

HOLLY SPRINGS BANNER.

EDITED BY GEORGE A. WILSON.

[INDUCTI DISCANT ET MEMINISSE PERITI AMANT.]

AT FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE OR SIX AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOL. 1.

HOLLY SPRING MI., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED BY EDWIN J. FOSTER.

TERMS.

The "HOLLY SPRINGS BANNER" is published every week at FOUR DOLLARS, which must be paid in advance, in every case. No subscription will be received for less than six months; nor will any discount be made until all arrearages are paid.

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WILKES IN ENGLAND.

JOTTINGS DOWN—THE TOURNAMENT.

I was awakened at an early hour the morning after my arrival at Arrosson, by a hand of music in the street. My first feeling was delight at seeing a bit of blue sky of the size of my garret skylight, and a dazzling sunshine on the floor. "Skirling" above all the other instruments of the band, the Hie and bagpipe made the air reel with "A! the blue bonnets are over the border," and hoisting the window above my head, I strained over the house leads to get a look at the performer. A band of a dozen men in kilts and bonnets were marching up and down, led by a piper something in the face like the heathen representations of Boreas, and on a long line of roughly constructed rail-cars were piled, two or three deep, a crowd resembling at first sight a crushed bed of tulips. Bonnets of every cut and colour, from the courtier's green velvet to the shepherd's homely gray, struggled at the top, and over the sides hung red legs and yellow legs, ere scarlet stockings and buff boots, bare feet and pilgrim's sandals. The musketeers scolded and laughed; the boys hallooed; the quiet people of Arrosson stared in grave astonishment, and with the assistance of some brawny shoulders applied to the sides of the overladen vehicles, the one-man-hungry horse got his whimsical load under way for the Tournament.

Train followed train, packed with the same motley array, and at ten o'clock, after a dozen Glasgow people, usurper's like ourselves, that they would give way for no Campbell in the world, and finding a stout hand laid on my leg, to prevent my yielding to the order to quit, I gave in to what might be called as pretty a bit of rebellious republicanism as you would find on the Mississippi. The conductors stormed, but the Scotch bodies sat firm, and as Scot met Scot in the fight, I was content to sit it out in silence, and take advantage of the victory. I learned afterwards that the Campbell chieftain was a Glasgow manufacturer, and though he undoubtedly had a right to gather his clan and his piper and eagle's plume, there might possibly be some jealous disapprobation at the bottom of his warriors' rudeness.

Campbell and his party presently appeared, and a dozen or twenty very fine-looking people they were. One of the ladies, as well as I could see through the black lace which she threw over her cap and plumes, was a remarkably handsome woman, and I was very glad in the matter was compromised, and the Campbells were distributed among the various companies. We jogged on at a slow pace toward the tournament, passing thousands of pedestrians, the men all shod, and the women all bar-foot, with their shoes in their hands, and nearly every one, in accordance with Lord Eglinton's printed request, showing some touch of fancy in dress. A plaid over the shoulder, or a G. garry bonnet, or perhaps a goose-feather stuck jauntily in the cap, was enough to show the feeling of the crowd, and quite enough to give the crowd, in all, a most festive and joyous aspect.

The secluded bit of road between the rail-track and castle lodge, probably never before disturbed by more than two vehicles at a time, was thronged with a press of wheels, closely jammed as Fleet-street at no-n.—Countrymen's cars piled with women and children, like loads of market-baskets in their seats, with exhausted horses, and occupants straining their eyes forward for a sight of the castle, carriages of the neighboring gentry, with 'bodkins' and over-packed dickeries, all in costume; stout farmers on horseback, with plaid and bonnet; gin-wheeled and ale-carts, pony-cars and c. l. carts; wheelbarrows with baggage, and porters with carpet bags and hat boxes, were mixed up in merry confusion with the most orderly throng of pedestrians it has ever seen my fortune to join. The vari-colored plumes at the open gate of the castle, and if I had seen no other procession, the long-extended mass of caps, bonnets and

plumes, winding through that shaded and beautiful avenue, would have reminded me for no small proportion of my subsequent discomfort. I remarked, by the way, that I did not see a single hat in the entire mile between the porter's lodge and the castle.

