. Whether any shall appear, will depend upon our future leisure and inclination.]

The scene of this poem is in one of the northern counties of England, and the date of the events is in 1543, after a great battle gained by Cromwell over the adherents of Charles the First, or the royal party.

OSWALD WYCLIFFE, one of the principal characters, had not been actively engaged in the furious civil wars which devastated the kingdom, but he had declared on the side of the commons, and for them he held his rank. He was a man of cool dissimulation, impelled solely by motives of avarice and ambition, and unrestrained by moral or religious principle. His villainy was of the mean, timid cast. The scene opens with an interview between him and BERTRAM RISINGHAM, whose character is almost sufficiently described by apprising the reader that he was one of the ferocious sea-battle of that age, so well known by the name of buccanniers. In addition to the profligacy of morals, the sanguinary temper, and ferocious courage of that daring race, he had something of that wild magnanimity of a superior but irregular character, which in real life sometimes, though a belated rarely, and in fiction too often, is found united with the most strongly marked features of violence and atrocity. From the conversation between Oswald and Bertram we learn that the latter, at the request of Oswald, had undertaken the murder of PHILIP MORTHAM, a nobleman to whom Oswald was next heir. MORTHAM had formerly been the leader of Bertram in the West Indies and South America, as captain in some predatory incursions against the Spaniards and natives, in the course of which his life had been saved by his then faithful follower, who afterwards thought that his services were undervalued, and himself neglected and despised. MORTHAM had taken arms in the cause of the commons. Bertram relates to Oswald that he had found an opportunity to effect the assassination in the confusion of the battle of Marston Moor, and claims for his reward all the plunder which MORTHAM had amassed and brought home as the fruit of his American depredations, and demanded that Oswald should immediately accompany him to MORTHAM's castle and deliver the gold and diamonds. Oswald would not refuse the demanded compensation, but fearing to trust himself with his ferocious associate, proposed to substitute his son WILFRED, in which Bertram readily assented, as either the son or father could gain admittance to the castle and its treasures. This son is then introduced, and presents a character almost perfectly contrasted to that of his father. He is disinterested, amiable, mild, and accomplished, to a degree of refinement too exquisite for the masculine character. To this refinement, and a corresponding sensibility, the feebleness of his frame seemed well fitted. He had long indulged in a most tender but desponding affection for MATILDA, daughter of the EARL OF ROKELY, which was repaid only by her friendship and regard. Bertram thus attended led the way to a town, where he supposed the treasures of MORTHAM were deposited. During the long night journey the mild felon had been frequently affected by the omnipresent visitings of conscience. When they had arrived at the tomb, a form resembling that of his murdered captain struck the sight of Bertram, who suddenly and unconsciously exclaimed, that it was MORTHAM, with the same garb and appearance.

"As when I slew him in the fight,"

This exclamation naturally excited the surprise of WILFRED, and produced interrogatory from him. The haughty bravado seemed to unsettle what he had declared, and boldly avowed the deed. To a flash of anger and heroism, the tender stripling seized on the robust felon, and endeavored to rouse the servants of MORTHAM castle to secure him. Bertram after he had recovered from the momentary amazement which the courage of the boy had produced, easily dashed him to the ground, and would have taken his life, but at that moment the form of MORTHAM interposed, and with a tone and gesture which compelled obedience, ordered Bertram to depart. When the ruffian was gone, the supposed victim retired, leaving first a daggered WILFRED to tell none that MORTHAM lived. Oswald immediately came up at the head of a troop of horse, and upon enquiring why his son was unattended, and with his sword drawn, was informed of what had happened, with the exception of MORTHAM's appearance. He would have diverted the attendants from the pursuit, but the strength, speed, and skill of Bertram rendered it unavailing.

