

John Mackie Wilson, author of the *Border Tales*. The following is his account of the matter, somewhat condensed.

Having been introduced to Bruce at Torwood, Binnoch intimated that he had something of great importance to communicate, and inquired whether he might speak with confidence. Being assured that he might, he proceeded thus—

"Aweel sir, the business I cam' upon is just this. I supply the garrison, ye see sir, o' Linlithgow wi' hay; now I've observed that they're a' wheen idle, careless fellows, mair ta'en up wi' their play than their duty."

Bruce's eye here kindled with a sudden fire, and his whole countenance of fierce eagerness that strongly contrasted with its former placidity. He was now all attention to the communication of his humble visitor.

"What! the Castle of Linlithgow, friend?" exclaimed Bruce, with a slight smile of mingled surprise and incredulity.—"You take the castle of Linlithgow! Pray my good fellow how would you propose to do that?"

"Why, sir, by a simple process," replied Binnoch, undauntedly; "I wad but a dozen or fifteen stout wheel-armed, resolute fellows, into my cart, cover them ower wi' hay, and introduce them to the garrison as a load o' provender. If they were ance in, an' the chiefs were themselves o' the richt stuff, I'll wad my head to pease bannoch that the castle's ours in 15 minutes."

"And would you undertake to do this, my good friend?" said Bruce, gravely, struck with the idea, and impressed with its practicability.

"Readily, and wi' a richt guid will, sir," replied Binnoch, "provided ye fin' me the men; but they mair be the very wale o' the flock, it's no job for fainthearts or nerveless arms."

"The men ye shall have, my brave fellow; and if ye succeed your country will be indebted to you. But as it is a perilous undertaking there will be hard fighting and ye may lose your head by it. Have you thought of that?"

"I have, sir," replied Binnoch firmly. "As to the fechtin', we are likely to gie them as guid as we get. And for the hangin', the Scotsman is no deservin' o' the name that's no ready to brave death in any form for his country."

Bruce caught the enthusiasm of the speaker. A tear started into his eye and seizing the hand of the humble patriot—

"My noble fellow," he said, "would to God all Scotsmen were like thee. Beneath that homely plaid of thine, there beats a heart of which any knight in Christendom might be proud. Lose or win this shall not be forgotten."

Having made the necessary arrangements, and agreed upon the sign for communicating with each other, Binnoch took his departure from the castle of Torwood.

The next day, the men selected by Bruce were at Binnoch's having been admitted thro' the preconcerted signal. They repaired to the barn, and were snugly packed away in the hay-cart, armed with steel caps and short swords. Every thing being in readiness, Binnoch hid a sword amongst the hay for his own use, and in such a situation that he could easily seize it when wanted. He also provided himself with a poniard which he concealed beneath his waistcoat. Thus prepared at all points, the intrepid peasant set forward with his load of daring hearts; and having arrived at the castle, he and his cart were immediately admitted,—they proceeded onwards till he came to the centre of the court-yard, when Binnoch gave the preconcerted signal to his associates. Which was conveyed in the words spoken in a loud voice—"Forward, Greytails forward!"—as if addressing his horse which he at the same time struck with his whip, to complete deception.

These words were no sooner uttered, than the hay, with which the daring adventurers were covered was seen to move, it was thrown over upon the pavement, to the unexpressed amazement of the idlers who were looking on; and to their still greater surprise, fifteen armed men leaped with fearful shouts into the court yard when being instantly headed by Binnoch, the work of death began. Every man within their reach at that moment was cut down. The guardroom was assailed and all in it put to death, and passing from apartment to apartment, they swept the castle and took possession of it. The attack had been so sudden, so unexpected, and so vigorous, that its unfortunate occupants, six times their number, had no time to rally or defend themselves, and thus fell an easy prey to the bold adventurers.

We have only to add that Binnoch was rewarded by Bruce for this important service with some valuable lands in the parish of Linlithgow; and that his descendants had for their arms a hay wain, with the motto "virtute de loco."

NEWSPAPERS.