The stables which lay on the left of the approach, (a large square structure with turret and clock very like your Methoist churches, *dos-a-dos*) presented another busy and picturesque scene—horses half caparisoned, men at arms in buff and steel, and the gay liveries of the nineteenth century paled by the revived glories of the servitude of more knightly times. And this part of the scene too had its crowd of laughing and wondering spectators.

On reaching the Gothic bridge over the Sington, we came upon a cordon of police, who encircled the castle, turning the crowd off by the bridge, in the direction of the lists. Sorry to leave my merry and mellow fellows, I presented my card of invitation, and passed in alone to the castle. The sun was at this time shining with occasional cloudings over, and the sward and road, after the two or three fine days we had had, were in the best condition for every purpose of the tournament. Two or three noble trees, with their foliage nearly to the ground, stood between me and the front of the castle as I ascended the slope above the river, and the lifting of a stage curtain could scarce be more sudden or the scene of a drama more effectively composed than the picture disclosed by the last step upon the terrace. Any just description of it, indeed, must read like a paper from the 'prompter's book.' I stood for a moment exactly where you would have placed an audience. On my left rose a noble castle with four round towers, the entrance thronged with men-at-arms, and busy comers and goers in every variety of costume. On the green sward in front of the castle lounged three or four gentlemen archers in suits of green silk and velvet. A cluster of grooms under an immense tree on the right were fitting two or three superb horses with their armor and caparisons, while one beautiful blood palfrey, whose fine limbs and delicately veined head and neck were alone visible under his embroidered saddle and gorgeous trappings of silk, was held by two 'tigers' at a short distance. Still farther on the right, stood a cluster of gaily decorated tents, and in and out of the top of the farthest, puffed constantly the slight forms of lady-archers in caps with snowy plumes, kirtles of green velvet, and petticoats of white satin, quivers at their backs, and bows in their hands—one tall and stately girl (an Ayrshire lady of very uncommon beauty, whose name I took some pains to enquire) conspicuous by her grace and dignity above all.

The back-ground was equally well composed—the farther side of the lawn making a sharp descent to the small river which bends around the castle, the opposite shore thronged with thousands of spectators watching the scene I have described, and in the distance behind them the winding avenue aided in for the procession, hidden and disclosed by turns among the noble trees of the park, and alive throughout its whole extent with the multitudes crowding to the lists. There was a chivalric splendor in the whole scene, which I thought at the time would repay one for a long pilgrimage to see it—even should the clouds, which by this time were coming up very threateningly from the horizon, put a stop to the tournament altogether.

On entering the castle hall, a lofty room hung round with arms, trophies of the chase, ancient shields, and armor of every description, I found myself in a crowd of a very merry and rather a motley character—knights half armed, esquires in buff, palmer, halberdiers, archers, and servants in modern livery. Here and there a lady, and here and there a specter like myself, and in a corner by one of the Gothic windows—what think you?—a minstrel!—a gray-haired harper?—a jester?—G. ess again!—a reporter for the Times! With a walking dictionary at his elbow, in the person of the fat butler of the castle, he was inquiring out the various characters in the crowd, and the rapidity of his stenographic jottings down (with their lucid apparition in print two days after in *L. n. o.*) would in the times represented by the costumes about him, have but a claim at the stake for a wizard, with the consent of every knight in Christendom.

I was received by the Knight Marshal of the Lists, who did the honors of hospitality for Lord Eglinton during his preparation for the "passage of arms," and finding an old friend under the grey beard and scallop shell of a venerable palmer whose sandals and bare toes I chanced to see, we passed in together to the large dining room of the Castle. "Lunch" was on the table, and some two hundred of the Earl's out-riding guests were busy at knife and fork, while here and there were visible some of those unconscious anachronisms which, to those unacquainted with the tournament—plume, made the zest of the tournament—Esquires dressed after the manner of the 13th century, diving most scientifically into the richer veins of *pates de foie gras*, dames in ruff and farthingale, discussing *blue blanc-mange*, and a knight with an over-night headache calling out for a cup of tea!

