

are up and dressed,)—but when I could plainly discern the things about the room, I was not long in making my toilet, and finding my way down stairs.

The black I found asleep in a bunk, dressed as I had last seen him; I shook him by the shoulder, and he was up in a moment, and in another minute his master also made his appearance, dressed also. I desired my account, and soon settled it; my landlord expressed his surprise at my going away so early, and with, as I thought, a very sinister smile, *hoped I had slept well*. I assured him I had, for I would not give the rascal the satisfaction of knowing what a wretched night I had passed, and said that I wished to get to the end of my journey before breakfast. I took my bitters, and asking him the nearest route to St. Jacques le Mineur, I left the house as quickly as possible, and it was not till I had got quite clear of the village that I felt entirely free from the terrible spectre which I had seen, and which made me swear solemnly, never again to spend another "Night at L'Acadie."

If, Sir, you can throw any light on the above mysterious circumstances, you will, by doing so, remove a great weight from my mind.

Montreal, September 25, 1847.

TO LESBIA.

Where the trees unite their shade,
Propitious to the warbling bird;—
Where the murmuring streamlets glide;
There meet me at thy word.

Where the verdant flowers bloom,
Perfuming all the sacred grove;—
Where the zephyrs gently roam;
There, my Lesbia, speak of love.

There, upon my breast reclining,
Let me kiss those lips divine;—
There let my ardent soul, confiding,
Find a tender love in thine.

The oak and elm entwine their bough;
The linnets, warbling, charm the grove:—
Beneath their shade we'll deck our brows,
Nor envy aught of angel love.

Phœbus may perform his round,
And still the tide of time flow on;
But when our short-lived sun goes down,
Its reign is then forever gone.

Our lives will soon emerge in night,
Our spirits glide in shades from earth,
And with us all that caused delight,—
Love, ambition, joy, and mirth.

Then since our youth shall soon decay,
And age will urge our fates along,
Let us enjoy life as we may;
'Tis better have it sweet than long.

When fallen youth shall lie supine,
And age repels the fires of love;
Then, King of Shades, all hail! I'm thine!
There's nothing more for which to live.

McGILL COLLEGE, March 22nd, 1847.

THE SYBIL'S PROPHECY.

BY R.

By the light of the evening summer's moon
A fine girl sought the Sybil's cave.
In sooth 'twas a lone and gloomy scene
For one so fair, alone, to brave.
The deadly nightshade blossomed there,
Oershadowed with cypress and yew;
And many a plant of foliage rare,
Ever distilling poisoned dew.
The adder lurked 'neath the long rank grass;
The toad emitted his venomous breath,
With many a reptile of hideous form,
Whose fatal sting was instant death;
Yet, without faltering, that girl fair
Passed on, with footsteps light,
And carelessly tossed back the raven hair
That shaded a cheek as marble white.
Another moment;—she stood before
That mysterious being—the Sybil dread,
And tremblingly begged her secret lore
To hear—the page of her destiny read.
Slowly, sadly, the prophetess gazed
On the lines of fate in that fairy palm—
In the starry eyes that to hers were raised
With fears, she vainly tried to calm.
"It needs not my love to tell that thou
Art the child of a noble race;—
'Tis read in thy high and queenly brow—
Thine air of high-born grace.
Thy wealth is told by the gems that deck
Thy robe, and the diamonds rare
That glitter upon thy snowy neck
And gleam 'mid the braids of thy raven hair;
But, lady, it needs all a Sybil's skill
To read the secret so well concealed
'Neath that careless smile and brow so still,—
A secret thou hast but to one revealed;
But oh! beware! thou hast placed thy love
On a being as changing and false as air,
Who, with art, to gain thy heart has strove,
But who soon will cease to find thee fair.
Much fear I, lady, thy constancy;
But must thou from thy lover part;
Or else, alas! for thy destiny,—
An early grave and a broken heart."
The lips of the listener curved with a smile
Of cold and scornful unbelief,
As she murmured: "I know he is free from guile,
And I credit not thy tale of grief."
"Stay, lady! a kindly warning take;
From thy lover's toils thy heart set free,
Or, when from thy dreams of folly thou'lt awake,
Thou'lt think of the Sybil's prophecy."
With a clouded brow, and look of care,
The fair girl sought her splendid home,
And vowed, that for tales, as false as air,
No more the Sybil's cave she'd roam.
To him who now ruled her every thought,
Despite the warnings, she joined her lot,
And gave her heart, and its clinging love,
To a being, alas! who prized it not.
A few years passed of neglect and grief,
That quickly her warm and young hopes chilled;
And then, in death, she found relief
The Sybil's prophecy was fulfilled.