

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the British American.

Continued from No. 33.

Here I must have lost all recollection, I remembered no more of the fairy queen, or her vessel, or what became of her attendants, till I found myself, I thought, in a small open boat buffeting the rude billows of the ocean with the Genni at the helm, and although the mighty surge rose in mountains, and alternately sank the little bark deep in the unfathomable abyss, I was under no apprehension. My guide sat wrapped in his customary abstraction, observing a profound silence, which the maddening waves and tempestuous north-west was unable to disturb. The only sail we had, methought, was hauled close and the stem of the boat dead on the wind. Over a point of land apparently engulfed by an inland water, reared the proud watch-towers of a dreary fortress, whose gloomy aspect in the grey of the morning had a most chilling and appalling effect. The whole of the attention of the helmsman seemed directed to this object, and although the wind was completely adverse, we every moment neared the shore. Having, methought, succeeded in entering the inlet or bay, we were in a short space of time in smooth water, land locked by a number of small islands. It was a dark heavy stream which I attributed to the absence of the sun, which deigned not to shine forth on the gloomy terrific battlements of the Fortress. Whether it arose from the circumstance of having been so recently an observer of such cheerful and pleasing objects, but it appeared hardly possible to witness scenery more truly melancholy. A heavy dense vapour undrank by the orb of day, rested on the inhospitable mansion. It appeared about an hundred yards from the shore, and as if it was not sufficiently insulated, was surrounded by a deep note. The front entrance of the building was by the medium of a draw-bridge, about the centre encircling the whole, was a parapet, and on a platform presented a tier of cannon, behind which paced the solitary sentinel from post to post. Had there been no particular object to impress the beholder with gloomy ideas its general appearance was quite sufficient. But as if we had come to explore the precincts of despair, cast your eye which way you would there was, methought, some spectacle observable to shock the feelings. Along the edge of the shore, hung the sad relics of mortality two gibbets with the bare bones or skeletons of two persons suspended in chains, that ever and anon, clattered and rattled in dreadful accordance with the howling blast. A few miserable fishermen's huts, with a number of dilapidated mansions, deserted long since, were the only buildings save the

prison. On our approach my guide drew from his vesture a bugle horn, and at the first blast, as if it had magic in the sound down fell the bridge across the mote. A file of grim looking soldiers formed an avenue from the bridge to an iron gate, from thence into a square yard, beyond this again were other massy iron portals separating distinct prisons or wards for the use of persons of different classes. Having methought, penetrated into quite the interior, two tremendous gates were closed upon us, grating dolefully on their rusty hinges, created the horrid notion of eternal incarceration, and although asleep, I felt a cold chill indicative of despair stealing over my senses. A recollection of the potency of the Genni and the marked deference that was paid him, helped to reassure me, and soon gave me a confidence not my own, words would be inadequate to portray the horror and ignominy within these dreary walls.

We now, methought, ascended an high circular tower, preceded by the Governor or Commander accompanied by his myrmidons, having arrived at the last landing of a dark spiral staircase, the Genni pointed to a door, demanding entrance, which created the greatest apparent confusion in the Governor and his attendants, methought, had he not been overawed by the presence of the Genni he would not have suffered the apartment to be explored. The command was too imperative to be denied, and with a trembling hand this tool of power began to examine every key in his possession to find one, which from a superstitious idea he had never before dared to make use of, having at length succeeded in finding it he humbly presented it to the Genni. But neither threats or entreaties methought, could induce him to enter. The Genni eyeing him with contempt for his pusillanimity, waved his hand to depart, he precipitately obeyed and left the Genni and myself to explore the hidden mysteries of the haunted tower. What had given rise to the absurd and superstitious notion except the policy of my guide, I was at a loss to find out, for on our entrance I was agreeably surprised to discover a well-furnished apartment, gloomy indeed, but in it nothing to impress the mind with unpleasant feelings save the view from the Gothic windows overlooking the dreary confines. The Genni apparently wearied by his nocturnal voyage, threw himself on a couch, like one returned home after a journey, and was immediately absorbed by his own reflections, leaving me, methought, sans ceremony to amuse myself the best way I could. I endeavoured, methought, to pass the time, by pacing the floor occasionally, viewing the surrounding country from the lofty windows of the tower, and as I anticipated much information, waited with patience till

the old gentleman should recover the use of his tongue.

After some considerable time the Genni by a sign beckoned me to be seated, and without any preface, commenced the following discourse or prediction. Last night, my son, thou hadst an opportunity of being an eye witness of Prince-Town in her zenith, in the full tide of her prosperity, to day you can make your moral comments on her unfortunate sister, founded on an unstable basis, finesse and intrigue, terminating in superstition and despotism. At that early epoch, when Prince-Town had scarcely centred half a dozen domiciles, and before men had begun to congregate in the now splendid city, this place where you now stand, became her rival; her interest far preponderated in the political scale, and although justice was manifestly on the side of your place, her merits and localities, were superceded; possessing, however, an ancient charter of a Royal Burg she had a privilege that could not well be taken from her, but her adversity so far succeeded in leaving her little else.

Saint Eleanor's from her central position was the high road to preferment at the capital, and as a consequence had many friends, who in proportion as they used all their efforts to exalt her interest, also used all their strength to depress her rival, and although they would carry fair faces towards her, they waited but for an opportunity to throw away the mask, but time soon arrived when her supposed friends and secret enemies declared their object, by audaciously usurping those rights, that had for a series of years exclusively belonged to your Town. By obtaining the first public buildings, the Court-House and County Jail, to obtain these no trick or subterfuge was wanting. These buildings at that early date, considered as substantial and permanent advantages, has, as you see, entailed on them all these horrors so dreadfully conspicuous. It was their greatest pride to obtain them, and chains and dungeons have ultimately become their remuneration. At that period to which I allude, the Country was in a manner ruled by six individuals, two represented the Borough, and four the County, and unfortunately for your city five of them favoured this place; having thus so powerful a majority against it had little chance of success, and St. Eleanor fairly stole the march. By the acquisition of a Court-House they were not disappointed in their anticipations, as was expected it became the focus that attracted to them many and singular advantages. The assizes from time to time, brought an influx of people, this, as a matter of course was the means of establishing houses of accommodation, and Gentlemen of the long robe began to take up their residence, tradesmen and artificers finding it a place of re-