After having baffled the chase, Bertram was discovered by GUY DENZIL, one of his former companions, and invited by him to become the leader of a band of ruffians, deserters from both parties in the civil war, who were assembled in a cave, and associated together for the purposes of plunder. This invitation is accepted, and we are introduced to the company in the cave. The most interesting of the group is EDMUND, the Poet and Musician, a young man whose noble, or originally good disposition, fine genius, and great talent in mimicry and deception, who had been early corrupted in love (as the phrase is) and from perverted vanity had been induced to this course of life. Denzil then informs Bertram that the treasures of MORTHAM had been removed to Rokely Castle, and they concert a scheme to seize them, together with MATILDA, whose ransom they suppose they can rate at their own price. Bertram was the more easily induced to this attempt, as its success would gratify his revenge against MATILDA, Edmund, Willard, and particularly Oswald, whom he knew to be very desirous to effect a match between his son and the heiress of Rokely. It is also hinted that this aspiring ruffian had entertained some design of gaining MATILDA's hand, and his pride mortified at the thought that she had ever manifested her aversion to him. It was agreed between them that Edmund should be

as a spy to gain access to the castle, and to leave upon some avenue for the entrance of the band of robbers.

The story then goes back, and we are partially informed of the early history of Rokely Castle. He had been nurtured until he was a few years of age by his grandfather, O'NEALE, an Irish chieftain, who, in consequence of his contacts with the English, and the superiority they had acquired over him, was able no longer to retain his possessions, or to provide for his descendants. In the early part of their lives, Rokely and MORTHAM had both been his prisoners. He had treated them kindly, and in consequence of a friendship which then took rise, he sent young Redmond, in charge of a faithful servant, with letters and family jewels, to be delivered to MORTHAM, and in case of his absence, in Rokely. The servant was attacked by robbers near the close of his journey, by whom he was plundered and wounded. He was able, however, to escape with the child to Rokely Castle, where he had only life and strength enough left to declare from whom he was sent. At Rokely Castle Redmond was educated; and being possessed, at first, of every youthful grace, and afterwards of every manly accomplishment and virtue, it was easily perceived, that in yielding his heart to MATILDA, the playmate of his childhood, and companion of his youth, he received hers in return. When, however, the lovely maid had arrived at an age to understand the nature of her own sensations, she thought it necessary to substitute a coy but conscious reserve to the unrestrained endearments of infantine simplicity. Her friendship and gratitude for WILFRED were manifested by open testimony of her regard; her love for Redmond was to be inferred from involuntary but unfailing signs.

MATILDA is able to relate to WILFRED and Redmond the preceding history of her uncle MORTHAM. In opposition to a father's wishes, he had secretly married a lady to whom he was enthusiastically attached, and as her empire and religious creed were different from his own, he had thought proper to emigrate thence. A false-hearted friend attempted the virtue of his wife, and in revenge for the repulse he sustained, sought to awaken the jealousy of the husband. The mode and success of the attempt is thus shortly told.

"Repulsed in his presumptuous love,
A vengeful snare the traitor wove.
Alone we sat—the dusk had fallen,
My blood hot heat unmounted glowed.
When through the alley walk we spied
With hurried step my Edith glide,
Covering beneath the verdant screen,
As one unwilling to be seen.
Words scarce joint the feishish smile,
That curled the traitor's cheek the while!
Fiercely I questioned of the cause;
He made a cold and artful pause,
Then pray it might not chafe my mood—
"There was a gallant in the wood!"
"We had been shooting at the deer!"
My cross-bow (evil chance!) was near,
That ready weapon of my wrath
I caught, and, hasting up the path,
In yew grove my wife I found,
A stranger's arms her neck had bound!
I marked his heart—the bow I drew—
I loosed the shaft—'twas more than I use!
I found my Edith's dying charms
Locked in her murderer's brutal arms!
He came in secret to inquire
Her state, and reconcile her sire!"

