

## Poetry.

[For the DESERT NEWS.]

## TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

I sigh not for the early hours of innocent content,  
Within fair Eden's fragrant bowers with our first  
parents spent,  
When they held communion only with the  
highest heavenly powers,  
And knew no labor but the care of fairest fruits  
and flowers;  
When the sun upon the fresh pure earth in  
warm approval smiled,  
Ere the serpent with his subtilty our mother  
had beguiled,  
Or man had gain'd the knowledge of evil or of  
pain,  
Or tasted of the triumphs eternal good must  
gain.

I envy not their easy fate, nor shall my spirit  
pine  
For such unearned felicity; I would not that  
'twas mine.  
I would not be in ignorance of evil's bitter sting,  
Nor yet forego the perfect joy triumphant good  
can bring.  
I would not live, untempted, untried, an aim-  
less life;  
I would not wish for happiness without oppos-  
ing strife;  
Nor would I barter the pure joy that duty nobly  
done  
And victory over evil yields, for all beneath the  
sun.

Though trials and temptations sore around my  
path may be,  
I'll strive not to rebel against High Heaven's  
supreme decree,  
For well I know it is ordained that man upon  
this earth  
Should win the highest happiness through trial  
of his worth;  
Should prove his rectitude of mind, his noble-  
ness of soul,  
And the meager passions of the heart in right-  
eousness control;  
Should prove himself the friend of God and His  
first laws abide,  
And thus prepare for higher spheres, where  
purest ones reside.

How shall we value those we love? how estimate  
their worth?  
Perchance some selfish motive gave their seem-  
ing friendship birth;  
More likely that their faithful hearts respond  
unto our own;  
But till the day of trial comes, how shall the  
same be known?  
So the Great Father has decreed, with wise un-  
erring skill,  
To prove His children's faithfulness, to bend us  
to His will;  
That some great power continually all goodness  
shall oppose,  
That we must battle for the right, or counte-  
nance its foes.

And when our guardian angels go one moment  
from our side,  
When suddenly of joy we're 'reft, as though one  
loved had died;  
Oh then the mocking tempter comes, with  
poison tainted breath,  
To lure us unto danger, to forgetfulness, and  
death.  
Then is the time of trial, then our purity of  
mind,  
Our moral strength must grapple with the  
powers of sin combined;  
Then is the time to watch and pray, and all our  
powers unite,  
To prove our sterling nature's worth, our inborn  
love of right.

As He, who in Gethsamene in nature's darkest  
hour—  
The best beloved, the Heir of Heaven withstood  
the tempter's power;  
"Let this cup pass, if possible," His mortal  
weakness cried;  
"But, Father, let thy will be done," His noble  
soul replied.  
And when on Calvary's cross He hung—upon  
"the accursed tree"—  
"My God!" He cried, in this dark hour, "hast  
Thou forsaken me?"  
When fiercely 'gainst His moral strength temp-  
tations shafts were hurled,  
His pure, inherent love prevailed; He died to  
save a world.

Oh victory supreme, sublime! Oh love of price-  
less worth!  
That triumphed even unto death, to save the  
sons of earth.  
Oh ignorance! oh bigotry! that made the Savior  
bleed,  
That shed the blood of innocence, and gloried in  
the deed.  
'Tis strange the noblest and the best have found  
a martyr's grave!  
Have died to satiate the rage of those they tried  
to save!  
Strange that in these last days the blood of  
prophets has been shed!  
Whose stainless spirits swell the hosts of the  
illustrious dead.  
Oh blessed are the earnest ones who shrink not  
from the fight,

Who will not countenance the wrong, though  
suffering for the right;  
Whose words and deeds are all unswayed by  
fear, or fame, or gold;  
Whose inborn purity of mind can ne'er be  
bought or sold.  
An immortality of bliss shall recompense their  
pain;  
Their bitterest, sorest trials shall their brightest  
triumphs gain;  
A fairer Eden than the first their noble toil shall  
win,  
And we with them can earn the right to ever  
dwell therein.

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[Written for the DESERT NEWS.]

[CONTINUED.]

