

## Poet's Corner.

## Mischief Makers.

Oh! could there in the world be found  
Some little spot of happy ground,  
Where village pleasures might go round  
Without the village tattling!  
How doubly blest that spot would be  
Where all might dwell in liberty,  
Free from the bitter misery,  
Of gossips' endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,  
Dame Peace might call it as her own,  
And in it she might fix her throne,  
Forever and forever;  
There like a queen might reign and live,  
While every one would soon forgive,  
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief makers that remove,  
Far from our hearth the warmth of love,  
And lead us all to disapproval  
What gives another pleasure;  
They seem to take one's part—but when  
They've heard our cares, unkindly then  
They soon retail them all again,  
Mixed up with poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way  
Of telling ill meant tales; they say,  
'Don't mention it, I pray,  
I would not tell another.'  
Straight to your neighbours then they go,  
Narrating everything they know,  
And break the peace of high and low,  
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief making crew  
Were all reduced to one or two,  
And they were painted red and blue,  
That every one might know them!  
Then would our villagers forget  
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,  
And fall into an angry pet,  
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad degrading part  
To make another's bosom smart  
And plant a dagger in the heart  
We ought to love and cherish!  
Then let us ever more be found  
In quietness with all around,  
While friendship, joy and peace abound,  
And angry feelings perish!

## Select Story.

## WINNY'S TERRIBLE HOUR

AT  
The Giant's Causeway.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED STORY.

They were proceeding slowly round the winding path which leads from the sea and the Causeway to the high road, near which their hotel lay (expressly built in that situation for the convenience of visitors to the far-famed resort of the 'giant,' if ever it was such), when their attention was attracted by a crowd of people assembled at the extreme edge of one of the highest headlands.

'What is the matter?' said Sir James to the guide who had conducted them over the wonders of the place, and had become a great ally of theirs.

'I don't know, yer honour, but I'll be off and find out in a jiffy,' and suiting the action to the word, the guide strode towards the spot where, gesticulating and shouting in a fearful manner, some twenty or thirty peasants were congregated. But the inquiring guide did not quickly return, his interest or curiosity became equally absorbed with that of the people already assembled on the height and our party had themselves reached the crowd before they again saw him. In the midst of the group of men and women sat a little girl about six years old; a small basket was at her side, filled with boxes of 'specimens' (as the natives call them) of the various geological treasures of the place. Above the coarse wooden boxes containing these stones lay several garlands of primroses, the little dealer in geology had been industriously threading these into flowery chains, which she had been taught to fling over the heads of the visitors, whose custom for her 'specimens' she generally ensnared in this way, her innocent winning ways invariably attracting attention in the first instance, and her singular story afterwards riveting it, and often calling forth the substantial kindness of those who bought of her little stores. The child accustomed to the rough weather and tempestuous waves of that rude coast, seemed quite at ease in the midst of the crowd and bustle; she was, however, unconscious of the cause of unusual excitement now, and, wholly occupied with her own little trade, she took a garland from her basket and ran towards the party of visitors as they approach-

ed, intending to capture a purchaser for her wares. The wreath was long, but Lady Anne being tall, and the child very small, the latter could not succeed in flinging it over her head, though she jumped as high as she could to reach her; just as she had nearly succeeded, through the good natured bending down of Lady Anne, who suspected and comprehended at once the snare and its object, the guide came towards them, and regardless of, or not noticing the child's presence exclaimed,—

'It's poor Winny, yer honour, that was gathering dillisk and slaak, and she's slipped down that path that no creature scarcely ventures on but herself and the goats. The *say* is too angry to send out a boat, and no one dare thry the path now the wind is riz, so they're sending a *creel* down for her, its the safest chance left.

Flowers, boxes, and basket fell from the child's hands as the man said these words.

'Nurse, nurse!' screamed she springing towards the edge of the cliff, that, straight as a wall of jagged and broken face and fissures, descended to the sea, whose tide foamed wildly into its base and lashed the waters and spray many feet upwards.

'Oh, nurse! save her take me to her!'

The guide rushed after the child, and caught her up in his arms.

'Primrose,' he cried, 'nurse will be saved, stay quiet, child, they will bring her to you.' But the child would not be quiet; she struggled and clawed, and scratched at his face, and in fact was so earnest in her determination to get free and go to her nurse, that, without really hurting her, he could not save himself from her attacks.

'Musha! what am I to do with the cratur?' said he, 'They want me to steady the rope, and she's such a wild divil of a child she'll run down the path if I let her go. She's as nimble as any goat of them all, and twice as cute; and, only for the wind there is, and the say coming in so furious and fast, she might escape; but she'd have no chance now. May be, your honours could pacify her, and keep her *quite*, till we gets the *creel* in tow.'