MORTHAM became delirious from an agony of grief and remorse, and upon the restoration of his senses was informed that a lovely boy, the only fruit of his marriage, had been formerly carried by an armed force to some place which he could not discover. He sought revenge upon the villain who had incited him to the murder of his wife; but failing in the attempt, he grew heart-sick of life, and, after various wanderings in many countries, became the leader of a desperate band of desperadoes upon Spanish America. One night said he in his relation to MATILDA,

"I traced, that, after battle fray,
Upon the bloody field we lay;
The yellow moon her lustre shed
Upon the wounded and the dead,
While, sense in toil and wassal drowned,
My wassal comrades slept around
There came a voice—its silver tone
Was soft, MATILDA, as thine own—
"Al wretch!" it said, "what maketh thou here,
While unavenged thy bloody heir,
While unprotected lies mine heir,
Without a father's name and care?"

He obeyed the summons, but was withheld by religious principle from executing his meditated revenge. The only ties which bound him to life were the hope of recovering his child, and an affection he had conceived for his niece MATILDA, whom he found to resemble his murdered wife. To her he had related the incidents of his life and entrusted his treasures, and he intended to bestow all his fortune upon her. He had embraced the cause of the commons in the civil war from a conviction of its justice.

After this relation is completed, we learn from the subsequent conversation between the parties, that the EARL OF ROKELY had followed the fortunes of his royal master, Charles the First, and had been taken prisoner at the battle of Marston Moor. The victors had placed him under the custody of Oswald, to his sufferance, however, to go at large upon his parole within certain limits. As Rokely Castle was nearly deserted, it was decided upon consultation that the treasures of MORTHAM should be removed, under guard of the evening night, to Barnard Castle, the residence of Oswald, to which place MATILDA had determined to remove, as her father was there.

This conversation between MATILDA and her two lovers took place in a grove in the vicinity of Rokely Castle. During the time occupied by it, Bertram and Denzil, who were upon a scout to reconnoitre the scene of their intended depredation, had discovered the group, though unperceived themselves, and Bertram would have shot Redmond from an ambush, but that he was twice prevented by the accidental interposition of MATILDA between him and his aim, and was finally deterred and compelled to depart by the approach of an armed party of Oswald's retainers. The lovers and their mistress being then apprised of the danger they had incurred, repaired to Rokely Castle to wait the arrival of the guard which had been ordered by WILFRED to meet them at that place in the night for the purpose of escort. He had chosen that time without assigning his motive, that he secrecy he might elude the well-known aversion of his father. Evening found them seated round a fire in the great hall. Edmund, the guise of a young harpist, and faintly for dress and refreshment. He would have been rejected by the porter, but the party within were interested by his poetry and music, and effectually interceded for him. He was then suffered to enter, which he did after having taken care to leave open a plover door. MATILDA then invited the domestics to assemble

in the hall to take leave of their mistress, and the whole party was entertained by songs, accompanied by the harp, from Edmund, Willard, and MATILDA. The interesting situation of MATILDA, the pathos of her poetry and music, and above all, her exquisite beauty, which he thought resembled a former vision of his fancy, wrought such an effect upon the mind of Redmond, that after a contest between the vanity with which he regarded his skill in the art of deception, and his remorse for the baseness of a plot in which he had engaged, he deeply regretted his having undertaken the ruin of so much loveliness. But his repentance came too late. Bertram and his party had already silently stolen within the castle, as he had seen their passing shadows, and fearing that an alarm would but precipitate the danger, he judged it prudent merely to abstain from giving the "signal sound" which had been concerted between him and the robbers, and to trust to the arrival of WILFRED's guard, which he had learned was momentarily expected. But his hopes were thus defeated. After he had concluded a song,

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,
MATILDA said, "canst thou discern
Well nigh my fancy can discern
Near the dark porch, a strange form;
E'en now, in yonder shadowy nook
I see it!"—Redmond, look!
A human form distinct and clear—
God, for thy mercy!—It draws a near!
She saw too true. Stride after stride,
The centre of that clamber wide
Fierce Bertram glided; then made a stand,
And, proudly waving with his hand,
Thundered—"Be still, upon your knees!
He bleeds who speaks, he dies who stirs!"
Behind their chief, the robber crew
From the darkened portal drew,
In silence—save that echo drew
Retained their heavy measured tread.
The lamp's uncertain lustre gave
Their arms to gleam, their plumes to wave;
Ere after file in order pass,
Like bursts of Bonny's oceanic seas—
"Come, hailing at their leaders' side
At once they formed and moved in line,
Memning within their evenscent
Their victims, like a herd of deer.
Another sign, and to the sign
Levelled advance their muskets came,
As waiting but their chieftain's word,
To make their fatal volley hear."

