

the path. A scream that might have startled even the insensible frog, broke from one of the young ladies, and they both protested they would go no farther on that path. It was in vain that I represented to them that a frog is the most harmless of living things, having neither bite nor sting with which to wound: and that, moreover, whether it were harmless or harmful, it had taken itself willingly away from us. They replied only, that it was a hideous, shocking creature, and frightened them to death. Eagerly in vain I urged my wish to reach the place to which that path would lead us; my wishes had no weight against their fears: they would not go, and excused themselves by saying they were dreadfully afraid of *live things*. We turned aside and took another path. But alas! not far had we pursued it, when I saw upon the green turf, where it had untimely fallen, a sweet little bird already dead and cold, its pretty eye unclosed, and not a feather ruffled. I picked it up to admire it, when suddenly both my companions let go my arm and stepped some paces back, protesting loudly that they were dreadfully afraid of *dead things*, and should never like to walk that path again. Methought their path of life would scarce be easy, to whom the living and the dead were thus alike terrific.

We now pursued our walk, but soon in utter hopelessness, on my part, of any thing like comfort or enjoyment. If we were to cross a meadow there was a cow, or at least a horse in it. Whichever way we turned my companions saw a man or a dog; and when there was neither man nor dog, nor any thing else, alive or dead, the way was so lonely they were afraid to go forward. They could not sit in the shade, lest the inhabitants of the bushes should descend on their heads—they could not sit in the sun, lest the winged insects should settle on their clothes. If I presented them with a flower, they let it fall because they mistook the green leaf for a caterpillar. I wished them most heartily at home, and made what haste I could to rid myself of such troublesome companions.

But scarcely had we reached the house, when, for the promoting of the day's amusement, a ride was proposed to view some neighbouring ruins. It will be believed, I was comforted to find my walking companions were to be exchanged for some a little older, to whom I hoped the live things and dead things might be less alarming. But alas! we had now no need of either. When the carriage went up hill, they were afraid it would run back: when it went down hill, they were afraid it would run forward. If the horses moved slowly, they were sure they would never go on: if they went fast, they were sure they would never stop. The ride was romantic and beautiful in the extreme, but the ladies saw nothing except ruts in the road. I attempted conversation, but was interrupted by a scream every time the carriage lost its exact perpendicular. And at last, when the excitement of their fears could not be borne no longer, they insisted on stopping the carriage to inquire if the road was not very bad, and whether it was safe to go forward. The former was too obvious to need the asking, the latter they were determined not to believe. When the carriage could not stop, they insisted upon getting out to walk, and then, having made the driver go slower and slower, till the fleet hours of day were nearly spent, they discovered that they should surely be benighted before their return, and of course be murdered; over and above having their necks broken by the badness of the road. These were certainly no pleasing anticipations; and if I did not partake the imaginary ills, I was sufficiently tired of real ones, not to oppose returning without the accomplishment of our purpose; and listened all dinner-time to assertions, proved and explained, of the absolute impossibility of reaching the place to which we had set out.

All dinner-time, did I say! It might have been so, had not an unhappy wasp presented itself with the sweets of the second table course. There was other company besides myself at table, but that could not signify when a wasp was in the case. The servants were all put in requisition with tongs, poker, and shovel: the children started and jumped, and upset every thing in their way; and the dinner remained to cool till the murder of the foe almost restored peace to the society—but not quite—for one was still here it would crawl. Having a little girl next me, of whose good sense I had on some occasions form-

ed a favourable opinion, I ventured to ask her why she was so much afraid of a wasp! She replied, as I expected, because it might sting her. I asked her if she had ever been stung by one? She assured me she had, in endeavouring to drive it from the table; when, had she left it alone, it would probably have gone away of itself quite harmlessly. I asked her of the pain, and how long it lasted, and whether it was difficult to bear? Her answer implied, that though the pain was sharp yet it was short, and that the remainder of my question seemed to her ridiculous. I then submitted it to her candour, whether, in the worst issue of the case, which, considering the number of wasps that fly, and the number of people who will not let them fly in peace, occurs but seldom, the amount of pain was really equal to the fear she had betrayed; and whether, in the certain anticipation of just so much pain by any other cause, she should have felt any fear at all? She confessed that she should not; because, as she sensibly remarked, a slight pain, to be felt for a few moments, was not worth thinking of or dreading before it was felt. But all this did not seem to her a reason why she should not scream at the sight of a wasp. Nor indeed was it, as she gave me occasion to learn before the lapse of many hours: for the entrance of a moth, that never yet, in the memory of man, was known to sting, created to the full, as much commotion later in the evening: so much, indeed, that most of the party retreated out of the room in the midst of our musical festivities, and left me to play to myself.

Well I know, that ladies who have grown up in the indulgence of such fears, and have come at last to persuade themselves there is a degree of delicacy and refinement in them, must go on to the end under the penalty due to their folly; that of tormenting themselves, and annoying others. But as my whispers are for the ears of those with whom nothing is yet too late; I would represent to them the absolute inconsistency of such fears with good sense and a rational mind. All extravagance is folly; because sound sense only consists in giving to things their due degree of importance, and proportioning the sentiment to the occasion, that calls it forth. Fear, therefore, beyond the occasion, must be folly, even when some degree of danger exists: and though as a passion inherent in our nature, we cannot but be subject to it, we believe it will generally be found greater or less in proportion as the mind is strong or weak.

For the Calliopean.

AN ENIGMA.

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SIXONS.

My 6 13 8 11 10 6 is a town in Denmark,
My 4 1 9 11 is a town in Turkey,
My 1 6 8 6 7 9 6 is in my 3 6 12 13 14 4,
My 12 9 4 6 is a town in Tuscany,
My 4 12 6 9 7 is a Kingdom in Europe,
My 14 8 10 6 is a mountain in Europe,
My 6 13 14 12 12 2 is a town in Asia,
My 1 6 10 8 2 10 is a city in China,
My 4 6 7 6 is a city in Driba,
My 13 5 4 4 6 is a city in Thibet,
My 6 8 13 6 4 is a mountain in Africa,
My 1 3 14 2 7 is a town in Guatimalia,
My 12 2 8 11 4 9 is in my 13 6 12 13 6 8 6,
My 0 13 8 14 6 is a town in Spain,
My 6 13 5 is a river in Great Britain,
My 13 14 7 6 is a river in Asia,
My 8 6 9 3 is a town in France,
My 1 6 14 10 is a town in Normandy,
My 13 6 2 4 is a Kingdom in India,
My whole is a city in Europe.

Answer to the Enigma in No. 19.—RIVER SAINT LAWRENCE.

Brantford, Aug. 29, 1848.