

## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(From the German of Uhland.)

"A castle crowns a wave-washed cliff,  
With turrets old and gray:  
And gold-edged clouds like spirits float  
O'er it in bright array.

It seems as if 'twould bend to kiss  
The waters crystal bright;  
Or, rising, greet the fleecy clouds,  
Imbued with floods of light."

"Ah! yes; I've seen that stately pile,  
That castle by the sea;  
Its walls were bathed in moonlight pale,  
A mist slept on the lea."

"Heard'st thou the winds and billows wild  
Dash round in madd'ning play;  
Or from the lofty hall, glad sounds  
Of feast and minstrel's lay?"

"The sportive winds were hushed to rest,  
The waves had ceased to surge,  
And from the gloomy hall I heard  
A sad and mournful dirge."

"Saw'st thou the lord and lady fair  
Pace through the spacious hall,  
In gorgeous robes of crimson hue,  
'Mid loud acclaims from all?"

Did they behold with looks of joy  
A maiden tall and fair,  
With face all wreathed in smiles and framed  
In locks of golden hair?"

"Full well I saw that noble pair,  
Nor gems nor jewels shone  
On robes of mourning dark and drear,  
For that fair girl was gone."

R. J. BONNER.

## A MIDSUMMER EXPERIENCE.

Once more I was free, for 'exams.' were over, (at least mine were, and what cared I for the fellows who had another week to stay! They might have taken my course; it is the best; our own course always is); so I took the west-bound train for home with a light heart at the prospect of four months of air and freedom, yet now and then suppressing an embryotic oath when I thought of the mistake I had made in the form of that ardent passive. But vain regrets so disappeared, and Minerva lost an ardent worshipper, while Ceres gained a decidedly reluctant one. Haunts of my youth were visited once more—the old beaver-meadow in the depths of the wood, where, in the long moonlight winter nights, the still forest re-echoed the ring of skates and the shouts of merry companies—the tortuous creek where, in the dark murky nights of spring, we trudged along with hickory torch and brandished spear (*crispantes hastilia*) in search of the unwary pike upon the shallows, and startled the night-owl in the gloomy trees above us—the beech-wood by the school-house, where, in still earlier days, we chased the chipmunks to the hollow logs at noon-spells, built our little play-houses of moss and leaves and branches, had our little quarrels and our shy reconciliations. There was the river, too, where we used to go down to swim, the scene of many a truant frolic in the sultry summer time, (and, alas, of many a bitter disappointment in the fishing season). Much despised is the Canadian Thames, but there

are along its course (until, at least, it enters the low lands of the western counties) scenes of much real beauty, quiet landscapes that cannot fail to please, with here and there some lazy, old-fashioned, stand-still villages, left far behind by the neglectful railway, and destined to be no more than what they are—the sites of the earliest settlements.

It was one of these beautiful landscapes that I was enjoying one afternoon last June. The river lay before me in a vast glittering semi-circle, and disappeared beneath an old gray bridge two miles to the right, and as far to the left, between thickly wooded banks, where a pretty white church raised its spire among the trees. Standing at the top of a clovered hill-side that rose abruptly from the river below, I looked out over the low-lying valley opposite. Had I been a stranger there I would have been surprised at the absence of the usual snug farm-houses and barns, the trim well-kept fences, and fat lazy cattle of our Ontario farms. These fields presented an appearance of general neglect. There were here and there traces of what once were fences, and between them, strips of ploughed ground, through which the grass had grown again. A few weather-beaten, toppling, half-rotten hay-stacks stood in the corners of the fields, while on the rising ground beyond there were several log huts and unpainted frame houses, surrounded by a wilderness of weeds. This was the reserve, these the dwellings of the Oneidas, one of the branches of the Six Nations Indians, of whose exploits we read so much in early American history. I moralized a while on the fate of that proud people, on their present degradation and their inevitable extinction in the future. While thus engaged the sun began to sink behind a dark cloud in the west that cast its deep shadow on the hill-top where I stood, on the river, and on the flats beyond. For a moment, however, the golden rays of the setting sun flooded the opposite hills with a "magic light" and lent a strange beauty to the scene. The old neglected orchards, the little Indian school-house by the bridge, and even the poor miserable houses themselves, assumed for an instant a cheerier aspect, but suddenly the shadow came and covered all. I was about to turn homeward, when my eye was attracted by several human forms moving down the hill-side towards a hut that stood on ground a little lower than the others. Not far behind came as many more, and soon along a different path others appeared, with evidently the same destination. I knew the Indian that lived in the hut. He had often worked on my father's farm. So I became curious to know what was to happen that night at his home. The shallows in the river were immediately below me. I had often before taken off my shoes (if I had any on) and waded through on the gravelly bottom to try how the fishing was along the other bank, or to drive back the cattle that had obstinately refused to recognize the identity of a seven-rail fence and the river Thames. The impulse came to do it once more, and down I ran with rapidly increasing strides (indeed I thought then of Peter Schlemmil and his seven-mile boots) and made my way, shoes in hand, to the other bank. Up along the winding path I went, that led from the crossing place near by the Indian's door. When I appeared, he greeted me with a smile and hearty hand-shake, while the assembled visitors gave signs of mingled curiosity and pleasure. I asked what was going on. "Oh, feast!" says Washington (for that was his given name), "feast, make friends; you see soon." So I took up my station in a corner and awaited developments. Shortly the feast appeared, in the shape of pies, cakes, biscuits, boiled potatoes, turnips, and cheese; but what seemed to be the most important dish was a curious looking mixture of boiled corn and beans. I was repeatedly urged to eat of it, but I found