"Back in a heap the menials drew,
Yet, even in mortal terror, true,
Their pale and startled group oppose
Between MATILDA and the foe.
"O haste thee, WILFRED!" Edmund cried;
"Undo that rickel by thy side!
Bear hence MATILDA—gain the wood—
The pass may be awhile made good—
Thy hand, ere this, must sure be high—
O speak not—dread not—but fly!"
While yet the crowd their motions hid,
Through the low wicket-door they glided,
Through vaulted passages they wind,
In Gothic intricacy turned;
WILFRED half dead, and all he bore,
MATILDA to the postern door,
And safe beneath the forest tree
The lady smelt at liberty.
The moon-beams, the fresh gale's caress,
Renewed suspended consciousness—
"Where's Redmond?" eagerly she cries:
"Thou answerst not—he dies! he dies!
And thou hast left him, all bereft
Of mortal aid—with wanderers left!
I know it well—he would not fight,
His sword to save his own is sold!
For my scorned life, which thou hast bought
At price of his, I thank thee not!"

"The unjust reproach, the angry look,
The heart of WILFRED could not brook.
"Lady," he said, "my band no more
In safety thou may'st rest thee here.
For Redmond's death thou shalt not mourn,
He came to buy his safe return."
If turned away—his heart throbb'd high,
The tear was bursting from his eye.
The sense of her injustice pressed
Upon the maid's distracted breast—
"Stay, WILFRED, stay! all aid is vain!"
He heard, but turned him not again;
And now he gains the postern door,
Now enters—and is seen no more.

"With all the agony that e'er
Was known to two suspense and fear,
She watched the line of windows tall
While Gothic lattice lights the hall,
Distinguished by the pale red
The lamps in dim reflection shed,
While all beside in wan moonlight
Each grated casement glimmered white.
No sight of him, no sound of ill,
It is a deep and midnight still.
While hushed upon the scene had guessed
All the castles' fate, and all at rest,
When sudden on the windows shone
A lightning flash, just seen and gone!
A shot is heard—Again the flame
Flashed thick and fast—a volley came!
Then echoed wildly from within,
Of shout and scream the mingling din,
And a weapon-clash, and unnumbered cry
Of those who kill, and those who die!
As filled the hall with infuriate smoke,
A red, red, dark, the death-flash broke,
And forms were on the lattice east,
That struck, or struggled, as they part.

"What sounds upon the midnight wind
Approach to rapidly behind!
MATILDA hears the sound, she speeds,
Seizes upon the leader's rein—
"O haste to aid, ere all be vain!"
Fly to the postern—gain the hall!"
From sudden spring the troopers all,
All on foot, all on horse, all in line,
Run with along the moon-light lea.
But, ere they burst upon the scene,
Full sobbing had the combat been.
When Bertram marked MATILDA's flight,
It gave the signal for the fight;
And Rokely's veterans, seamed with scars
Of Scotland's and of Brim's wars,
Their momentary pause o'er
Stood the sound of which when they bore;
(For they were weaponed, and prepared
Their mistress on her way to guard.)
Then cheered them to the fight O'NEALE,
Then leaped the shot, and crashed the steel;
The war-smoke soon with sable breath
Darkened the scene of blood and death,
While on the few defenders shone
The flashes with reflected blows,
And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell
Renew the charge with frantic yell.