## DUMIDA,

OR THE

## HERMIT OF COLZEAN.

"But," said her father, making a con-  
siderable pause, "you know of the way  
by which he was introduced to this  
house, and also the mystery that veils  
his parentage, and what is still more  
mysterious, that he should be the only  
person who has ingratiated himself in  
the favor of that outlandish being who  
lives among the rocks. Did you ever  
try him on that point?"

"Yes," said Hellen, "I put the ques-  
tion to him last night, on the draught  
board, and he—"

"He what?" interrupted her father.

"He seemed not to understand me,"  
said Hellen, rather confusedly.

"Aye, aye, he never will understand  
any thing, nor ever will on this point  
while we continue to be put off," said  
her father, rising abruptly from the  
chair and leaving the room, as if some-  
thing called his attention elsewhere.

Hellen being left alone felt somehow,  
as she never felt before, and as if her  
eyes were the interpreter of her mind,  
she burst into tears for poor Dumida.  
Hearing the tread of horse's feet in the  
yard, she looked out and saw Mr. Quinton,  
of Maybole, and her father talking  
together. Hellen quickly dried her wet  
face and left the apartment.

"Please to let me look over that let-  
ter," said Mr. Grahame to Quinton, as  
they entered the small apartment ad-  
joining the one Hellen had just taken  
possession of—which was divided by a  
thin wooden partition. Silence for a  
few minutes ensued, and then the con-  
versation commenced in a low tone;  
but loud enough to be heard by Hellen.

"And the ruffian has never been  
heard of," said Mr. Grahame.

"It appears so," said Quinton.

"Well," continued the other, "the  
whole money may be lost, after all,  
and the estate and my character to boot.  
For the boy may yet turn up; and then  
the papers belonging to the property  
could not be found after my brother's  
decease, which if ever discovered, will  
be a sorrowful day to your friend and  
my innocent daughter."

"Hush! hush! you speak rather loud,"  
replied Quinton, in a low tone, "there  
is little fear of that. It is now fifteen  
years."

"Fourteen, with your leave," said  
the other.

"Oh, yes, you are correct, fourteen  
years, let me see, just this very day,  
since your brother died. I recollect  
well the date, and had either of them  
been alive, you would most likely have  
heard of it before this time."

"Well, well," said Grahame, "I know  
not how it is, but since that affair I have  
had no peace."

"Pshaw," cried Quinton, "you have  
got the estate, any how. And although  
I have no desire to boast of my qualifi-  
cations, as a man of business; you cer-  
tainly owe somewhat to the plan and  
execution of the suit to me, and had I  
the weakness you speak of, why peace  
would be out of the question. Peace!  
ha, ha, ha! money, my friend, will buy  
peace. And should ever the subject in  
your apprehension be made otherwise  
to appear, a little of the gold dust will  
soon blind the most quick sighted of  
your enemies, and stiffen the tongues of  
all your accusers—peace ha, ha, ha,  
money, money, my friend, will beget  
peace, love, joy; in fact, money is every-  
thing. And they who have it not, are  
altogether without the means to procure  
any happiness, respectability, comfort,  
or any thing else. For what does the  
physician expose himself to the conta-  
gion of a thousand infectious diseases,  
but the love of money? And where is  
the divine, no matter what may be his  
pretensions to sanctity or holiness, or his  
long drawn sophistry on the evil effects  
of filthy lucre, as he terms it, but that  
he may walk the less unobserved into  
other people's pockets, and milk the  
last drop of blood from the nipples of his

flock? And as for my own profession,  
'tis well known to the most ignorant,  
that money is the Alpha and Omega of  
all our procedure, from the petty court  
of common pleas, to the Lords on the  
King's bench. Money, money, money  
is the secret key to open the huge vol-  
umes of English law and justice. It  
gives a preponderancy to its scales—  
turns the period with eloquence in  
pleading—softens the stern features of  
the judge, and draws a favorable deci-  
sion from the jury."

