

passed. Messrs. McClure & Co. make these views a specialty in their business, and are provided with every requisite appliance for the execution of out-door views in perfection. New Brunswick abounds in scenery of which the tourist would be glad to preserve a memento, and these views by Mr. McClure cannot but be eagerly sought after. The views of Lily Lake Falls, Silver Falls, Bubbling Brook, Falls of the Magaguadavic, Long Island and King Square, are particularly fine.

SONNETS.

I.

From quiet dreams thou biddest me arise,
 Oh, sleepless watcher! melancholy Sea!
 And at thy summons, 'neath the midnight skies,
 My feet are led, and I commune with thee!
 Canst thou reveal of life the mystery,
 And canst thou look beyond the gates of death?
 Canst thou of what shall be unfold the history?
 Is it a phantom that we chase, a breath,
 A flower that in unfolding perisheth?
 Thou answerest,—but ah, in vain, in vain,
 Thy language to interpret I endeavor!
 The stars go down—behold, the moon doth wane—
 And they shall rise, and she shall wax again,
 And thou these sullen shores shall beating, plain forever.

II.

While I, forgotten by the world, shall lie,
 By these gray cliffs, to clod and clay a brother—
 Above me bending still the glorious sky—
 Around me blooming flowers of various dye,
 And o'er my head, from thee, perchance a sigh
 At times may come, oh thou who art my mother!
 And thou my mother art, mysterious Sea,
 That mocks at Time and triumphs o'er Decay!
 How much of grief hast thou bequeathed to me,
 To me, a shadow, passing soon away!
 Where is the fountain of Eternal Youth?
 Why should we die before the goal is gained?
 Why are thy promises devoid of truth?
 And why is life a tale of purpose unattained?

H. L. S.

Shakspeare's first appearance in public life was as an attendant at the door of the Globe Theatre, which stood near Bankside. Bankside, Southwark, is also full of interest, from the fact of its being the spot where the great dramatist lived during his stay in London. "Stratford-on-Avon," (the birth-place of Shakspeare, and where he lies entombed,) says an eloquent writer in *Blackwood*, "does not contain the remains of mere English genius; it is the place of pilgrimage to the entire human race. The names of persons of

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