"WILFRED has fallen—b' God he stood
Young Redmond, soiled with smoke and blood,
Greeting his mates, with heart and hand
Sole to make good their desperate stand.
"Up, comrades, up! in Rokely's halls
Never be our courage falls!
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or the mad roar of their mad eye?
These ruffians have returned a shout
As loud of Rokely's assault route,
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Halloween or Christmas eve,
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokely's and MATILDA's right!
These slaves of their own mad hand;
But hark! from a cue man's hand—
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.

Woe to the wretch at whom is born
His wretched father's! sheer descent!
The wretch at whom is born
Like wolves before the lion's flame,
When, and their howling cohorts driven,
Hath glared the thunderbolt of heaven,
Bertram rushed on—but Harold clasp'd
His knees, although in death he gasp'd,
His falling corpse before him flung,
And round the immovable ruffian clung.
Just then, the subtle fiend the dome,
And, streaming, charged the furious horse
So fiercely, that, in panic dread,
They broke, they wailed, fell, or fled.
Bertram's stern voice they heard no more,
Though heard above the battle's roar,
While, trampling down the flying crew,
He strove, with vol of threat and ban,
In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,
To rally up the desperate fight.

"Soon marker clouds the hall unfold,
That ere from battle charnels rolled;
So dense, the combatants scarce knew
To sin or to avoid the blow.
Smothering and blinding grows the fight—
But soon shall dawn a dismal light!
"Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came
The hollow sound of rushing flame;
New horrors on the tumult dire
Arose—the castle is on fire!
Doubtful, if chance had not the brand,
Of frantic Bertram's desperate hand,
MATILDA saw—her frequent broke
From the din—emblems of smoke,
You tower, which late so clear defined
On the far hemisphere reclined,
That, pencilled on its azure pure,
The eye could count each embrasure,
Now, seathed within the swelling cloud,
Seems giant-species in its shroud!
"Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,
A spot of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to united glare,
Stretches high into the midnight air,
A dismal beacon, far and wide
That wakened Greta's slumbering side.
Soon all beneath, through gallery long,
And pendant arch, the fire flash strong,
Switching whate'er could maintain,
Purse, or extend its furious sign,
Bursting, with eager noise of death,
The females who the combat fled,
And now rushed forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clamorous van.

"But ceased not yet, the hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the carnage din,
Till bursting lattices gave proof
The flames had caught the rafters roof.
What! wait they till the beams are sin?
Crash on the slayers and the slain!
The alarm is caught—the draw-bridge falls,
The warriors hurry from the walls,
But, by the confagration's light,
Upon the lawn renew the fight.
Each struggling felon down was lewed,
Not one could gain the sheltering wood;
But forth the affrighted harper sprung,
And to MATILDA fled for chump.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopped the purser's lifted hand,
Denzil and he alive were taken;
The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

"And where is Bertram?"—Searing high,
The general beam accounts the sky!
In gathered group the slayers gaze
Upon the hum and roaring blaze,
When, like infernal dæmons, sent
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air,
His tale all gore, on fire his hair,
Forth from the neutral mass of smoke
The giant form of Bertram broke!
His braided sword on high he rears,
Then thunders among roaring spears;
Round his left arm his mantle treads,
Received and unled three lanes' tress;
Nur these his headlong course withstand,
Like reeds he snapp'd the tough ash wood,
In vain his fiercest opponent elude;
With matchless force assails he flung
Their boldest,—as the hall, at bay,
Tosses the bandaged from the way.
Through forty fathoms his path he made,
And safely gained the forest glade."

We have been induced to make so long an extract, that we might gratify our readers with what, upon the whole, we think the most interesting and highly wrought portion of the poem.

As soon as the conflict with Bertram had finished, Redmond bore WILFRED's illness in his arms from the castle. He was restored by the attentions of MATILDA, and the whole party took their way to Barnard Castle, their road being illuminated by the confagration of Rokely, which was utterly consumed by the flames.

