SONNET.

By meadows green and leafy woodland covers,
  We wandered, hand in hand, when we were young,
And Nature, kindest, tenderest of lovers,
  Sprinkled our paths with flowers and songs celestial sung.
Then we were dwellers in a realm ideal,
  And we were dreamers:—"As the days go by,"
We said, "the world, so selfish, cold and real,
  Our songs shall charm—our names shall never die!"
But Enon died. His name is never spoken,
  And I live on, unhonored and unknown!
Ah! by his side to sleep the sleep unbroken,
  With arms enclasped—two statues carved in stone—
Never to dream again,—and living seems
Nothing but dreams—Ah! me, nothing but dreams.

                                        ENYLLA ALLYNE.

THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

No. IV.

A paragraph on Hunting and Music—The Pony: his uses and abuses—
Novel and advantageous trade refused—Jewellery (with a vengeance).

MANY of these dignitaries keep a tame antelope, and we can
say safely, that we never saw any of our domestic animals
more thoroughly tame. Of course they are captured young. We
helped to secure a couple of them on the Cut-off, and before we
had them two days they would follow like a dog, bleating plain-
tively. With the assistance of a dog we ran them down after a
two hours' chase. As we had cows in the train, they did not suffer
for sustenance. We never saw any young animal which learned
to drink so easily. What ultimately became of them we cannot
say, as we parted company with them at Denver. The antelope
which we saw around the village all appeared to be young; at
least we saw no mothers among them. We suppose that they are
killed each winter when game is scarce and shy, the red brother
evidently not allowing the sentimental to interfere with the