I am sure that every person will be willing, as I am, to acknowledge, in the most ample terms, the information, the instruction, the amusement derived from the public press.—*Lord Lyndhurst*. The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come, and drink; it is the newspaper which gives to liberty practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of the public opinion, and it informs people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant

sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution.—*Sir E. L. Bulwer*.

COLD WATER.

Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down to dine?
O, no, my friends for is it not
Poured out by hands divine?
Poured out by hands divine, my friends,
Poured out by hands divine;
From springs and wells it gushes forth,
Poured out by hands divine.

To beauty's cheek, though strange it seems,

'Tis no more strange than true,
Cold water though itself so pale,
Imparts the rosiest hue;
Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
Imparts the rosiest hue;
Yes, beauty in a water pail,
Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too (though wonderful,
'Tis not less true again)
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men;
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men;
Then let us take the weakest drink,
And grow the strongest men.

I've seen the bells of tulips turn,
To drink the drops that fell
From summer clouds, then why should not
The two lips of a belle?

The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle;
What sweetens more than water pure,
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak full many a cup,
Doth hold up to the sky.

To catch the rain; then drink it up,
And thus the oak gets high.
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high;
By having water in its cups,—
Then why not you and I?

Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair;
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

From "Nineveh and its Remains," by Austen Henry Layard, Esq.

REMAINS OF NINEVEH.

It seems to be the privilege of our age, not merely to produce the most extraordinary amount of interesting history itself, but to effect the recovery of some of the most remarkable, though heretofore lost, passages of ancient history. We have already seen the early events of some of the great extinct monarchies of the East read off from monuments and inscriptions, and one or two thousand years thus added to the entire history of mankind. Now another, and perhaps the greatest of these primitive states is, as it were, raised from the grave, and made to tell its own story. The vale of the Tigris, one of the most fertile spots of the earth, is, as is well known, now occupied only by a scattered Arabian population under the Turkish government. Travellers have made known to us the existence of great mounds in several places—the supposed ruins of the ancient Assyrian cities and palaces; but this was mere conjecture. Not a single building existed which could be referred to the ancient empire. The very site of Nineveh, which Jonah saw a city of three days' journey in circuit, was uncertain. So early as the days of Xenophon, desolation and barbarism had resumed their reign over this once beautiful country. At the same time, scarcely any authentic memorials had come down to us of Assyrian history: we knew little but that there had once been a great empire in this valley; that it had personages called Ninus, Semiramis, and Belus connected with it, and had sunk under the Persian empire, while kings were still reigning over the infant city of Rome. It was reserved for British enterprise, within the last four years, to turn the darkness which had settled on this subject into something like light.

The present work gives an account of the arduous task which Mr Layard was induced to undertake in 1845, of exploring the great mounds under which the ruins of Assyria were supposed to be buried. He at first acted on his own responsibility; but when some success had been attained, the countenance and assistance of the government were extended to him. Still, at all times he had to contend with great difficulties, the chief of which lay in the barbarism of the native government and its subjects, one-half of whom are the plunderers of the rest. His first work was the trenching of the great mound called Nimroud, situated on the tongue of land formed by the junction of the Zab with the Tigris. To his great delight he found the walls of a series of palaces, containing huge idols, sculptures in bas-relief and paintings, and many minor objects, helping to throw a light upon the history as well as manners of the Assyrians. It was an astounding resurrection, bringing things before the gaze of mankind which had been covered over and thrown into utter oblivion before the days of Alexander. Afterwards Mr Layard effected similar excavations at Kalah Sherghat, a place

farther down the river, and on the west bank; likewise at Koyunjik, near Mosul. Meanwhile similar works had been proceeding, but on a less happy method, at Khorsabad, under the care of a French consul. Mr Layard at length determined that the ancient Nineveh had stood on the left or east bank of the Tigris, one side of it bordering on the river between Koyunjik and Nimroud, while the other lay between Khorsabad and Karamles, a sort of lozenge-shaped square of about sixty miles in entire circuit. The ruins at these places were but the remains of the principal public buildings; the rest of the city had left no memorial above the general level of the soil. Ultimately, Mr Layard succeeded in shipping off some of the principal remains to England, for the British Museum; and it has since been the employment of his leisure to compose a narrative of the whole proceedings, as well as a view of ancient Assyria, as now revealed to us by the result of his labors. Of the book we must pronounce that it is as creditable to his taste and intelligence, as the excavations were to his courage and diplomatic skill. It is amply illustrated with drawings and plans.

