

HIAWATHA'S TOBOGGANING.

(Omitted by Longfellow.)

"Give me of your trunk, O Elm Tree,
 "Of your trunk, O Towering Elm Tree.
 "I will cut it from the forest,
 "I will strip from it the branches,
 "I will split it into pieces,
 "Into thin and pliant pieces,
 "Make of it a new toboggan,
 "Which will bear me down the hill-side,
 "Through the snow-encrusted valley,
 "O'er the broad, ice-overed river;
 "Which will glide as swiftly downward,
 "As the eagle from his eyrie,
 "When he swoops upon his victim."

This demand made Hiawatha,
 As he stood one winter's morning,
 In the bosom of the forest,
 Looking on the trees around him,
 Wishing for a new toboggan.
 And the sturdy, solid Elm Tree,
 Hearing this from Hiawatha,
 Shook through all its pliant branches,
 "Trembled to the breeze of morn'ning,"
 Saying, with a wail of sorrow,—

"Take my trunk, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the towering Elm Tree,
 Hacked away the spreading branches,
 Cut it into seven pieces,
 Into seven equal pieces,
 Made them long and thin and slender,
 Bent one end and curved it upwards,
 That it might glide o'er the snow-banks.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack,
 "Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree.
 "I will fasten my toboggan,
 "Bind together all the pieces,
 "Lace them firmly all together,
 "That it may not break beneath me,
 "Nor into the snow-drift throw me."

And the Larch Tree in the forest,
 Bowed its head in resignation,
 Till the snow fell from its tassels,
 And in answer softly whispered,
 With a gentle, patient murmur,

"Take my roots, O Hiawatha."
 From the ground he tore the fibres,
 Tore the long and slender fibres.
 With them bound his sled together,
 Bound in one the seven pieces,
 Laced them firmly to each other.
 Thus he builded his toboggan,
 Made it strong, and firm, and steady,
 That it might not break beneath him.

Then he clambered up the mountain,
 Taking with him Minnehaha,
 Taking Laughing Water with him,
 And they mounted the toboggan—
 She in front, and he behind her—
 Turned its head towards the valley,
 Pushed it off adown the hillside.
 And it sped so very swiftly,
 Still more swiftly every moment,
 O'er the crackling, glittering snow-crust,
 That their breath almost went from them,
 And the trees and rocks flew past them,
 Like the ghosts in some wild vision,
 Like a troop of fleeting shadows.
 Thus it bore them, onward, downward,
 Never stopping, never slacking,
 Full three days and nights it travelled,
 Till it reached a certain wigwam,

In the land of the Dakotahs,
 Where there dwelt the arrow-maker,
 Minnehaha's aged father

Then the sled drew up and halted,
 At the entrance to the wigwam.

Here it was that Hiawatha
 First had seen his Laughing-Water;
 Here it was that he had won her,
 When, in answer to his wooing,
 She had said in tones of sweetness,
 "I will follow you, my husband."—
 And they now came back to see him,
 Came to see the arrow-maker,
 After full four years of absence,
 Since the day on which they left him,
 Standing at his door so lonely.

And his heart was cheered within him,
 As he saw again his daughter:
 And he looked with joy upon her,
 Saying, as he bade her enter,—

"You are welcome, Minnehaha."

Then he turned to meet her husband,
 Brought him, too, within the wigwam,
 Saying as he bade him enter,—

"You are welcome, Hiawatha."

Thus it was, the new toboggan,—
 Built of Elm, and bound with Larch-roots,
 With a bear-skin for a cushion,—
 Brought them swiftly on their journey,
 To the land of the Dakotahs,
 Never stopping, never slacking.
 Thus it glided swiftly onward,
 Like the eagle from his eyrie,
 When he swoops upon his victim.
 Full three days and nights it travelled,
 Still more swiftly every moment,
 Yet it did not break beneath them,
 Did not throw them in the snow-drift.

P. TRACY.

THE BAY OF NAPLES.

The most subtle brush dipped in the richest colours of beautiful and melancholy language, could not express upon the canvas of the most sensitive imagination, the form and colour of this wonderful spot. It is beautiful, it is historic, it is melancholy beyond description. Think yourself for a moment in a beautiful theatre. The curtain has not raised yet, and the eye seeks out its surroundings. The dome above is deep blue sky, where the sun hangs like a golden chandelier. The walls are aglow with a magnificent fresco. Far away to the left rise the twin peaks of Vesuvius, crowned with an ever-changing cloud of smoke; at its base the traveller is besieged with beggars of the most ragged description, old and young, with musicians, dark-eyed and brown, who sing and play their soft, delicious Italian music; farther on, the slope is bound with a girdle of brilliant spring flowers. Then the flowers cease, and the tumultuous coils of lava begin, coiling and clinging together like serpents; here and there a rustic is busy with his hoe, preparing the little patch of ground for a vineyard, so do the inhabitants hug this fertile but treacherous mountain. Higher up the funicular railway is reached, which lands the sight-seer within one hundred and fifty yards of the crater, up the steep black cone of ashes. Guides are at the top to lead through the choking clouds of sulphur. Blinded and half-smothered, with the fearful agitation of the earth and thunders of the fires striking upon the ear, the uninitiated is hurried to the verge of the precipitous crater, angrily groaning, and fuming, and momentarily bursting forth into a molten column of flame with a tremendous explosion that flings out blazing masses of lava, which fall upon the sulphurous shore of the precipice like foam from a sea of fire. A