

parture, Mr. E. Stone, of Dedham, Mass., and his wife, got a clear sky at the Summit on which we had left a thick night-cap. It afforded the first a luck which we would gladly have shared with him :—that of seeing his person reflected or duplicated on the light misty veil hanging over one of the deep valleys.

The author, after calmly reading to himself the above metaphoric description, which springs from actual facts, seen with both eyes and mind, and which was dashed off in a hurry only a few hours after the occurrence, while the impression in him was still warm and glowing,—the author, we repeat, cannot see fit to alter the tone and tenor of that description, however much any prosaic reader may tax it with exaggeration. Those who are ignorant of the cloudy world as seen from great heights, cannot imagine the resplendent beauty and grandeur to be witnessed from them. Those also, who simply see—without realizing—are still worse off than the first, and, that brings to the author's memory an anecdote told him by a warm friend, and a true poet besides, Mr. Geo. Martin, of Montreal, who, witnessing a somewhat similar spectacle over the White Mountain, exclaimed to his car-platform companion, on friendly terms with him on the Temperance question : "O ! what a grand, magnificent sight !!" Now imagine what the temper—ate man—dog—ishly answered ? "Yes, it's fine ; but I wish my little Carlo was here !!" Our indignant and humorous friend then revenged himself by the following quatrains which many, we hope, will appreciate and enjoy :

Poet.—"I would I were a spirit of yon cloud

That in the mountain wrestles with the gale.

Proser.—"I know of *one* would greet that scene aloud
And wag his tail.. "