

## Poetry.

## THE EDITOR.

The Editor who wills to please,  
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,  
And kiss the hand that beats him;  
Or if he dares to tempt to walk,  
Must toe the mark that others chalk,  
And cringe to all who meet him.

Says one your subjects are too grave—  
Too much mortality you have—  
Too much about religion;  
Give me some witch or wizard tales,  
With slipshod shoes, and fins and scales,  
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,  
Those monstrous fashionable lies—  
In other words, those novels,  
Composed of kings and queens, and lords,  
Of border wars and Gothic hordes,  
That used to live in novels.

No—no, cries one, we've had enough  
Of such confounded love-sick stuff  
To craze the fair creation;  
Give us some recent foreign news,  
Of Russians, Turks, the Greeks and Jews,  
Or any other nation.

The man of skilled scholastic lore  
Would like to see a little more  
In scraps of Greek or Latin;  
The merchants rather have the price,  
Of Southern Indigo and rice,  
Of India silk and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,  
A witty anecdote or pun,  
A rebus or a riddle;  
Some long for missionary news,  
And some, of worldly carnal view,  
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,  
Must dip in gall his gander quill,  
A scrawl against the paper;  
Of all the literary fools,  
Bred in our colleges and schools,  
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries I want to see  
A jumped up variety—  
Variety in all things,  
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,  
Composed, I only give the hint,  
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,  
It constitutes my highest bliss,  
To hear of weddings plenty;  
For in a time of general rain,  
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain—  
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of death, says one—  
Of people totally undone,  
By losses, fire and fever;  
Another answers full as wise,  
I'd rather have the fall and rise  
Of raccoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a sacred wish,  
For now and then a savory dish  
Of politics to suit them;  
But here we rest at perfect ease,  
For should they swear the moon was cheese—  
We never would dispute them.

Or grave, or humorous, wild or tame,  
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,  
Too haughty or too humble;  
And every editorial wight  
Has naught to do but what is right,  
And let the grumblers grumble.

## Tales and Sketches.

## ATALANTA UPON SKATES.

The baffled officer turned quickly, too quickly, alas! for his feet slid from under him, and he measured his length on the ice! He suddenly recovered himself, to behold Eugenie pausing at a distance, and resigning herself to extravagant merriment; her wild laughing ringing out like a peal of bells on the clear, frosty air. Vexation and mortification gave our hero new strength, and he again set out with all the energy of desperation. This time he gained upon his treacherous lady-love. Eugenie became really alarmed, when looking backward, she saw him dashing on like an eagle in pursuit of a devoted wood-pigeon. She strove eagerly to reach the bank, but in vain. Hamilton saw with exultation that the prize would soon be his; he already stretched out his arms, when—she was gone, gone! and at his feet yawned a chasm in the ice! Fearless of death and the rheumatism, the gallant captain leaped to the rescue; and, as Heaven would have it, Eugenie rose in the same place where she sank, and was safely lifted from the water, and borne to the bank by her alarmed lover. She had touched upon a spot but thinly ozen over; the thick ice having been cut removed on that very day.

The poor girl was chilled into partial unconsciousness, and Hamilton knelt by her side, underly strove to revive her. Her father, and the lieutenant had reached the shore, no one interfered with the offices of the doctor. He seemed not to notice the presence of others, as he bent over the faint, chafed her hands and temples, pressed his lips to hers, and called in an agony of love and fear.

He had received a powerful galvanic current, and his indignation and hauteur presumed lover. Sup-

ported by her father and brother, she proudly and silently walked homeward, hurt and mortified by the tragic-comic termination of the evening's amusement.

The adventurers reached the house with icicles depending from every point and edge of their attire, and found themselves pretty thoroughly chilled; but a change of clothing and a trifle of *cau de vie* soon set all right again.

Eugenie maintained her proud and silent reserve, until, as Captain Hamilton was about leaving, General Leroux, grasping his hand, said, in a tremulous voice, "My dear young friend, you have saved the life of my child, receive a father's blessing."