The man, a physiognomist in his way, ventured this request to Lady Anne and O'Kennedy; he had not finished speaking, when they had half-forcibly, half coaxingly, taken possession of the screaming, kicking child.

'You don't love your nurse,' said Lady Anne, 'or you would not prevent Patty from going to help her.'

'Why did not he tell me that! I would not have stopped him;—but I want to go too. I can go by the path. Nurse and I often go where none but we can go; we know how to climb the cliffs, they do not.'

The child struggled again; at last they were obliged to tie her hands and feet with their handkerchiefs, and then, Sir James, curious and anxious for the fate of the poor woman, advanced to the edge of the height, at the foot of which he was informed she lay coiled up and holding on as well as she could to the projecting ledges of rock, which were her only support, and from which the wild waves every moment, as they boomed onwards, threatened to dislodge her. She had, as usual, made her way down an almost perpendicular path never frequented but by herself and the mountain goats, whom she rivalled in hardihood and nimbleness of foot. Her harvest of marine vegetables had been more abundant than usual, and she had unwisely ventured on a deceitful shelf of stone and green slimy sea-weeds from which her foot slipping, she had been precipitated many feet downward to the sand. There she lay, moaning and helpless, though not seriously injured. But the high tide coming in, and with it a sudden change from mild to boisterous rough weather, she would have soon been carried out to sea, had she not succeeded in dragging herself beyond its reach, and enfastening herself to some jutting rocks, to which she clung and attached her hold like a sea anemone; but this refuge could not have been hers long, and she would soon have been swept from it and lost, but for a neighbour whom she had left with the child, and who during her absence watched for customers. Both the neighbor and the child wondered at Winney's unusually long absence, and the man becoming seriously alarmed when the weather grew stormy, on venturing a short distance down the path to discover, if possible, had anything gone wrong, though unable to proceed much more than half way down the steep and all but impassible descent, yet went far enough to catch a glimpse of what had occurred.

To get the almost helpless woman up by the pathway, then beset with the additional dangers caused by a fierce strong wind, was not to be thought of; but summoning without a moment's delay the hardy peasants of the place, and by means of a trumpet shouting directions to Winny from the nearest bearing point, they succeeded in

lowering to her a creel and two long wattles with which they desired her to balance herself from dangerous contact with the projecting rocks, and as O'Kennedy yet listened to his informant, the exclamations of the crowd warned him that the perilous ascent had commenced. His head grew dizzy, as he tried to look down from a jutting point of land a little to one side of the exciting spot towards which all eyes and hearts turned in dread. He grew sick as he caught an occasional glimpse of something swaying and swinging between earth, or rather sea and heaven, enveloped every moment with showers of thick spray thrown up by furious raging waters, and occasionally lost to sight from the juttings and projections of the green, slime-covered rocks. The wind had risen fearfully, even with a few moments, and fortunate it was that it had not done so before the men, holding the coil of rope attached to the creel, had trumpeted their orders to the hapless voyager. Three men who had formed themselves into a sort of human chain, had themselves to be held and supported by others, lest their strength and courage should give way, and lest they might be drawn over the precipice. At last the basket and its occupant seemed to near the top of the height, and already the impulsive Irish peasants commenced their loud hurrahs of joy and triumph. O'Kennedy could now see her distinctly as she knelt in the creel, holding in either hand the poles of her destiny, and guiding her frail conveyance.

'A few moments more and she was saved,' cried the foremost of the men who hauled the rope; but the words were scarcely uttered when a strand of the treacherous rope gave suddenly away. Yielding at the pressure from below, and the hearty pulls from above, and heated and wasted by the sharp collision with the selving rock at top, which had acted as a sort of windlass to the rope, and a partial defence against the precipice to the basket, the cord began to untwist in his hand. Ere the cry of horror had time to issue from the lips of the crowd another strand had loosened and quickly began to unravel itself from the rest of the cordage. The life it sustained now almost literally hung upon a thread. In terror and agony, almost equal to poor Winny's own, they ceased for a second to attempt drawing her up lest the last threads should snap on which her life depended. There she was, suspended some twenty feet from the landing-place, swayed hither and thither by the wind, and each instant expecting to be dashed to pieces, ere she could even reach a grave in the waters beneath. She felt thread after thread giving with her;—down she felt impelled by her own weight. But terrible as was the situation, the intrepid crag-woman's presence of mind did not desert her. She knew that for the remaining cords to bear her in safety to the top would be impossible, but her courage rose with the occasion; and as the untwining rapidly proceeded, she took her resolution. Fixing firmly first one, then the other of her two crutches on a jutting ledge of rock on which there was room for her to land in safety, if her head could be kept steady, and so remain till another rope could be let down to her, she cautiously stepped from the creel; carefully retaining it, however, she placed it between her and the outward edge of the shelf on which she stood, whilst she leant back against the wall of precipice behind her. The last remaining threads of hemp would not now have borne a cat's weight, and Winny dared not trust them even to hold the empty creel; she therefore cautiously placed one of her oars within it, and thus steadied it, and her own perilous position; here she remained for at least thirty minutes, shaded partially by adjoining projections from the fury of the storm. Each of these minutes appeared a life to her. During these dreadful pauses in her fate the thought of Clare Eustace's helpless unloved position was her only worldly care. But it brought a pang with it as severe as if the child were really her own. As the cold spasm passed through her heart, a raven croaking hoarsely, passed close to where she stood. She tried to shrink into the rocks behind her as she felt the brushing of his ominous wings; but a happy recollection counteracted the impression of these thoughts and this incident. 'He feeds the young ravens,' said she; 'Primrose will not perish, and neither shall I if I am not chicken-hearted.' A moment afterwards she could hear a grating sound as down, down, down, there descended another basket and another rope. The men above knew not if the first creel were still safe, and they took the precaution to lower another;—it passed the bewildered woman, whose senses were becoming confused, and in consequence she missed the right moment for seizing it; a second more and the exertion to draw it back to her would probably have overbalanced her, but that second did not arrive before she had laid hold of and drawn it to her.

