

equally well by Chateaubriand and Lamartine ; and then, — for Popery has again become monstrous, — we see a second group of vacuum-creators in the Eugene Sues and Michelets, the most popular French writers of the present day. And thus must the cycle revolve, “unquiet and giddy as a wheel,” until France shall find rest in the Christianity of the New Testament.

I spent so much time among the ruins, that my courteous conductor the Squire, who had business elsewhere to attend to, had to leave me, after first, however, setting me on my way to the Leasowes, and kindly requesting me to make use of his name, if the person who farmed the grounds demurred, as sometimes happened with strangers, to give me admission to them. I struck up the hill, crossed a canal that runs along its side, got into a cross road between sheltered belts of planting, and then, with the Leasowes full in front, stopped at a small nailery, to ask at what point I might most easily gain access to them. The sole workers in the nailery were two fresh-colored, good-looking young girls, whose agile, well-turned arms were plying the hammer with a rapidity that almost eluded the eye, and sent the quick glancing sparks around them in showers. Both stopped short in their work, and came to the door to point out what they deemed the most accessible track. There was no gate, they said, in this direction, but I would find many gaps in the fence : they were in doubt, however, whether the people at the “white house” would give me leave to walk over the grounds : certainly the nailer lads were frequently refused ; and they were sorry they could n’t do anything for me : I would be sure of permission if they could give it me. At all events, said I, I shall take the longest possible road to the white house, and see a good deal of the grounds ere I meet with the refusal. Both the naileresses laughed ; and one of them said she had always heard the Scotch were “long-headed.” Hales Owen