

It may have seemed very pleasant to Messrs. Moore and Atkinson to sit by the shade of a Calabash tree, *sans soucis*, enjoying the "feast of reason and the flow of soul;" also perhaps the "flowing bowl;" or they, like

"The crew of the Malacca,
Drank their ale and smoked their 'baoca."

But just imagine yourself seated there, and think of the dire consequences that might ensue if a nice ripe calabash, about 12 or 14 inches in circumference, and heavy in proportion, should fall and strike you on the nasal organ. The Grecian outline of that prominent feature would be utterly destroyed; in fact your dearest friends would scarcely recognize you. Appearances, therefore, being contrary to truth, some sturdy guardian of the peace "drest in a little brief authority," a blue coat with brass buttons, and armed with a policeman's baton, might seize and hold your person "in durance vile," believing firmly that he had captured one of the "Fancy"—Bill Sykes, the notorious "Pet" of Chubb's Lane; or "Bob Stokes, the Dunsford Chicken," after a "mill." With this classical reference to "*ce danger imminent que vous avez echappé*," I will say *Vive la bagatelle*.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Now I must resume my account of Walsingham Caves, or this letter will last out a "night in Russia when nights are longest there." We walked on towards the caves, sometimes in single file, *volens volens*, meeting here and there large boulders or masses of rock, over which, in strange and lovely profusion, creep the tendrils of he wild convolvulus, mingled with varieties of fern and velvet mosses. On through narrow paths in secluded dells, whose damp and shady recesses foster thick coppices of the coffee plant, bearing, amid its green satin

leaves, bright scarlet berries on every branch.

"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope and holiness and God."

At last by dint of walking slowly, climbing, sliding and carefully picking our steps, we reach the mouth of the first cave. Our "culler pusson" now lights candles and some brush. We have brought with us a quantity of that red powder which is used in tableaux, etc., and soon reach the inside cave, which, when illuminated, presents a scene of almost magic beauty. It recalls those ancient poetic legends which tell of the "crystaled mansions" of the Naiad and the Watersprite. Pendant from the roof of the cave are myriads of stalactites glistening with water and sparkling like diamonds. Cylindrical columns of great beauty are formed by the constant dropping of water; many of them reach the ground and appear to support the roof like pillars of crystal, sparkling and white.

The ground where we stood, and for a short distance inside the cave, is a mass of what is called "stalagmite," the same I think, as the "Cave of the Winds" at Niagara Falls. These Stalactitic Halls are floored with transparent waters, on whose mirrored surface a boat has never yet been launched to explore the unknown regions of darkness beyond our view. We gazed in mingled awe and admiration. I was silently thinking of the weird and beautiful legends of Undine and Sintram, almost expecting to see a Sprite in robes of "silvery sheen" emerge from the misty obscurity which the eye cannot penetrate—

"Waiting for some bright presence to unfold its glory,
In li'ly vesture with silver wings and dimly shining hair."

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