We are not informed of the fate of MORTHAM's treasures. In the sixth and last canto, Edmund is introduced in the den of the robbers, whence they had issued to the destruction of Rokely Castle. He lighted a lamp by means of flint and steel, and having measured five paces in a particular direction from the hearth, he explored the earth with a mattock, until he found a steel casket with a chain and reliquaire of gold, of which he was in search. At this moment he was arrested by the grasp of Bertram, whom he had not before seen, and by a voice, manner, and threats which ensured obedience, commanded to declare how he came there, and for what purpose. Edmund related that he had passed two nights in a dungeon and chains with GUY DENZIL, and that on the third, Oswald, who had formerly known Denzil, made him a secret visit. He did not at first discover Edmund, who had retired to his couch of straw in a remote corner of the dark cell. Guy Denzil, being demanded what pledge he could give of his good faith, should his life be spared upon condition of his performing confidential services, replied, with ready invention, that his only child should remain as his hostage. Edmund was then brought forward as the son of Denzil. Both were unbound, and they were then informed by Oswald that his son WILFRED had gained the affections of MATILDA, but that her father, from party loyalty, rejected the match, and had resolved to force her to wed an Irish kern of low and unknown birth. Oswald then charged his prisoners to forge a tale of an intended intervention of the cavaliers (or royalists) to surprise his castle; and to accuse Rokely as an abettor of the plot. His design was to obtain a pretext to place that nobleman in close confinement, by the severity of which he intended to compel his assent to the match between MATILDA and WILFRED. In this plot Denzil joyfully concurred, as it promised to afford the means both of deliverance and revenge against Rokely and Redmond; and Edmund assented to it as the only method of saving his life. The pretended disclosure was made, and Rokely, together with Redmond and the rest of his train of knights, were immediately placed in strict confinement.

Bertram then interrupted Edmund's relation to remark, that he had observed the erection of a scaffold, and expressed his apprehension that execution would soon take place unless Rokely yielded to the wishes of Oswald. Edmund proceeded to explain the mode of his obtaining his liberation. In the midst of Oswald WYCLIFFE's counterfeited anger and consternation, after the

signed discovery of the plot, he received a letter which filled him with real dismay. He took Denzil aside to obtain his advice.

"And thus, after his counsel broke,
While with a glaucous smile he spoke,
"As, in the precincts of the state,
The dead awake in this wild age,
MORTHAM—whom all men deemed decreed
In his own deadly snare to bleed,
Slain by a bravo, whom, if any
Truemed to aid in murdering me—
MORTHAM has helped, the coward that
"Tut—tut, but I'll be revenged!"
Here, with an execration fell,
Bertram leaped up, and paced the cell—
"Thine own gray head, or hoary dark!"
He muttered, "may he never mark!"
Then sat, and signed to Edmund, pale
With terror, to resume his tale.
"Wouldst thou not see me mark with what lights
Or shivered terrors he cries!"

By this letter MORTHAM apprised Oswald that he was living, but promised to depart to some foreign country, leaving his lands and honours in the possession of Oswald, upon condition that his son, whom this unhappy father supposed to have been ravished from him by the villain to whom he wrote, should be restored. It also appeared by the letter that it was Oswald WYCLIFFE who had caused the murder of MORTHAM's wife, and the destruction of his happiness. WYCLIFFE fully informed Denzil that he was ignorant of the child's fate, and lately professed his desire to restore him to his father. Denzil replied, with a cynical sneer, that his wife might easily be gratified, for that the son of MORTHAM was in his own custody; he was—Redmond O'NEALE. In a plenitude of rage and fear, WYCLIFFE demanded an explanation, which Denzil proceeded to give. He had been one of the band of robbers that assaulted the Irish servant who brought Redmond to Rokely Castle, and had possessed himself of the reliquaire and chain. To the chain tablets were attached some inscriptions in Irish, of which language Denzil was so utterly ignorant, and although he had endeavored to learn something of it, and had been able to read the words engraved upon the tablets, yet he could never ascertain their meaning until within the last three days. At the time when, by aid of his concealment, he had overheard MATILDA's relation of the tale of her uncle MORTHAM, he at once perceived and applied the meaning of the obscure inscriptions. He then discovered that the wife of MORTHAM was the daughter of O'NEALE, the Irish chieftain, and that after the anger occasioned by his daughter's elopement had subsided, the father despatched his son to England with directions that he should at first make himself known only to his sister. After the death of his son and daughter, the chieftain had robbed MORTHAM of his child, intending him for the heir of his estate and honours. The mode of young Redmond's return to England has before been disclosed. The Irish settler, to whom he had been entrusted, knew nothing of his parentage.