Eugenie's heart was touched; she sprang forward impetuously, seized Hamilton's other hand, and looking up with tearful eyes, said, in a tone to be heard by all present, "Let me also thank you my preserver; I have been ungrateful, unwomanly; forgive me!"

A short time subsequent to the little adventure which we have narrated, Captain Hamilton was ordered to another station, where he remained during the winter; his *affaire du coeur* continuing in the meantime pretty much *in statu quo*. In the spring time he returned, but only to bid his friends adieu, as his company had been recalled to England.

On his announcing this to Eugenie, she threw aside her reserve at once exclaiming, "Holy Mother, going! and I—how am I to endure the parting?"

"Great Heaven, Eugenie! is it possible that you love me at last?"

"I do, truly, tenderly; I can never love another; will never wed another! I tell you this, my friend, because I cannot wed with you."

"Say not so, dearest, be my wife! I go with me to England! I will make any sacrifice for your love. Say the word, and I will leave the army, that I may never be the active enemy of your native country. Tell me, my love, will you not be persuaded?"

"Oh, do not urge me, I entreat you! I cannot listen to you; I must not leave my father! A stranger, in a strange land, his country, his emperor, his daughter—all lost to him! Would he not die of a broken heart? No, no; I will never forsake him!" and she burst into tears.

Captain Hamilton strode up and down the apartment, pale and heart-wrung with contending emotions; but he was too honorable, too truly noble, long to hesitate, and respectfully taking Eugenie's hand in his, he said, "I honor you for your decision; I love you the more tenderly for this beautiful exhibition of filial piety. May God give us strength to endure our common trial, and permit me to return at no distant day to claim this hand."

Then, after folding her for the first time to his breast, and kissing away the tears which hung on her long, dark eyelashes, he turned hastily, and was gone. But he returned in a moment; he had left a glove, and returned to find Mademoiselle Eugenie pressing the same glove to her lips and heart, in her passionate sorrow. She was overcome with confusion, and could scarcely raise her eyes to her lover's, as he hurriedly requested her to inform her father that he would wait upon him in the morning to take his leave.

Early the next morning, Eugenie sought her father in the library, and, with as much calmness as she could command, related the occurrence of the preceding evening.

The general, surprised and agitated, exclaimed, "Is it possible that you love this man whom you rejected?"

"As sincerely as my departed mother must have loved you in your youth; but I could not make lonely the hearth of our home; I could not forsake you, my father."

"You are an angel, Eugenie! the best daughter that ever blessed a father's heart. Yet I cannot accept this sacrifice; I cannot separate you from the man you love, and who is worthy of you; it would be selfish, sinful to do this. Go with Hamilton to England, his happy wife! Go, and take with you a father's blessing! God forbid I should cloud your young life with sorrow!"

"Father, dear father, do not call this a sacrifice! The spirit of my mother will aid me in my dutiful devotion to you. Heaven will smile upon me, and I shall be happy."

General Leroux sat in thoughtful silence for a moment; then, blushing like a very boy, he said, "Look here, my daughter!" as he took from his bosom a miniature, set in brilliants—the portrait of a young and handsome woman—not the long dead mother of Henri and Eugenie.

"What does this mean, father?" said our heroine, turning deathly pale.

"It means," he replied, "that foreseeing that I could not always retain you to reside over my house hold, I have provided a substitute."

"Who and what is she?"

"Have patience, my love, and I will tell you all. While on my tour through the States, last autumn, I met with an old friend and fellow-soldier, an emigrant like myself, and his only child, a good and beautiful girl, is she who has promised to fill that void in my heart left by your mother, the place by my hearth soon to be left by you. I thought to have told you this long ago, but it was an awkward subject to broach; and the marriage has been once postponed on account of the death of a relative of Marie's."

"And so my grand sacrifice was uncalled for?" said Eugenie, making an effort to smile.

"Yes, my love, I shall grieve deeply to part with you; but I shall not be comfortless. Now, I am going out; when Captain Hamilton calls, you must receive him here, and may explain to him the change in your circumstances as regards me. Don't weep, my child, don't I pray! I will visit you in England with Henri and—and my wife, in the course of the summer; and you will return to Canada, some time. God bless you, my darling!" and the excomplanatory father took himself off.

