

me, not asking me once if I was tired; but on the contrary they seemed to think that I ought to travel as far in a day as they who had been over the road ever since they were children. Not being satisfied with this view of things I spoke thus to one of the guides (addressing them one at a time, for I straightway discovered that these guides had very little sympathy with each other).

Trav.: "Is not this road very tiresome and difficult for strangers?"

My guide smiled strangely and said: "Well it may be a little difficult to some."

Trav.: "I should like, sir, if you would halt a little and inform me some as to this road, not that I have not confidence in my guides, but I always like to know a little for myself about things that concern me, and I have noticed that you have said very little about the country in which we are, and I have almost thought that the expense of guides might be saved and the journey performed alone."

At this unexpected speech the guide looked very strangely, and I hardly knew whether I had given offence or not, but he replied,

Guide: "What you say is perhaps not altogether out of place. A guide is not for the purpose of making the way easy but merely to see that strangers in the way do not get lost. As to the strange characters you see upon the rocks, they appear very plain to me," said he, "for it is my duty to see that all the pilgrims who pass this way make out the meaning of them all. The inscriptions in Latin and Greek which you will see posted up all along the road will be explained by the guide just now gone from us a little."

Trav.: "No doubt it gives you much amusement to see the awkwardness of persons in interpreting them."

To this my guide smiled but made no answer. So I continued.

Trav.: "Do not many persons who are more weakly than others become sick and lose their health in the hardships of the way?"

Guide: "Yes, some do; but we cannot wait for them as there are some so well adapted to this particular part of the journey that they hurry us along, and we are instructed by the man you may have noticed a while ago to go as fast as we can and not ruin the travellers."

Trav.: "But would it not be well to give those who are not able to perform this journey so rapidly some time to look about them; perhaps some would like to examine other parts of the mountain, and would they not know as much of the place at the end of the journey as if they had been able to get the exact meaning of all the figures on these rocks?"

Guide: "Perhaps they might in some cases, but it is our object to perform the journey in the way prescribed."

I saw that it was useless to argue the case, and so prepared to do the best I could in the journey. I then turned to my other guide in hopes of some relief, and thought that more liberal discussion might be allowed. So I said, I should like, sir, to know what is the exact meaning of yonder Latin; I have been trying to ascertain the import of it, but have not succeeded as I should like.

I also informed him that my head was so confused by those uncouth characters on the rocks, that I really had no time to put further investigation on other things which I met continually in the way, and that frequently I had wished to turn aside from the regular path and observe some objects of great interest which presented themselves to me but had no time, and hence I considered my knowledge of the real nature of the Hill would be very small when we reached the top.

At this lengthy speech I noticed my guide was not pleased. He grew quite red and looked quite confused (making me feel quite awkward) and said, "Yes, I suppose some might take that view of the case. As to the meaning of the Latin you spoke of, it might have several meanings—as to which is best there are different opinions."

This as you see giving me no real information as to the meaning of the passage, I abandoned the point and desired the opinion of my guide as to the latter part of my speech. At this I saw he was more angry than ever, and I began to think that I should not get much credit for the way in which I was performing the journey; for it must be remembered that a strict record of each day's work was kept, and given to the principal I mentioned before, but being naturally independent and not caring much so as the journey was some way accomplished, I insisted on my guide's opinion, so he made reply:

Guide: "As to the characters on the rocks, said he, 'they are not of so much importance as the directions in Latin and Greek and you would do well to pay more attention to them. As we will have them to deal with all the way, of course we will have to go very fast. It is not well, or perhaps I should say it is an open question as to whether it is well to turn aside to observe other things on the way, or whether it is not best for travellers to think very little during the journey and ask very few questions, as they are supposed to know very little, and take for granted what the guides tell them. Of course I am not giving my opinion,' said he, 'but offer it as a suggestion. Some hold that it is time wasted when questions are asked.'"

All this my guide said looking very red and I felt very uncomfortable, but resolved to go aside and observe what I pleased,

but to ask very few questions. Some few lesser guides appeared in the way looking among the rocks for queer things that they found, some doing one thing and some another, but not much notice was taken of them and we travelled on in silence. We passed many chasms in the rocks and underwent many difficulties; and I awoke. Instead of the moon the lamp burned on the table. Instead of characters on rock they were on paper. Instead of the guide my room-mate sat at the table translating Greek. I smiled at the dream, yawned, and returned to my work.

WRITING AN ARTICLE.

YES, its all very fine for you who stand without the pale of the editorial sanctum to prate about the luxurious ease incident to those who have "nothing to do but write." But *wait*. Do you imagine that the poor scribbler's brain is one vast reservoir from which, by simply turning the stop-cocks, he can draw streams into any channel *ad libitum*? Do you think that his will stands simply as porter at the mental gateway, and has but to set the gate ajar in order that "the multitude may pass out?" The supply of mental pabulum must be inexhaustible, the balance of powers perfect, and all agencies playing in exquisite harmony, if, forsooth, those against whom you hurl your platitude, are in the felicitous state thus assigned them. Come not in judgment with this decision. Hold it in abeyance for a moment, while we get the case fairly before you. In the first place, ye who drive not the "gray goose quill," except "to scrawl a card," know nought of the groanings of an editor. Let us take a peep at him in his alcove. In obedience to some mysterious law of his nature, which we will not at present investigate, he always contrives to occupy two chairs and one side of a large table. Having got the second chair, left foot, knee, elbow and hand in a direct line of support under his massive (?) head, paper and pen "to starboard," he has struck his attitude. Now for the *mood*. He has seriously pre-determined that it shall be serious; and now, seriously endeavoring to fulfil said sober inclination to seriousness, he seriously gazes into vacancy, groping for the thought that is to bring him fame. He agonizes to wriggle such brain energy along down his arm and off the end of his pen as shall astound the outer world. He travails to give birth to that noble foetus which he feels sure moves in the matrix of his brain. All efforts prove ineffectual, however; and he begins to deem it a false conception.

Summoning memory to his aid, he bids her search narrowly for thoughts long laid by, that he may "refurbish and