

And when the silver orb of night
Sheds o'er yon isle a gleam of light,
And gives to view the fairy court,
As on the green they gaily sport,
Then ever is the maiden seen,
Sitting beside the gracious queen.
'Tis known that there are words of power
Which, whisper'd at the proper hour,
Would quickly break the magic chain,
That binds her to the elfin train:
Then, from the world of shadows free,
Blythsome on earth again she'd be.
But round about that fairy bower,
Small centinels keep watch each hour,
And if a human breath draw near,
They sound a warning shrill and clear:

And then the phantoms melt away,
Like dew-drops in the sun's bright ray;
While, mix'd with winnowing of wings,
O'er head their little laughter rings.
For when they cleave the yielding air,
Invisible's their empire there:
And only when they touch the flowers,
Or herbage of this earth of ours,
(In whose lone places they delight,)
Are they expos'd to human sight:
At all times else their being seems
As unexistent as our dreams.

ARION.

Kentville.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

FROM "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON."

SIR,—As I know many of your readers "*love fun*," in the hopes that I may contribute to the frolics of the day, and afford some useful hints to the admirers of practical jokes, I send you a short sketch of my own sport on the 1st of April last:—

Got up early, and placed a large basin of cold water close to my wife's side of the bed, laid down on the hearth rug, and screamed ten thousand murders. Poor Betsy seeing me, as she thought, in dreadful agony, jumped out to my assistance, when popping both her feet into the basin in her alarm, she overturned the unexpected bath; slipped on her back, and was completely soured. Scrambled up laughing, and ran out crying, "April fool!" Rushed up stairs, and calling the cook, told her, her mistress was in a fit; and desired her to go to her assistance. Down ran the cooky *en chemise*, and rushing into the room, received the empty basin full in her face, intended as the "*retort courtois*" for me. Her nose was split, the basin broke, and I had to pay the doctor's bill—but then I had my joke. Went into the parlour, and seeing my brother's boots at the fire, dropped an egg in each.—Was delighted to see him crack them both, and draw out his feet covered with the yolk.—Laughed heartily and exclaimed, "April fool."—Threw his

boot at my head, but dodging, the iron heel smashed a pier glass."—"Who's the fool?" cried Jem. Heated the handle of the poker, and told Molly to stir the fire.—In ecstasies at seeing her drop it with about four inches of skin off her fingers. Unfortunately, it fell on a valuable China plate filled with toast—the former was broken, and the latter spoiled; but then it was the first of April. Looked demure when my wife came to breakfast. Said nothing, but thought it was very bad. Took another cup, and complained, when Betsy consoled me, by observing, that it was the first of April, and she thought a little *jallop* would do me good. Did'nt relish such jokes. Heard an old Irish woman crying *mackerel*. Called her several times. Highly amused to see her turn round, and scream, "coming." Twigg'd me at last, and flung her patten at the window, to the detriment of two squares. Wrote a note to Alderman Gobble to dine with his friend Thomson, who I knew was in the country. Gobble took the bait, but unfortunately, finding Thomson abroad, he just "dropped in" upon me at dinner time, and nearly devoured a whole dish of smelts, which I had got as a treat for self and rib. Met Mrs. Williams: asked if she had heard of her son's accident.—"Good God! no," said