She now discarded the first basket to make way for the second, and perhaps at no moment the fearful agony of her position was more dangerous to her safety than when kicking it from her, in a little void between her and destruction yet unfilled by the other creel, she saw the abyss below; she could not, dared not shut her eyes, nor yet open them to the perils before her, for up to that moment she had that thought to steady her nerves by not looking beyond or above the basket. She had schooled her imagination in a most marvellous manner to disbelieve as it were in her own position. Drawing the cord towards her, she soon managed to place herself in her new vehicle, and a few moments afterwards saw her landed in triumph amidst the excited group on the headland.

## THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The London Times of the 31st ult., supplies the following resume and review of the latest intelligence received up to that date from the camp of the Allies before Sebastopol:—

The latest telegraphic intelligence which has been received by the French and English Governments, is dated from the Crimea on the 20th inst. At that time the siege was going on favorably; the bombardment from the trenches of the besieging armies had been resumed on the 19th with effect; but the enemy is not reported to have sustained the loss of any essential part of the fortresses. From the moment that it was clearly ascertained that Sebastopol could not be reduced even from the South side and by land, without the operations of a regular siege, there is no reason to feel surprise at the length of these proceedings.

It is perfectly true that we had been led in common with all the chief military authorities, to anticipate an easier termination of this great enterprise, when once the place should be invested on the South. The hills above the town were supposed to command the most important positions, and the accounts of the most recent travellers, as well as the careful surveys undertaken by officers of our own fleet, had failed to discover all the resources which the Russians had prepared for resistance. Every fortified town has its weak points, as well as its strong one; but, in the present instance the jealous and secret policy of the Russian Government had to a great extent, succeeded in withholding from our Generals a full knowledge of the place they were about to attack. For instance it has been found that the deep and broad ravines which extend down to the harbor and the dock-yard in front of the British lines not only increase the difficulty of driving our approaches and parallels within a short range of the walls, but also present serious obstacles to an assault in that quarter.

Hence the principal reliance of the right attack lies in the facility we have acquired for shelling the town with our heavy guns, while the attack on the garrison and the forts is brought more nearly home on the other side.

The French were enabled to open their first parallel nearly 300 yards nearer to the town than our advanced lines, and below the stony surface they found a layer of clay serviceable for the purpose of entrenchments. Their position is therefore more favorable for the purpose of an assault than that of the British army; and it will probably be found that while our troops are making a powerful diversion to the East, the decisive attack will be begun on the Western extremity of the lines.—General Canrobert has succeeded, with the assistance of the French navy, in erecting a strong redoubt on the extreme left of the position, which has been armed with no less than five batteries, mounting in all fifty-six guns.

Many of these pieces are of the largest calibre, and have been taken out of ships of the line for the purpose. This work has double the advantage of affording an effectual shelter to the French army, in the event of a strong sortie of the garrison, while on the other hand, some of these batteries are so placed as to command the Western forts and outworks of Sebastopol. It was no doubt against this work that the sortie of the garrison was directed which is mentioned by Prince Menschikoff in his despatch of the 23d; but we must wait for a better authority than that of the Russian commander-in-chief, before we credit the assertion that eleven French mortars and eight guns were spiked by the Russians on this occasion.

On the Russian forts which are situated nearest to the sea the maritime attack of the 17th of Oct. was made, and apparently with success; but we still await with extreme interest the particulars of this engagement, which is the first great feat of arms performed by the Black Sea fleet.

Many young ladies make fools of themselves by the looking-glass, and many young men by the drinking-glass.