WYCLIFFE endeavored to persuade Denzil to transfer to him the tablets proving Redmond's lineage, which Denzil informed him were not then in his possession, but concealed in a place whence, upon being liberated, he offered to procure them and to deliver them to Oswald, but he refused to inform him where they might be found, unless he was first set at liberty. As neither would trust the other, Oswald proposed that Edmund, "Denzil's son," should be despatched for the tablets, while his father remained hostage for his return. Denzil, thus caught in his own snare, was compelled to consent, and Edmund departed with information from Denzil of the place where he had concealed the casket which contained the seal and tablets, and with a letter from WYCLIFFE to MORTHAM. In compliance with Denzil's directions, he had proceeded to the cave and discovered the casket. Thus far the relation of Edmund. The letter to MORTHAM was then demanded.

Bertram read:
And tore it fiercely shred by shred:
"All lies and rillany to blind
His noble kinsman's generous mind,
And train him on from day to day,
Till he can take his life away—
And now declare thy purpose youth,
Nor dare to answer save the truth;
If aught I mark of Denzil's art,
I'll tell the secret from thy heart."

Edmund acknowledged his regret for the evil he had done, and his intention to atone for it by preventing the execution of WYCLIFFE's designs. Intimations of a change in the mind of Bertram had before appeared. The account of his final repentance is very finely given.

"He paused, and stretching him at length,
Seemed to repose his bulky strength,
Conscious of his own secret guilt,
As half he sat, and half he reclined,
One ample hand his forehead pressed,
And one was draped across his breast.
The shaggy eye-brow deeper came
Above his eyes of swarthy flame;
His lip of pride awhile forsook
The haughty curve till then it wore;
The matted tresses of his head
A shade of darkened sadness took.
For dark and sad a presence pressed
Restlessly on Bertram's breast—
And then he spoke, his wonted tone,
So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.
His voice was steady, low and deep,
Like distant waves when breezes sleep;
And sorrow mixed with Edmund's tears,
In unbroken depth he bore."

Edmund, in the act to find
The note that stamped my patron's mind
I would strike the fountain of the eye
In other men, but mine are dry,
MORTHAM must ever see the fool,
That sold himself base WYCLIFFE's tool;
Yet less from thirst of sorrow gain,
Than to atone myself to him.
Say, Bertram, rue his fault!—a word,
Till now, from Bertram never heard,
Say, too, that MORTHAM's land he prizes
To think but on their former days;
On Quinlan's leech and rack,
On Gao's burning battle shock,
On Dorset's suns and deadly dew,
And on the dark Tateseee there—
Perchance our patron yet may learn
That more grace his omniscient's tier.
My soul had left a secret woe,
A number of approaching fate:
A priest had said, Return, repent!
As well to bid the rock be rent,
Firm as that Rock of Ginecine!
My heart may burst, but cannot band."

"The dawning of my youth, with awe
And prophesy, the Dukesmen saw;
Forster Redeclate it came,
As bold as their hearse-dame.
Edmund, thy years are secret mines,
When, following the class of Tyne,
To learn their best my hand of prose,
O'er Helton's altar hung my glove;
But Pyncheon, ere in tower our tower,
Held council meet to take it down,
My humble India was declared,
Like her three suns, I fired the air!"