

the end of their journey, their feet were blistered. They were very tired, and had concluded over and over again, that a Highland mile must be at least as long as three ordinary ones. The minister's house at last came in sight, and Frank walked in without ceremony, introducing his young friends. There was more surprise than pleasure in the countenance of the old parson, though he said that he was glad to see them. This old man had, for the long space of forty years, been the minister of Strachan, and though his income had never been over £120 per annum, he had amassed more than £3000. He was a sad miser, denying himself the merest necessities of life, and therefore it was no wonder, though the boys wondered at it, when he told them how comfortable they would find themselves at the little Inn. This was rather a broad hint which they were not slow to take, consigning the miserable parson to the dark side of the Styx. The *Inn* to which he recommended them, was a small way-side public house, and, when they went to it they found it occupied by a number of Highland drovers. But the further adventures of our young heroes we must reserve for another chapter.

SKETCHES—DESCRIPTIVE, REFLECTIVE, AND IMAGINATIVE.

BY NED BRENTON.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ART OF WRITING.

How sure and with the veriest ease fathom we the train of thought sweeping through the mind of Edward Lytton Bulwer, on the occasion of that exclamation—which the more we scan the more we are convinced is the result of long and earnest scrutiny of the subject:—

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The Pen is mightier than the sword."

'Tis true!—'tis true, moreover, that no fair contrast can be maintained for a moment between the two. The sword had its empire: it appealed to the fears of men, and its effects were cloven heads, and lacerated faces, and the ashes and dust of the red War God—and homes and hearts made desolate. Yet, marry, the time was when that empire of the sword was a mighty one—and exerted a vast sway over the iron-clad and lion-hearted adventurers of the middle ages;—but necessarily it came to an end, because its empire was over *matter*, and not *mind*, and its rewards were as inadequate to gratify the human heart as was the punishment it inflicted to restrain wrong. What were the victor's car, and the laurel wreath, and the prophet-warrior turban, and