Eugenie had hardly time to dry her tears, compose her face, and smooth her ringlets, before Captain Hamilton walked into the library.

He was somewhat surprised at meeting Eugenie again, and expressed much regret at not being able to see her father. The poor girl was sadly embarrassed, and could utter little more than brief replies to the questions of her lover. After a few moments of painfully constrained conversation, the captain rose, kissed hastily the hand of his lady-love, and not trusting himself to look upon her face, left her once again in tears. She stood like a statue of grief, and listened to his every step as he descended to the hall below. Then, scarce conscious of the act, she flew rather than ran down the stairs. Her lover heard her light step, and turned toward her. She grasped his arm, leaned her head on his shoulder, and murmured, "If you must go, George, take me with you! I am not needed here; I shall die if you leave me!"

This was the first time Eugenie had called her lover "George." My gentleman-reader will please recal the feeling with which he first heard his own name from the lips of the woman he loved.

Under such circumstances, Captain Hamilton soon obtained leave to delay for a short time his departure for England; and, in the course of a week, his marriage to Eugenie took place, with all the rites of the English and Roman churches.

Of course, the bridegroom was pronounced superb in white gloves and waistcoat, and the bride adorable in satin and orange blossoms. The usual number of jokes and champagne bottles were cracked at the expense of the former; of gloves and sashes soiled at the expense of the latter.

Then followed forced smiles, blessings, tears—the parting.

That night, hour after hour, in the lonely room which had once been Eugenie's over a harp whose strings the delicate fingers of the most loved might wake no more, leaned a pale and dark-haired youth, weeping wildly and bitterly with the feeling that his twinned heart had been torn asunder.

That night, in his own room, sat a tall and handsome man, yet in the golden meridian of life, gazing mournfully on the portrait of a beautiful girl, in skating costume, which hung against the opposite wall. There was a strange quivering on the lip of the soldier, a strange glistening in his eye. Then he drew from his breast another picture, and gazed on that, till the smile of the lover shone through the tears of the father.

It is evening, the first evening at sea, and Captain Hamilton and his bride are on deck, watching the last point of land, as it fades into the blue of the horizon.

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels the pressure of the rising breeze; And, swiftest of a thousand keels, She leaps to the careering seas!

Eugenie's sweet eyes are filled with tears, as, stretching her arms toward the dim shore, she murmurs, "Adieu, dear adopted land father, brother, adieu, adieu!"

Her husband folds her to his bosom, and whispers, "You have indeed resigned much to follow me."

"Yes, all—home, friends, and, it may be, my religion. And now, dear George," she adds, smiling through her tears, "will you not admit that Napoleon was the greatest hero the world has ever known?"

"Yes, yes, I yield at last; but, in return for this concession, I take the liberty, my little Bonapartist wife, of kissing you on the Emperor's cheek!"

## TALES OF SECOND SIGHT.

TOLD BY A WINTER FIRE-SIDE IN SKYE.

In the autumn of 18—, I was on a visit to my friend, Mrs. M—, who, as most of you are aware, lived for many years at K—, on the banks of Loch S—.

For the greater convenience of those of her friends, who resided on the opposite shore, and who otherwise must have made a wide detour when coming to visit her, Mrs. M— kept a boat in readiness for despatch whenever a signal fire on the other side gave notice that some one was waiting to be ferried across the loch.

Accustomed as I was to the locomotive style of travelling, whereby one's landed at a friend's house without previous warning of any kind, this to me novel mode of transit was in the highest degree interesting; and during the first part of my stay I frequently stationed myself at one of the drawing-room windows on the eager lookout for the friendly beacon; feeling much disappointed when the sun went down behind the blue mountains of Harris, without my eyes discovering the wished for signal.

Standing thus one afternoon I saw a faint wreath of blue smoke curling upwards from the opposite shore.

Afraid lest the boatman should not have seen it I was on the point of running to his cottage with the intelligence, when I beheld the boat shoot from under the cliffs and make off in the direction of the fire.