"Hold, hold," cried Mr. Grahame,  
"all that you have said may be true  
with some men; but there is something  
in the human mind, independent of all  
you have said, which fails not to reprove  
and finally condemns every action  
foreign to, or inconsistent with the sim-  
ple declarations of truth or honesty,  
no matter who may be the Judge, Phy-  
sician or Divine. Often have I heard  
you expatiate on the value of money,  
but as for my own feelings, I must con-  
fess, that now it is quite otherwise.  
Last night, amidst the uproarious mirth  
of the entertainment, when the unsus-  
pected compliments of my neighbors  
were poured upon me, in honor of my  
happy fortune, I felt as if my soul  
would have melted within me for my  
base ingratitude towards the infant of  
my deceased brother. And willingly  
would I have exchanged my envied  
situation with the meanest herd, whose  
imagination pictured in rude language  
my fancied greatness."

"No more, enough, enough; Mr.  
Grahame, you're mad."

"'Tis not madness, Mr. Quinton, but  
the feeling of long continued remorse  
which gnaws my soul with the tortures  
of the damned, and makes me wretch-  
ed beyond endurance. Would to heaven  
I could retrace my former steps to vir-  
tue; but alas! all is gone beyond the  
possibility of restitution. And I must  
suffer the insupportable sting of a guilty  
conscience."

Hellen stood transfixed as a statue  
while this conversation was going on.  
"I have had no peace," sounded in her  
ears like a death-knell. She had heard  
her father speak of an uncle she once  
had in the north of England, who died  
when she was an infant; but a boy she  
had not heard of before. What could  
that mean? "I have no peace," "would  
to heaven I could retrace my steps,"  
and other sentences of like nature, bore  
upon her mind and almost petrified her  
to the spot where she stood. In the  
midst of her reverie, her father and  
Quinton left the room; and lest she  
should be discovered in her confusion  
she hurried into the garden to be out of  
their way.

Dumida, who had not seen Hellen  
since the previous evening, happened to  
be looking over the hay-yard wall, at  
the poultry, seeing her pass, greeted  
her in his wonted good humor, by put-  
ting both his hands on his forehead, and  
making his best bow, laughingly draw-  
ing his fingers across his lips, in imita-  
tion of the previous night's interroga-  
tion, and making other sign significant  
of the merry meeting, retired. "Poor  
Dumida," said Hellen to herself, "you  
little know how soon our friendship  
may be at an end; 'poor boy,' and she  
burst out again in bitter lamentation at  
the recollection of her father's angry  
countenance and dark suspicions.

Mr. Grahame and Quinton passed the  
remainder of the day in the study; and  
Hellen, as usual, busied herself in look-  
ing after the servants in the kitchen and  
dairy, as far as the disturbed state of  
her mind would allow in consequence  
of the expression "I have no peace,"  
which still rung in her ears.

One of the servants belonging to  
East Nook farm, passing in the after-  
noon, called upon the ploughman, and  
after making a few observations on the  
sport of the previous night said, "well  
Jock did not I see Dumida early this  
morning at Kildown-linn in company  
with old Tantrum as I passed the Crag?  
The moon was shining clear and the  
place being lonely, I stood for a little  
time looking for my way o'er the bught  
to the glen below, when near the Dev-  
il's-loup, who passed but the old Wiz-  
ard and Dumida, signing to one ano-  
ther, and going through the queerest an-  
tics I ever saw. The hair on my head  
stood upright, and had it not been for  
the drop drink in my noddle, I really  
think my courage would have failed me,  
and I would have returned to Lochly-  
den again. Howsoever, I plucked up  
my spirit, and down the brae I went,  
jumped the burn at Todd's hole, and  
climbed Kildown haugh, and got clear  
as I thought of the old Monastery.  
When there, to my bewilderment, near-  
ly a dozen of black looking bodies,  
every one with a bag on their backs,  
came up the hill. Quoth I to myself,  
what can this mean; deils, kelpies, or  
bogles, or smugglers.—So down I

