

rence which took place some time in the last age in a rural district in the far north. A parish smith had lived and died with an unsuspected character, and the population of half the country-side gathered to his funeral. There had been, however, a vast deal of petty pilfering in his time. Plough and harrow irons were continually disappearing from the fields and steadings of the farmers, his nearer neighbors; not a piece of hem-mounting or trace-chain, not a cart-axle or wheel-rim, was secure; but no one had ever thought of implicating the smith. Directly opposite his door there stood a wall of loose, uncemented stones, against which a party of the farmers who had come to the burial were leaning, until the corpse should be brought out. The coffin was already in the passage; the farmers were raising their shoulders from the wall, to take their places beside it; in ten minutes more the smith would have been put under the ground with a fair character; when, lo! the frail masonry behind suddenly gave way; the clank of metal was heard to mingle with the dull rumble of the stones; and there, amid the rubbish, palpable as the coffin on the opposite side of the road, lay, in a scattered heap, the stolen implements so mysteriously abstracted from the farmers. The awe-struck men must have buried the poor smith with feelings which bore reference to both worlds, and which a poet such as Wordsworth would perhaps know how to describe.

My landlady's eldest son, a lad of nineteen, indulged a strong predilection for music, which, shortly prior to the date of my visit, had received some encouragement, in his appointment as organist in one of the town churches. At a considerable expense of patient ingenuity, he had fitted up an old spinet, until it awoke into life, in these latter days of Collards and Broadwoods, the identical instrument it had been a century before. He had succeeded, too, in acquiring no imper-