

THE EVENING NEWS.

SUNDAY, July 6, 1852.

THE BATTLE OF THE TWINS.

A TALE OF THE MONK'S CASCADE.

[CONTINUED]

In this mood I could, in the words of Crummond, have almost looked round and wept for Babylon and Memphis, long destroyed while this work remained, when a new object attracted my attention. Crossing the path by which had myself entered the place, advanced a man about forty years of age, with handsome though sunburnt features. He was dressed in a light blue coat with brass or gilt buttons, a small Spanish hat, a yellow waistcoat, a brown waistcoat, breeches and heavy boots, with flowing silk tie and down-turned collar, exhibiting a well-brown, well-shaped head. Altogether, being six feet in height, and stout in proportion, he was what might be termed, in the language of the district, "a fine lump of boy." But he was the most elegant and stately-looking man I have ever seen, and I was greatly annoyed; for, as passed, his blue eyes had a sudden look, his brow was wrinkled, and his lips were set. Making his way direct to the abbey, he rested one hand on a tick he held in front of one of the vaults, while with the other he raised his hat reverentially, made the sign of the cross, and remained in that attitude for some minutes. After this he seated himself in a stone close by, and gazed for some time at the wild Golgotha around him, and then covering his face with both hands, rocked himself to and fro in such a manner that I imagined he must be in agony of tears. Thus he remained ten minutes or more, when rising he drew his hat down over his brows, and walked toward the public road by a route different from that by which he had entered. I again turned my thoughts to their former channel, and the incident had quite quitted my mind when was startled by the appearance of another man from the south. This I saw started, because although this new-comer wore an ordinary shaped beaver hat, cloth trousers, lighted boots, and a different style of vest and neck ornament, yet there seemed to be the very same blue coat with yellow buttons, the very same blue waistcoat, and age, as the man who had recently left the abbey. He also went to the vault near the window, raised his hat and stood a minute or two, after which he departed in the same direction. I could not account for it at the time, but in spite of the bright July sun a cold shiver ran through me, even as though I had gazed upon a wraith! How I should have felt had I witnessed the scene of cold starry midnight, I cannot tell. To me, however, this combination of incidents was singular. Thus pondering, and attracted by the impatient pawing of the ground by my horse, by which I imagined he must have been murmuring, in the words of the "Ancient Mariner,"

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

abandoned my seat by the cascade, and made the best of my way to the roadside inn, which I had seen on my arrival at the summit of the hill.

On reaching the spot, I first made over my horse to the charge of a shaggy-headed but utterly beardless wild Indian of fifty or thereabouts, who designated me as "yer honore," in a very strong brogue, and then made my way with some difficulty into a sort of porch, where there were two deal tables, several common benches or forms, and the remains of what had once been an arm chair, of which I took possession by an open window. Previous to so doing, I had seized the ring which dangled from the end of a greasy rope, and now waited for the result. During an interval of at least five minutes I had surveyed everything around the dimly-lighted room, not a fat and swelling Boniface, with bald pate and white apron, or a sleek and well-groomed Charles, but a original shock-headed friend from beadle-stye!

"Does yer honor want anything?" he asked as he entered, and stooped to pull off his woolen stockings, which had fallen from his unbuttoned knee-sleeves down over his ankles.

"Is there nobody to attend?" I asked; "can I not have a room?"

"For 'sake's sakes' meanin' to attend, if that's what yer after!" said the odd-looking being before me, suddenly transferring his fingers from the buttoning of his breeches to the scratching of his head.

"Shure the masther's gone down the meadow yander, to sell a cock ivy to a gintleman from town, an' 'divil room is there imly; save yer honor could like to come into the kitchen, here ye're willin, alayn rate. There's my wan bidder, alayn rate; that's the an' there the bestiful corpsie is laid alayn rate, for the weakin'."

"What beautiful corpsie?" I inquired at his very cheerful announcement, which made graces.

"Why, the mistress, of course! Shure he died five days ago, an' worship, an' 'll wake her to-morrow night; after dat you can have the room. But won't yer honor like somethin'?"

"We've we-

asiful por'ty with an' shallop, an' h'p'p'le pitiable an' bacon an' eggs, an' butter an' milk, an' some cowid bicken, an' cabbage, an' an' ivymin' to be sure, that's a Christian could ant."

"And who's to prepare them?" asked, half disheartened, and half mused. "Is there a servant — a cook?"

"Is it a cook yer wantin'? Faix, a better hand than meself at 'billin' bacon cabbage isn't to be found in all Minnesota, and for a servant at all work, the shable or the kitchen or the drawin'-room or the parlor, I'm sure ye'll not get a better anywhere!" This extraordinary self-adulatory speech was delivered with a jerk of the right leg, a complete spin round upon it, the left knee being bent nearly to the chin, and the whole accompanied by a double snap of the fingers of both hands, that would have been extremely ludicrous at any time.

"Under these circumstances, then," I replied, suppressing a smile, "you may give me a small bottle of stout. Or say! I think I'll have a little whiskey and cold water now, and some stout for dinner." And away went the strange being, muttering something about "raugers" and "quare people entirely, alayn rate which I could not catch; his comical, broken voice did not exceed a glass of whiskey as ever I tasted, with a jug of excellent water, from the cascade, in all probability.

To be continued.

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