On returning to the Hall of the Castle, which was the principal place of assembly, I saw with no little regret that ladies were coming from their carriages under umbrellas. The fair archers tripped in doors from

their crowded tent, the Knight of the Dragon who had been out to look after his charge, was being wiped dry by a friendly pocket handkerchief, and a countenance had fallen with the barometer. It was time for the procession to start however, and the knights appeared, one by one, armed cap-a-pie, all save the helmet, till at last the Hall was crowded with steel-clad and chivalric forms, and they waited only for the advent of the Queen of Beauty. After adorning not a little the manly bearing and powerful "thives and sinews" displayed by the array of modern English nobility, in the trying costumes and harness of olden time, I stepped out upon the lawn with some curiosity to see how so much heavy metal was to be got into a demi-pique saddle. After one or two ineffectual attempts, foiled partly by the restlessness of his horse, the first knight called ingloriously for a chair. Another scrambled over with great difficulty, and I fancied, though Lord Waterford and Lord Eglinton, and one other whom I noticed, mounted very gallantly and gracefully, the getting to saddle was probably the most difficult feat of the day. The ancient achievement of leaping on the steed's back from the ground in complete armor, would certainly have broken the spine of any horse present, and was probably never done but in story. Once in the saddle, however, English horsemanship told well, and one of the finest sights of the day. I thought, was the breaking away of a powerful horse from the grooms' side, the rider had gathered up his reins, and a career at furious speed through the open park, during which the steel-encumbered horseman rode as safely as a fox-hunter, and subdued the affrighted animal and brought him back in a style worthy of a wreath from the Queen of Beauty.

Driven in by her rein, I was standing at the upper side of the Hall, when a movement in the crowd and an unusual "making-way," announced the coming of the "reynoure of all eyes." She entered from the interior of the castle, with her train held up by two beautiful Pages of ten or twelve years of age, and attended by two fair and very young Maids of Honor. Her jacket of ermine, her drapery of violet and blue velvet, the collars of superb jewels which embraced her throat and bosom, and her sparkling crown, were, on her, (what the's doner, but should be only) mere accessories to her own predominating and radiant beauty.

Lady Seymour's features are as nearly faultless as is consistent with expression; her figure and face are rounded to the complete fulness of the mould for a Juno; her walk is queenly and peculiarly studied and graceful; yet (I could not but think then and since) she was not well chosen for the Queen of a Tournament. The character of her beauty, uncommon and superb as it is, is that of delicacy and loveliness—the lily rather than the rose—the modest pearl, not the imperial diamond. The eyes to flash over a crowd at a Tournament, to be admired from a distance, to beam down upon a Knight kneeling for a public award of honor, should be full of command, dark, lustrous and fiery. Her's are of the sweetest and most tranquil blue that ever reflected the serene Heaven of a happy hearth—eyes to love, not to under-stand to adore and rely upon, not to admire and tremble for. At the distance at which most of the spectators of the Tournament saw Lady Seymour, I may have shown much finer, and the forced and imperative action of a stage-taught head and figure would have been more applauded than the quiet, nameless and indescribable grace, lost to all but those immediately around her. I had seen the Queen of Beauty in a small society, dressed in simple white, without an ornament, when she was far more becomingly dressed and more beautiful than here; and I have never seen, since, the engravings and prints of Lady Seymour which fill every window in the London shops, without feeling that it was a profanation of a style of loveliness that would be "prodigal enough."

If it unweild it's beauty to the moon." The day wore on, and the Knight Marshal of the Lists, (Sir Charles Lamb,) the step-father of Lord Eglinton, by far the most knightly looking person at the Tournament, appeared in his rich surcoat and embossed armor, and with a despairing look at the increasing torrents of rain, gave the order to get to horse. At the first blast of the trumpet, the thick-leaved trees around the castle gave out such a dozen or two of gay-colored horsemen, who had stood almost under the low-hanging branches—mounted musicians in silk and gay trappings, mounted men at arms in demi-suits of armor, deputy marshals and halberdiers; and around the western tower, where their caparisons had been arranged, and their horse-armor carefully looked to, rode the glittering and noble company of Knights, Lord Eglinton in his armor of inlaid gold, and Lord Alford with his athletic frame, and very handsome features, conspicuous as he all.

