

He never once mentions the beech tree, and the ash is passed over, except in reference to the strength of spear-shafts made from the wood.

Shakespeare does not care to learn much about what a botanist would call the "species" of trees. It may be doubted whether he knew familiarly more than half-a-dozen different kinds. But how quick and accurate his conception of the phenomena of their life, and of the part they play in the universal poesy! This is the kind of knowledge to be most envied, for it is that to which comparison of forms and colors never reaches.

In the sunshine of high summer, in *Titus Andronicus* we have

"The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground."

Then we are asked in *The Merchant of Venice* to note how quiet they can be

"The moon shines bright, in such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did kindly kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise."

Presently the breeze quickens

"The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day."

1st. part HENRY IV., v. 1.

Autumn approaches, and he tells us

"I have lived long enough, my day of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf"

MACBETH, v. 3.

Lastly, mark the observation, so consummately accurate, of the fact not more true in botany, than so admirably employed as an image, that a tree never casts its principal or larger leaves, till decay of everything is imminent.

In King Richard the Third, he writes:

"When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks,  
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand,  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?"

### "PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS."

Persian trappings, boy, I hate;  
From the linden save my pate;  
Where the roses linger late  
Cease to search, nor add  
To the myrtle's plain design,  
Fitting for my brows and thine,  
Thou a slave, me quaffing wine  
'Neath the trellis'd shade.

W. M. M.

### EPIGRAM.

"Twixt those Poets of old, and our Poets of late—  
One perpetual distinction holds true;—  
The New in a twinkling are all out of date;  
The Old—will for ever be new!"

H. M.

### KISMET.

The sun was almost set after a sultry cloudless July day. I stood on a low shoulder of hill which rose sluggishly out of the plain three half-miles to the south, and sloped upward till it was suddenly cut away by the river gorge on the north. The abrupt faces of the rock had crumbled slightly backward, leaving a steep, precipitous slope, broken here and there by tufts of scrub pine and masses of hard, intrusive rock.

Before me lay the immense canons of the Colorado. The hill on which I stood rose like the shoulder of a whale from the plain around, and gave view of league after league of the country before me. Half a dozen miles to the east lay the junction of the Chiquito Colorado with the main river. There the combined streams make a sudden swerve westward, and the great canon begins. I could follow its course for miles as it channelled its way across the plain as the rivulets do in spring, when they run over clay beds and work their way downward in narrow slits until the gravel below is reached. The walls of the canon in front of me were composed of evenly disposed strata of rock which the water had grooved out into horizontal flutings, and chiselled into pinnacles, and channelled into terraces, till they suggested at every turn the distant view of a city's walls and towers and spires. At short, irregular periods the walls were cut by the gorges of tributary streams, which flowed along the bottom of ridiculously narrow slits, cut down as by a knife from the plain above.

Along the southern edge of the canon wound a narrow wagon trail, which the traders coming up from the Little Colorado followed on their way to San Pueblo. Around the base of the hill, where the steep declivity sloping down from my feet met the abrupt walls of the canon, a slender pathway had been made with pick and shovel, a mere bridle-path, so narrow and frail it seemed clinging to the hill-side in terror lest it should suddenly be swept over, which indeed every fresh storm threatened to do.

Along this precarious road all the wagons from the East were in the habit of passing. The danger, however, was more apparent than real, except after a heavy rainstorm, when boulders and smaller debris were frequently washed down from the hill above, and made the passage both difficult and dangerous until they were removed. Such a sudden storm had swept the plains a few days before, and was followed by weather of that peculiar blinding sultriness which is to be experienced only on the western prairies.

As I stood on the highest spur of the hill, and gazed out over the plain which stretched in long swells to the northern horizon, the palpitating blue heat of mid-day was silently giving place to the re-