

neath the bristling ramparts ; when the arrows flew thickly from the long dark loop holes ; when the heavy rocks were precipitated from the towers on the invaders below ; and when the tender babe and its mother, and the fair trembling maiden, cowered in the stony heart of the old building, listing breathlessly to the warlike tempest without ? Where are those days gone, ere the wild weed grew in yonder court yard, or the ivy matted on the barbican, or the yellow flowers fringed the cold architrave ?—The busy fancy calls up the times of long-departed chivalry ; and gazing dimly on yonder dark mass, nor colour, nor life, nor spirit-stirring sounds are wanted to my perceptions.—But other features of the scene attract me—more mild, and less fallacious than the chaotic mazes of the crumbling towers.

Here a small bridge, spans, with unostentatious arch, a stream, which comes brawling down to meet the more placid river. An apt simile, and a moral, may be drawn from the contrasted waters : strength, beauty, and majesty is mutely unobtrusive, while the shallow and puerile forces itself into notice : during the light the stream was scarcely minded on the panorama of nature, but now, in the darkness, it seems eloquent and of much importance. It reminds one of genius and mediocrity ; of absolute and contingent goodness. The banks of the stream are scarcely visible in the pale light, although they often form favorite resting places for those who go angling “ up the brook.” Every sound but its own is now hushed, nothing but its continued tricklings disturb the surrounding repose. All day the ducks gabbled and sported in its little bath, washing their exquisite plumes, swimming and diving with infinite grace and gaiety. The young Paddies and Shelahs of the village, too, were noisy on its margin, skimming flat grey stones along the surface, mimicking the angler with worsted fishing lines and crooked pin-hooks ; and sailing boats also, for in this bright moon-beam I descry the deck-shaped sticks, with paper sails ; lying safely on the pebbly beach, waiting the return of the prattling ship-builders, at to-morrow’s sunny noon. The little embryo tars are now in maternal arms, dreaming of future play ; happy and beautiful in their innocence, as beatified creatures. Heaven guard their slumbers ! and it seems to do so ; the meridian moon looks from the centre of her blue arch, on the humble roofs of the