The rain, meantime, spared neither the rich tabor of the Pursuivant, nor the embroidered saddle-cloths of the Queens impatient palfrey; and after a half dozen of dripping detachments had formed and led on as the head of the procession, the Lady Archers (who were to go on foot) were called by the Marshal with a smile, and a glance upward, which might have been construed into a tacit advice to say in *dis*. Gracefully and majestically, however, with quiver at her back and bow in hand, the tall and fair

archer of whose uncommon beauty I have already spoken, stepped from the castle door; and, regardless of the rain which fell in drops as large as pearls on her unprotected forehead and snowy shoulders, she took her place in the procession with her silken-booted troop picking their way very gingerly over the pools, behind her. Slight as the circumstance may seem, there was in the manner of the lady, and her calm disregard of self in the cause she had undertaken, which would leave me in no doubt whether to look for a heroine were the days of Wallace (whose compatriot she is) to come over again. The Knight Marshal put spur to his horse and re-ordered the little troop to the castle; and, regretting that I had not the honor of the lady's acquaintance for my authority, I performed my only chivalric achievement for the day, sending a halberdier whom I had chanced to remember as the servant of an old friend, on a crusade into the castle for a lady's maid and a pair of dry stockings. Whether they were found and the fair archer wore them, or whether she and her silk-shod company have the tournament consumption, rheumatism, or cough, at this hour, I am sorry I cannot say.

The "Judge of Peace," Lord Saltoun, with his wand, and retainers on foot bearing heavy bat-leaves, was one of the best figures in the procession, though, as he was slightly grey, and his ruby velvet cap and saturated ruff were poor substitutes for a warm cravat and hat-brim, I could not but associate his fine horsemanship with a sore throat, and his retainers and their bat-leaves, with relays of nurses and hot flannels. The flower of the Tournament, in the representing and keeping up of the assumed character, however, was the "King," Lord Londonderry. He, too, is a man I should think on the shady side of fifty, but of just that high presence and ebullient necessary for a royal presence. His robe of red velvet and ermine swept the ground as he sat in the saddle, and he managed to keep his immense folds free of his horse's legs, and yet to preserve its flow in his prancing motion, with a grace and ease, I must say, which seemed truly imperial. His palfrey was like a fiery Arab, in all action, nerve and fire, and every step was a rearing prance, which, but for the tranquil self-possession and easy control of the "King," would have given the spectator some fears for his royal safety. Lord Londonderry's whole performance of his part was without a fault, and chiefly admirable. I thought, from his sustaining it with that unconsciousness and entire freedom from *mauvaise honte*, which the English seldom can command in new or conspicuous situations.

The Queen of Beauty was called, and her horse led to the door—but the water ran from the blue saddle-cloth and housings like rain from a roof, and the storm seemed to have increased with the sound of her name. She came to the door and gave a deprecating look upwards, which would have mollified anything but Scotch sky, and by the command of the Knight Marshal, retired again to wait for a less chivalric, but dryer conveyance. Her example was followed by the other ladies, and their horses were led in the procession. N. P. W.

JOTTINGS DOWN—TOURNAMENT—CONCLUDED.

The knights were but half called when I accepted a friend's kind offer of a seat in his carriage to the lists. The entire park as we drove along was one vast extent of umbrellas, and it looked from the carriage window like an army of animated and gigantic mushrooms, shouldering each other in a march. I had no idea till then of the immense crowd the occasion had drawn together. The circuitous route railed in for the procession was lined with spectators six or seven deep on either side throughout its whole extent of a mile, the most distant recesses of the park were crowded with men, horses, and vehicles, all pressing onwards, and as we approached the lists we found the multitude, full a quarter of a mile deep, standing on all the eminences which looked down upon the enclosure; closely serried almost as the pit of the opera, and all eyes bent in one direction, anxiously watching the guarded entrance. I heard the number of persons present variously estimated during the day, the estimates ranging from fifty to seventy thousand, but I should think the latter was nearer the mark.

We presented our tickets at the private door in the rear of the principal gallery, and found ourselves introduced to a very dry place among the supports and rafters of the privileged structure. The look out was excellent in front, and here I proposed to remain, deeming the wet honor of a place above stairs. The gentleman-usher, however, was very urgent for our promotion, but as we found him afterwards chatting very familiarly with a party who occupied the seats we had selected, we were compelled to relinquish the flattering notion that he was actuated by an intuitive sense of our desertings. On ascending to the covered gallery I saw to my surprise that some of the best seats in front were vacant, and here and there along the different tiers of branches, ladies were sitting excessively close together, while before or behind them seemed plenty of unoccupied room. A second look showed me small streams of water coming through the roof, and I found that a dry seat was totally unattainable. The gallery held about a thousand persons (the number Lord

