

V I O L A ;

OR,

*
'TIS AN OLD TALE, AND OFTEN TOLD.

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BY

MISS ISABEL GOLDSMID,

AUTHOR OF "SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE."

THIS let me hope, that when in public view
I bring my pictures, men may feel them true :
" This is a likeness," may they all declare,
" And I have seen him, but I know not where."
For I should mourn the mischief I had done,
If, as the likeness, all would fix on one. .
No ! let the guiltless, if there such be found,
Launch forth the spear, and deal the deadly wound.
How can I so the cause of virtue aid,
Who am myself attainted and afraid ?

CRABBE.

What ! write in a book,
Where the learned may look,
Which the critic may con at his leisure ?

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CHAPTER I.

Earth has one boon for all her children—death :
Open thy arms, O mother ! and receive me !
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,
Give me my birthright ! give the grave, the grave !

F. A. KEMBLE.

Ah, woe ! alas ! pain ever, for ever !—SHELLEY.

THE sun had not yet risen on our vast metropolis, the gray hues of twilight mingled almost imperceptibly with the deep blue of night, as one by one her starry gems paled before the glimmer of the approaching dawn.

The morning star, last and brightest of heaven's host, still lingered in the firmament as if loth to bid the world farewell.

The leaves of the only tree in a churchyard adjoining our dwelling quivered fitfully in the breeze, whilst a solitary bird chirped its one dreamy note—and was silent.

Man had not yet awoke to his daily toil ; the plough,