

hamlet, as a guardian spirit would gaze on the lowly objects of its care.

Sweet scene—the village without its voice or motion, lies before me, as if some consummate artist had spread an exquisite mimicry on his canvass. But how totally would the artist fail in tinting that slowly drifting cloud, that moon walking in brightness, and the distant twinkling stars, which shrink back into the modest grey, instead of vying with the greater glory of their queen.

Along the village street, marks of the previous day's life are visible. The cart which returned from town too late to be put away, still lies at the stable door; the last load of hay is on the car, waiting for the morning, to be thrown into the neighbouring barn; the cage of the thrush remains suspended at the casement, forgotten by some young ploughboy who was too weary last evening to mind his sweet-singing pet; or neglected by some little milk maid, who had to steal quietly to bed, having tarried too long, loitering "up the road," with the squire's cow boy. And, behold the little gardens, what beauteous, almost unearthly repose, seems in their fragrant labyrinths! I can discover the gaily poppy, the wild briar rose, and the tall hollyhock, dim but lovely in the pale moonlight—like vestals bowing at their midnight devotions, beneath the richly tinted oriel of some lofty cathedral. The beehive occupies the sheltered nook, the buzz of its community is hushed; all rest, until the early beams shall produce happy sounds from the straw-built dome, as it once did from the mystic statue of Memnon; and calling the little inmates to delightful toil, distribute them over the flowery meads, beautiful examplers to a higher creation. But amid this repose, anticipation of morning's life and light only offends the picture; the quivering lines of silver on the river, the chimerical beauties of the cloud heaps, the murmurs of the river, the voice of the breeze in the white thorn hedge, the distant bark of the watch dog, are the colours and sounds which agree best with this solemn hour.

But a rumbling noise like a distant earthquake approaches! it is only a car which rattles along the rocky road, its owner, no doubt, belated by waiting for the price of his bonaveens and potatoes at the market, or by having staid too long at the Harp and Shamrock—half-way house. The latter is the most probable, for