Eglinton had invited to the banquet and ball) and the greater part of these were ladies, most of them in fancy dresses, and the remainder in very slight *demi-toilette*—every body having dressed apparently with a full reliance on the morning's promise of fine weather. Less fortunate than the multitude outside, the Earl's guests seemed not to have remembered umbrellas among the necessities of a tournament—the demand for this despised invention was sufficient (if merit were ever rewarded) to elevate it forever after to a rank among chivalric appointments. Substitutes and imitations of it were made of swords and cashmires, and the leaders of veritable umbrellas received smiles which should induce them, one would think, to carry half a dozen to all future tournaments in Scotland. It was possible to see the wreck going on among the perishable elegancies of Victorie and Herbault—ship hats of the most faultless *tournure* collapsing with the wet; starched ruffs quite flat dresses passing helplessly from Lesia's style to Nora Creina's; shawls tied by anxious mammas over chap-arrans and coiffure, crushing pitilessly the delicate fabric of months of invention; and, more lamentable still, the fair brows and shoulders of many a lovely woman proving with rainbow clearness that the colors of the silk or velvet composing her head dress were by no means 'fast.' The Irvine archers, by the way, who, as the Queen's body-guard were compelled to expose themselves to the rain on the staircase, resembled a troop of New Zealanders with their faces tattooed of a delicate green; though the Lincoln bonnets were all made of the same faithless velvet, they were fortunate and streaked so nearly alike as to preserve the uniform.

After a brief consultation between the rheumatisms in my different limbs, it was decided (since it was vain to hope for shelter for the entire person) that my cloth cap would be the best recipient for the inevitable wet, and selecting the best vacated places, I seated myself so as to receive one of the small streams as nearly as possible on my organ of firmness. Here I was undisturbed, except that once I was asked my seat supposed to be a dry one, to give place to a lady newly arrived, who receiving my appropriated rivulet in her neck, immediately rested it to me with many acknowledgments, and passed on. In point of position, my seat, which was very near the pavilion of the Queen of Beauty, was one of the best at the tournament, and, diverting my aqueduct by a little management over my left shoulder, I contrived to be more comfortable, probably, than most of my shivering and melancholy neighbors.

A great agitation in the crowd and a dappish sound of coming trumpets, announced the approach of the procession. As it came in sight and wound along the curved passage to the lists, its long and serpentine line of helmets and glittering armor, gonfons, spear points, and plumes, just surging above the sea of moving umbrellas, had the effect of some gorgeous and bright scaled dragon swimming in troubled water. The leaders of the long cavalcade proceeded into the arena at last, and a tremendous shout from the multitude announced their admiration of the spectacle. As they came toward the canopy of the Queen of Beauty, men at arms, trumpeters, heralds and heraldies, and soon after them the King of the Tournament with his long scarlet robe flying to the tempest, and his rearing palfrey straining every nerve to show his pride and beauty. The first shout from the principal gallery was given in approbation of this display of horsemanship as Lord Londonderry rode past, and considering the damp state of the enthusiasm which prompted it, it should have been considered rather flatting. Lord Eglinton came on presently, distinguished above all others no less by the magnificence of his appointments, than by the ease and dignity with which he rode and his knightly bearing and stature. His golden armor sat on him as if he had been used to wear it, and he managed his beautiful charger, and bowed in reply to the reiterated shouts of the multitude and his friends, with a grace and chivalric courtesy which drew murmurs of a plume from the spectators long after the cheering had subsided.

The Jester rode into the lists upon a grey steed, shaking his bells over his head, and dressed in an old costume of blue and yellow, with a broad flapped hat, a's e a's, &c. His character was not at first understood by the crowd, but he soon began to excite merriment by his jokes, and no little admiration by his capital riding. He was a professional person, I think it was said, from Astley's, but as he spoke with a most excellent Scotch burr, he easily passed for an indigenous foot. He rode firm side to side of the lists during the whole of the tournament, borrowing umbrellas, quizzing the knights, &c. &c.

One of the most striking features of the procession was the turn-out of the Knight of the Gael, Lord Glenlyon, with a sventy of his clansmen at his back in plaid and phibbeg, and a finer exhibition of calves (without a yoke) could scarce be desired. They followed their chieftain on foot, and when the procession separated, took up their places in line along serving the palisade, as a guard to the lists.