The most striking objects exhumed by Mr Layard were colossal figures of bulls, with wings and human heads, or else lions similarly furnished, which stood beside the portals of the palaces; realisations, no doubt, of some of the leading religious or moral ideas of the Assyrians. Some of these have been sent home. Slabs, with bas-reliefs and inscriptions in cuneiform letters, rank next in importance. They present kings in battle, or returning from it; sieges and captures of cities; horsemen pursuing one another; and so forth; all in a rich and not incorrect style of art, though wanting in the grouping and expression given by the modern sculptor. But let Mr Layard himself give a general description of Nimroud, as it appeared when the excavations were about to cease:—"We descend about twenty feet, and suddenly find ourselves between a pair of colossal lions, winged and human-headed, forming a portal. I have already described my feelings when gazing for the first time on these majestic figures. Those of the reader would probably be the same, particularly if accompanied by the reflection, that before those wonderful forms, Ezekiel, Jonah, and others of the prophets stood, and Sennacherib bowed; that even the patriarch Abraham himself may have looked upon them."

"In the subterranean labyrinth which we have reached, all is bustle and confusion. Arabs are running about in different directions; some bearing baskets filled with earth, others carrying the water-jars to their companions. The Chaldeans or Tiary, in their striped dresses and curious conical caps, are digging with picks into the tenacious earth, raising a dense cloud of fine dust at every stroke. The wild strains of Kurdish music may be heard occasionally issuing from some distant part of the ruins; and if they are caught by the parties at work, the Arabs join their voices in chorus, raise the war-cry, and labour with renewed energy. Laying behind us a small chamber, in which the sculptures are distinguished by a want of finish in the execution, and considerable rudeness in the design of the ornaments, we issue from between the winged lions, and enter the remains of the principal hall. On both sides of us are sculptured gigantic winged figures; some with the heads of eagles, others entirely human, and carrying mysterious symbols in their hands. To the left is another portal, also formed by winged lions. One of them has, however, fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Beyond this portal is a winged figure, and two slabs with bas-reliefs; but they have been so much injured that we can scarcely trace the subject upon them. Further on there are no traces of wall, although a deep trench has been opened. The opposite side of the hall has also disappeared, and we only see a high wall of earth. On examining it attentively, we can detect the marks of masonry; and we soon find that it is a solid structure built of bricks of unbaked clay, now of the same color as the surrounding soil, and scarcely to be distinguished from it."

"The slabs of alabaster, fallen from their original position, have, however, been raised; and we tread in the midst of a maze of small bas-reliefs, representing chariots, horsemen, battles, and sieges. Perhaps the workmen are about to raise a slab for the first time; and we watch with eager curiosity what new event of Assyrian history, or what unknown custom or religious ceremony, may be illustrated by the sculpture beneath."

"Having walked about one hundred feet amongst these scattered monuments of ancient history and art, we reach another doorway, formed by gigantic winged bulls in yellow limestone. One is still entire; but its companion has fallen, and is broken into several pieces: the great human head is at our feet."

"We pass on without turning into the part of the building to which this portal leads. Beyond it we see another winged figure, holding a graceful flower in its hand, and apparently presenting it as an offering to the winged bull. Adjoining this sculpture we find eight fine bas-reliefs. There is the king hunting, and triumphing over the lion, and wild bull; and the siege of the castle, with the battering-ram. We have now reached the end of the hall, and find before us an elaborate and beautiful sculpture, representing two kings standing beneath the emblem of the supreme deity, and attended by winged figures. Between them is the sacred tree. In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform, upon which, in days of old, may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian monarch, when he received his captive enemies or his courtiers."

