

windings and intricate labyrinth; with massive doors and
ponderous gates, a dense and irregular mass, such as the
"Middle Ages" produced. In a deep forest the winding paths
and circuitous roads of which none could find but those
accustomed to them. In such a castle and such a road
with a few loved ones would I dwell, but I will quit such
Jewish castle building. But to us walk, in returning from
Mr. Mabels we stopped at a tolerably sized framed house inhabited
by one Burns. I was glad to have; such a dirty house, such
filthy people I should be sorry to see often. We came on down
by the Mill and stopped at Mr. Cromwells, and dined with them
a proceeding I was not at all amused too for my long walk had
made us excessively, and yet not so hungry. Such a difference