After the procession had twice made the circuit of the enclosure, doing obeisance to the Queen of Beauty, the Jester had possession of the field while the Knights retir-

ed to don their helmets (hitherto carried on their squires) and to await the challenge to combat. All eyes were now bent on the gorgeous clusters of tents at either extremity of the oblong area, and in a few minutes the herald's trumpet sound, and the 'Knight of the Swan' rode forth, having sent his defiance to the 'Knight of Golden Lion.' At another blast of the trumpet, they set their lances in rest, selected opposite sides of the long fence or barrier, ranging lengthwise through the lists, and furiously past each other, the fence of course preventing any contact except that of the lances. This part of the tournament (essential part, one would think) was, in the necessity of the case, the least satisfactory of all. The Knights, though they indubitably, were so oppressed by the weight of their armor, and so embarrassed in their motions by the ill-adjusted points, that they were like men of wood, unable, appeared even to raise the lance from the thigh which it rested. I presume no one of them either saw where he should strike his opponent, or had any power of directing the weapon. As they rode close to the fence, however, and a ten foot pole sawed nearly off two or three places was laid crosswise on legs of each, it would be odd if they did come in contact; and the least shock of splintered the lance—in other words, find what was begun by the carpenter's file. The great difficulty was to ride at a uniform such tremendous weight, and manage a he of spirit, totally unused both to the weight and the clatter of his own and his rider's armor. I am sure that Lord Eglinton's horse, for one, would have bothered Ivan himself to 'bring to the scratch,' and I Waterford's was the only one that, for the fright he showed, might have been lectured, (I say all should have been) for the virtue of having 'peddled' the wayward two Knights, by the way, ran the best reer, Lord Eglinton, malgre his boisterous off the victor.

The rain, meantime, had increased to deluge; the Queen of Beauty sat shivering under an umbrella; the Jester's long water-tigered, and lay flat on his shoulder, and every body in my neighborhood had pressed in some shawl or other wish for dry seat and glass of sherry. The 'banquet' occurred frequently, right and hopes for mullied wine or something better fore dinner, stole from the lips of a man as the *peddled* out their seats, but one chance for the salvation of his predominant in the minds of all, and was drinking rather more freely than usual at the approaching banquet. Judge v must have been the astonishment, distraction, and despair of the thousand shivering and hungry candidates for feast when Lord Eglinton rode up to the very unhelmeted, and delivered himself follows—

Ladies and gentlemen—I had hoped have given you all a good dinner; but to extreme mortification and regret, I am informed that the rain has penetrated, banquetted pavilions and that in consequence I shall only be able to entertain in so many my friends as can meet under my ordinarly seat.

About as uncomfortable as a piece of blighene to some nine hundred and sixty, his audience as they could have received short of a sentence for their immediate execution.

To comprehend fully the disastrous tent of the disappointment in the principal gallery, it must be taken into consideration that the domestic, fixed or temporary, of rejected officers, were from five to two miles distant—a long ride at the best, if gun on the point of finishing, and in thin and well saturated fancy dresses. Graces the first, however was nothing to gratify the second, viz.—that from the tremendous run upon post-horses and horses of descriptions during the three or four previous days, the getting to the tournament the utmost that many parties could achieve. The nearest baiting-place was several miles off, and in compassion to the poor beast, and with the weather promising fair on arrival, most persons had consented to their chance for the quarter of a mile of the lists to the castle, and had dismissed their carriages with orders to return at close of the banquet at dayfall—*daylight next morning!* The castle everybody knew was crammed from 'donjon keep' to the top, with the relations and intimate friends of the noble Earl, and his private to could accommodate no more than three. To get home was the inevitable alternative. The rain poured in a deluge. The part was trodden into a slough, or stand pools of water. Carts, carriages, and horsemen, with fifty thousand flying pedestrians, crowding every road and avenue! How get home with a carriage! How the do to get home without one!

A gentleman, who had been sent on the errand of N. ah's dove by a lady with carriage and horse were ordered at four following morning, came back with the report to his knees, and reported that there was not a wheelbarrow to be had for love or money. After threading the crowd in the direction, he had offered a large sum, vain for a one-horse cart!

Night was coming on meantime very but absorbed by the distresses of the shivering groups around me, I had scarce remembered that my own invitation was but to banquet and ball, and my dinner consequent