crept close by the churchyard wall,  
when over they came, within six yards  
of the spot where I was laying, and  
into the old monastery. Well, I had  
often heard of strange work carried on  
in churchyards, in the dead of night by  
the fairies, although I've held it all  
nonsense for many a year back any  
way. In my grandmother's time,  
thinks I, this would have passed well  
enough; but in my days of enlighten-  
ment—pshaw, blethers, thinks I to my-  
self. So I looked between the opening  
of the stones in the wall, but not a crea-  
ture could I see. The moon was still  
clear, and well could I observe the ivy  
shake on the turrets of the monastery  
as the wind sighed mournfully among  
the old fir trees. A dark cloud passed  
over the moon, and I thought, if I could  
creep down the craft I would soon be  
out of the way; but just as I lifted my  
head, there came one, then another,  
until the whole band of them walked  
down the haugh. And what to me  
seemed rather strange, old Tantrum,  
whom I had seen with Dumida, at Kil-  
down-linn, was the last among them.  
I thought the blood in my veins was  
curdling, as he stood right opposite me,  
after all of them had left, looking at the  
Smithy's grave stone of Slateford. I  
thought I saw the ghost of his murder-  
ed son rise up before the black wizard  
as he wiped the perspiration from his  
forehead, while his eyes were like two  
candles flaming underneath his south-  
wester. I heard him mutter something  
like a prayer. And what entirely over-  
come me, he vanished out of my sight,  
as if he had sunk into the ground."

"Hold, hold," said the ploughman,  
"you have been drunk, Tam, and  
dreamed this nonsense. You said at the  
beginning of your story, that you seen  
Tantrum and Dumida in the glen.  
Now how in the compass of possibility  
could they be there and up at the old  
monastery in so short a space of time.  
But speak, Tam, did you not convey  
Peggy Patterson home this morning,  
ha? Lad, its an old-fashioned way you  
take to throw chaff in one's eyes. My  
conscience! you'll perhaps have a worse  
ghost than Tantrum to meet with ere a  
twelve-month is past."

The other was about to respond to  
this charge, when Mr. Grahame and  
Quinton, coming out of the mansion,  
put an end to their conversation. Dum-  
ida led the horse out of the stable, when  
Quinton mounted and was up the aven-  
ue in an instant.

## PART SECOND.

For nearly two years nothing remark-  
able transpired at Lochlyden, with the  
exception of occasional visits of Mr.  
Quinton and Mr. Watson, factor of Col-  
zean, and a merry meeting twice held  
in commemoration of their happy for-  
tune, which was carried off with as  
much spirit, and with a considerable de-  
gree of improvement, more than the  
first, which we have delineated.

Dumida, from whatever cause, was re-  
tained in the family, and was taken  
more care of than formerly by Mr.  
Grahame, who lost no opportunity in  
aiding him forward in the acquirement  
of knowledge, which he seemed natu-  
rally qualified to receive. Hellen, his  
fair preceptor and first instructor, had  
taught him to cypher and draw letters,  
and so on; but as his mental faculties  
enlarged, and time permitted, she ad-  
ded to his stock of knowledge by learn-  
ing him to trace the maps and globes.  
Reading was his delight, and the am-  
ple library he had at his command  
yielded a never-ending source of plea-  
sure and improvement. Nothing could  
exceed his diligence, and notwithstanding  
his attention to these things, he far  
excelled all of the other servants in  
agricultural pursuits, and what was  
very remarkable he gained their good  
will in proportion to the advancement  
he had made. When any difficulty oc-  
curred Dumida was consulted and gen-  
erally obviated their anxiety.

Hellen, on the other hand, was pen-  
sive, and tending to delicacy in her  
constitution; but her mind was penetra-  
ting and full of sober calculation, for a  
lady of her years. No flippant remark  
nor idle jest escaped her lips. Her  
eyes, like the gray of a summer morn-  
ing, had a mild sweetness in them, and  
spoke the language of deep perceptibili-  
ty; while her voice was modeled in the  
persuasive tones of meek but comman-  
ding eloquence. And although she  
was the idol of her father and the ob-  
ject of affection among all her acquaint-  
ances, yet no one knew the cause from  
which her melancholy arose.

Mr. Quinton had been the only  
special visitor of any note in the fam-  
ily, during the long widowhood of her  
father. Hellen seemed to shun the  
more respectable who courted her com-  
pany in the neighborhood. Her father's  
mansion had charms for the medita-