

with wild flowers, and bordered with wood strawberries—as perchance leading to some grotto of the nymphs, inhabited by forms of superhuman beauty, with celestial grace in their motions and immortality in their eyes. And so, as we swept through a bed of water lilies cradled like stars amid their broad green leaves upon the rocking waters, I was awakened from my reverie by the canoe grounding on the shore. We were received by a nymph, a native of the Island, who however did not look at all like the goddess Calypso, but presented a sturdy pair of rustic unsandalled feet, with curtailed skirts, and welcomed us in a most unmistakable Doric, which was none of the Greek, towards her island domain. We followed to her bower, by the path aforementioned, and found a log shanty with a bedstead, “bunk,” and sundry other household articles, in the single apartment of which it consisted; and for nectar and ambrosia were regaled with oaten cakes and whiskey. After a long talk regarding old Scotland, of which our nymph was a native, “and the hills and the glens and the bonnie braes,” our entertainer, as is customary, expressing her longings for the old country, and anathematizing every thing in the new, “whar the vary bit oaten bread itself,” as she said, “hadna the same sweetness under the tongue as it used to hae at home,” we took our way to the other side of the island to view the lake from another point of view.

To our surprise we found the sky overcast, and a storm rising; and by the time we reached our destination the wind had amounted to a hurricane, with a suddenness, as we were told, common to the inland waters. The lake looked like a beauty in a storm, the spray driving like mist along its surface which, blackened and agitated, dashed up against the many islands in a thousand tumultuous waves. The rush and roar of the wind among the woods was tremendous, while the crash of falling trees was heard like the crack of sharp rifles above the noise of the storm! More beautiful in storm than in calm, thought I,—oh! sleeping beauty—then sleeping so softly, as if a breath could dissolve thee away like a mirage vision; now so strong and stern in thy wrath, which none of the boldest of us would dare encounter. with black, wrinkled scowls, and patches of turbulence and foam—

“Drives like tears thy spray along!  
And the light of stor g emotion  
Glimmers in thy dark blue eyes!”

We began to look blank at each other, and to think about home, and the angry lake that lay between us and its shelter, as well as the dreary ten mile drive through inhospitable woods. We

made our way back to the “shanty,” and were pressed by our Calypso, with all the blandishments of which her nature was capable, including a renewed offer of cakes and whiskey, to partake of her hospitality for the night. But the beds looked very unpromising, and that was not to be thought of;—so making our way down to the landing, we resolved to see if we should not attempt our fortune on the angry waters. The waves were by no means so high on this side of the island as on that from which we had just returned; still our canoes were not to be thought of. But our Calypso, who was by no means of such a monopolizing disposition as the Homeric one, to our great surprise appeared presently rounding a small promontory with a stout boat, which she rowed, accompanied by a male assistant. Having undertaken to convey us to the mainland, we stepped in, some of us very loath, and were soon rocking and tossing on the lake. A most unenviable position was ours, for the boat was a perfect shell, and toppled and reeled to such a degree that we appeared as if every moment on the point of being swamped. The oars seemed none of the stoutest—nor our crew of the most skilful, and ever as the fierce winds came in an intenser gust, we heeled and bent over to it as it hissed past us, until it seemed impossible that the boat could ever recover her balance. Though splashed and wetted to the skin, we all maintained a remarkably silent resignation, which I afterwards attributed to the dread of worse evils. There never was such a silent party under the circumstances; the ladies of us even never ventured upon a shriek or scream. After we landed, which we did happily without accident, we were all as bold and brave as lions, and of course none of us had been in the least degree frightened, yet none could help being witty on the subject of his neighbour's late anxiety of feature. I must say, for the credit of the gentlemen, that they seemed quite as anxious and careful on the subject of their lives as the ladies had been; yet one, who quizzed me particularly regarding my terrified face, on being retorted upon, on account of his own, which presented as unmistakable a picture of dismay as one could fancy of a caricature, insisted, as he still does to this day, that his fears were not at all for himself, but, listen, oh! ye contemnners of Mammon! amid the splashing of the spray, mainly for the safety of his gold watch.

We returned homewards through the forest by the same road as we had travelled in the former part of the day, and after a late dinner enjoyed a profounder and more comfortable night's rest than I, at least, experienced for many months.