I informed Mrs. M— of the circumstance, and then returned to the window to watch its progress; but, lo! and behold! no boat was visible. The smoke likewise had disappeared. What could it mean? Was the boat lost, or had I been the victim of an optical delusion? Amazed and perplexed I ran to Mrs. M—, and told her of the mysterious disappearance of the boat. In great alarm she sent one of the servants to ascertain whether Roderick (the boatman) had returned or not.

Stranger still, Roderick had never been out at all, but was sitting quietly on the shore smoking his pipe. Mrs. M— next sent to enquire of him what boat it was that had gone across the loch? and if he had seen the fire? And the answer was he had neither seen boat or fire, and he had been looking across the water for the last hour or more. Upon hearing this Mrs. M— looked on me and on her in astonishment.

"You must have imagined it," she said laughing.

I began to think that I had, and felt, as you may imagine, exceedingly foolish and uncomfortable. Observing my vexed looks Mrs. M— kindly forbore jesting on the subject.

Pondering over, and in no small degree bewildered by the spectral illusion of which I had been the victim, I stationed myself on the day following at one of the drawing-room windows, and again witnessed an illusive appearance similar to the one of yesterday. Responsive to the dim and shadowy wreath of blue smoke the boat shot across the loch and made straight for the opposite shore which it touched.

This time I stirred not from the window being determined to find out where and in what manner the boat disappeared. I was not long kept in suspense. Slowly, as if moving under a heavy freight, it turned and came back as far as the middle of the loch, when it sank beneath the water.

At the risk of being thought an "Opium-Eater"—(some of the most vivid instances of spectral illusions, it is said, are those induced by opium),—I again sought Mrs. M—, and told her what I had seen. This time she regarded me with a grave look, and said,

"My dear girl, should you have any more of these visions I really must have medical advice for I have been consulting 'M'Nish' on these matters, and he says that spectral illusions are only seen by persons suffering from some functional derangement."

Fortunately for me, it happened that I had no return of the illusion. Day after day I seated myself at one or other of the windows overlooking the loch, but there was no repetition of the singular appearance. Real fires there were, and the boat came and went in obedience to the perconcerted signal, but it was always impelled by the strong sinewy arms of Roderick M'Pherson, and returned in safety with its human freight.

On my descending into the breakfast-room one November morning, Mrs. M— told me she had just received a letter from an aunt of hers, who lived some thirty miles off in the Macleod Country—(All that portion of the Island of Skye belonging to Macleod of Macleod is either styled "The Macleod Country," or "Macleod's country.")—informing her that she and her daughters were coming to pay her a visit, and would be on the opposite shore about three or four o'clock of the day following.

"You must be on the lookout for the signal Mary," said Mrs. M— with a roguish smile, which showed me that she had by no means forgotten the episode of the vanished boat.

That day passed away without the anticipated visitors making their appearance.

On the next towards noon it became so dark and stormy that my friend remarked, she hoped they would not come as it would be rough on the loch.

"Surely they will never leave home on such a day!" I remarked.

"Not if it were like this," replied Mrs. M— "but with us, the weather changes so suddenly that it might have been quite fine when they started."

Looking out on the rising fury of the wild sea loch, I fervently re-echoed my kind hostess's wish that her visitors would not come. Each succeeding hour the wind was heard to pipe in a louder, shriller key; and the white crested waves were tossed upward to a greater height ere they broke with a hollow forboding sound on the rocks lining the shore.

A gloomy day was descending into a yet gloomier night, and the tempest had rather increased than diminished, when to my utter consternation a red light suddenly pierced the darkness which hung low on the opposite shore.

At first I felt afraid to mention this to Mrs. M—, in case it should turn out to be another of my spectral illusions, but observing that it became every instant larger and deeper in color I at length ventured to call her attention to it.

She looked across the tempest tossed loch with an anxious brow, but made no remark. I was about to ask her if I should send a servant to toll Roderick, when Roderick himself made his appearance.

"I have come," he said, addressing Mrs. M—, "to know if I am to go out with the boat."

"There is no help for it, you must go," she

replied, "but take Angus with you; it will require you both to row the boat on a night like this."

