

"THE REVIEW"

Every Thursday.

At the Office, Garrafrax Street, Upper Town,

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mortgage be repayable in one sum or by instal-

ments. Interest ceases at once on amounts so

paid.

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POETRY.

The Exile of Glencoe!

Where palm-trees wave and orange bloom,

By riv'rs gentle flow,

There sat, in sad and silent gloom,

An Exile from Glencoe!

'Alas! he sigh'd, and it is here

That I must bid my woe—

All unavenged the bloody tier—

The measure of Glencoe?

'Twas the night that rath'less the deed,

That redd'nd the spotless snow!

And darker still the tyrant's tread

That slaughter'd fair Glencoe!

'Curs'd be the name of Campbell, ere

That struck the occult blow!

Oh! deathly curs'd be the kindred tie

That link'd it to Glencoe!

'The morn'd cry, the widow wail—

Should could app'ly the fact!

The orphan's yell, the virgin's wail,

Caused laughter in Glencoe!

'Oh! how I long once more to tread

The land where kinship grew—

With charmer, bonny, kiln and plaid—

The valleys of Glencoe!

'Climbing the hills that once were free,

Avenging Macdonald's woe!

'Twas laying dead on bloody tea

The murderers of Glencoe!

But, ah! what sighs in vain

By riv'rs gentle flow

For he did ne'er return again—

Poor Exile of Glencoe!

NELLY CHANNEL.

The little village seemed to lie asleep

in the August sunshine. From the upland

where she stood Nelly could see the

columns of pale smoke going up from

the cottage chimneys, but nobody was

in the garden. It was noon. Scarcely

a flake of cloud relieved the intense blue

overhead; not a breath of wind fanned

the thick leafage in the copse behind her.

Nelly Channel was not sorry that the

morning was over. Like most people who

have a great deal of time on their hands,

she was often puzzled about the disposal of

it. When she had delightedly practised on

the piano indoors, and had paid a visit to

the little step-brother and sister in the

nursery, there was nothing more to be

done. She met sometimes to say that

this part of her life was like an idyll, and

connecting the two continents of school-

girlhood and womanhood.

On this morning she carried a book

out of doors and had read it from begin-

ning to end. It was a book that had been

recommended to her by Mrs. Channell.

Nelly had a great reverence for her step-

mother's opinion; but the story had not

pleas'd her at all. It was directly opposite

to all her notions of right and wrong. She

even went so far as to say to herself that

it ought never to have been written.

Nelly was a girl who generally spoke

her mind—a little bluntly sometimes, but

always with that natural earnestness

which makes one forgive the bluntness.

As the distant clock struck twelve, and

the stable-clock repeated the strokes, she

turned and went into the house.

It was a large handsome house, which

her father had built soon after his second

marriage about twelve years ago. But

although they had coaxed the coopers to

cover the red bricks, and wreathe the doors

and windows, Nelly always maintained that

it was not so charming a place as the little

vine-covered cottage where she was born.

The cottage was still standing, she could

see it from her father's hall-door. And she

had only to cross two fields and an orchard

when she wanted to visit the dear old man

and woman who had sheltered her in her

childhood.

On the threshold of the house stood Mrs.

Channell with a light basket on her arm.

"I am going to the cottage to see mak-

ing," she explained. "I have been mak-

ing a new cap for her—look, Nelly."

She lifted the basket lid and affixed

Neil a glimpse of the soft lace and blue rib-

bons.

"Why didn't you let me take it mamma?"

the girl asked. "I think you ought to use

these little hands of mine, if you want to

keep them out of mischief."

"I gave you a book to read this morning,"

Mrs. Channell replied.

"Yes, I have read it, and don't like it,"

said candid Nelly, stepping back to lay

the volume on the hall table. "I will walk

with you to the cottage, and we can talk it

over."

Mrs. Channell was the only mother that

Nelly had ever known. Her father's second

wife had brought up his daughter

from baby-hood, while Mr. Channell was

away in a foreign land. It seemed to

Nelly the best and most natural thing in

the world that her father should marry

the woman who had cared for her from her

earliest years. The relations between her

step-mother and herself were simply such

as they had always been. Only she had

taken up the habit of calling her "mamma,"

instead of "Rhoda."

Arm-in-arm they walked through the

sweet grass, keeping under the shadow of

the hedges and trees. Mrs. Channell

waited for the girl to speak again.

"I don't like the book," Nelly repeated

after a pause. "The writer seems to have

strange ideas. The hero—a very poor hero

—is false to the heroine. After getting en-

gaged to her, he discovers that he can

never love her as he loves another girl;

and of course she releases him from the

engagement when she finds out the truth.

But instead of representing him as the

fool that he was, the author presides in

showing us that he became a good hus-

band and father. He begins his career by

an act of treachery and yet he prospers,

and is wonderfully happy with the wife of

his choice! It is too bad."

"Lewis Moore was not a treacherous

man," said Mrs. Channell, quietly. "He

made a great and terrible mistake. But

sometimes it is not easy to distinguish be-

tween a blunder and a crime. The hero-

ine—Alice—had given her to make that

distinction. She saved him and her-

self from the effects of the blunder by set-

ting him free. She bade him go and

marry Margaret, because she saw that

Margaret was the only woman who could

make him happy."

"He didn't deserve to be happy!" cried

Nelly. "He ought to have been sure of

himself before he proposed to Alice. If I

had been in Alice's place I would have let

him depart, but not with a blessing! She

took it far too tamely. I would have let

him see that I despised him."

Mrs. Channell thought within herself

that the young fellow believed themselves a

thousand times harder-hearted than they

are. Those who feel the bitterest wrath

when they think of an injury that has

never come to them are the most patient

and merciful when they actually meet it

face to face. But she did not say this to

Nelly.

all the men she had ever known, and found

that he always gained by the process.

Even in person this son of the people

could hold his own against the descend-

ants of the old country families. He was

a tall broad-shouldered man; and Nelly,