

“ She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he by friar’s lantern led.”

Or, as the exquisite poet who produced this couplet more elaborately describes the apparition in his “Paradise Lost,”

“ A wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
Kindles through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Leading the amazed night-wanderer from his way
Through bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallowed up and lost, from succor far.”

Scarce inferior to even the description of Milton is that of Collins:—

“ Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps ne’er lose ;
Let not dank Will mislead you on the heath :
Dancing in mirky night, o’er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitched, low, marshy willow-brake.
What though, far off from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer the excursive sight ?
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light ;
For watchful, lurking, ’mid the unrustling reed,
At these mirk hours, the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.”

One soon wearies of the monotony of railway travelling, — of hurrying through a country, stage after stage, without incident or advantage ; and so I felt quite glad enough, when the train stopped at Wolverhampton, to find myself once more at freedom and afoot. There will be an end, surely, to all works of travels, when the railway system of the world shall be com-