Roderick said nothing, but departed with a look on his face expressive of anything but satisfaction at the task imposed on him:

I remained at the window looking out at the fire until it expired in the gloom, when I rejoined Mrs. M— who was seated by the hearth.

Two hours passed away, and there was no sign of Roderick's return. We listened in silence to the moaning wind and the angry beating of the surf upon the shore; neither of us daring to shape into words the fears that agitated our breasts. Mrs. M— at length broke a silence that was becoming insupportable with the remark,

"Roderick has perhaps found it too stormy for my aunt and cousin to come across in the boat, and so they have gone round by S—."

"How long would it take them to come in that case?" I inquired.

"We will give them another hour," was her only reply.

I said no more seeing that she looked pale and anxious.

We watched through that and every succeeding hour until daylight broke in upon our vigil, bringing sunshine and calm; but, alas! not those so anxiously looked for. All four, as we feared, had perished while crossing Loch S—, amid the darkness and tempest of the preceding evening.

When the sad news was brought us that the bodies had been fished up out of the loch, Mrs. M— whispered to me in an awestruck voice,

"This explains, Mary, what you saw. It was the 'second sight!'"

## ANCIENT RUINS.

There is nothing which tends to impress the mind half so strangely as do ancient ruins. We cannot wander among them, neither can we pause in the places, which once have been marked by them, without a feeling of universal awe, which is not easily forgotten.

The world of antiquity, to-day, seems to us to be almost enveloped under the labyrinthian shadows of obscurity. The works of mankind, which, by their inventive skill and incessant industry, they had caused to be erected, and have stood for ages in the vista of time, how few remain; at this time, and those only in history, in story, and in song.

Where are the once mighty empires, republics and monarchies of old? Their ruins are the buried monuments of all that now remains of their ancient glory. They had a beginning; they arrived at the meridian of their greatness; they went under the levelling wheels of time, beneath which they were crushed down forever.

What of Egypt, of Carthage, of Ethiopia? For four thousand years the hot simoons have swept the sands of Libya, and the sourceless Nile has rolled along under the shadow of the pyramids to the sea. The hand of decay has followed along after them, whose busy fingers have never once been idle in trying to destroy every vestige of the works which human agency gave an existence to. But yet they stand—the Sphinx, the Memnon, the mighty pyramids, gigantic temples, colossal statues—seeming endurable to eternity itself.

Hebes, too, though her walls, with her hundred gates, are broken down; though her once busy thoroughfares are barricaded with fallen stone from the blocks of her ruined squares; though her idolatrous edifices of worship exhibit but a wreck of their former grandeur, filled, as they are, with long avenues of figured columns at their entrances, and within them magnificent sculptures everywhere ornamenting their walls; yet no traveller can wander among her ruins, without a feeling of the deepest wonder and astonishment running through his bosom.

At Carthage, at Memphis, there are still traces of their ancient greatness. But the splendors that surrounded them, when they basked in the zenith of their glory, has passed away forever.

Ephesus! where is she? How dark is the mantle of gloom that hangs over her. The beautiful seat of Zenobia, the glorious palm trees that everywhere smiled in her loveliness; they, too, but only in name, must have an existence.

At Ninevah, the Tigris is ever sweeping on as of old. But of that proud Assyrian capital, that once stood upon its shore, now nor hardly one vestige of it remains to mark the spot.

On the banks of the Euphrates, surrounded by her impregnable walls, her gates of brass, so solid and massive, and that vast area of fifteen miles square, which she was encompassed in—Babylon, in all her mighty pomp and strength, could not withstand the shock of time, and the grim visage of destruction has trampled her in the dust.

Greece! where is she? Her Athens, the emporium of arts and literature, and science and refinement, has also fallen. All that now is left of her departed greatness is the splendid ruins of her edifices, of her magnificent marble columns, and the tombs in which her dead lie sleeping.

Rome, that stood upon her seven hills, is now only known but by her ancient ruins.

Lame Jim Jones says, when he was in South Carolina, one summer, it turned very cold, and a snow fell on the 9th of August, at least six inches deep, and when the sun came out, it was so hot that the snow never got a chance to melt, it cooked a brown crust on it!