"To the left of us is a fourth outlet from the hall, formed by another pair of lions. We issue from between them, and find ourselves on

the edge of a deep ravine, to the north of which rises, high above us, the lofty pyramid. Figures of captives bearing objects of tribute—ear-rings, bracelets, and monkeys—may be seen on walls near this ravine; and two enormous bulls, and two winged figures above fourteen feet high, are lying on its very edge."

"As the ravine bounds the ruins on this side, we must return to the yellow bulls. Passing through the entrance formed by them, we enter a large chamber surrounded by eagle-headed figures. At one end of it is a doorway guarded by two priests or divinities, and in the centre another portal with winged bulls. Which ever way we turn, we find ourselves in the midst of a nest of rooms; and without an acquaintance with the intricacies of the place, we should soon lose ourselves in this labyrinth. The accumulated rubbish being generally left in the centre of the chambers, the whole excavation consists of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster, and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, half buried, in which may be seen here and there a broken vase, or a brick painted with brilliant colours. We may wander through these galleries for an hour or two, examining the marvellous sculptures, or the numerous inscriptions that surround us. Here we meet long rows of kings, attended by their eunuchs and priests—there lines of winged figures, carrying fir-cones and religious emblem, and seemingly in adoration before the mystic tree. Other entrances, formed by winged lions and bulls, lead us into new chambers. In every one of them are fresh objects of curiosity and surprise. At length, wearied, we issue from the buried edifice by a trench on the opposite side to that by which we entered, and find ourselves again on the naked platform. We look around in vain for any traces of the wonderful remains we have just seen, and are half inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of Eastern romance."

TURN OUT

OF THE AMERICAN FACTORY GIRLS.

Some Yankee factory girls down in Maine have struck for higher wages; and, as they are obliged to give a month's warning before quitting work, they have meanwhile issued a sort of notice or advertisement to the world at large from which we copy a paragraph:—

"We are now working out our notice, and shall soon be out of employment—can turn our hand to most anything—don't like to be idle—but determined not to work for nothing where folks can afford to pay. Who wants help? We can make bonnets, dresses, puddings, pies or cake; patch, darn knit; roast, stew and fry; make butter and cheese, milk cows, feed chickens and hoe corn; sweep out the kitchen, put the parlor to rights; make beds, split wood, kindle fires, wash and iron, besides being remarkably fond of babies—in fact, can do anything the most accomplished housewife is capable of, not forgetting the scolding on Mondays and Saturdays; for specimens of spunk will refer you to our overseer. Speak quick! Black eyes, fair foreheads, clustering locks, beautiful as a Hebe, can sing like a seraph, and smile most bewitchingly; any elderly gentleman in want of a housekeeper, or a nice young man in want of a wife, willing to sustain either character; in fact, we are in the market. Who bids? Going, going, gone. Who's the lucky man?"

This is certainly a spirited, if not a modest, appeal to mankind in general; and it is a matter of rejoicing to see the 'girls' making efforts to get married, as well as to resist the oppression of the cotton lords.

A MOTHER.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered even in advanced life, in sickness and dependency—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought of the mother that looked on his childhood, that smothered down his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? O! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, that transcend all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor awakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtakes him he will be endeared to her by misfortune; and if disgrace test upon his name, she will love and cherish him, and be all the world to him.

YOU WILL BE WANTED.

Take courage, young man. What if you are but a humble and obscure apprentice—a poor neglected orphan; a scold and a bye-word to the thoughtless and gay, who despise virtue in rags, because of its tatters. Have you an intelligent mind, all untutored though it may be? Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire, and an honest heart? Depend upon it one of these days you will be wanted. The time may long be deferred. You may grow to manhood, and you may even reach teach your prime, ere the call is made; but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest hearts, are too few and sacred not to be appreciated—not to be wanted. Your virtues shall not always be hidden: your poverty shall not always wrap you about as with a mantle; obscurity shall not always veil you from the multitude. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be ever active however small my be your sphere of action, it will